

Liverpool Judies

When I wuz a young-ster I sailed wid de rest,
On a Liv - er - pool pac - ket bound out to the West,
We anchor-ed one day in de har - bour of Cork
Then we put out to sea for the port of New York
Sing-in' ro - o - o - oll, ro - o - o - oll, roll, bul - lies, roll!
Them Liv - er - pool ju - dies have got us in tow!

When I wuz a youngster I sailed wid de rest,
On a Liverpool packet bound out to the West,
We anchored one day in de harbour of Cork,
Then we put out to sea for the port of New York.

Chorus:

Singin' ro-o-o-oll, ro-o-o-oll, roll, bullies, roll!
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow!

For forty-two days we wuz hungry an' sore,
Oh, the winds wuz agin us, the gales they did roar;
Off battery Point we did anchor at last,
Wid our jibboom hove in an' the canvas all fast.

De boardin'-house masters wuz off in a trice,
A-shoutin' an' promisin' all that wuz nice;
An' one fast ol' crimp he got cotton'd to me,
Sez he, "Yer a fool lad, ter follow the sea."

Sez he, "There's a job is a waitin' fer you,
Wid lashin's o' liqour an' begger-all to do;"
Sez he, "What d'yer say, lad, will ye jump 'er, too?"
Sez I, "Ye ol' bastard, I'm damned if I do."

But de best ov intentions dey niver gits far,
After forty-two days at the door of a bar,
I tossed off me liqour an' what d'yer think?
Why the lousy ol' bastard 'ad drugs in me drink.

Now, the next I remembers I woke in de morn,
On a three-skys'l yarder bound south round Cape Horn;
Wid an' ol' suit of oilskins an' three pairs o' sox,
An' a bloomin' big head an' a dose of the pox.

Now all ye young sailors take a warnin' by me,
Keep a watch on yer drinks when the liqour is free,
An' pay no attintion to runner or whore,
Or yer head'll be thick an' yer fid'll be sore.