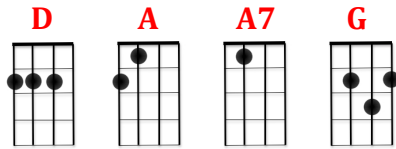


BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

First cataloged and published as **Ballochy Bill The Sailor** in the public domain collection *Immortalia* (1927). Credited to Anonymous. The eponymous "Bill" may be loosely based on a 19th-century San Francisco sailor and Gold Rush miner **William Bernard**.



There are MANY different versions of this song with many different

The lyrics here are some old ones I found that capture the feeling of long ago but are more acceptable for performance in polite company.

D D D D A A7 A A A7 A D D
"Who's that kno - cking at my door?" Who's that kno - cking at my door?"
D D D D A A A7 D D
"Who's that kno - cking at my door?" Cried the fair young mai - den.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "It's only me from over the sea", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.
D D D D A A7 D D
 "I'm all lit up like a Christmas tree", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.
G G D D G G D D
 "I'll sail the sea un-til I croak, I fight 'n swear 'n drink 'n smoke,
G G D D A A7 D D
 "But I can't swim a bloody stroke", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

D D D D A A7 A A A A7 D D
"Are you young and handsome, sir "Are you young and handsome, sir?"
D D D D A A A A7 D D
"Are you young and handsome, sir Cried the fair young mai - den.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "I'm old 'n rough 'n dirty 'n tough", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.
D D D D A A7 D D
 "I drink my gin 'n dip my snuff", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.
G G D D G G D D
 "I drink my hootch when I can, my hootch is from an old tin can,
G G D D A A7 D D
 "Fer whiskey is the life of Man", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

D D D D A A7 A A A A7 D D
"I'll come down and let you in" "I'll come down and let you in"
D D D D A A A A7 D D
"I'll come down and let you in" Cried the fair young mai - den.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "Well hurry be-fore I break the door", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.
D D D D A A7 D D
 "I'll puff 'n fuss 'n rant 'n roar", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.
G G D D G G D D
 "I'll spin you yarns 'n tell you lies, I'll drink yer wine 'n eat yer pies,
G G D D A A7 D D
 "I'll kiss yer cheek 'n black yer eyes", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

D D D D A A7 A A A A7 D D
 "Tell me that we soon shall wed" "Tell me that we soon shall wed"
D D D D A A A A7 D D
 "Tell me that we soon shall wed" Cried the fair young mai - den.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "I've got me a wife in every port", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "And handsome gals is what I court", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

G G D D G G D D
 "With my false heart 'n flatterin tongue, I courts 'em all both old 'n young

G G D D A A7 D D
 "I courts 'em all but marries none", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

D D D D A A7 A A A A7 D D
 "When shall I see you a-gain?" "When shall I see you a-gain"
D D D D A A A A7 D D
 "When shall I see you a-gain?" Cried the fair young mai - den.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "Never a-gain, I'll come no more", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

D D D D A A7 D D
 "To-night I'm sailin' from the shore", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

G G D D G G D D
 "If you wait fer me to come, sittin' and waitin' 'n suckin' yer thumb,

G G D D A A7 D D
 "You'll wait un-til the day is done!", says Barnacle Bill the Sai-lor.

The lyrics from the privately published book of poetry and lyrics, *Immortalia* (1927), may be charitably described as “bawdy”, more accurately as “salacious”.

These lyrics, written by some “rough and ready” seaman is absolutely ***FOR ADULTS ONLY*** *Caution: you have been warned!*

"Who is knocking at my door," Said the fair young maiden.

"Who is knocking at my door," Said the fair young maiden.

"Open the door and let me in," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor;

"Open the door and let me in," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"You may sleep upon the floor," Said the fair young maiden.

"To hell with the floor, I can't fuck that," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"You may lie down at my side," Said the fair young maiden.

"To hell with your side, I can't fuck that," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"You may lie between my thighs," Said the fair young maiden.

"What've you got between your thighs?" Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"O, I've got a nice pin-cushion," Said the fair young maiden.

"And I've got a pin that will just fit in," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"But what if we have a baby?" Said the fair young maiden.

"Strangle the bastard & throw him away," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor

"But what about the law, sir," Said the fair young maiden.

"Kick the bleeders out on their ass," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"But what if there's an inquest?" Said the fair young maiden.

"Then shove the inquest up your cunt," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"And what about my paw and maw?" Said the fair young maiden.

"Fuck your maw, and bugger your paw," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"Whenever shall I see you?" Said the fair young maiden.

"Whenever shall I see you?" Said the fair young maiden.

"Never no more you dirty whore," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.

"Never no more you dirty whore," Said Ballochy Bill the sailor.
