

- **Verse 2:** Man the stout capst'n and heave with a will...

  And soon we'll be driving her 'way down the hill...
- **Verse 3:** Heave away, bullies, you parish-rigged bums...

  Take your hands from your pockets and don't suck your thumbs...
- **Verse 4:** We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay... Get crackin' me lads, 'tis a hell of a way...
- **Verse 5:** Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free... Let's get the gladrags on and drive 'er to sea...