



Aboard a Man O' War

As I was a walking down a London street
A press gang there I chanced to meet
They asked me if I'd join the fleet

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But they lie brother shipmates so tell me true
The kind of treatment they gave to you
That I may know before I go

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Well the first thing they did they took me in hand
And they flogged me with a tar off the strand
They flogged me 'till i could not stand

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Then they strung me up by my two thumbs
Then they flogged me 'till the blood did run
And that's the treatment they gave to me

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Now I had a wife and her name was Grace
And she was the cause of my disgrace
At night I'd curse her ugly face

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Now if ever I get me feet on shore
To be with them London girls once more
I never will go to sea any moreme feet on

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