

Sweet ladies of Plymouth

Sweet ladies of Plymouth, we're saying good-bye,
Roll-oll, oll-oll-oll down!

But we'll rock you and roll you again by and by,
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

ch

And we will roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down,
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

In the wide Bay of Biscay the seas do run high,
Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!

And the poor sickly transports they'll wish they could die,
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

ch

When the wild coast of Africa it do appear,
Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!

The poor nervous transports they'll tremble with fear
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

ch

When the Cape of Good Hope it is rounded at last,
Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!

The poor weary transports they'll long for the past.
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

ch

And when we arrive off Australia's strand,
Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!

Them poor weary transports, they'll long for the land,
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

ch

And when we set sail for old England's shore
Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!

The poor stranded transports we'll see them no more.
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

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Then, sweet ladies of Plymouth, we'll pay all your rent,
Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!

And go roving no more till our money's all spent,
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

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