

The Liverpool Judies

From Liverpool to Frisco a-rovin' I went
For to stay in that country it was my intend
But gals an' strong whiskey like other damn fools
I soon was transported backto Liverpool - singing

CHORUS: Row, row bullies row!
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow

I shipped on the Alaska line out in the bay
A-waitin' for a fair wind to get under way
The sailor's all drunk an' the bucks is all sore
The whiskey's all gone an' they can't get no more - singing

CHORUS

Along comes the mate wid his jacket of blue
A-lookin' for work for us sailors to do
It's jib tops'n halyards! he loudly does roar
Sayin' lay aloft Paddy, ye son of a whore - singing

CHORUS

One night off Cape Hoorn we were crossin' the line
When I think on it now, sure we had a good time
She was divin' bows under the sailors all wet
She was doin' twelve knots wid her mainskys' I set - singing

CHORUS

Here's a health to our Captain whereverhe may be
He's a friend to the sailors on land or on sea
But as for our fist mate, that dirty ol' brute
I hope when he dies, straight to hell he'll skyhoot - singing

CHORUS

An' now we've arrived in the Bramleymoor Dock
Where the fairmaids an' lassies around us will flock
Me whiskey's all gone and me six quit advance
An' I think it's hightime for to get up an' dance - singing

CHORUS