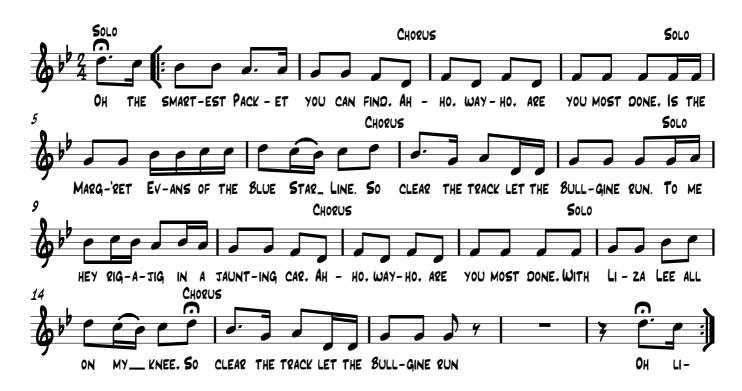
## CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULLGINE RUN

TRAD. SHANTY



OH LIZA LEE SITTING ON MY KNEE

(AH-HO, WAY-HO, ARE YOU MOST DONE),

IS AS FINE A SIGHT AS YOU COULD SEE,

(SO CLEAR THE TRACK LET THE BULLGINE RUN)

(TO ME HAY RIG-A-JIG ETC...)

OH LIZA LEE WILL YOU BE MINE.
I'LL DRESS YOU UP IN A SILK SO FINE

AND WHEN I'M HOME AGAIN FROM THE SEA.
OH LIZA YOU SHALL MARRY ME

I'LL STAY WITH YOU UPON THE SHORE, AND BACK TO SEA WILL GO NO MORE