Leave Her Johnny

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O the times are hard and the wages low,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
I think it's time for us to go!
An' it's time for us to leave her!

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is done an' the winds don't blow,
An' it's time for us to leave her!

O I thought I heard the old man say,
Tomorrow ye will get your pay!

It's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,
It's Yankee John the packet rat.

It's rotten beef an' weev'ly bread,
It's pump or drown the old man said.

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,
She shipped it green an' none went by.

We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol,
With all night in an' plenty o' ale!

The mate was a bucko an' the old man a turk,
The bosun was a beggar with the middle name o' work!

It's growl yer may an' go yer must,
It matters not whether yer last or furst!

The cook's a drunk, he likes to booze,
\&'tween him an' the mate there's little to choose!

I hate to sail on this rotten tub,
No grog allowed and rotten grub!

The ship won't steer, or stay, or wear,
An' so us shellbacks learnt to swear.

No Liverpool bread, nor rotten crackerhash,

No dandyfunk, nor cold an' sloppy hash.

The old man shouts, the pumps stand by,
Oh, we can never suck her dry.

Now I thought I hear the old man say,
Just one more pull an' then belay.

We swear by rote for want o' more,
But now we're through so we'll go on shore.

BR

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