



Twass then that I wished that I was dead  
So I d gone to sea no more

Some days we re catching whales me lads  
And some days we re catching none  
With a twenty foot oar cocked in our hands  
From four o clock in the morn  
And when the shades of night come in  
We rest on our weary oar

Twass then I wished that I was dead  
Or safe with the girls ashore

Come all you bold seafarin men  
And listen to my song  
If you come off of them long trips  
I d have ya s not go wrong  
Take my advice, drink no strong drink  
Don t go sleeping with no whores  
Get married lads and have all night in  
So you ll go to sea no more