

The Liverpool Girls

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a-rovin' I went,
For to stay in that country it was my intent.
But drinkin' strong whiskey like other damn fools,
I soon got transported back to Liverpool, t' me.

Row. Row bullies row.
Them Liverpool girls they have got us in tow.

I shipped on The Alaska laid out in the Bay,
A-waitin' a fair wind to get under way.
The sailors on board they was all sick and sore,
Their whiskey's all gone and they can't get no more. t' me.

Along comes the mate in his jacket of blue,
He's lookin' for work for us sailors to do.
Oh, it's ``Fore tops'I halyards!" he loudly does roar,
And it's "lay aloft Paddy, ye son-of-a-whore!" t' me.

One night of Cape Horn I shall never forget,
'Tis oft-times I sighs when I think of it yet.
She was divin' bows under, her sailors all wet,
She was doin' twelve knots with her mainskys'I set. t' me.

And now we are haulin' up on to the Line,
When I thinks of it now, sure, we had a good time.
Them sea-boys box-haulin' them yards all around
For to beat that flash packet called the Thatcher MacGowan. t' me.

Here's a health to the Captain where'er he may be,
A bucko on land and a bully at sea,
But as for the chief mate, the dirty ol' brute,
I hope when he dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot. t' me.

And now we've arrived in the Bramleymoor Dock,
And all them flash lassies around us do flock.
The barrel's run dry and me five quid advance,
I think it's high time I got up for a dance. t' me.