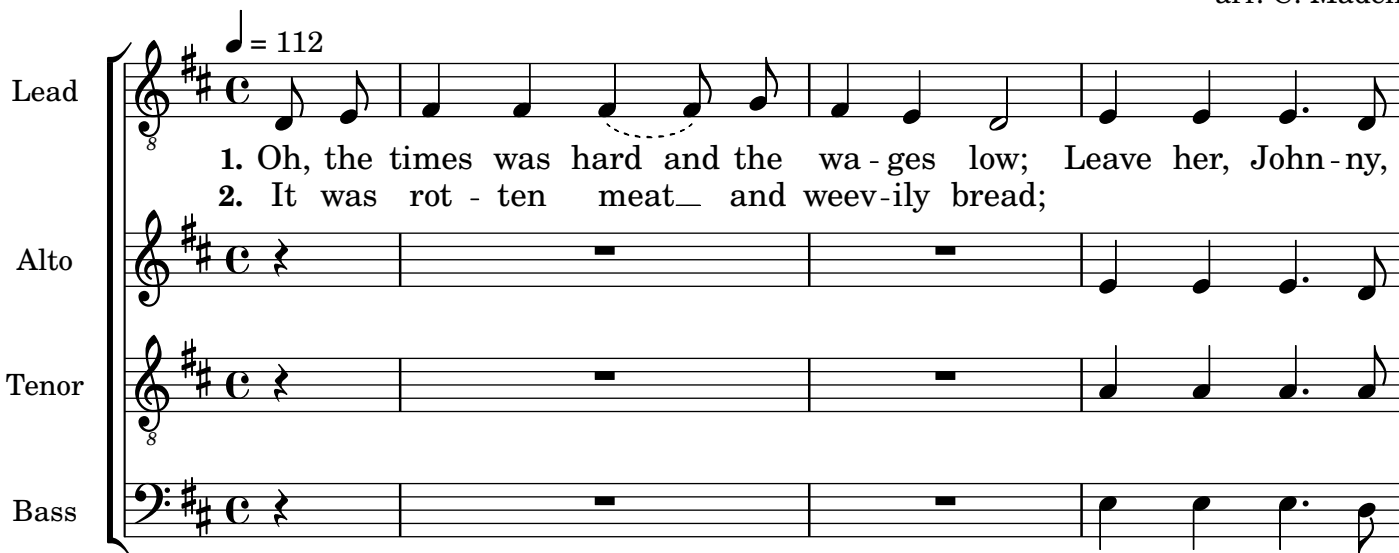


# Leave Her, Johnny

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 112$



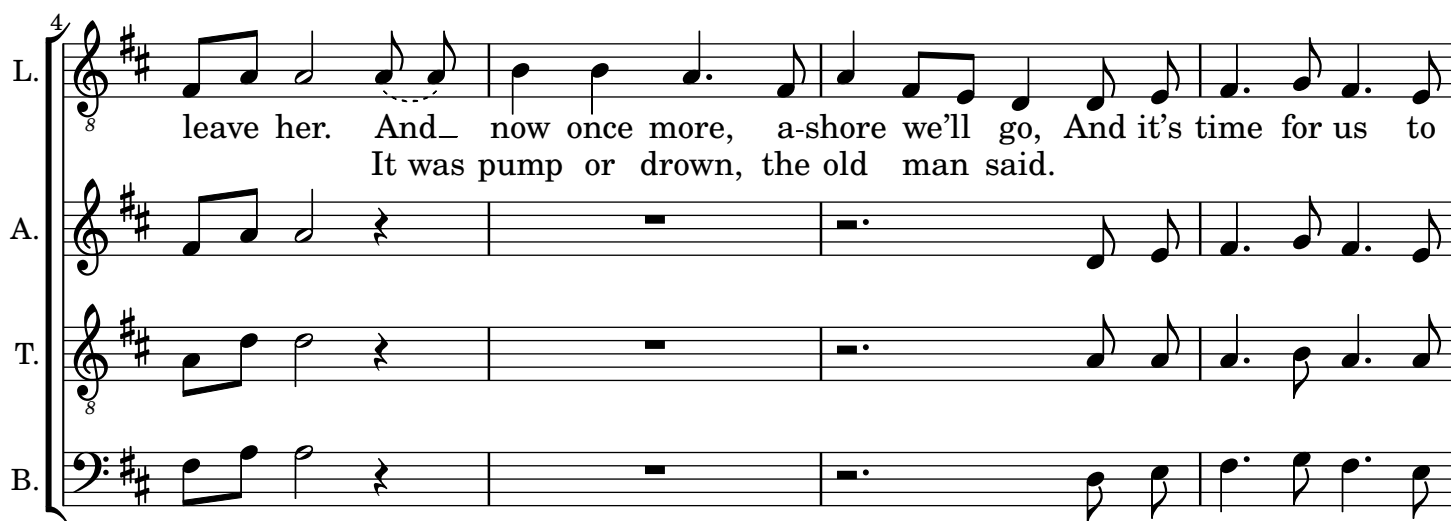
1. Oh, the times was hard and the wa-ges low; Leave her, John-ny,  
2. It was rot - ten meat\_ and weev-ily bread;

Alto

Tenor

Bass

L.  $\text{♩} = 112$



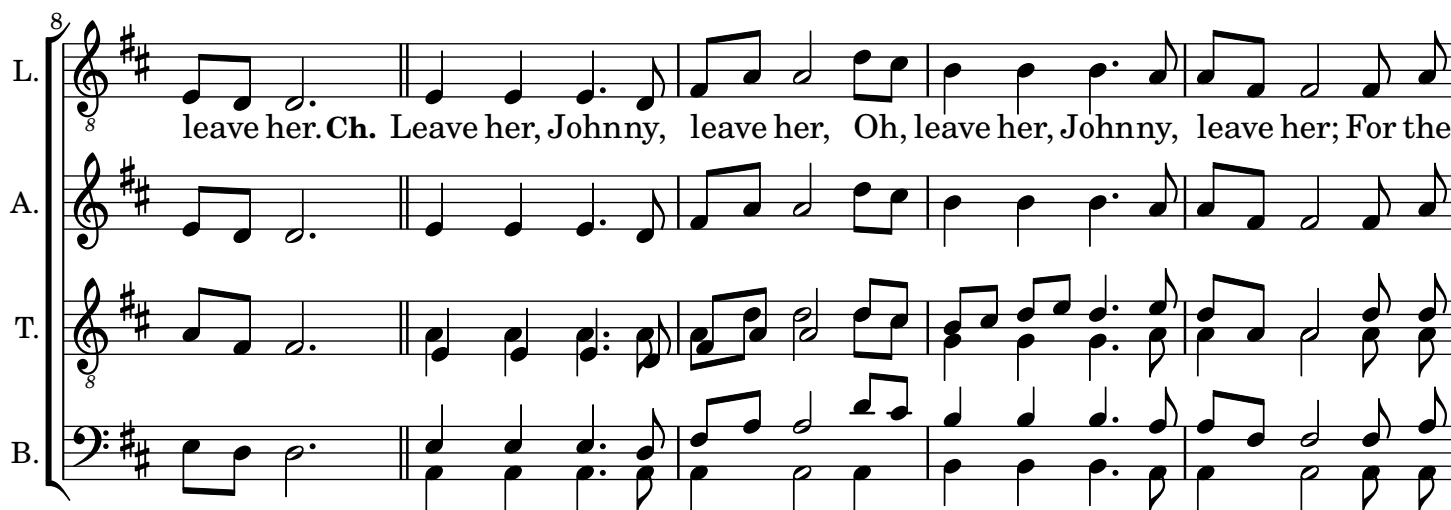
leave her. And\_ now once more, a-shore we'll go, And it's time for us to  
It was pump or drown, the old man said.

A.

T.

B.

L.  $\text{♩} = 112$



leave her. **Ch.** Leave her, Johnny, leave her, Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her; For the

A.

T.

B.

2

13

L. <sub>8</sub> voyage is done and the winds don't blow, And it's time for us to leave her.

A. <sub>8</sub>

T. <sub>8</sub>

B. <sub>8</sub>

3 She was poverty-stricken and parish-rigged;  
And the whole damn crew is fever-stricked.

4 The mate was a bucko, and the old man a Turk;  
The boatswain was a beggar with the middle  
name of work.

5 She would not wear and she would not stay;  
She shipped great seas both night and day.

6 She shipped great seas both day and night;  
The pump-rods shone just like a light.

7 Oh, the captain swears, and the mate  
swears too;  
The crew all swear, and so would you!

8 We'd be better off in a nice clean jail,  
With all night in and plenty of ale.

9 Oh, the captain swears, and the mate  
swears worse;  
He'll blow you down with a spike and a curse.

10 The larboard pump is like the crew;  
It's all worn out and will not do.

11 Let's hope that we may never be  
On a hungry ship the likes of she.

12 Well, the rats have gone, and we, the crew,  
It's time, by God, that we go too.