

Them's As Dies Is The Lucky Ones



BONUS EDITION

N.O. Quarter Shanty Krewe



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ABOARD THE SPRAY

When I was a boy, up in Nova Scotia,
Drawing all the clipper ships just to learn their names,
I wanted for a toy nothing but a sailboat
Nothing else would do, nor could ever be the same.

**Chorus: All aboard the Spray, all alone I say,
All those lovely days, my flags unfurled.
I did set sail, I did prevail,
I did regale myself around this world,
All around this world.**

When I was a youth, workin' in the boot shop,
Listining to fishermen lying up a shame,
Or telling me the truth, regaling me with tall tales
I couldn't tell the difference, it was all the same.

Then I was a captain, wrecked in Paranagua*,
Shipping jungle lumber all in the trading game;
I built myself a boat, sailed us back to Boston,
Though my wife and boys they would never be the same.

Back in Massachusetts, given an old oyster boat,
Rebuilt her plank for plank, the oceans for to tame
Reborned with that sloop, pretty as a white swan,
Once I stepped aboard the Spray I would never be the same.

Now I am an old man, settled on the Vineyard,
Living on a farm and fading with my fame
I dream of Venezuela's Orinoco River,
I'll sail unto its source or I'll never be the same.

ALL FOR ME GROG

**Grand Chorus: Well it's all for me grog, me noggin,
noggin grog.
It's all gone for beer and tobacco.
Well I spent up all me tin on the lassies drinking gin.
Now across the Western Ocean I must wander.**

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots?
Chorus: They've all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the soles are all wore out and the heels are knocked about
and me toes is looking out for better weather.

Where is me shirt, me noggin, noggin shirt? *cho*
The collar is all tore and the sleeves they are all wore
and me tails is hanging out for better weather.

Where is me bed, me noggin, noggin bed? *cho*
Well I lent it to a whore and the mattress is all wore
and the springs are hanging out for better weather.

Well I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since I first come ashore with me plunder.
I see centipedes and snakes and me head is full of aches
And me tongue is hanging out for better weather.

ALLELUIA, THE GREAT STORM IS OVER

The thunder and lightning gave voice to the night;
the little lame child cried aloud in her fright. .
"Hush, little baby, a story I'll tell,
of a love that has vanquished the powers of hell.

**Chorus: Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your
wings and fly!
Alleluia, the great storm is over, lift up your wings and
fly!**

Sweetness in the air, and justice on the wind,
laughter in the house where the mourners had been.
The deaf shall have music, the blind have new eyes,
the standards of death taken down by surprise.

"Release for the captives, an end to the wars,
new streams in the desert, new hope for the poor.
The little lame children will dance as they sing,
and play with the bears and the lions in spring.

"Hush little baby, let go of your fear:
the Lord loves his own, and your mother is here."
The child fell asleep as the lantern did burn.
The mother sang on 'till her Bridegroom's return.

Words & Music by Bob Franke

A-ROVIN'

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

Chorus A: Mark well what I do say!

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

And she was mistress of her trade.

Chorus B: I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.

A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ru-i-in

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.

I put me arm around her waist, *cho A*

I put me arm around her waist,

Sez she, "Young man, you're in great haste!" *cho B*

I put my hand upon her knee, *cho A*

I put my hand upon her knee

Sez she, "Young man you're rather free!" *cho B*

I put my hand upon her thigh, *cho A*

I put my hand upon her thigh,

Sez she, "Young man you're rather high!" *cho B*

THE BALAENA

The noble fleet of whalers went sailing from Dundee
Well manned by British sailors to work upon the sea
On the Western Ocean passage none with them can compare
But the smartest ship to make the trip is Balaena I declare

**Chorus: Oh the wind is on her quarter her engines
working free**

**There's not another whaler that sails the Arctic Sea
Can beat the ol' Balaena, she needs no trial run
We challenged all both great & small from Dundee to St
John**

It happened on a Tuesday three days out of Dundee
The gale took off her quarter boat & a couple of men you see
It battered at her bulwarks her stanchions & her rails
And left the old Balaena boys a frothing in the gale

Bold Jackman cut his canvas & fairly raised his steam
And Captain Guy with Erin Boy was ploughing through the
stream
And the noble Terra Nova her boilers nearly burst
And still at the old whaling grounds Balaena got there first

And now the season's over & the ship half full of oil
Our flying jib boom points for home towards our native soil
And when that we have landed boys where rum is very cheap
We'll drink success to the skipper's health for getting us over
the deep

BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Ye ramblin' boys o' Liverpool, ye sailormen beware;
When you go in a Yankee packet ship, no dungaree jumpers
wear,

But have a monkey jacket all up to your command,
For there blows some cold nor'westers on the banks of
Newfoundland.

