

(Down in) WALTON BAY

Words by Nobby Dye and Bob Watson

Tune by Bob Watson

Steady in Four

Verse

Out a - long the Bris - tol Chan - nel shore,
Down in Wal - ton Bay, You'd see fine sights in days of yore,
Down in Wal - ton Bay. The sand banks glea - ming
gold and bare, The Welsh hills far a -- way, And

Chorus

mer - chant ship - ping gath - er'd there, Down in Wal - ton Bay. And it's
down in Wal - ton Bay, mer-chant ships in fine ar -- ray,
Wai - ting for the tide to turn, Down in Wal - ton Bay. -----

WALTON BAY

Words by Nobby Dye & Bob Watson Music by Bob Watson 30.4.2006

Out along the Bristol Channel shore,
**** Down in Walton Bay;**
You'd see fine sights in days of yore,
**** Down in Walton Bay;**
The sandbanks gleaming gold and bare,
The Welsh hills far away,
And merchant shipping gathered there,
**** Down in Walton Bay;**

**Chorus: And it's down in Walton Bay,
Merchant ships in fine array,
Waiting for the tide to turn,
Down in Walton Bay.**

And what a sight to feast your eyes,
Down in Walton Bay;
Fine ships of every shape and size,
Down in Walton Bay.
For Avonmouth and Bristol bound
Their house flags on display,
To catch the tide they waited round,
Down in Walton Bay.

Chorus

Some were familiar names to me, ***
The Clara *Stinnes* I'd often see, ***
I got to know her flavours well,
As at her hook she lay,
By the chiming of her forepeak bell, ***
Down in Walton Bay.

*Rhymes with "tins"

Chorus

When at last the tide was on the turn, ***
Their screws would make the waters churn, ***
Their chains would clank, their winches whined,
With muddy waters left behind, ***
Down in Walton Bay.

Chorus

Out along the Bristol Channel shore, ***
That's one more sight you'll see no more, ***
Since winds of changing fancies blew the merchant trade away,
Those handsome craft are gone from view,
Down in Walton Bay.

Final Chorus:

And it's down in Walton Bay, no more ships in fine array,
Waiting for the tide to turn, down in Walton Bay.