



HEAVE AWAY ME JOHNNIES

Oh there's some that's bound for New York town and some that's bound for France
Heave away me Johnnies, heave away

And there's some that's bound for the Bengal Bay to teach them whales a dance
Heave away me Johnny boys, we're all bound to go

In a couple of days we'll be outward bound and down the river we'll slip
And the girls will all be waiting boys, when we get back next trip

Oh it's goodbye all you Kingston girls, goodbye St Andrew's dock
And if ever we come back again we'll make your cradles rock

Oh it's goodbye Suzyanna and it's farewell for a while
Just think us amongst the storms around the coast of Chile

Oh the pilot he's awaiting for the turning of the tide
And soon me boys we'll outward bound with brisk and westering wind

So come all you deep sea sailiors that round the cape of storms
Beware your boots and oilskins or you'd wish you'd never been born

So gaily raise your voices boys, me bullies heave and bust
'Taint no use a caterwauling, growl you may but go you must