

Leave her, Johnny

Oh the times was hard and the wages low
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
And it's time for us to leave her

I thought I heard the Old Man say
You can go ashore and take your pay

Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long
The winds was bad and the gales was strong

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim
And heave the hungry packet in

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin
For there's many a worser we've sailed in

And now it's time to say goodbye
For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh