

The River Lea

Twass one fine day in the month of
May

And I was outward bound
I hadn't any tin for to buy some gin
So I wandered the streets all
around

My jacket's out at the elbows
And I was sore in need
So I signed as a jolly sailor
On board of the River Lea

I'll go to sea no more
Beat down the Bay of Fundy
Forever more I'll stay on shore
I'll go to sea no more

No more I'll take my first lookout
No more I'll take my wheel
No more at the cry up aloft I'll fly
While "Ay, ay, sir!" I squeal
No more I'll reef those topsails in
For it is no more my trade
No more I'll brail that spanker in
On board of the River Lea

I'll go to sea no more...

No more I'll pull on the lee force
brace
Nor by royal halliards stand
No more I'll ride those swifters
down
With a tar-pot in my hand
No more I'll cross those royal yards
Nor furl that flying jib
No more I'll shift gaff-topsail tacks

On board of the River Lea

I'll go to sea no more...

I've crossed the Western Ocean
I've sailed the raging main
But I made it a rule that I won't be a
fool

And go to sea again
I'll stay at home in comfort
And good advice I'll give
Don't ever sign as a sailor
On board of the River Lea

I'll go to sea no more...