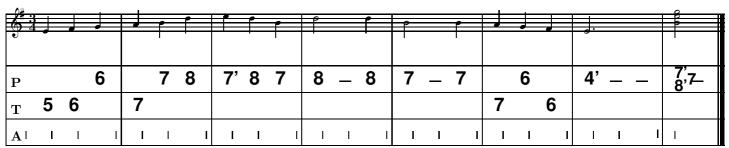
Chant de marins: Off to sea once more

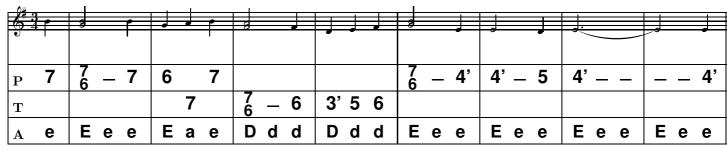
Trad. (Royaume-Uni)

Tablature : Roger Négaret

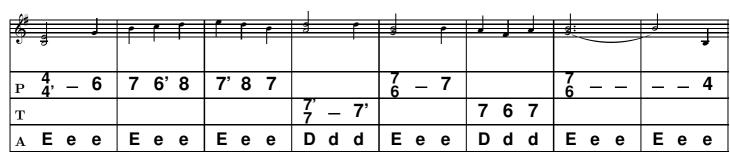
Intro



Thème

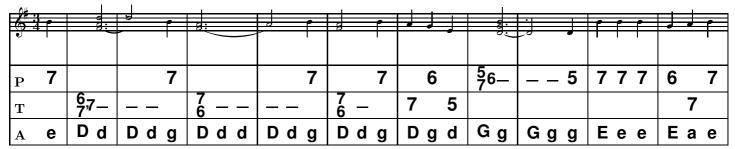


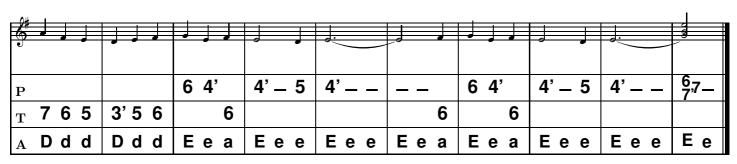




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Refrain





1. When first I landed in Liverpool I went upon the Spree While money lasts I spend it fast, got drunk as drunk could be But before my money was all gone on liquor and the whores I made up my mind that I was inclined to go to sea no more.

No more, no more, to go to sea no more I made up my mind that I was inclined to go to sea no more.

2. As I was walking down the street I met with Angeline She said come home with me my lad and we'll have a cracking time But when I awoke it was no joke I found I was all alone My silver watch and my money too and my whole bloody gear was gone.

Was gone, was gone, my whole bloody gear was gone When I awoke it was no joke for my whole bloody gear was gone.

3. As I was walking down the street I met big Rapper Brown I asked him if he would take me in and he looked at me with a frown He said last time you was paid off with me you chalked-up no score But I'll take your advance and I'll give youse a chance to go to sea once more.

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more I'll take your advance and I'll give youse a chance to go to sea once more.

4. He shipped me aboard of a whaling ship bound for the Arctic seas Where cold winds blow and there's frost and snow And Jamaica rum would freeze and worse to bear I'd no hardweather gear For I'd lost all my dunnage ashore it was then that I wished that I was dead So I'd go to sea no more.

No more, no more, I'd go to sea no more It was then that I wished that I was dead so I'd go to sea no more.

5. Sometimes we're catching whales my lads but mostly we get none With a twenty-foot oar in every paw from five o'clock in the morn' And when daylight's gone and the night coming on You rest upon your oar and oh boys you wish that you was dead Or snug with the girls ashore.

Ashore, ashore, snug with the girls ashore Oh boys you wish that you was dead or snug with the girls ashore.

6. Come all you seafaring lads that listen to my song When you go a-big-boating boys I'll have you not go wrong You take my tip when you come off a trip don't go with any whore But get married instead and have all night in bed and go to sea no more.

No more, no more, don't go to sea no more Get married my lads and have all night in bed and go to sea no more.