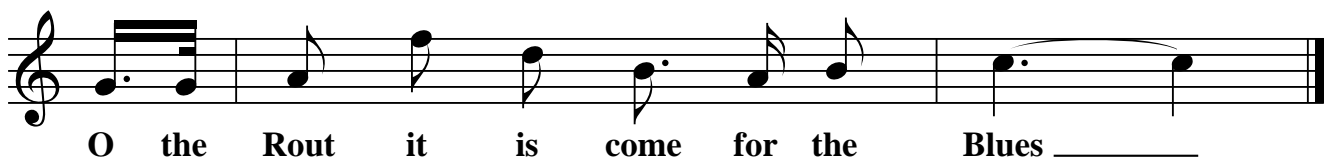
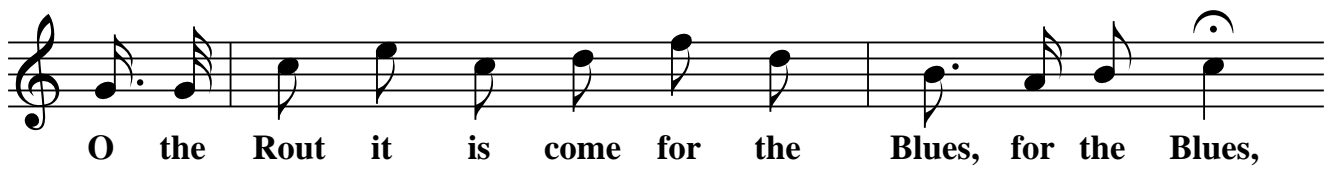
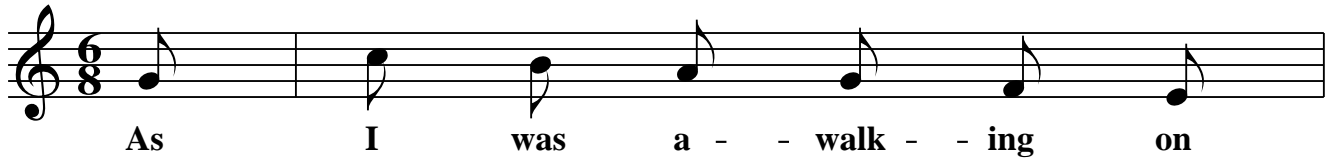


The Rout it is come for the Blues

♩. = 96



As I was a-walking on Scarborough Sands,
Some dainty fine sport for to view,
The lasses were crying and wringing their hands,
"O the Rout it is come for the Blues, for the Blues,
O the Rout it is come for the Blues."

A fair pretty maid to her mother did say,
"My heart's full of love - it is true.
I'll pack up my clothes, without any delay,
And travel the world with the Blues, with the Blues,
And travel the world with the Blues."

"They're as gallant young fellows as ever you'll see,
Though you search Bonny Britain all through.
When dressed in His Majesty's suit, you'll agree,
There are none can compare with the Blues, with the Blues,
There are none can compare with the Blues."

The landlords and landladies, hand in hand trip,
And so do the young lasses, too,
You'd have laughed to have seen them along the sands skip,
All to take their farewell of the Blues, of the Blues,
All to take their farewell of the Blues.

The boats are afloat, the gallant men her,
The trumpet that soundeth so true.
They lift up their voices, and give a loud cheer,
Success to the King and his Blues, and his Blues,
Success to King George and his Blues.