

FAREWELL THEE MARY ROSE

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Now back in the A - pril of fif - teen o nine Came Hen - ry the eighth, the next in Tu - dor line.
By fif - teen e - lev - en, two cara - vels a - rose, The Peter Pom - e - granate and its' sis - ter, Mar - y Rose.
Water tight gun - ports lined them on their side and they dressed her in their finest as flag - ship of Hen - rys' pride.

Chorus



Fare - well thee Mar - y Rose, Fare - well thee Mar - y Rose, You will al - ways be "Your good ship, the flow - er, I trow,..."

intro: G D A D, G D G A D (D)

Now back in the April of fifteen o nine,
came Henry the eighth, the next in Tudor line.
By fifteen eleven, two carvels arose,
The Peter Pomegranate and its' sister, Mary Rose.
Water tight gun ports lined them on their side
and they dressed her in their finest as flagship of Henrys' pride.
Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
you will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

Soon Henry joined the Holy League of Venice, Pope and Spain,
promising to Ferdinand attack the French again.
Aboard the Mary Rose, troops were lead their way,
for four days in Brittany, the French the toll to pay.
And soon the Mary Rose fleet then beat the French near Brest
three dozen ships, two thousand men lost by two days past.

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
You will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

Fifteen and thirteen, in Plymouth for supply, (where's the beer?)
out for the French ships was held a wary eye.
They attacked and drew Howard in to the fray,
his main ships left behind, he pressed in to their bay.
A "most dangerous enterprise", to stop them he tried,
but "thrast... agaynst the rayls...", Edward Howard he died.

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
You will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

Soon Lord Thomas Howard, commands her back to fray,
but wind bound and French dispersed, that plan fades away.
Next saw her up to Scotland, north to Newcastle bound,
but James the fourth he died, left on Floddens' ground.
Back on the French coast, troops took Calais
with Henry escorted home that October day.

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
You will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

Come 'fifteen was Margaret out of Scotland driven,
In 'eighteen daughter Mary promised to a young Dauphin.
Wolsey railed against the Turks, Tournai ransomed to France,
Maximillian he died, Charles the fifths' now his chance.
In 'twenty, she guarded him to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold"
but 'twenty two to 'twenty five, another war to hold.

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
You will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

Without a male heir Henry planned to break away,
He used a French treaty, for Charles to repay.
By fifteen forty two for war against the Scots prepared,
The French joined up with Scotland and skirmished when they dared.
July of forty five, they entered the Solent,
bound for the Isle of Wight, invasion their intent.

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
You will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

Farewell thee Mary Rose, it wouldn't be your day,
when French came a hunt ing and caught you not at way.
For bravest of mariners, it filled them full of dread,
When winds heeled you to starboard, then to the Solents bed.
Now on "th' infortunable" day, the nineteenth of July,
was drowned five hundred crew, save few to survive

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose,
You will always be "Your good ship, the flower, I trow,..."

(optional with ad lib ornamentation)

Farewell thee Mary Rose, Farewell thee Mary Rose