Leave her Johnny leave her

Trad. Arranged Martin Jones





Oh the times was hard and the wages low, But now once more on shore we'll go,

I thought I heard the Old Man say, You can go ashore and take your pay,

Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long, The winds was bad and the gales was strong,

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim, And heave the hungry packet in,

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin, For there's many a worser we've sailed in,

And now it's time to say goodbye, For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh,