

And I sailed the seas for many a year not knowing what I was missing,

'Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!

Then I sets my sails afore the gales and started in a-kissing.

'Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!

I got myself an Irish gal and her name was Flannigan, She stole my boots, she stole my clothes, she pinched me plate and pannikin.

I courted then a Frenchie gal, she took things free and easy, But now I've got an English gal and sure she is a daisy.

Oh, King Louis was the King o' France, afore the revolution, But the people cut his big head of and spoiled his constitution.

Oh, once I was in Ireland a-digging turf and taties, But now I'm on a Lime-juice ship and a-hauling on the braces.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and he come of decent people, He built a church in Dublin town and on it set a steeple.

From Ireland, then, he drove the snakes, then drank up all the whisky, This made him dance and sing and jig, he felt so fine and frisky.

You call yourself a second mate and cannot tie a bowline, You cannot even stand up straight when the packet she's a-rolling. Pannikin – a tin cup 'Taties – potatoes

Packet – cargo ship