

1. When I first landed in Liverpool
 I went upon a spree;
 Being paid off at last 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, once more,
 Once more, me lads 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.
 But when I awoke on the next day's morn
 with me watch and me money she'd fled,
 And as I walk the streets about the whores
 they all did roar:
 "There goes young Jack the poor sailor lad
 he must go to sea once more".

**Once more, once more,
 Once more me lads, once more.
 "There goes young Jack the poor sailor
 lad he must go to sea once more".**

3. As I was walking down the street,
 I met with Jackie Brown.
 I asked him if he'd take me in, he eyed me
 with a frown,
 He said, "Last time you was paid off
 with me you chalked up no score,
 But I'll take a chance, 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 take a chance and I'll give an advance
 and I'll send you to sea once more".**

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

**No more, no more,
 No more me lads, no more.
 My God, how I wish that I was dead
 and I'd go to sea no more.**

5. 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.**

6. So come all you bold seafaring lads
 and listen to me song.
 When you come off those long, long trips
 I pray you'll never go wrong!
 Take my advice, drink no strong wine
 and take up with no whore -
 Get married instead, have all night in bed
 and go to sea no more.

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

This is the version sung by **Dave Earl**.



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

This version is sung by **Dave Earl**.

You can also hear **Luke Kelly** of **The Dubliners** sing it as **Go To Sea No More** at <https://youtu.be/Y3Af7VxzrqE>

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