

As I was walkin' down London Street
Paddy West

As I was walkin' down London Street,
I come to Paddy West's house,
He gave me a dish of American hash;
He called it Liverpool scouse,
He said "There's a ship and she's wantin' hands,
And on her you must sign,
The mate's a bastard, the captain's worse,
But she will suit you fine."

Chorus:
Take off yer dungaree jacket,
And give yerself a rest,
And we'll think on them cold nor'westers
That we had at Paddy West's.

2. When we had finished our dinner,
Boys, the wind began to blow.
Paddy sent me to the attic,
The main-royal for to stow,
But when I got to the attic,
No main-royal could I find,
So I turned myself 'round to the window,
And I furled the window blind.

Chorus:

3. Now Paddy he pipes all hands on deck,
Their stations for to man.
His wife she stood in the doorway,
A bucket in her hand;
And Paddy he cries, "Now let 'er rip!"
And she throws the water our way,
Cryin' "Clew in the fore t'gan'sl, boys,
She's takin on the spray!"

Chorus:

4. Now seein' she's bound for the south'ard,
To Frisco she was bound;
Paddy he takes a length of rope,
And he lays it on the ground,
We all steps over, and back again,
And he says to me "That's fine,
And if ever they ask were you ever at sea
You can say you crossed the line."

Chorus:

5. To every two men that graduates,
I'll give one outfit free,
For two good men on watch at once,
Ye never need to see,
Oilskins, me boys, ye'll never want,
Carpet slippers made of felt,
I'll dish out to the pair o' you,
And a rope yarn for a belt.

Chorus:

6. Paddy says "Now pay attention,
These lessons you will learn.
The starboard is where the ship she points,
The right is called the stern,
So look ye aft, to yer starboard port
And you will find northwest."
And that's the way they teach you
At the school of Paddy West.

Chorus:

7. There's just one thing for you to do
Before you sail away,
Just step around the table,
Where the bullock's horn do lay
And if ever they ask "Were you ever at sea?"
you can say "Ten times 'round the Horn"
And Be Jesus but you're and old sailor man
From the day that you were born.

Chorus:

Put on yer dungaree jacket,
And walk out lookin' yer best,
And tell 'em that you're an old sailor man
That's come from Paddy West's.