

Lifeboat Horses

In the vill- age of Mum- bles, at the end of the bay, They
And the life- boat crew's cox- swain he men- tions with pride, How
keep two fine hor- ses, a brown and a grey, When the sig- nal rings
the brown and the grey, they'd work side by side, By day or by
out, they are har- nessed a- way, To go down to the sea for the life- boat.
night, at high or low tide, They go down to the sea for the life- boat.
(Chorus) They go down to the sea for the life- boat, They go down to the
sea for the life- boat, By day or by night, at high or low tide, They go
down to the sea for the life- boat.

In the village of Mumbles, at the end of the bay,
They keep two fine horses, a brown and a grey,
When the signals ring out they are harnessed away,
To go down to the sea for the lifeboat.
And the lifeboat crew's coxswain he mentions with pride,
How the brown and the grey, they'd work side by side,
By day or by night, at high or low tide,
They go down to the sea for the lifeboat.

(Chorus)

*They go down to the sea for the lifeboat
They go down to the sea for the lifeboat
By day or by night, at high or low tide,
They go down to the sea for the lifeboat*

And also in Mumbles there lives a proud man,
With mutton-chop whiskers and gloves on his hands,
Who makes a fine living from the dead of the land,
In his sombre black hat and his frock coat.
And he's got two horses, they're regal and black,
They stand in the traces, with plumes on their backs,
He takes many folks forward, brings none of them back,
In his sombre black hat and his frock coat.

(Chorus)

But the black horses sickened, they lay on the floor,
The horse-doctor came round, with his potions galore,
He said "No more hearse driving for a fortnight or more,
In your sombre black hat and your frock coat."
"But the squire's just died, oh it couldn't be worse,
I haven't a horse for to handle the hearse!"
Then he scratched at his head, and he muttered a curse,
In his sombre black hat and his frock coat.

(Chorus)

Then he said "These two horses, the grey and the brown,
They were bought and maintained for the good of the town,
They do nothing all day but just wander around,
And go down to the sea for the lifeboat!"
Well, the grey and the brown didn't quite look the part,
In the nodding black plumes of the old dead-man's cart,
But they started off strongly, and the proud man took heart,
In his sombre black hat and his frock coat.

(Chorus)

'Twas a stormy old day but they pulled with a will,
On squire's last trip to the top of the hill,
Till the signal rang out from the coastguard so shrill,
"Come down to the sea for the lifeboat!"

Well, the horses they faltered, and then they stood still,
And then they turned round and walked back down the hill,
Though the proud man he hollered and hauled with a will,
They went down to the sea for the lifeboat

(Chorus)

They pulled that old hearse right out into the bay,
The mourners stood watching in shock and dismay,
As the squire's remains drifted out and away,
Going right out to sea like a lifeboat.

And from that day to this, the brown and the grey,
Have had nothing to do but to eat grass all day,
Till the signal rings out from the coastguard to say,
"Come down to the sea for the lifeboat!"

(Chorus)



If not a true story, this is at least a genuine legend from Mumbles, the fishing village at the western end of Swansea Bay. It certainly ought to be true. The old lifeboat house with its slipway for the horse-drawn cart is still there, between Knab Rock and the pier. The chorus changes each time, repeating the last two lines of the preceding verse.