

A Hundred years Ago

Well a hundred years on the eastern shore  
Oh yes, Oh  
Oh, a hundred years on the eastern shore  
A Hundred years ago

Well its Bully John from Baltimore  
Well I knew him well on the eastern shore

Well it's Bully John's the boy for me  
He's a buckle on land and a bully at sea

Well its been a long time and a very long time  
Well its been a long time since I made this rhyme

Well my old mother she wrote to me  
Me darling son come home from sea

Well I thought I heard the first mate cry  
That bleeding top main sheave is dry

Well I thought I heard the old man say  
Well it's one more pull and then belay