

# Sailor's Prayer

Tom Lewis

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This dir - ty town has been my  
home since last time I was sai - ling.  
But I'll not stay an - o - ther  
day; I'd soo - ner be out whal - ing!  
Oh Lord a - bove, send down a  
dove with beak as sharp as ra - zors,  
to cut the throat of them there  
blokes who sells bad beer to sai - lors.

2. Paid off me score and then ashore, me money soon was flying  
With Judy Lee upon my knee, in my ear a lying.
3. With my new friends, my money spent just as fast as winking  
But when I make to clean the slate, the landlord says: "Keep drinking"
4. With me money gone and clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving  
Six months of pay gone in three days, but Judy isn't grieving.
5. When the crimp comes round, I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be shaking  
Tomorrow morn sail for the Horn just as dawn is breaking.
6. For one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing  
I'll settle down in my hometown and go no more seafaring!