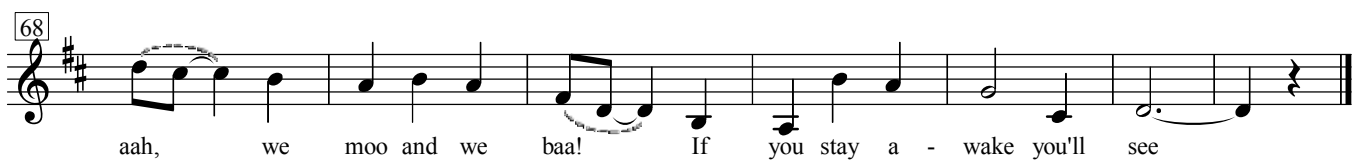
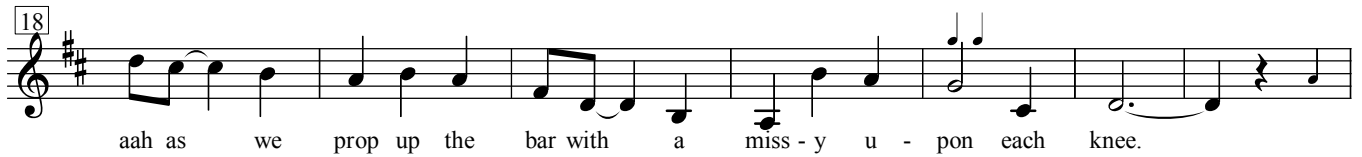


Song 1 A Loif in the West Country



Song 2 Peasants are Revolting



Why should we mix with the low-er class-es, Cid-er swill-ing chew-ing grass-es,



Sitt-ing all day u-pon their ass-es, Down in Giles' s hay-field? Quite un-washed and rath-er smell-y,



Seen in church in bright green well-ies, Grav-y stains u-pon their bell-ies, Peas-ants are re-volt-ing.



Old Miss-es Jones from the saus-age fact'-ry, Five feet tall and ver-y sat-is-fact' ry,



Gave my door key but it came back to me in a string of chip-o-lat-as. On a Fri-day night in the vill-age loc-al,



Had a few pints and I'm gett-ing voc-al, Dance a litt-le jig with a smell-y yok-el, Peas-ants are re-volt-ing.

Song 3 Down in Bristol Market

Mon-day I shall buy, When I go to mar-ket, Sau-sag-es and beans, Down in Bris-tol mar-ket.

7

Tues-day I shall buy, When I go to mar-ket, Cabb-age, saus-ag - es and beans,

11

Down in Bris - tol mar - ket. Wednes - day I shall buy, When I go to mar - ket

15

Tur-nips, cabb-age, saus-ag - es and beans, Down in Bris-tol mar-ket. Thurs-day I shall buy,

19

When I go to mar-ket, On-ions, tur-nips, cabb-age, saus-ag - es and beans, Down in Bris-tol mar-ket.

23

Fri - day I shall buy, When I go to mar-ket, Carr-ots, on-ions, tur-nips, cabb-age,

27

saus - ag - es and beans, Down in Bris - tol mar - ket. Sat - ur - day I shall buy,



When I go to mar-ket, Spin-nach, carr-ots, on-ions, tur-nips, cabb-age saus-ag-es and beans, Down in Bris-tol mar-ket.



Sun-day I shall buy, When I go to mar-ket, Corn and wheat and oats and rye,



Choc' late do' nuts, app-le pie, O-ran-ges and dates and figs, Lamb and beef and roast-ed pigs, Frogs-legs snails and jell-ied eels,



Oct-o-pus and toast-ed seals, Hagg-is, kid-neys, liv-er, tripe, Sea-gulls, al-ba-tross and snipe, Roast-ed cob-nuts toast-ed cheese,

