



Drunken Sailor



Traditional
Verses: Dave Robinson
arr. The Longest Johns

♩ = 120



1. From Tor - tuga's port we put to sea and sailed for six-teen days, In the biggest storm I'd



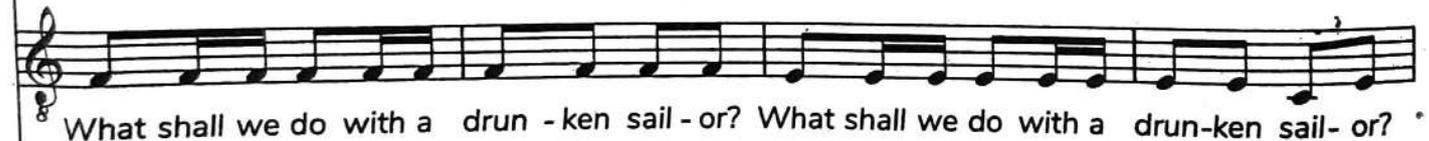
ev - er seen we al-most lost our way, When a call came from a deck-hand: "Boys, I



think she's going down! But don't you fear, there's enough rum here to drink un-til we drown!"



What shall we do with a drun - ken sail - or? What shall we do with a drun-ken sail- or?



What shall we do with a drun - ken sail - or? What shall we do with a drun-ken sail- or?



What shall we do with a drun - ken sail - or? What shall we do with a drun-ken sail- or?



What shall we do with a drun-ken sail - or Ear-ly in the morn - ing? Hoo - ray and



What shall we do with a drun-ken sail - or Ear-ly in the morn - ing? Hoo - ray and



What shall we do with a drun-ken sail - or Ear-ly in the morn - ing? Hoo - ray and

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C F C/G Dm

up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Ear ly in the morn - ing.

(Hoo - ray _____ Hoo - ray _____ Hoo - ray) Ear ly in the morn - ing.

up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Ear ly in the morn - ing.

up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Ear ly in the morn - ing.

Much slower

33

nur Schluss

Put him in the long-boat till he's so - ber.

Shave his bell-y with a rust - y ra - zor.

37

Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

cap-tain's daugh-ter Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

Throw him in the hold with the cap-tain's daugh-ter Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

2. So each deckhand grabbed a barrel, broke the seal and took a swig
And soon their screams turned into songs, their panicked work turned into jigs
The first mate bellowed orders, ever trying to save their skins
"Any drunken wretch the captain catch
Will be torn limb from limb!"

Chorus

3. Every man continued drinking, all their duties long forgot
They were deaf to every order, 'til they heard a pistol shot
The captain stood on fo'c'sle, swung the cat above his head
"Back to yer post or by my ghost
Ye'll wish that ye were dead!"

Chorus

4. Every drunk received a beating, some of the drunker managed two
The captain kept an eye until he'd sobered up his crew
He then retired to quarters, put the rum upon his shelf
Sat in his seat, put up his feet
And drank the rest himself!

Chorus

Chorus 2 T. 33

Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober
Shave his belly with a rusty razor
Throw him in the hold with the captain's daughter
Ear-ly in the morning

