

Liverpool Gals
(trad.)

When I was a youngster I sailed with the rest
On a Liverpool packet bound out for the West
We anchored a day in the harbor of Cork
Then put out to sea for the port of New York
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow

For thirty-two days we was hungry and sore
For the wind was agin' us and the gales they did roar
But at Battery Point we did anchor at last
With the gig-boom hold to and the canvas all fast
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow

Them boardinghouse masters was a-boarding us twice
And shouting and promising all that was nice
And one fat old crimp took a fancy to me
And he said I was foolish to follow the sea
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow

Then being as a doorman is awaiting for you
With rations of liquor, and nothin' to do
Now what do you say, what would you jump up to
Says I you won't linger, and danged if I do
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow

But the best of intentions they never goes far
After thirty-two days at the door of a bar
I dust off me liquor and what do you think
That rotten old skipper he's doctored me drink
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow

The next I remember I awoke in the morn
On a three-sky-sailed yarder bound south round the horn
We 'ad no suit of oilskins and two pairs of socks
And an IOU nailed to the lid of me box
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow

Now all you young seamen take a warning by me
Keep an eye on your drink, when the liquor is free
And pay no attention to Reniour the whore
When you've had some, you'll lose all you owned on the shore
And it's row, row bullies row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow