



Jacques Raffine

United Kingdom

Pepper, Porcelain, Calicoes (Song in the English folk tradition)

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-jacquesraffine.htm>

About the piece



Title: Pepper, Porcelain, Calicoes [Song in the English folk tradition]
Composer: Raffine, Jacques
Arranger: Raffine, Jacques
Copyright: Creative Commons Licence
Publisher: Raffine, Jacques
Instrumentation: Lead sheet (with lyrics)
Style: Baroque
Comment: Antique saleroom posters for the East India Company advertise a wide selection of new and exciting houseware items. The ships involved in the trade to India and beyond were generally away from England for the best part of two years. In the song "Pepper Porcelain Calicoes" a sailor's wife sings of the way the realities of the trade affect her.

Jacques Raffine on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)



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Pepper, Porcelain, Calicoes

J Raffine

Verse 1



"Pepp-er, Por-ce-lain, Call-i-coes, And oth-er goods for sale" See the
East-ern ships home, har-boured Just now be-ing baled The own-ers_ think of
gold now The sail-ors sil-ver coin But for me, my Jack's come_ home at last

Verse 2



Two years, he was gone See the cadd-ies and tea-sets, in fine de-signs In the
sale rooms, from nine 'til two There are silks in bright tones paint-ed And who knows what's
new But trade is_ ne-ver end-ing And when the fresh winds blow Well, my
man must needs sail a-way a-gain Kiss, wave and go His ship will need some en-
cour-age-ment If she's to make the voyage a-gain She is worm'd and leak-ing badly Needs
caulk, nine boards in ten But the fitt-ers know their busi-ness She'll come out strong, and
then Take my dear man far from his wife and home Re-turn date of "when"

“Pepper, Porcelain, Callicoes
 And other goods for sale”
 See the Eastern ships home, harboured
 Just now being baled
 The owners think of gold now
 The sailors, silver coin
 But for me, my Jack’s come home at last
 Two years, he was gone

See the caddies ‘n tea-sets, in fine designs
 In the sale rooms, from nine ‘til two
 There are silks in bright tones painted
 And who knows what’s new
 But trade is never-ending
 And when the fresh winds blow
 Well, my man must needs sail away again
 Kiss, wave and go

His ship will need some encouragement
 If she’s to make the voyage again
 She is worm’d and leaking badly
 Needs caulk, nine boards in ten
 But the fitters know their business
 She’ll come out strong, and then
 Take my dear man far from his wife and home
 Return date of “when”