

Paddy Lay Back

arr. C. Maden

Lead $\text{♩} = 120$

1. It was a cold and drea-ry mor-ning in De-cem-ber, And

Tenor

(De-cem - ber)

Bass

L. 5 all of me mon-ey, it was spent. Oh, where it went to, Lord, I can't re-

T. (Spent! Spent!)

B. (Spent! Spent!)

L. 11 mem-ber, So down to the ship-ping office I went. Ch. Pad-dy, lay

T. (Re-mem-ber) (Went! Went!)

B. (Re-mem-ber) (Went! Went!)

The musical score is written for three voices: Lead, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-4) shows the Lead part with the lyrics '1. It was a cold and drea-ry mor-ning in De-cem-ber, And'. The Tenor and Bass parts have rests. The second system (measures 5-10) shows the Lead part with the lyrics 'all of me mon-ey, it was spent. Oh, where it went to, Lord, I can't re-'. The Tenor and Bass parts have rests, with the Tenor and Bass parts having 'x' marks above the notes in measures 8 and 9. The third system (measures 11-16) shows the Lead part with the lyrics 'mem-ber, So down to the ship-ping office I went. Ch. Pad-dy, lay'. The Tenor and Bass parts have rests, with the Tenor and Bass parts having 'x' marks above the notes in measures 14 and 15. The score ends with a double bar line in measure 16.

2

17

L. back; Take in your slack, Take a turn a-round the

T. (Pad-dy, lay back!) (Take in your slack!)

B. (Pad-dy, lay back!) (Take in your slack!)

22

L. cap-stan, heave a pawl; A-bout ship sta-tions, boys, be

T. (Heave a pawl!)

B. (Heave a pawl!)

27

L. han - dy; We're bound for Val - pa - rai - so 'round the Horn!

T. (Be han - dy!)

B. (Be han - dy!)

- 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!"
- 6 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.