

RANDY DANDY-O

#37

Now we are ready to head for the Horn,
Weigh, hay, roll and go!
Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn,
To my rollicking randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Weigh, hay, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
To my rollicking randy dandy O!

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks,

Come breast the bars, bullies an' heave her away,
For soon we'll be rolling her 'way down the Bay,

Sing goodbye to Sally an' goodbye to Sue,
For we are the boy-os who can kick her through.

Oh, man the stout caps'n an' heave with a will,
Soon we'll be driving her 'way down the hill.

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums,
Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck your thumbs.

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free,
Let's get the glad-rags on and drive 'er to sea.

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay,
Get cracking, m'lads, 'tis a hell of a way!