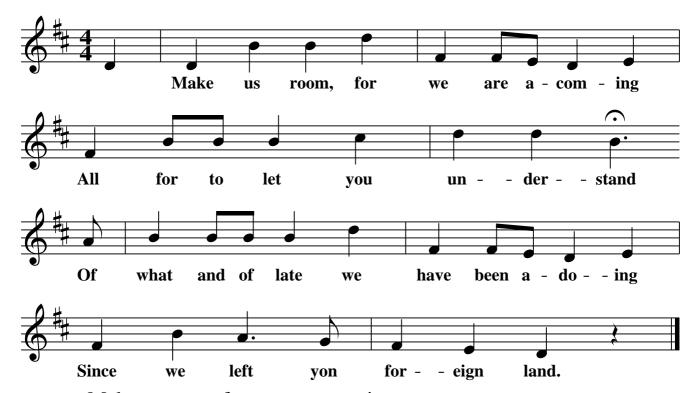
King's Song from Hunton Sword-Dance



Make us room, for we are a-coming All for to let you understand Of what and of late we have been a-doing Since we left yon foreign land.

The first that will enter is Lord Nelson He is the glory of this land; It is he that won the gallant victory At the battle of the Nile.

The next that will enter is the Duke of Wellington, He that fought his passage through; It is he that won that gallant victory On the plains of Waterloo.

The next that will enter is Tom the tinker, He is come here your kettles for to mend, So let us if you dare but venture, Time will treat you as a friend.

The next that will enter is a highland laddie, He's got ships all on yon plain, Merchandise of every description, And now he's returning home again. The next that will enter is Dick the cobbler, He's got little for to lose, Except a ragged waistcoat And a pair of clouted shoes.