

Go To Sea No More

1. When I first landed in Liverpool
I went upon a spree;
MY money alas, I spent it fast,
got drunk as drunk could be.
And when me money was all gone
'twas then I wanted more.
A man must be blind to make up his mind
to go to sea once more.

**Once more, boys, once more,
Got to sea once more,
A man must be blind to make up his mind
to go to sea once more.**

2. I spent the night with Angeline, too drunk
to roll in bed.
Me watch was new, me money too,
in the morning with them she'd fled,
And as I walked the streets about the whores
they all did roar:
"There goes Jack Spratt the poor sailor lad,
he must go to sea once more".

**Once more, boys, once more,
Go to sea once more.
There goes Jack Spratt the poor sailor
lad he must go to sea once more.**

3. And as I walked the streets about,
I met with Jackie Brown.
I asked him if he'd take me in, he looked at
me with a frown,
He said, "Last time you was paid off
with me you chalked no score,
But I'll give you a chance, and I'll take your
advance and I'll send you to sea once more".
**Once more, once more,
Once more me lads, once more.
I'll give you a chance and I'll take your
advance and I'll send you to sea once
more".**

4. He shipped me aboard a whaling ship
bound for the Arctic seas
Where the cold winds blow and the frost and
snow and Jamaica rum would freeze.
And worse to bear I've no hard weather gear,
for I'd lost all me money ashore,
My God, how I wished that I was dead
and could go to sea no more.

**No more, no more,
No more me lads, no more.
My God, how I wished that I was dead
and could go to sea no more.**

[Sometimes we're catching whales, me lads,
and sometimes we're catching none.
With a twenty foot oar stuck in your paw
from four o'clock in the morn.
And when the shades of night come on you
rest your weary oar,
Tis then that you wish that you were dead
or safe with the girls ashore.
**Ashore, ashore, ashore me lads ashore.
Tis then that you wish that you were
dead or safe with the girls ashore.]**

5. So come all you bold seafaring men
and listen to me song.
When you come off those long, long trips
I pray you'll not go wrong!
Take my advice, drink no strong drink
or go sleeping with no whore -
Get married instead, spend all night in bed,
and go to sea no more.

**No more, no more,
No more me lads, no more
Get married instead, spend all night in
bed
And go to sea no more.**

This version is sung by **The Dubliners** at
<https://youtu.be/Y3Af7VxzrqE>



Retail traders not affected by the shop tax, 1787
Attributed to William Dent, from [US Library of Congress](#)

Notes:

A popular deepwater song (not a shanty)

Alternative Titles: Go to sea *no* more, Go to sea *once* more, *Off* to sea once more, Jackie Brown, Shanghai Brown

Doerflinger, William Main, 1951, *Songs of the Sailor and Lumberman*, revised 1990:

"In San Francisco, before the earthquake, most of the boarding masters were notorious Shanghaiers. Their well-armed runners, in small boats, met incoming sailing vessels down the bay. Forcing their way on board, they used either persuasion or violence to make sailormen go with them to their respective houses. Arriving there, the men were quickly knocked out with liquor, usually doped, and put aboard outward-bounders, often before having been ashore more than a few hours. The crimps [boarding masters], of course, took not only the advance, but also "blood money", ranging from \$30 to \$50 or more, for each hand they supplied.

"Shanghai" Brown

"Prominent among the Frisco crimps was Shanghai Brown, whose boarding house is said to have been running full blast in the seventies. [This] popular deepwater song has the ruthless Brown taking revenge on a sailor who has offended him by his independent ways – the man actually chalked no score with Brown on first leaving his ship but insolently let his money be stolen by woman.

Shanghai takes the offender in but teaches him a lesson by shipping him out in one of the port's many Bering Sea Whalers. This meant spending two or three years in the Arctic, and what was worse, perhaps being paid off with a

dollar by wily captain when the ship finally did get back to Frisco. Despite the apparent humour of the song, it was meant as a serious warning that few sailors ever took to heart."

See also my notes on how boarding masters operate, given for the [Dead Horse Shanty](#).

Notes on the words:

ran up no score / chalked no score - did not get into debt - so "Shanghai" Brown did not get his usual money.



Pratt, Mara L., **Impressment of American Sailors, from American History Stories Vol 3, The War of 1812.**
via GatewaytotheClassics.com