

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Liverpool Judies (2)

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When I was a youngster I sailed with the rest
On a Liverpool packet bound out for the West.
We anchored one day in the harbor of Cork,
Then we put out for the port of New York.

And it's row, row bullies, row,
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow

For forty two days we was hungry and sore.
Oh, the winds was again'us, the gales, they did roar.
But off Battery Point we did anchor at last
With our jib'boom hove to and the canvas all fast.

The boardinghouse masters was off in a trice
A'shouting and promising all that was nice,
And one fat old crimp took a fancy to me.
Says he, ``You're a fool, lad, to follow the sea."
Says he, ``There's a job as is waiting for you,
With lashings o'liquor and bugger'all to do."
Says he, ``Wha'd'yer say, lad, will you jump her too?"
Says I, ``You old bastard, I'm damned if I do."

But the best of intentions, they never goes far.
After thirty two days at the door of a bar
I tossed off me liquor and what do you think?
That rotten old bastard had drugs in me drink.

The next I remember, I woke in the morn
On a three skys'l yarder bound south round Cape Horn.
With an old suit of oilskins and two pairs of socks
And a bloomin' great head and a dose of the pox.

Now all you young sailors take a warnin' by me.
Keep and eye on yer drinks when the liquor is free.
And pay no attention to runner or whore
When your hat's on your head and your feet's on the shore

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