

Here's the Tender/Pity Poor Me
Trad/Kelly

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men,
 Oh my hinny, what shall we do then,
 Here's the tender coming, off of Shield's Bar,
 Here's the tender coming, full 'o men 'o war.

They say we are bound for Spanish shores,
 Places I've never seen,
 Pity poor me, a farmer's lad, pressed by the red marine.
 Pity poor me, a farmer's lad, pressed by the red marine.

Hide thee canny Geordie, hide thyself away,
 Hide thee till the tender makes for Druridge Bay,
 If they catch thee Geordie, who's to win our bread,
 Me and little Jackie better off be dead.

I fear the harsh lash and stormy waves,
 I fear the black swollen sea,
 Not even the rum to make me brave, nor dreams take me back to thee.
 Not even the rum to make me brave, nor dreams take me back to thee.

Here's the tender coming, stealing of my dear,
 Oh my hinny, press me out of here,
 They will send ye foreign, that is what it means,
 Here's the tender coming, full of red marines.

England expects, so here am I,
 My future is torn from me,
 Beating the drum, afraid to die, death will no comfort be.
 Beating the drum, afraid to die, death will no comfort be.

Here's the tender coming, pressing all the men,
 Oh my hinny, what shall we do then,
 Here's the tender coming,
 Here's the tender coming,
 Here's the tender coming.

Note; "Here's the Tender Coming" is a traditional song from the North East