

TIDDY HIGH OH!

Now we are bound for old Bristol Town

Tiddy High Oh! High Ay!

It's goodbye to those black girls, the yellow & the brown

Tiddy High Oh! High Ay! High Ay!

Oh young Sally Racket of Kingston Town
I spent quite a packet on her new silk gown

We loaded our packet with sugar an' rum
Goodbye to Jamaica, its' girls and its' sun

We're bound to the nor'ard, to the ice & the snow
We're bound to the nor'ard, oh Lord let 'er go!

Roll the old chariot & long may she roll
Why don't the Mate shake 'er, oh goddam 'is soul

And when we get back into old Bristol Town
Tis there we will drink & our sorrows soon drown

Now we are bound for old Bristol Town
It's goodbye to those black girls, the yellow & the brown