

Music Arranged by HERBERT TOWNSEND

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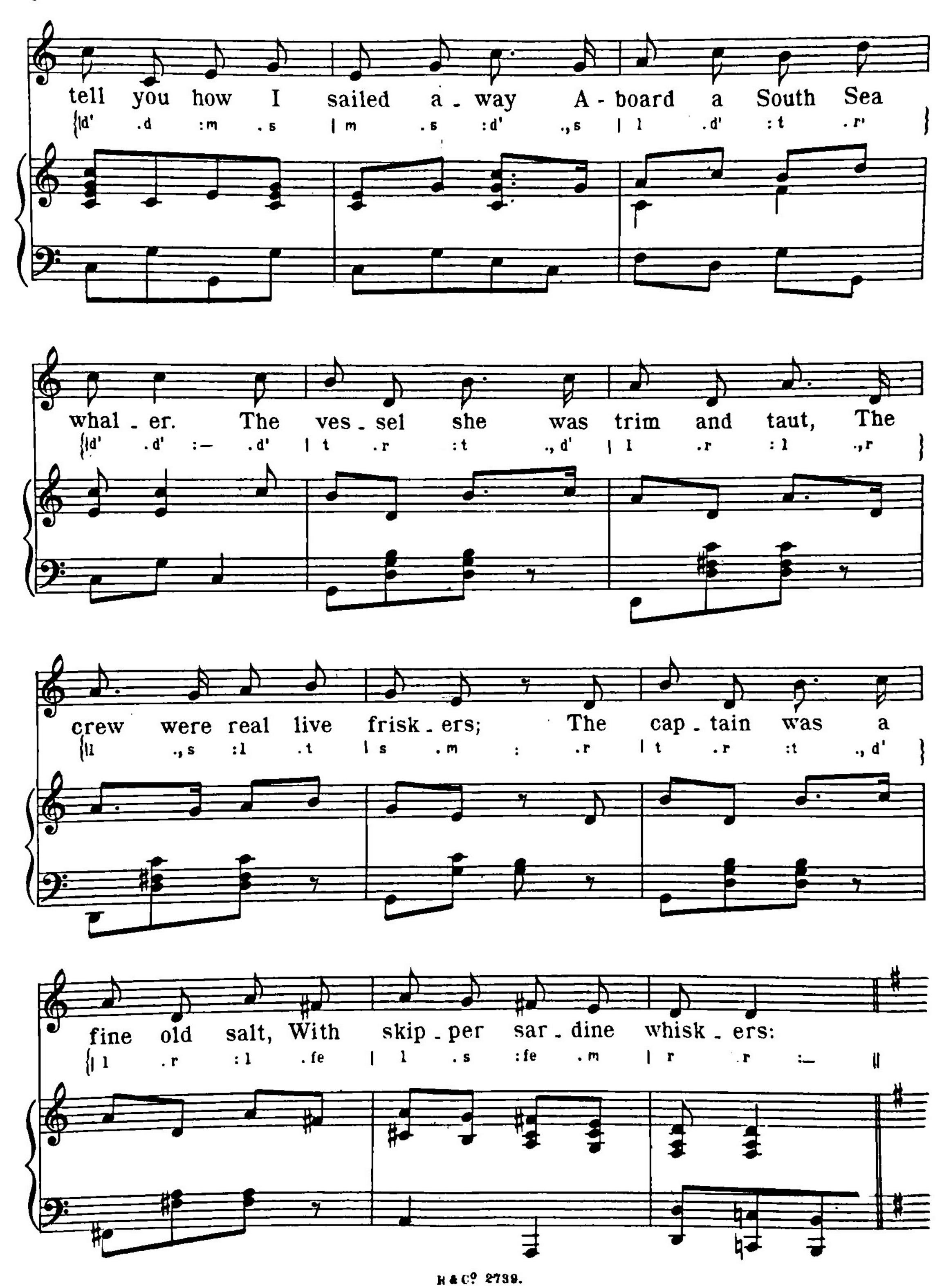
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## JOLLY OLD BILL THE SAILOR.

