Juliana

Juliana, Juliana where do you go? Ah ha, me London Julie Juliana, Juliana where do you go? Ah ha, me London Julie

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Up aloft, up aloft this spar must go Up aloft, up aloft from down below

Around Cape Horn there's ice and snow But around Cape Horn we've got to go

The mate is a-bawlin' down below So heave away, let's stamp and go