

## **Paddy, Lay Back** Capstan shanty

**Crew sing the words in red, please.**

'Twas a cold an' dreary mornin' in December, **December**  
An' all of me money it was spent **spent, spent,**  
Where it went to Lord I can't remember **remember,**  
So down to the shippin' office went, **went, went,**

*Paddy, lay back* **Paddy, lay back!**  
*Take in yer slack* **take in yer slack!**  
**Take a turn around the capstan - heave a pawl - heave a pawl!**  
**'Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy!**  
**For we're bound for Valaparaiser 'round the Horn!**

That day there wuz a great demand for sailors **for sailors,**  
For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France **France, France,**  
So I shipped aboard a Limey barque the Hotspur **the Hotspur,**  
An' got paralytic drunk on my advance **'vance, 'vance,**

I woke up in the mornin' sick an' sore, **sick an' sore**  
An' knew I wuz outward bound agen; **'gen, 'gen**  
When I heard a voice a-bawlin' at the door, **at the door**  
'Lay aft, men, an' answer to yer names!' **names, names**

There wuz Spaniards an' Dutchmen an' Rooshians, **Rooshians**  
An' Johnny Crapoos jist acrosst from France; **Francer, France**  
An' most o' 'em couldn't speak a word of English, **of English**  
But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance'. **'vance, vance**

I axed the mate a-which a-watch wuz mine-O, **mine-O**  
Sez he, 'I'll soon pick out a-which is which'; **which, which**  
An' he blowed me down an' kicked me hard a-stern-O, **a-stern-O**  
Callin' me a lousy, dirty son-o'-a-bitch. **bitch, bitch**

I wisht I wuz in the 'Jolly Sailor', **Sailor**  
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer; **beer, beer**  
An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors, **sailors**  
An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear. **tear, tear**

Alternative verses:

I knew that in me box I had a bottle,  
Cos the boardin'-master 'e 'ad put it there;  
An' I wanted something for to wet me throttle,  
Somethin' for to drive away dull care.

So down upon me knees I went like thunder,  
Put me hand into the bottom o' the box,  
An' what wuz me great surprise an' wonder,  
Found only a bottle o' medicine for the pox.

But when we got to bully ol' Vallaparaiser,  
In the Bay we dropped our mud hook far from shore;  
The ol' Man he refused ter let us raise 'er,  
An' he stopped the boardin'-masters comin' aboard.

I quickly made me mind up that I'd jump 'er,  
I'd leave the beggar an' git a job ashore;  
I swum across the Bay an' went an' left 'er,  
An' in the English Bar I found a whore.