

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Barnacle Bill the Sailor (2)

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(Luther, Robison)

(Tap-tap-tap)"Who's that knocking at my door?" (3x)

Cried the fair young maiden.

"It's only me from over the sea", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'm all lit up like a Christmas tree", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll sail the sea until I croak, I fight 'n swear 'n drink 'n smoke,
But I can't swim a bloody stroke", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Are you young and handsome, sir?" (3x)

Cried the fair young maiden.

"I'm old 'n rough 'n dirty 'n tough", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I drink my gin 'n dip my snuff", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I drink my whiskey when I can, whiskey from an old tin can,
Fer whiskey is the life of Man", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll come down and let you in!" (3x)

Cried the fair young maiden.

"Well hurry before I break the door", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll puff 'n fuss 'n rant 'n roar", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll spin you yarns 'n tell you lies, I'll drink yer wine 'n eat yer pies,
I'll kiss yer cheek 'n black yer eyes", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Sing me a love song low and sweet!" (3x)

Cried the fair young maiden.

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest", sang Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Yo-heave-ho and a bottle of rum", sang Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Oh, a high-rig-a-jig and a jaunty car, a-hee a-ho are you 'most done,
Belay my boys and the Bull-jine run", sang Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Tell me that we soon shall wed!" (3x)

Cried the fair young maiden.

"I've got me a wife in every port", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"And handsome gals is what I court", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"With my false heart 'n flatterin' tongue, I courts 'em all both old 'n
young,

I courts 'em all but marries none", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"When shall I see you again?" (3x)

Cried the fair young maiden.

"Never again, I'll come no more", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Tonight I'm sailin' from the shore", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"If you wait fer me to come, sittin' and waitin' 'n suckin' yer thumb,

You'll wait until the day of yer doom!", says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

note: Well, it's clean, anyhow. RG

GG

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