

Let the Bulgine Run

Verse 1

Oh, the smartest packet the you can find,

Ha-ee, ha-ooh, are you most done?

Is the Rosalind of the Blackball line,

So clear away the track and let the Bulgine run.

Chorus

To my hi-rig-a-jig in the low back car,

Ha-ee, ha-ooh, are you most done?

With Eliza Lee all on my knee,

So clear away the track and let the Bulgine run.

Verse 2

Oh the fair Rosalind of the Blackball line...

She's never a day behind her time...

Verse 3

Oh the winds are foul and the work is hard...

From Liverpool docks to the Brooklyn yard...

Verse 4

When we've stowed our freight at the West Street Pier...

It's home to Liverpool then we'll steer...

Verse 5

When we gets back to Liverpool town...

I'll stand ye whiskies all around...

Verse 6

Oh, heave a pawl, oh, bear a hand...

Just one more pull and make her stand...