

Artist: lloyd

Title: Heave away me Johnnies

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Now Johnny was a rover, and today he sailed away
Heave away, me Johnnies. Heave away -- away!
Says she, "I'll be yer sweetheart, dear, if ye will only stay"
And away, me bully boys, we're all bound to go.

Sometimes we sail for Liverpool, sometimes we're bound for France;
But now we're bound for New York town to give the girls a chance.

Our advance note's in our pocket, boys, it sure will take us far
And now a cruise down Lime Street, boys, and to the American bar.

In two days time we'll be outward bound, and down the Mersey we'll clip
The gals'll all be waiting, boys, when we get back next trip.

The Peter's flying at the fore, the pilot's waiting the tide
And soon we'll be bound out again, bound for the other side.

And when we're homeward bound again, our pockets lined once more
We'll spend it all with the gals, me boys, and go to sea for more.

So gaily let your voices ring, me bullies heave and bust
'Taint no use in caterwauling; growl ye may, but go ye must.