**Chorus: We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
With holystone and sand,
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks
And the banks of Newfoundland.**

We had one Lynch from Ballynahinch, Spud Murphy and
Mike Moore,
'Twas in the winter of seventy-three those sea-boys suffered
sore.
They popped their clothes in Liverpool, sold them all out of
hand,
Not thinkin' on the cold nor'winds on the banks of
Newfoundland.

We had a lady fair aboard, Kate Connor was her name,
To her I promised marriage, and on me she had a claim;
She tore up her flannel petticoats to make mittens for my
hands,
For she could not see her true love freeze
On the banks of Newfoundland.

I dreamed a dream the other night, and I thought I was at
home,
Alongside of my own true love, and she in Marybone,
A jug of ale all on my knee, a glass of ale in hand,
But when I woke, my heart was broke
On the banks of Newfoundland.

BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO

O, around Cape Horn we are bound to go

Chorus A: To me Hoo-dah, to me hoo-dah
Around Cape Horn through the sleet and snow

Chorus B: To me hoo-dah, hoo-dah, day

**Grand Chorus: Blow boys blow,
For Califor-I-O**

**There's plenty of gold so I've been told
On the banks of the Sacramento.**

Oh around the Horn with a mainskys'l set,
Around Cape Horn an' we're all wringin' wet.

Oh, around Cape Horn in the month o' May,
Oh, around Cape Horn is a very long way.

Santander Jim is a mate from hell,
With fists o' iron an' feet as well.

Breast yer bars an' bend yer backs,
Heave an' make yer spare ribs crack.

Round the Horn an' up to the Line,
We're the bullies for to make 'er shine

Oh, a bully ship wid a bully crew,
But the mate is a bastard through an' through.

Ninety days to 'Frisco Bay,
Ninety days is damn good pay.

Oh, them wuz the days of the good ol' times,
Back in the days of the Forty-nine.

BANKS OF SICILY

The piper is tuned up and piping away;
He can't come to toon for his vino today.
The skies o' Messina are cloudy and grey,
And the song that he's playing is eerie.

**Chorus: Fare well, ye banks of Sicily,
Fare thee well, ye valley and shore.
There's no Jock will mourn the loss of ye;
All the Poor soldiers are weary.**

It's march doon the square, and light on the bay,
Packs on your back and the boats are away.
Waiting your turn while the pipes and drums play,
And the song that they're playing is eerie.

The drummer is polished, the drummer is grand
He cannae be seen for his straps and his bands.
He's raised himself up for a photo and stand
To leave wi' his Lola, his dearie.

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

A letter of marque came from the king

To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.

Chorus: God damn them all.

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold.

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears.

Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,

The last of Barrett's Privateers

Well, Sid Barrett cried the town.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

For twenty brave men, all fishermen who

Would make for him the Antelope's crew *Cho*

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags,

And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags *Cho*

On the king's birthday we put to sea.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

We were 91 days to Montego Bay,

Pumping like madmen all the way. *Cho*

On the 96th day we sailed again.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

When a bloody great yankee hove in sight.

With our cracked four-pounder we made to fight. *Cho*

The yankee lay low down with gold.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

She was broad and fat and loose in stays,

But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days. *Cho*

Then at last we stood two cables away.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

Our cracked four-pounder made an awful din,

But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in. *Cho*

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,

And the main trunk carried off both me legs. *Cho*

So here I lay in my twenty-third year.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now.

It's been six years since we sailed away

And I just made Halifax yesterday. *Cho*

BEAR AWAY YANKEE, BEAR AWAY BOY

Oh, deep the water an' shallow the shore

Chorus: Bear away Yankee, bear away boy

Bear away and dere she go

Chorus: Bear away Yankee, bear away boy

Oh deep the water an' shallow the shore

Bear away to Noble Bay

Oh what me going tell John Gould today?

Oh what me going tell John Gould today?

Oh what me going tell John Gould today?

Deep the water, shallow the shore.

Bear away Yankee, Bear away boy

Bear away Yankee, Bear away boy.

from Roger Abrahams, Deep the Water, Shallow the Shore

BILLY O'SHEA

We all got drunk in Dublin City

Chorus A: Haul down me Billy

We all got drunk and the more's the pity

Chorus B: Haul down Billy O'Shea

Grand Chorus: Haul down, haul down, haul down me

Billy

Haul down, haul down by Dublin City, Haul down Billy

O'Shea

Saint Patrick was a Roman Sailor

He had a father and a mater

He sailed around by the Glouchester Diamond

And he drove the snakes all out of Ireland

I'll sing you a song of the Black Ball Line, boys

That Black Ball Line where I wasted my prime, boys

There was tinkers, tailors and fakers all boys

They shipped as ABs aboard the Black Ball

Just take a trip to Liverpool, boys

Liverpool that packet school, boys

The Yankee sailors you'll see there, boys

With red-topped boots and short cut hair boys

September Jim was the mate from Hell, boys

With fists of iron and feet as well, boys

Its fore top halyards he does roar, boys

And lay aloft Mick you son of whore, boys

BILLY RILEY

Oh Billy Riley was a dancing master
Chorus: Oh, Billy Riley Oh

Oh Billy Riley was a dancing master
Chorus

Oh Billy Riley had a pretty daughter
Chorus

A nice master and a master of a daughter
Chorus

A fine daughter but we can't get at her
Chorus

Screw her up and away we go boys
Chorus

One more pull and then belay, boys
Chorus

THE BLACK BALL LINE

I served my time on the Black Ball line
Chorus A: To me way-ay-ay O Ri-o
On the Black Ball line I served my time
Chorus B: Hurrah for the Black Ball line!

For once there was a Black Ball ship **cho A**
That fourteen knots an hour* could clip. **cho B**

You will surely find a rich gold mine **cho A**
Just take a trip on the Black Ball line. **cho B**

Just take a trip to Liverpool **cho A**
To Liverpool, that Yankee school. **cho B**

The Yankee sailors you'll see there **cho A**
With their high-top boots and short-cut hair. **cho B**

BLOOD RED ROSES

Me boots and clothes are all in pawn
Chorus: Go down, you blood red roses, go down.
And its flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn,
Chorus: Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

**Grand chorus: Oh, you pinks and posies,
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.**

My dear old mother said to me, **cho**
My dearest son, come home from sea. **cho**
Grand chorus

It's 'round Cape Horn we all must go **cho**
'Round Cape Horn in the frost and snow. **cho**
Grand chorus

It's 'round Cape Horn you've got to go, **cho**
For that is where them whalefish blow. **cho**
Grand chorus

It's growl you may, but go you must, **cho**
If you growl too much your head they'll bust. **cho**
Grand chorus

Just one more pull and that will do **cho**
For we're the boys to kick her through. **cho**
Grand chorus:

BLOW, BOYS, BLOW

A Yankee ship came down the river

Chorus A: Blow, boys, blow!

Her masts and spars they shone like silver

Chorus B: Blow my bully boys blow!

How do you know she's a Yankee liner?

The Stars and Stripes float out behind her.

How do you know she's a Yankee packet?

They fired a gun, I heard the racket

And who d'you think is the captain of her?

Why, Bully Hayes is the captain of her.

Oh, Bully Hayes, he loves us sailors;

Yes, he does like hell and blazes!

What do you think she's got for cargo?

Why, "black sheep" that have run the embargo.

And what d'you think they've got for dinner?

Donkey soup but a little bit thinner.

A Yankee ship on the Congo River,

Her masts they bend and her sails they shiver.

Blow me boys, blow forever,

Blow me down that Congo River.

From Roll and Go, Colcord

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

As I was a'walkin down Paradise street

Chorus A: Way! Hey! Blow th' man down!

A flashy young packet I chanced for to meet

Chorus B: Give me some time to blow the man down

Grand Chorus:

Blow the man down bullies, blow the man down.

Way, hey, blow the man down

Blow the man down bullies, blow him away!

Give me some time to blow the man down.

