

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a-rovin' I went
The Liverpool Judies
Two versions, both tell a good story

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a-rovin' I went,
For to stay in that country was my good intent.
But drinkin' strong whiskey like other damn fools,
Oh, I soon got transported back to Liverpool, singin'.
Chorus:
Roll, roll, roll bullies, roll!
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow.

2. A smart Yankee packet lies out in the Bay,
A-waitin' a fair wind to get under way.
With all of her sailors so sick and so sore,
They'd drunk all their whiskey and can't get no more.
Chorus:

3. Oh, here comes the mate in a hell of a stew.
He's lookin' for work for us sailors to do.
Oh, it's ``Fore tops'l halyards!'' he loudly does roar,
And it's lay aloft Paddy, ye son-o'-a-whore!
Chorus:

4. One night of Cape Horn I shall never forget,
'Tis oft-times I sighs when I think of it yet.
She was divin' bows under with her sailors all wet,
She was doin' twelve knots wid her mainskys'l set.
Chorus:

5. And now we are haulin' way on to the Line,
When I thinks of it now, sure, we had a good time.
Them sea-boys box-haulin' them yards all around
For to beat that flash packet called the Thatcher MacGowan.
Chorus:

6. And now we've arrived in the Bramley Moor Dock,
And all them flash judies on the pierhead do flock.
The barrel's run dry and our five quid advance,
And I guess it's high time for to git up and dance.
Chorus:

7. Here's a health to the Captain wherever he may be,
A bucko on land and a bully at sea,
But as for the chief mate, the dirty ol' brute,
We hope when he dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot.
Chorus:

When I was a youngster I sailed with the rest
On a Liverpool packet bound out for the West.
We anchored one day in the harbor of Cork,
Then we put out for the port of New York.
Chorus:

And it's row, row bullies, row,
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow.

2. For forty two days we was hungry and sore.
Oh, the winds was again'us, the gales, they did roar.
But off Battery Point we did anchor at last
With our jib'boom hove to and the canvas all fast.
Chorus:

3. The boardinghouse masters was off in a trice
A'shouting and promising all that was nice,
And one fat old crimp took a fancy to me.
Says he, ``You're a fool, lad, to follow the sea.''
Chorus:

4. Says he, ``There's a job as is waiting for you,
With lashings o'liquor and bugger'all to do.''
Says he, ``Wha'd'yer say, lad, will you jump her too?''
Says I, ``You old bastard, I'm damned if I do.''
Chorus:

5. But the best of intentions, they never goes far.
After thirty two days at the door of a bar
I tossed off me liquor and what do you think?
That rotten old bastard had drugs in me drink.
Chorus:

6. The next I remember, I woke in the morn
On a three skys'l yarder bound south round Cape Horn.
With an old suit of oilskins and two pairs of socks
And a bloomin' great head and a dose of the pox.
Chorus:

7. Now all you young sailors take a warnin' by me.
Keep an eye on yer drinks when the liquor is free.
And pay no attention to runner or whore
When your hat's on your head and your feet's on the shore.
Chorus: