

Sailing over the Dogger Bank
The Dogger Bank

Sailing over the Dogger Bank,
Wasn't it a treat?
The wind a-blowing 'bout east-nor'east,
So we had to give her sheet;
You ought to see us rally,
The wind a-blowing free,
On passage from the Dogger Bank
To Great Grimsby.

Chorus:
So watch her, trigger,
The proper ju-ber-ju,
Give her sheet and let her rip,
We're the boys to pull her through,
You ought to have seen us rally,
The wind a-blowing free,
On passage from the Dogger Bank
To Great Grimsby.

2. Now our captain he's a shang-a-roosh,
He likes a drop of good ale,
Our mate he's a roadstone-prat-inspector,
He's been seen in many a goal;
Our third hand he's a bushranger,
He come on deck and received the mail,
And you give a look at our old cook,
He's so hoppity wild.

Chorus:

3. Now we are the boys to make a noise
When we come home from sea,
We get right drunk and roll on the floor
And cause a jubilee;
We get right drunk and full of beer,
We roll all over the floor,
And when our rent it is all spent,
We'll go to sea for more.

Chorus: