

Burl Ives

"Leave Her, Johnny"

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Oh, the times are hard and the wages low.

Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her.

I'll pack my bag and go below.

Chorus: It's time for us to leave her.

It's growl you may but go you must:

It matters not if last or first.

I'm a-getting' thin and a-growin' sad

Since first I joined this woodenclad.

I thought I heard the first mate say,

"Just one more drag and then belay."

The work was hard and the voyage long:

The seas were high and the gales were strong.

The sails are furled: our work is done

And now on shore we'll have some fun.

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