

## The Press Gang

As I walked out on a London street  
A press gang there I chanced to meet  
They asked me if I'd join the fleet  
On board of a man of war, boys.

Oh, brothers, shipmates tell me true  
What kind of treatment they give you?  
That I may know before I go  
On board of a man of war, boys.

When I got there to my surprise  
All that they told me was shocking lies.  
There was a row and a bloody good row  
On board of a man of war, boys.

The first thing they did they took me hand  
And they lashed me with a tar of a strand.  
They flogged me 'til I could not stand  
On board of a man of war, boys.

Now, I was married to Miss Grace  
'Twas she that led me to disgrace.  
It's oft I cursed her ugly face  
On board of a man of war, boys.

Well, next I get my foot on shore  
To see them London girls once more.  
I'll never go to sea no more  
On board of a man of war, boys.