

Pants Town

"The Holy Ground"

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Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah, a thousand times
adieu.

For we're going away from the Holy Ground and the
girls we love so true.

And we'll sail the salt seas over and we'll return for
sure,

To see again the girls we love and the Holy Ground
once more.

(Shouted) Fine girl you are!

(Sung) You're the girl I adore,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once
more.

(Shouted) Fine girl you are!

And now the storm is raging and we are far from
shore;

And the poor old ship is tossin' about and the rigging is
all tore.

And the secrets of my mind, my love, you're the girl I
do adore,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once
more.

And now the storm is over and we are safe and well

And we'll go into a public house and we'll sit and drink
like hell!.

And we'll drink strong ale and porter and we'll make
the rafters roar,

And when our money is all spent we'll go to sea once
more.

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