

No to Sea No More

(Forebitter Song)

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

I spent a night with Angeline too drunk to roll in bed.
me watch was new and me money too. in the mornin' with them she fled
and as I walked the street about the whores they all did roar:
„There goes Jack back, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more“.

Now as I walked the streets about I met with Papa Brown.
I asked him for to take me in and he looked at me with a frown.
He said „Last time you was paid up with me you chalk up no score,
but I'll give you a chance and I'll take your advance and send you to sea once more“.

He shipped me or
where the cold wi
and worse to bear l.



Seas
ill freeze,
ashore.

'Twas then that I wished that I was dead and would go to sea no more

Some days we cought you whales, me lads, some days we cought you none.
with a twenty foot oar stuck in your hand from four o'clock in the morn',
and when the shades of night came on, you rest on your weary oar.
'Twas then that I wished that I was dead or safe with the girls ashore.

Come all ye salt seafarin' lads and listen to my song:
When ye come off them hard weather trips ye have not to go wrong.
Take my advice drink no strong drink, don't go sleeping with a whore
but get married instead and stay all night in bed and go to sea no more.

Typ: Digitale Noten zum Download

Titel: [Go To Sea No More \(Forebitter Song\)](#)

Komponist: [Unbekannt Anonymus](#)

Epoche: Shanty

Thema: .Ohne Thema

Reihe/Zyklus: Traditional

Schwierigkeit: Leicht

Instrumentierung Gruppe: Sologesang

Arrangement: Solo>X

Instrumentierung: Gesang Solo>X = unbestimmte Stimmlage (J(1)

Go to Sea No More – Dieser Shanty handelt von einem unbedarften Sailor, der im Hafen von Liverpool in die Fänge einer professionellen „Dame“ gerät. Diese macht ihn zuerst besoffen und lockt ihn dann mit sich auf ihr Zimmer. Betrunkener wie er ist, kann er mit seinen Trieben nichts mehr anfangen und schläft einfach ein. Als er mit brummendem Schädel wieder aufwacht, ist alles weg: Dame weg, Geld weg, Uhr weg, Stiefel weg, Klamotten weg, und er muss – sehr zum Spott seiner Bordkameraden – nur mit einem Frauenunterrock bekleidet zurück an Bord. Nun muss er sich wieder verschulden, um sich Arbeitskleidung zu beschaffen, und er muss wieder zur See fahren was er doch eigentlich nie mehr tun wollte.