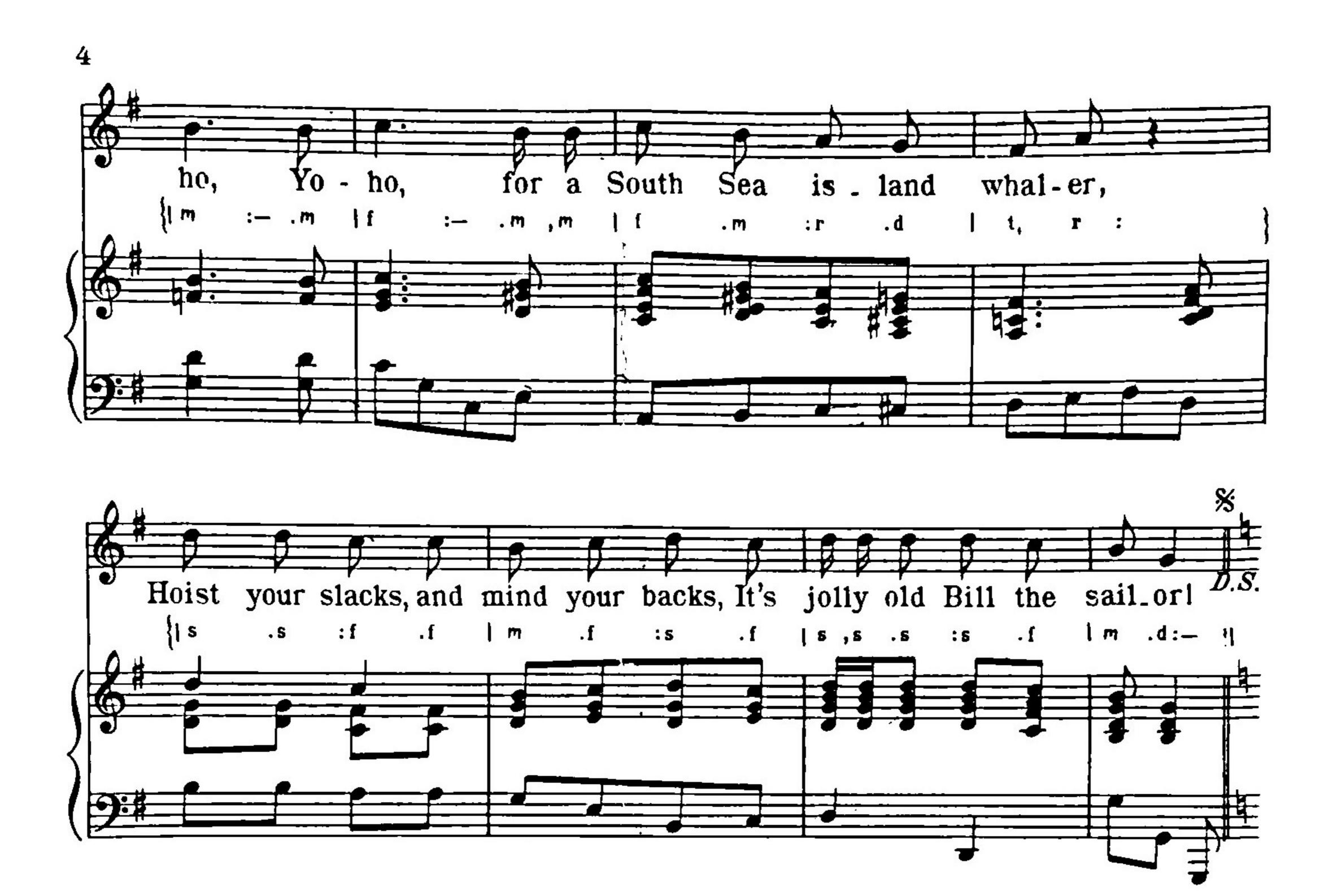
ARRANGED BY HERBERT TOWNSEND.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY GEORGE ELLIS.









2

As soon as we got off the land,
The ship was like a work'us;
The skipper lost his way, he should
Have changed at Oxford Circus.
The watch on deck got washed away,
We heard no more about 'em;
And when our poor old ship missed stays
She caught a cold without 'em:

## REFRAIN.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, for the rolling sea,
A sailor's life is free,
(A sailor's wife for me)
We spied a whale off Southend Pier,
We harpooned it as we drew near,
It plunged about and gave a squeak,
And then I heard the captain shriek:
"Let it go and save the ship,
It's my old girl been having a dip,
And one of you lads has jabbed a spear
Abaft her southern hemisphere."
Yo-ho, yo-ho for a South Sea island whaler,
Hoist yer slacks and mind yer backs,
It's jolly old Bill the Sailor!

3

Now days out from Nanki Poo
We spied a pirate lugger,
She fired a shot across our bows
And challenged us at Rugger.
They swarmed aboard our gallant craft
And things became exciting,
Their centre-forward got sent off—
Disqualified for biting:

REFRAIN.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho for the rolling sea, A sailor's life is free,
(A sailor's wife for me)
We dragged the pirate chief aboard,
"You'll have to walk the plank," we roared,
With margarine we greased the mat,
He didn't walk the plank—he sat,
And so we sank the pirate barge,
Victorious by all that marge.
And that is how I came to be
Presented to John Sainsbury.
Yo-ho, yo-ho, for a South Sea island whaler,
Hoist yer slacks, and mind yer backs,
It's jolly old Bill the sailor!

4

The mate and I went up aloft,
To act as Nosey Parkers,
And soon we sighted two white sales,
At Selfridges and Barker's.
The wind began to blow great guns,
The skipper tried to luff, boys,
He shouted "Keep your powder dry,
The missus wants a puff, boys:"
REFRAIN.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho for the rolling sea,
A sailor's life is free,
(A sailor's wife for me)
Then the water cask gave out,
We'd nothing left but bottled stout,
Each man looked in the other's face—
A dreadful sight in any case!
The final biscuit got us pegged,
And so we all sat up and begged,
The lucky man, so pleased was he,
That he wagged the place where his tail should be
Yo-ho, yo-ho, for a South Sea island whaler,
Hoist yer slacks, and mind yer backs,
It's jolly old Bill the sailor!