



Yankee John Stormalong (Liza Lee)

O you Liza Lee

Yankee John, Stormalong

Liza Lee she's the girl for me

Yankee John, Stormalong

Liza Lee she promised me

She promised to get spliced to me

So I shipped away across the sea

In a hard case down easter to mirramashee

I promised her a golden ring

She promised me that little thing

I promised I would make her mine

O woun'dn't we have a jamboree fine?

Liza Lee she's slighted me

Now she will not marry me

O up aloft that yard must go

Up aloft from down below

O stretch her boys and show her clew

We're the boys to kick her through