As I was walking one evening fair
If mé go teacha i mbailte Seán,
I met a gang of English blades
If liom do thoisgriu as a namhoda;
I sang and drank so brisk and airy
With those courageous men of war—
If liom bunne liom Safanaic as mé le foighneann,
If guth iad clanna Seol bocht a bhuaigh an lá.

I spent my money by being freakish,
Drinking, taking and playing cards—
Cé na chailb airgead a thugm na ghréithe?
Ná mho rí paol ac ní sáin aithi;
Then I turned a jolly sailor,
By work and labour I lived abroad,
If biodh ar m'falaingre súm mór an bháis rinn,
If súm deas an thoisgriú a chit leim' lám.

Newfoundland is a wide plantation,
'Twill be my station before I die;
M'chá go mórmeath dom beic in Éireann
As Vao, go bairde, ná go b'fhéidir go scuill.
Here you may find a virtuous lady,
A smiling fair one to please the eye—
An pac a m'fearaionea i míosa chréite,
If go meachad féin an beic ar a madair.

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
Our chief commander—ná le do thoil Chloigt,
If áitcinim ar Mhór Mháthair é féin i d'earaid a bháisg a ríor;
We'll hear no cannon or loud alarms
While noble George shall be our guide—
If a Chloigt go oiche chomhra iad sa ghréithe
As an mac fío ar fáin ann a tgail son Fháinn.