

Pants Town, The Holy Ground

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah, a thousand times adieu.
For we're going away from the Holy Ground and the girls we love so true.
And we'll sail the salt seas over and we'll return for sure,
To see again the girls we love and the Holy Ground once more.

(Shouted) Fine girl you are!

(Sung) You're the girl I adore,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

(Shouted) Fine girl you are!

And now the storm is raging and we are far from shore;
And the poor old ship is tossin' about and the rigging is all tore.
And the secrets of my mind, my love, you're the girl I do adore,
And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.

And now the storm is over and we are safe and well
And we'll go into a public house and we'll sit and drink like hell!
And we'll drink strong ale and porter and we'll make the rafters roar,
And when our money is all spent we'll go to sea once more.