

PHRASING 1.

Johnny Todd he took a notion
For to cross the ocean wide.
There he left his true love a-weeping
Waiting by the Liverpool tide.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay*?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way.
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
Chorus

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oftime led,
Peel's "View, Halloo!" could awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's bright and fair,
Panning out his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore,
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

Me and my wife live all alone
In a little log hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum,
And don't we have a lot of fun!

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

Away to the westward, I'm longing to be
Where the beauties of heaven' unfold by the sea
Where the sweet purple heather' blooins fragrant and free
On a hill-top, high above the Dark Island;
Oh Isle of my childhood I'in dreaming of thee
As the steamer leaves Oban, and passes Tiree
Soon I'll capture the magic, that lingers for me
When I'm back, once more upon, the Dark Island