

**JOLLY  
OLD BILL  
THE SAILOR**

**HUMOROUS SONG**



WRITTEN.  
COMPOSED  
AND  
SUNG  
BY

**GEORGE ELLIS.**

Music Arranged by  
**HERBERT TOWNSEND**

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# JOLLY OLD BILL THE SAILOR.

ARRANGED BY  
HERBERT TOWNSEND.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY  
GEORGE ELLIS.

Vivace

VOICE

PIANO

Now hark you la - zy land - lub - bers, To jolly old Bill the sail - or: I'll  
{ .d' | d' .d :m .s | m .s :d' .,t | l ,l .s :f .m | m .r : .d }

tell you how I sailed a way A-board a South Sea

{ d' .d :m .s | m .s :d' .s | l .d' :t .r }

whal-er. The ves-sel she was trim and taut, The

{ d' .d' :- .d' | t .r :t .s | l .r :l .r }

crew were real live frisk-ers; The cap-tain was a

{ l .s :l .t | s .m : .r | t .r :t .s }

fine old salt, With skip-per sar-dine whisk-ers:

{ l .r :l .fe | l .s :fe .m | r .r :- || }

REFRAIN.

KEY G

Yo - ho, yo - ho, yo - ho for the roll - ing sea, A

|| s, | d :- .s, | r :- .s, | d .d ,r :m .fe | s :- .s }

sail - or's life is free, (A sail - or's wife for me)

|| f .m :r .d | t, :- .s, | l, .t, :r .t, | s, :- .s, }

CHANT.

"Cast her off" the cap - tain roared, And my old gal went o - ver - board, The

aer - ial let him down you bet, He fell and broke his crystal set, And

|| d .d :r .m | d .d :r .s, | d .d :r .m | d .d :t, .s, }

bo'sun shout - ed "Fol - low me" And up the wire - less clambered he. The

as our good ship left the shore We all sang "Ain't gonna rain no more" Yo -

|| d .d :r .m | d .d :r .s, | d .d :r .m | d .d :t, .s, ||

he, Yo - ho, for a South Sea is - land whal - er,

Hoist your slacks, and mind your backs, It's jolly old Bill the sail - or!

## 2

As soon as we got off the land,  
 The ship was like a work'us;  
 The skipper lost his way, he should  
 Have changed at Oxford Circus.  
 The watch on deck got washed away,  
 We heard no more about 'em;  
 And when our poor old ship missed stays  
 She caught a cold without 'em:

## REFRAIN.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, for the rolling sea,  
 A sailor's life is free,  
 (A sailor's wife for me)  
 We spied a whale off Southend Pier,  
 We harpooned it as we drew near,  
 It plunged about and gave a squeak,  
 And then I heard the captain shriek:  
 "Let it go and save the ship,  
 It's my old girl been having a dip,  
 And one of you lads has jabbed a spear  
 Aft her southern hemisphere."  
 Yo-ho, yo-ho for a South Sea island whaler,  
 Hoist yer slacks and mind yer backs,  
 It's jolly old Bill the Sailor!

Now days out from Nanki Poo  
 We spied a pirate lugger,  
 She fired a shot across our bows  
 And challenged us at Rugger.  
 They swarmed aboard our gallant craft  
 And things became exciting,  
 Their centre-forward got sent off—  
 Disqualified for biting:

## REFRAIN.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho for the rolling sea,  
 A sailor's life is free,  
 (A sailor's wife for me)  
 We dragged the pirate chief aboard,  
 "You'll have to walk the plank," we roared,  
 With margarine we greased the mat,  
 He didn't walk the plank— he sat,  
 And so we sank the pirate barge,  
 Victorious by all that marge.  
 And that is how I came to be  
 Presented to John Sainsbury.  
 Yo-ho, yo-ho, for a South Sea island whaler,  
 Hoist yer slacks, and mind yer backs,  
 It's jolly old Bill the sailor!

## 4

The mate and I went up aloft,  
 To act as Nosey Parkers,  
 And soon we sighted two white sales,  
 At ~~Selfridges~~ and Barker's.  
 The wind began to blow great guns,  
 The skipper tried to luff, boys,  
 He shouted "Keep your powder dry,  
 The missus wants a puff, boys:"

## REFRAIN.

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho for the rolling sea,  
 A sailor's life is free,  
 (A sailor's wife for me)  
 Then the water cask gave out,  
 We'd nothing left but bottled stout,  
 Each man looked in the other's face—  
 A dreadful sight in any case!  
 The final biscuit got us pegged,  
 And so we all sat up and begged,  
 The lucky man, so pleased was he,  
 That he wagged the place where his tail should be.  
 Yo-ho, yo-ho, for a South Sea island whaler,  
 Hoist yer slacks, and mind yer backs,  
 It's jolly old Bill the sailor!