

Paddy lay back

'Twas a cold and dreary morning in December
And all of me money, it was spent
What happened to it, Lord, I can't remember
So down to the shipping office I went

Paddy lay back, Take in yer slack
Take a turn around the capstan, Heave a pawl!
About ship's stations, boys, be handy
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn!

Now I joined her on a cold December mornin'
A-frappin' o' me flippers to keep me warm
With the south cone a-hoisted as a warnin'
To stand by the comin' of a storm

Now some of our fellers had been drinkin'
An' I meself was heavy on the booze
An' I sat on me ol' sea-chest a' thinkin'
I'd turn into me bunk an' have a snooze

I woke up in the mornin' sick an' sore
I knew I was outward bound again
When I heard a voice a-bawlin' on the door
"Lay aft, men, an' answer to yer names"

There was Spaniards an' Dutchmen an' Rooshians
An' Johnny Crapoos jist acrost from France
An' most of 'em couldn't speak a word of English
But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance!'

I wisht I was in the "Jolly Sailor"
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer
An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors
An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear

Paddy lay back...