

1. Oh, the times was hard and the wages low,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
But now once more ashore we'll go,
And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her Johnny, leave her!
O-oh, leave her Johnny, leave her! □
For the voyage is done
and the winds don't blow,
And it's time for us to leave her!

2. Oh I thought I heard the Ol' Man say,
Leave her Johnny, leave her! □
Tomorrow ye will get your pay!
And it's time for us to leave her!

3. The work was hard and the voyage was long
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
The sea was high and the gales was strong.
And it's time for us to leave her!

4. The wind was foul and the sea ran high, □
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
She shipped 'em green and none went by.
And it's time for us to leave her!

5. The grub was bad and the wages low,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
But now once more ashore we'll go,
And it's time for us to leave her!

6. Oh, our Ol' Man, he don't set no sail,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
We'd be better off in a nice clean jail
And it's time for us to leave her.

7. We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol, □
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
With all night in and plenty of ale.
And it's time for us to leave her.

8. She's poverty-stricken and parish-rigged, □
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
And the bloomin' crowd is fever-stricked.
And it's time for us to leave her.

9. Oh sing that we boys will never be
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
In a hungry bitch the likes of she,
And it's time for us to leave her.

10. The Mate was a bucko and the Old Man a Turk,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
The Bos'n was a bugger with the middle name of "Work".

And it's time for us to leave her.

11. The Ol' Man swears an' the mate swears too,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
The crew all swear an' so would you!
And it's time for us to leave her.

12. It's growl you may an' go you must,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
It matters not whether yer last or fust.
And it's time for us to leave her.

13. The wind was foul, all work, no play[pay] □
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
To Liverpool docks from Frisco Bay.
And it's time for us to leave her.

14. The ship won't steer nor stay nor wear,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
And so us shellbacks learnt to swear
And it's time for us to leave her.

15. She will not wear, nor steer, nor stay
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
Her sails an' gear all carried away
And it's time for us to leave her.

16. We was made to pump all night and day,
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
And we half-dead had bugger-all to say.
And it's time for us to leave her.

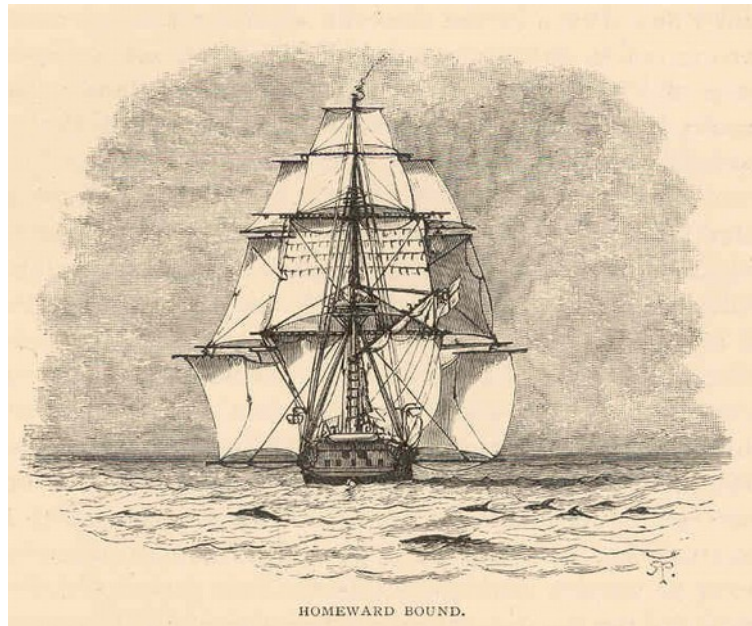
17. We'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
We'll leave the hungry bastard in!
And it's time for us to leave her.

18. Oh, leave her Johnny an' we'll work no more
Leave her Johnny, leave her!
Of pump or drown we've had full store
And it's time for us to leave her.

...

23. Now I thought I heard the Old Man say:
Leave her Johnny, leave her! □
"One more good heave [pull, pump], an' then belay"
And it's time for us to leave her.

from Stan Hugill, in *Shanties of the Seven Seas* (1994).



Pritchett, Robert Taylor (1828–1907), "Homeward Bound", 1890
From the Freshwater and Marine Image Bank, University of Washington.

Source: Darwin, Charles (1890) *Journal of Researches Into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage Round the World of H. M. S. 'Beagle' Under the Command of Captain Fitz Roy*, New York City, NY: D. Appleton and Company, via commons.wikimedia.org

Notes

Pump shanty,

Alternative Titles: Leave her Johnny, Leave her Bullies, Time for us to leave her

This version - most of the verses given by Stan Hugill, in *Shanties of the Seven Seas* (1994) are included but there are many more. Pumping a ship dry when in dock could take a very long time!

We may use a slow version by Johnny Collins on *Shanties and songs of the sea*, or a faster version by Chris Nixon on *The Deal Hoodenars*.

Other common verses :

A rantin' mate an' a bully skipper too,
On a leakin' ship an' a rotten, harping crew.

No Liverpool bread, nor rotten crackerhash
No dandyfunk, nor cold an' sloppy hash.

Mahogany beef an' weevils in our bread,
We wished old Crackerhash Joe was dead.

There was rotten meat and weevil'y bread,
"You can eat it or starve." the Old Man said.

Oh, Cap'n now ye are gonna lose yer crew,
We've had enough of the ship, the grub an' you.

Stan Hugill, in *Shanties of the Seven Seas* (1994) ...

"... sometimes sung during the voyage - at the pumps - but its better known function was that of **airing grievances just prior to the completion of the voyage** either when warping the vessel in through the locks or at the final spell at the pumps (in wooden ships) after the vessel had docked.

"Many unprintable stanzas were sung, directed at the afterguard, the grub, and the owners.

Bullen writes that 'To sing it before the last day or so was tantamount to mutiny'."

Notes on the words

Both **Hugill** and **Doerflinger** mention crackerhash and dandyfunk

Crackerhash - a Liverpool dish of corned beef, boiled and mashed potatoes, onions and ship's biscuit. [BrianD at www.yoliverpool.com/forum/showthread.php?p?49377-Do-you-make-Cracker-Hash-or-Lobscouse]

Dandyfunk - type of dessert typically eaten at sea, consisting of a cake or biscuit baked in fat and molasses