She was bowlin' along with the wind blowin' free **cho A**

She clewed up her courses and waited fer me **cho B**

Grand Chorus

She was round in the corner an' bluff in th' bow **cho A**

I hailed her in English an' took 'er in tow **cho B**

Grand Chorus

I tipped 'er my flipper an' off we did go **cho A**

To th' Anchor an' Crown where my money did show **cho B**

Grand Chorus

Oh it's "Are ye a rouster from off the Black Ball?" **cho A**

An' robbed some poor sailor o' boots, clothes an' all" **cho B**

Grand Chorus

Oh no Missus Harty, you do me quite wrong **cho A**

I'm a flyin'-fish sailor just in from Hong Kong **cho B**

Grand Chorus

BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York, and Buffalo:
Five hundred brave Americans a-whalin' for to go.

**Chorus: Singing Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho!
Clear away your runnin' gear,
And blow, boys, blow!**

They send you to New Bedford, that famous whaling port,
And give you to some land sharks to board and fit you out.

Chorus

They send you to a boardin' house, there for a time to dwell;
The thieves there they are thicker than the other side of Hell.

Chorus

They tell you of the clipper ships a-runnin' in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred sperm before you're six
months out.

Chorus

And now we're out to sea, my boys, the wind comes on to
blow;
One-half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

Chorus

The skipper's on the quarterdeck a-squintin' at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout spots a mighty school of whales.

Chorus

Then lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll
travel,
But if you get too near his tail, he'll kick you to the Devil.

Chorus

When we've caught a whale, my boys, we'll bring 'im
alongside,
Then over with our blubber-hooks and rob him of his hide.

Chorus

When we get home, our ship made fast, when we get through
our sailin',
A brimming glass around we'll pass, and damn this blubber
whalin'.

Chorus

BOLD RILEY

Our anchor's aweigh and our sails are all set,
Chorus A: Bold Riley-oh, boom-a- lay!
And the folks we are leaving, we'll never forget,

Chorus B: Bold Riley-oh, gone away!

**Grand Chorus: Goodbye, me darlin', goodbye, me dear-
oh,
Bold Riley-oh, boom-a-lay,
Goodbye, me darlin' goodbye, me dear-oh,
Bold Riley-oh, gone away.**

Wake up Mary Ellen, and don't look so glum, **Cho A**
By Whitestocking day, you'll be drinking hot rum. **Cho B**

The rain it is raining now all the day long, **Cho A**
And the northerly wind, it does blow so strong. **Cho B**

We're outward and bound for Bengal bay, **Cho A**
Get bendin', me boys, it's a hell of a way. **Cho B**

BOATMAN'S CURE

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Poling up the river in a three-hand boat,
Too deep to carry, too shallow to float (x2)

Chorus: If it doesn't lift your spirits, it'll leave you numb,
Best cure for the **river** is a bottle of rum (x2)

Listen to the **forwarder** struttin' up the quay,
Quick to tell a boatman how the river will be,
Got to tell a boatman how the river will be.

Chorus: If it doesn't lift your spirits, it'll leave you numb,
Best cure for the **forwarder's**...

Workin' up the rift, the current swung her 'round,
Bedbugs swum ashore, poor boatman nearly got drowned
(x2)

Chorus (Bedbugs)

Sweatin' in the heat of day, chillin' in the rain,
Sleepin' in the open, got the **ague** again (x2)

Chorus

Frostbite in November took my toes away,
Devil take the **black fly** 'bout the last week in May (x2)

Chorus

Sweet Annie of Schenectady, she broke my heart,
Her face is in the fire-light, the river sings her part (x2)

Chorus (Woman)

Got a callus on my shoulder and my hands are raw,
Sweetest sight some thirsty frontier maid ever saw (x2)

Chorus (Wisdom)

I fought all through this wilderness in '59;
I still fancy I see **shadows** movin' time after time (x2)

Chorus

Morning comes up early for a fast batteau,
Shoulder to your settin' pole, you push off and go (x2)

Chorus: If it doesn't lift your spirits, it'll leave you numb,
There ain't no cure for livin' in a bottle of rum.
ain't no cure for livin' in a bottle of rum.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

My golden eagles were torn down by Wellington's allied
armies,
O'er Russian hills through frost and snow I still my laurels
wore.
I stole Malta's Golden Gates and did the house of God's
disgrace,
But if hell gives me time and space back to him I'll restore.

Chorus: My name's Napoleon Bonaparte, I'm the
conqueror of all nations,
I've banished German legions and sent Kings from their
thrones.
I've banished Dukes and Earls and splendid
congregations
But now I am transported to St Helena's shore.

Some say the cause of my downfall was the parting of my
consort,
but to wed the German's daughter did grieve my heart full
sore.
But the female frame I ne'er shall blame for she ne'er did me
shame
And she saw me in battle flame and she did me adore

But I severely felt the rod for meddling with the house of
God,
Coin and golden images in thousands down I tore.
Now I'm on some dessert isles the rats and lice do me bequile.
But I will ride with me armor bright through Europe once
more

BONEY

Boney was a warrior

Chorus A: Away, a- yah!

A warrior and a terrier

Chorus B John Franswor!

Boney fought the Roo-shi-ans **Cho A**
The Rooshians and the Proo-shi-ans. **Cho B**

Moscow was a-blazing **Cho A**
And Boney was a-raging. **Cho B**

Boney went to Elbow **Cho A**
Boney he came back again. **Cho B**

Boney went to Waterloo **Cho A**
There he got his overthrow. **Cho B**

Then they took him off again **Cho A**
Aboard the Billy Ruffian. **Cho B**

Boney broke his heart and died **Cho A**
Away in Saint A-lee-ay-na **Cho B**

THE BONNY SHIP THE DIAMOND

The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she's bound,
And the quay it is all garnished with bonny lasses 'round;
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, no darkness dims the sky,

**Chorus: So it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.**

Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand aroon,
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them and the saut tears runnin' doon;
Don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.

Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
Here's a health to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond,
ship of fame;
We wear the trouser o' the white and the jackets o' the blue,
When we return to Peterhead, we'll hae sweethearts anoo,

It'll be bricht both day and nicht when the Greenland lads come hame,
Wi' a ship that's fu' of oil, my lads, and money to our name;
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear"

BOOZING

Now what are the joys of a single young man?

Chorus: Why Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And what is he doing whenever he can?

Chorus: Why Boozing, bloody well boozing!

You may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right,
I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight,
But what do you think we are doing tonight?

Chorus: Why Boozing, bloody well boozing!

**Grand chorus: Boozing, boozing, just you and I
Boozing, boozing, when we are dry.
Some do it openly, some on the sly
But we all are bloody well boozing.**

And what are the joys of a poor married man?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

What is he doing whenever he can?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

He comes home at night and he gives his wife all
He goes out a-shopping, makes many a call

But what brings him home hanging on to a wall?

Why Boozing, bloody well boozing!

Grand chorus:

And what does the Salvation Army run down?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And what are they banning in every town?

Boozing, bloody well boozing!

They stand on street corners, they rave and they shout,
They shout about things they know nothing about.

But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?

Why Boozing, bloody well boozing!

Grand chorus:

BOSTON COME-ALL-YE

Come all ye young sailormen, listen to me,
And I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

**Chorus: Then blow ye winds westerly, westerly blow;
We're bound to the sou'thard, so steady she goes.**

Oh, first came the whale; he's the biggest of all,
He clumb up aloft, and let every sail fall.

Next came the mackerel with his striped back;
He hauled aft the sheets and boarded each tack.

The porpoise came leaping with his little snout;
He grabbed the wheel, calling "Now, ready? About!".

Then came the smelt, the smallest of all;
He jumped to the poop and sung out, "Topsail, haul!".

The herring came saying, "I'm king of the seas!
If you want any wind, I'll blow you a breeze."

Up jumped the tuna. "No, I am the king!
Just pull on the line, and let the bell ring."

Next came the cod with his chucklehead;
He went to the main-chains to heave to the lead.

Last come the flounder as flat as the ground,
Saying, "Damn your eyes, chucklehead, mind how you
sound!"

Then, up jumps the fisherman with a big grin,
And with his big net he scooped them all in.

BOSTON HARBOR

From Boston harbor we set sail
And the wind was blowin' the devil of a gale
With the ring-tail set all avast the mizzen peak
And "Rule Britannia" plowin' up the deep

**Chorus: With a big bow wow, tow row row
Fal dee rall dee ri do day.**

Then up steps the skipper from down below
Sayin' look aloft, boys, look alow
Look alow and look aloft
And it's coil up your ropes, boys, fore and aft.

Chorus

It's down to his cabin he quickly crawls
To his poor old steward then he bawls
"Fix me a glass that will make me cough
'Cause it's better weather here than it aloft."

Chorus

While it's we poor seamen that are up on the decks
With the blasted rain falling down our necks
And not a drop of grog will he afford
For he damns our eyes with every other word.

Chorus

Now there's just one thing we all do crave
That the Captain finds him a watery grave
We'll heave him down into some dark hole
Where the sharks'll have his body and the Devil have his
soul.

Chorus

BOTTLE O' THE BEST

When your time o' work is done, and ye've earned yerself
some fun
In the pub ye start tae sup, ye're drinkin', clinkin' every cup
And the pint pots ye're perusin', and ye're boozin' till ye're
snoozin'
And ye're losin' a' yer senses tae the drink.
But when a' these folks sae prim are swiggin' swill up tae the
brim
Nips o' gin and numbered Pimms wi' sugar rubbed aroon the
rim
Let them drink until they drop, for the sly, besotted Scot
He'll be breakin' oot a bottle o' the best.

Aye, tae hell wi' a' the rest, give me a bottle o' the best
The amber bead I'll down wi' speed; it's no bad taste or
waste, just greed
And a whisky still I'll kill, I'll drink my fill and if I spill a gill
You know I will, I'll lick it off the floor.
I'll not touch Teachers, Grants nor Haig, gie me Bowmore or
Laphroaig,
Glenfarclas in a glass, well ye can throw the top away
For there's no use tae pretend that ye'll need the top again
When ye've broken oot a bottle o' the best.

And the English like their ale warm and flat, straight oot the
the pail
They aye slitter wi' their bitter; it would slaughter Jack the
Ripper,
And they sip their cider rough, they huff and puff and sniff
and snuff,
And as if that's no' enough, they start tae sing.
When Jones' Ale Was new, or John Barleycorn's fine brew
Fathom the Bowl, the Barley Mow, Bring us a Barrel, just a
few
But their songs are far surpassed by the tinkle in the glass
When you've broken oot a bottle of the best.

And the Irish, wi' their Pride o' Erin, think they can deride
Oor golden watter wi' their patter when they're oot upon the
batter,
Sixteen hundred pints o' stout, a drinkin' bout wi' oot a doubt
And if they've no' got the gout they start tae dance.
Father O'Flynn and Larry O'Gaff, Biddy the Bowlwife, for a
laugh
The Young May Moon, the Gary Owen, the Blackbird drives
them daft
But their jigs have no appeal tae a Scot who likes tae reel
When he's broken oot a bottle o' the best.

Aye, a bottle o' the best, that's what it is, nae idle jest
Nae Mickey Finn, nae rotgut gin, nae bathtub wine that tastes
like Vim
Have no fear, it's not like beer; malt whisky's strong and
bright and clear

And it's also bloody dear, but what the hell.
And it belts ye in the belly like a heavyweight Lochgelly
A glow begins tae grow six in a row turns ye tae jelly
Then ye dream, perchance tae sleep, but ye fall down in a
heap
For ye've broken oot a bottle of the best.

BRING 'EM DOWN

In Liverpool I was born!
Chorus: Bring `em down,
London is me home from home!
Chorus: Bring `em down!

Them Rotherhite girls, they look so fine, **cho**
They're never a day behind their time! **cho**

It's around Cape Horn we go, **cho**
All through the ice and snow! **cho**

Up the coast to Vallipo, **cho**
Northward to Callao **cho**

Them Vallipo girls I do admire, **cho**
They set your riggin' all afire! **cho**

Them Vallipo girls puts on a show, **cho**
They waggles their arse with a roll and go! **cho**

It's back again to Liverpool, **cho**
I spent me pay like a bloody fool! **cho**

I'm Liverpool born and Liverpool bred, **cho**
Long in the arm and thick in the head!