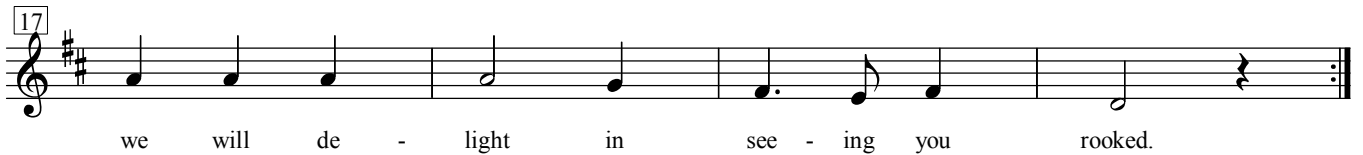
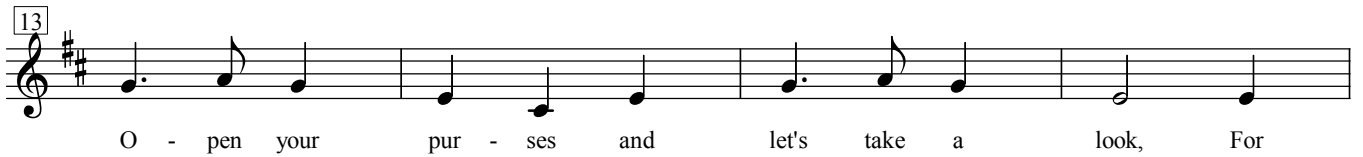
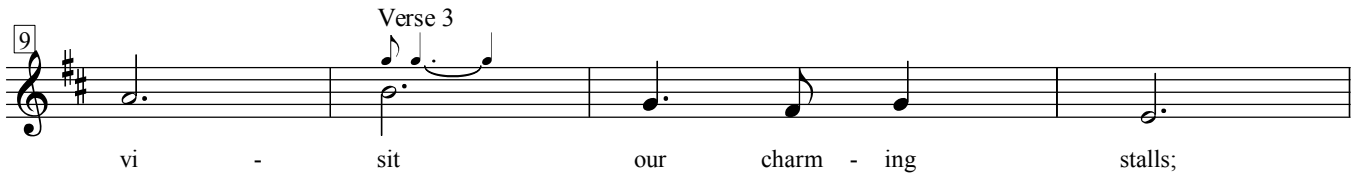
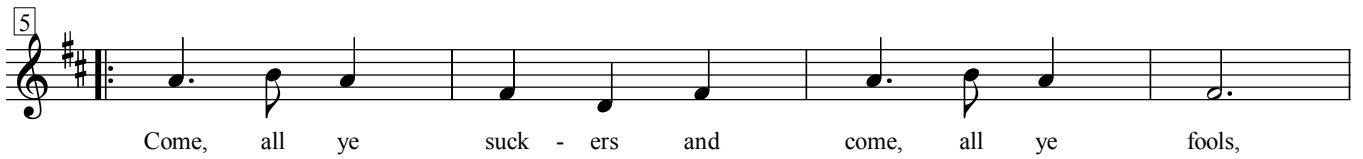


Boiled po-ta-toes fro-zen peas, Mer-maid served in sea-weed pod, You can't buy that, you si-lly sod!



Spinn-ach, carr-ots, on-ions, tur-nips, cabb-age, saus-ag-es and beans, Down in Bris-tol mar-ket.

Song 4 Come, All Ye Suckers



Song 5 Pirates Just Love 'Aarghs!



4
Five years old and time to go to school, just to

7
learn the three Rs, The first day I learnt the al - pha - bet and I

11
got as far as R. My teach - er she said, 'John, you're a star if

15
you work hard you will go far', But all I would say was, 'I

19
just love aarghs! aarghs!

Song 6 We love to Murder, We Love to Maim

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then the lyrics 'We love to murder, we love to maim, We'. The second staff begins at measure 7 with lyrics 'thought of tak-ing up box-ing once but that was not the same;'. The third staff begins at measure 9 with lyrics 'Blood, sweat, tears screams and guts, We'. The fourth staff begins at measure 11 with lyrics 'do love slaugh-ter-ing sail-or boys and chopp-ing off their legs. wash the guts ov-er-board.' and includes first and fourth endings. The score features various musical notations including rests, eighth notes, quarter notes, and triplets.

4
We love to mur - der, we love to maim, We

7
thought of tak - ing up box - ing once but that was not the same;

9
Blood, sweat, tears screams and guts, We

11
do love slaugh-ter-ing sail-or boys and chopp-ing off their legs. wash the guts ov-er-board.

Song 7 The Wooden Leg Song



4

If you fall foul of a musk-et or cann-on ball,
Think of the sav-ings, your fi-na-ces flou-rish-ing,

Or you are slashed by a cut-lass or sword;
Socks you'll need sing-ly and ne-ver in twos;

Do not des-pair if the sur-geon cuts your leg off,
Shoes will be half price and don't waste the left-ov-ers,

Just count your bless-ings and wait your re-ward.
Sell them to Jake and you simp-ly can't lose.

Should you one day find litt-le wood-worm holes,
Cut your loss-es and throw it a-way; You

don't need a sur-geon you just need a car-pen-ter,
Tail-or made limbs is a spe-cial-ist trade.

Song 8 A Life on the Sea is so Gay



When at an-chor we ride on the crest of a wave, Our hearts are so



ma - cho and brave, With your feet on the deck and your face in the



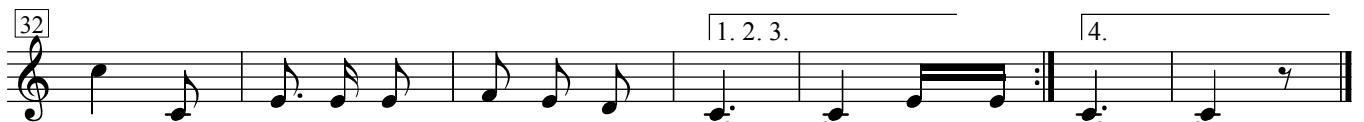
spray; A life on the sea is so gay. With the ship mak - ing



way in the oc - ean so vast, The cross - bones is pinned to the mast.



With mur - der and may - hem and blood - shed by



day; A on the the sea is so gay. (When the) gay.

Song 9 Thank Goodness That's the End



Thank good-ness that's the end of this year's play,



You need a med - al if you sat right through with - out once yawn-ing,



We'll un - lock all the doors, It's time to go,



A - ny com - plaints should be a - ddressed to the di - rec - tor of the



show.

ty.