

The Ship That Brought Me Over - song lyrics

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The Ship that Brought Me Over.
Sung by Miss St. George Hussey.

I left ould Ireland for behind,
Add for Amerikay I started,
I thought that I'd have to walk across,
And that made me broken-hearted.
But I hid myself in the vessel's hould,
Unbeknownst to Jack-tar sailors,
But before we were a day out all hands on board
Were as sick us drunken tailors.

Spoken-Such a time I never had in my life. As they say on the stage, I turned a complete somersault and my insides were out and my outsides were in, I knew I couldn't get anything to ate coming across, so I put in a male that I thought would last me a week. But we hadn't lost sight of the land till I lost the whole of it.

Chorus.

For such tossing and tumbling.
Such growling And grumbling,
Such crushing And crashing, I
Such rushing And smashing, |
Such cursing and swearing, |
Such raging and tearing.
Such bunglingaud banging.
Such leaping and changing,
I thought they were crazy.
Faith they couldn't be aisy,
For the wind was a-howling,
And the captain was growling.
And all hands were scrowling,
On board of the ship that to Amerikay brought me over.

We'd been out about a month or more.
We then fell short of rations;
They made the cook then cook himself,
And my heart had palpitations.
Says I, "If they catch me hiding here,
They'll haul me down to the kitchen,
And to make a rale live Irish stew,
Myself in the pot they'll be pitching."

Spoken-But as good luck would have it, though they searched high and low-they didn't find me. It's poor atin' I'd make, for although we were out over a mouth I ate nothin' but a pair of ould shoes from the time I sneaked aboard. Then the say began to toss so bad that, says I, " Ould Jupiter, they Say God, is drunk."

Chorus.

Then I was in a terrible state,
For though I'd nothing to ate.
Yet my stomach kept turning
And my head sure was burning;
I thought every day
We'd all be lost in the say,
And then all the fishes
Of us would make dishes,

And the whales and the sharks
Would have jolly larks;
Of our flesh they'd make stew,
And our bones they'd make glue,
And I always was prayin'.
And to myself I was sayin'
Bad luck to the day
That I first went on the say,
Faith I was a big gawk,
That at first didn't walk,
For if in the say I'm not spilled
By the crew I'll be killed,
Faith. I wish I was home,
'Tis myself would not roam
On board of the ship that to Amerikay brought me over.