



## A hundred years ago

A hundred years on the Eastern Seaboard

*Oh yes oh*

A hundred years on the Eastern shore

*A hundred years ago*

Oh Bully John he's the man for me oh

He's a bully on shore and a bucko at sea

Oh Bully John from Baltimore

I knew him well that son of a whore

Now its up aloft that you shall go

For Mr Mate he said tis so

It's a bottle of rum for ev'ry hand

And a bloody great crate for the shanty man

They told me that a pig could fly

But I don't believe it, it's a bloody great lie

They told me that a cow could fly

And shit on sailors from very very high

Now Sally Brown is the girl for me

She's fair & trim & fancy free

I thought I heard the old man say

Just one more pull & then belay