

# Row Bullies Row

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a-roving I went  
For to stay in that country it was my intent  
But girls and strong whiskey, like other damned fools  
I soon was transported back to Liverpool

**Singing row, row bullies row  
Them Liverpool girls they have got us in tow**

I shipped on "The Alaska" lyin' out in the bay  
A-waiting for 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

Along comes the mate with his jacket of blue  
A-looking for work for us sailors to do  
Oh it's "Fore-tops'l halyards" he loudly does roar  
Calling "Lay aloft Paddy, ye son of a whore"

One night off Cape Horn I will never forget,  
An' it's oft' times I sighs when I think of it yet,  
She was divin' bows under and the sailors all wet.  
She was doin' twelve knots with her main skys'l set

Oh now we are sailing up onto the line  
When I think on it now sure we had a good time.  
Them sea boys box-haulin' the yards all around  
For to beat the flash packet called the Thatcher McGowan

Here's a health to our captain where e'er he may be  
He' a friend to the sailor on land or on sea  
But as for our chief mate, the dirty old brute,  
I hope when he dies, straight to Hell he'll sky-hoot

And now we've arrived at the Bramley-Moore dock  
Where the fair maids and lassies around us do flock.  
The barrel's run dry and me six quid advance  
And I think it's high time for to get up and dance