

# Fire Down Below

Nautical

Tinwhistle



She was just a vil-lage maid-en with those red and ro-sy cheeks To me way, hay, hee,



high, ho! Oh, she went to church and Sun-day School and sang this an- them sweet.



Oh, there's Fi - re — down be - low. —

The parson was a misery, so scraggy an' so thin,  
To me way, hay, hee, high, ho.  
Set he, 'Look 'ere, you shellbacks, if you lead a life of sin,'  
And there's fire down below.

He took his text from Malachi an' he pulled a weary face,  
To me way, hay, hee, high, ho.  
Oh, I took French leave an' I sailed away, but now I've fell from grace.  
And there's fire down below.

This parson had a daughter who was sweet as sugar candy,  
To me way, hay, hee, high, ho.  
I said to her, "Us sailors would make lovers neat an' handy."  
And there's fire down below.

She set to me, "You sailors is a bunch o' bloomin' liars,  
To me way, hay, hee, high, ho.  
An' all of you is bound to Hell, to feed the bloomin' fires."  
And there's fire down below.

She was a very naughty gal was this parson's only daughter,  
To me way, hay, hee, high, ho.  
She went down to a creek for to wash her locks in water.  
And there's fire down below.