

The Liverpool Judies

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a-rovin' I went,
For to stay in that country was my good intent.
But drinkin' strong whiskey like other damn fools,
Oh, I soon got transported back to Liverpool, singin'

**Row. Row bullies row.
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow.**

A smart Yankee packet lies out in the Bay,
A-waitin' a fair wind to get under way.
With all of her sailors so sick and so sore,
They'd drunk all their whiskey and can't get no more.

Oh, here comes the mate in a hell of a stew.
He's lookin' for work for us sailors to do.
Oh, it's ``Fore tops'l halyards!" he loudly does roar,
And it's lay aloft Paddy, ye son-o'-a-whore.!

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 with her sailors all wet,
She was doin' twelve knots wid her mainskys'l set.

And now we are haulin' way 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.

And now we've arrived in the Bramley Moor Dock,
And all them flash judies on the pierhead do flock.
The barrel's run dry and our five quid advance,
And I guess it's high time for to git up and dance.

Here's a health to the Captain wherever he may be,
A bucko on land and a bully at sea,
But as for the chief mate, the dirty ol' brute,
We hope when he dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot.