

Cruising 'round Yarmouth

The Irish Rovers

While cruising 'round Yarmouth one day for a spree
I spied a fair damsel the wind blowing free
I'm a fast going clipper me kind sir says she
I'm ready for cargo me hold is quite free

Singing fal-der-all laddie right fal-der-all day
Fal-der-all laddie I fal-der-all day

Which country she came from she didn't show much
She might have been English or German or Dutch
A neat little packet all nicely endowed
She was round in the quarters and bluff in the bow

Singing fal-der-all laddie right fal-der-all day
Fal-der-all laddie I fal-der-all day

I threw out me hauser and took her in tow
And yardarm to yardarm a towing we'd go
She lowered her forsails, her staysails and all
With her lily white hand on me reef tackle fall

Singing fal-der-all laddie right fal-der-all day
Fal-der-all laddie I fal-der-all day

Says I pretty fair maid it's time to give o'er
For 'twixt wind and water you've run me ashore
Me shot locker's empty and me powder's all spent
I can't fire a shot for it's choked at the vent

Singing fal-der-all laddie right fal-der-all day
Fal-der-all laddie I fal-der-all day

Here's luck to the girl with the red curly locks
Here's luck to the girl who ran jack on the rocks
Here's luck to the doctor who eased all his pain
He squared his main yards he's a cruising again

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