

# **“A Girl In Every Port”**

*to the tune of “De Djbout a Diego”*

If you read of sailor-lads in any old report  
You'd reckon that mostly they'd a girl in every port  
For sailors travel round the world with many a place of call  
And so their reputation is well known to one and all.  
So we went around the town to find the boys in blue  
And ask them one by one to say if that was really true.  
*So we went around the town to find the boys in blue  
And ask them one by one to say ... if that was really true.*

First of all was Jolly John, a man of great renown  
Known in ports from Amsterdam to Valparaiso town;  
He sat there for a moment, with tankard in his hands,  
And counted up how many girls he knew across the lands.  
“A girl in every port?” he says, “that’s all quite news to me,  
The wife at home says in ev’ry port I’ve certainly got three!”  
“A girl in every port?” he says, “that’s all quite news to me,  
*The wife at home says in ev’ry port ... I’ve certainly got three!”*

Sailor-lads are worldly men, who sail the seven seas  
And once in port with pockets full they’re often out to please.  
They’ll go ashore all dressed in blue with pockets full of gold  
To spend it wisely is not something they’ll be gladly told.  
To find the lasses and for fun they’re always on the go  
A-hunting in the taverns and a-searching high and low.  
*To find the lasses and for fun they’re always on the go  
A-hunting in the taverns and ... a-searching high and low.*

Next we found young Billy, he was back from months away  
Round the Horn to Hilo and San Francisco Bay.  
He’d signed on to a fighting ship, a mighty man-o’war  
And fought the foe upon the seas, but still he wanted more.  
“A girl in every port?” he says, “A girl at every call?  
Unless they boys had said t’was so I’d never have gone at all!”  
“A girl in every port?” he says, “A girl at every call?  
*Unless they boys had said t’was so ... I’d never have gone at all!”*

Captains, Mates and Bo’suns and the ordinary Jack Tars  
Can’t wait to spend their sailing pay in many pubs and bars.  
And when they find a lady fair to while the time away  
The cost is more then they can tell when time it comes to pay.  
They wake up in the morning with their heads a-ringing plenty  
And putting on their trousers, find the pockets very empty.  
*They wake up in the morning with their heads a-ringing plenty  
And putting on their trousers find ... their pockets very empty.*

In the Admiral Benbow pub along the Plymouth Docks  
We found Alfred the sail-maker a-darning of his socks.  
His mates they sat around him and declared it was so sad  
Stuck inside with socks to mend when a good time could be had.  
“A girl in every port?” he says, “A hundred girls to kiss?  
D’you think if that was really true I’d sit here doing this!”

***“A girl in every port?” he says, “A hundred girls to kiss?  
D’you think if that was really true ... I’d sit here doing this!”***

**Girls who live along the coast are very worldly-wise  
And finding sailors wanting them is not much of surprise.  
But when they see a likely lad then they must surely know  
What a sailor’s really up to when he’s going down below.  
But wedding-ring or not to see, they surely must have thought  
“I wonder if I’m just another girl in every port?”  
*But wedding-ring or not to see, they surely must have thought  
“I wonder if I’m just another girl in every port?”***

**I’d tell some more to you, me boys, a-singing of my song  
Of sailor-lads, the girls they have, from Portsmouth to Hong Kong.  
But never mind how far I’ve gone or how the winds have blown,  
the nicest part of going away is always coming home.  
“A girl in every port?” I ask, “I must away and see  
If Susan, Katie, May and Jill are waiting there for me!”  
*“A girl in every port?” I ask, “I must away and see  
If Susan, Katie, May and Jill ... are waiting there for me!”***