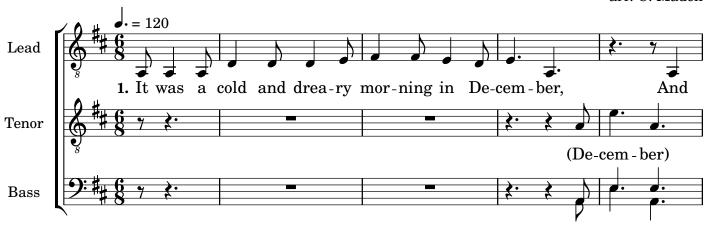
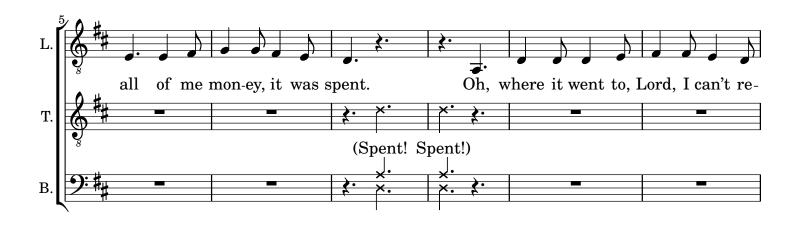
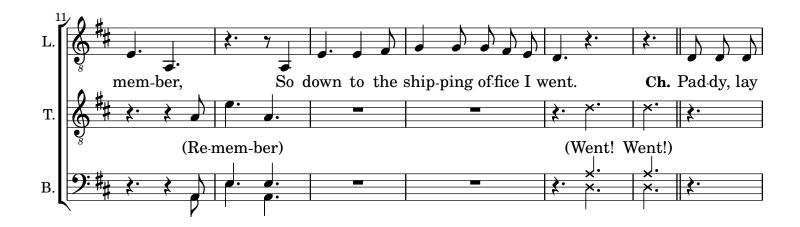
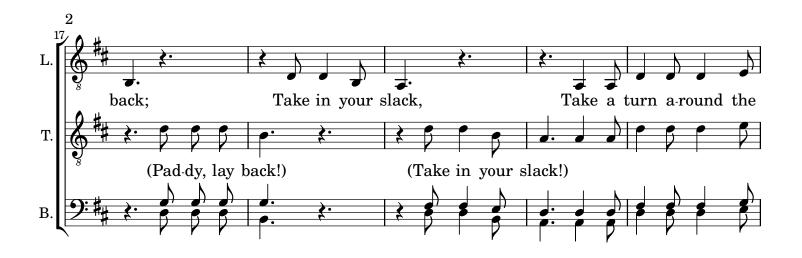
Paddy Lay Back

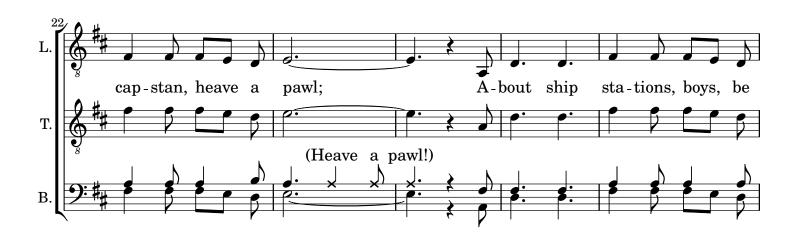
arr. C. Maden













- 2 That day there was a great demand for sailors For the colonies, for Frisco, and for France. I shipped aboard a Limey barque, the *Hotspur*, And got paralytic drunk on my advance.
- 3 I joined her on a cold December morning, Just a-flapping my flippers to keep me warm. With the south cone hoisted as a warning, Saying, stand by the coming of the storm!
- 4 Now, some of the fellows had been drinking, And I myself was heavy on the booze; I sat on my old sea-chest, a-thinking I'd turn into me bunk and have a snooze.
- 5 I woke up in the morning stiff and sore, And knew that I was outward-bound again When a voice came a-bawling at the door, Saying, "Stand aft and answer to your names!"
- Well, it was on the quarterdeck when first I saw them,
 Such an ugly bunch, I'd never seen before.
 There was a bum and a stiff from every quarter,
 And it made me poor old heart feel sick and sore.
- 7 There were Dutchmen and Spaniards and Rooshians, And Johnny Crapoos just across from France; None of them could speak a word of English, But answered to the name of "Month's Advance."
- 8 I asked the mate which watch was mine-o,
 He said he'd soon see which watch was which.
 Then he blew me down and he kicked me hard
 a-stern-o,
 Calling me a lousy, no-good son-of-a-bitch.

- 9 I wanted something for to wet me throttle,Something for to drive away dull care;In my sea-chest I had a bottle,By the boarding-master was put there.
- 10 So down upon my knees I went like thunder, And reached into the bottom of the box; There, to my surprise and wonder, Was nothing but medicine for the pox.
- 11 It was then I made my mind up that I'd leave her,I'd jump the rail and live my life ashore.So over I went and then I swam like thunder,And in the English Bar I found a whore.
- 12 So there I was, at the Jolly Tailor, At the bar with Irish Kate a-drinking beer. I thought what jolly chaps are sailors, And with a flipper, I wiped away a tear.
- 13 But Jimmy the Crimp, he knew a thing or two, sir,And soon I was outward-bound again,On a Limey to the Chinchas for guano,So here I am, singing the old refrain.
- 14 So here we are, once more at sea, boys,The same old garbage, all over again.So stamp the capstan 'round and make some noise, boys,And join me in singing the old refrain.