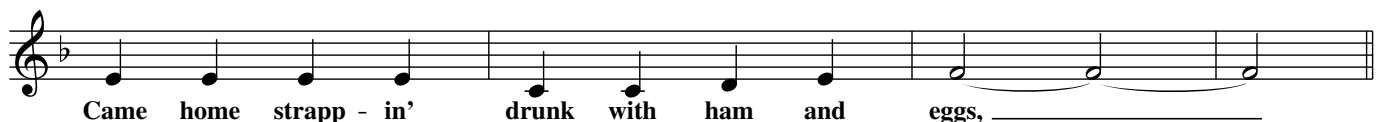
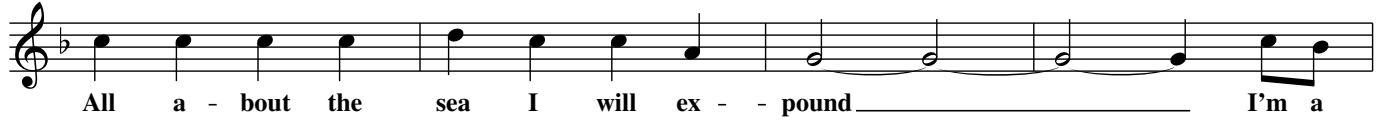
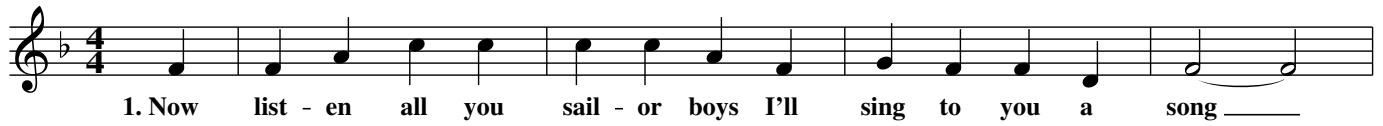
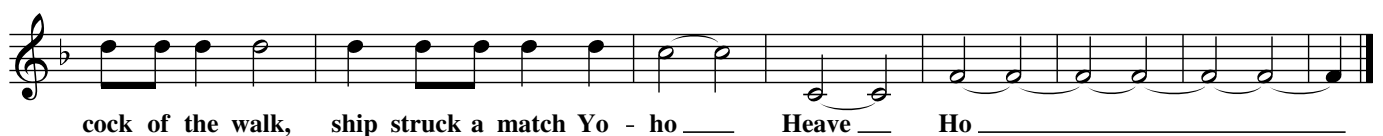
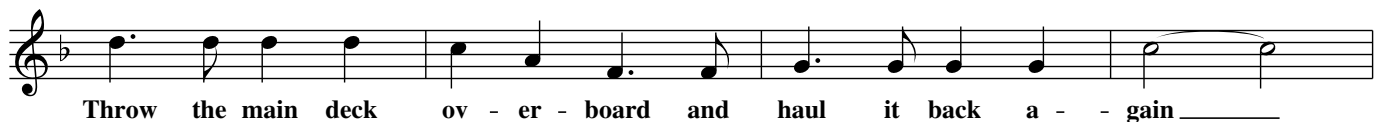
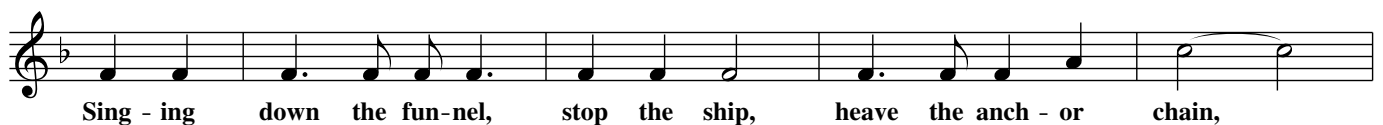


Now Listen all you Sailor boys



Refrain



(Same tune as v. 2)

3. She was a four masted craft, silver -plated fore and aft
And a cargo of fried fish we did embark.
Though we'd not been long at sea when we struck a Christmas tree,
And we all fell down the funnel in the dark.

4. [Then a-sailing round the bay, the crew were making hay,
And the fireman spread a picnic on the deck.
The skipper went below to scrape her with a hoe,
And the bosun hung the windlass round his neck.]

5. [Then the anchor sprang a leak and delayed us half a week,
As all the time the skipper raved and roared.
So we hit him with a brick and he went so awfully sick,
That he went and threw his eyebrows overboard.]

6. [One day we all got drunk and the poor old ship she sunk,
We all rushed up on deck to see the fun.
With the cargo on our backs for the shore we all made tracks,
And we went and dried our whiskers in the sun.]

Source: Sung by David Gardner, Tresham, on 1st February 1997. Collected by Gwilym Davies

Notes: Verses 1-3 from Mr Gardner. Verses 4-6 from Bill Murphy, London, collected by Peter Kennedy.
The singer accompanied himself on the guitar.

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