Rock and roll me over, boys, **cho**
Let's get this damn job over, boys! **Cho**

BRISTOL CHANNEL JAMBOREE

Now me lads be of good cheer,
For the Isle of Lundy it draws near,
So dump your bed and stow your gear.
Oh, Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm

**Chorus: Whup jamboree, whup jamboree,
Ring-tailed sailorman come' up behind!
Whup jamboree, whup jamboree,
Ginny keep your tail-piece warm!**

Now Hartland point it is in sight,
On the port bow is Lundy's light.
We'll be stokin' of the fire tonight.
Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm
Chorus

The pilot cutter is up ahead,
To the weather me lads, a-heavin' of the lead,
Tonight we'll sleep in a feather bed.
Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm
Chorus

Now we're near the Foreland light,
And Bridgewater Bay it hoves in sight,
We're clear of the Culver Sands all right.
Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm
Chorus

Oh, Brean Down, Teep Holm and Walton Bay.
Ah, soon, me lads, we'll be getting' our pay.
We've waited a long time for this day.
Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm
Chorus

Now we're hauling through the lock
And the pretty girls to the locks do flock,
And there's my Jinny in a brand new frock.
Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm.
Chorus

Oh, now I'm safe and on the shore;
I don't give a damn how the waves do roar.
I'll swallow the anchor, go to sea no more.
Jinny, keep your tail-piece warm
Chorus

BULLY IN THE ALLEY

Grand Chorus: So help me, Bob, I'm a bully in the alley,
Chorus A: Way, hey, bully in the alley!
Help me, Bob, I'm a bully in the alley,
Chorus B: Bully down in shinbone al!

Well, Sally is a girl I love dearly, **cho A**
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

For seven long years I courted Sally, **cho A**
All she did was dilly-dally. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

I'll come back and I'll marry Sally, **cho A**
We'll have kids and count them by the tally. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

I'll leave my Sal and I'll go a sailin', **cho A**
I'll leave my Sal and go a whalin'. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

BYE-BYE MY ROSIANNA

Oh Rosianne my Rosianne!
Chorus A: Bye bye my Rosianna
Oh Rosianne sweet Rosianne
Chorus B: I won't be home tomorrow

Grand Chorus: Bye- bye bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye
Bye bye my Rosianna
Bye- bye bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye
And I won't be here tomorrow

Our ship is a-sailin around the bend **Cho A**
All loaded down with fisherman **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

Well a dollar a day is a fisherman's pay **Cho A**
It's easy come, easy go away **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

We're bound away across the bay **Cho A**
We're bound away at the break of day **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

So Rosianne my Rosianne **Cho A**
Oh Rosianne sweet Rosianne **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

CAPE COD GIRLS (windlass/pumps)

Cape Cod girls don't use no combs

Chorus A: Haul away, haul away

They comb their hair with codfish bones

Chorus B: And we're bound away for Australia

Grand Chorus:

Heave her up my bully, bully boys,

Haul away, haul away

Heave her up, why don't you make some noise?

and we're bound away for Australia

Cape Cod boys don't use no sleds **Cho A**

They slide down the dunes on codfish heads **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Cape Cod doctors don't use no pills **Cho A**

They cure their patients with codfish gills **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Cape Cod cats don't have no tails **Cho A**

They all blew off in them Northeast gales **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Cape Cod moms don't bake no pies **Cho A**

They feed their children codfish eyes **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

CHEERILY, MAN

Haul altogether, aye yeo!

Chorus A Cheerily, man!

Haul for good weather, aye yeo!

Chorus A Cheerily, man!

She's light as a feather, aye yeo!

Chorus B Cheerily, man-oh!

Haulee, aye yeo!

Cheerily, man!

To the cathead, aye yeo,

We'll raise the dead, aye yeo,

She's heavy as lead, aye yeo!

We'll haul again, aye yeo,

With might an' main, aye yeo,

Pay out more chain, aye yeo!

Chain stopper bring, aye yeo,

Pass through the ring, aye yeo,

Oh, haul and sing, aye yeo!

She's up to the sheave, aye yeo,

At the cathead we'll leave, aye yeo,

Soon the tackle unreave, aye yeo!

Oh, rouse an' shake her, aye yeo, oh,

Shake an' wake her, aye yeo, oh, I

Go we'll make her, aye yeo!

Avast there, avast, aye yeo,

Make the fall fast, aye yeo,

Make it well fast, aye yeo!

Pull one and all, aye yeo,

On the ol' catfall, aye yeo,

And then belay all, aye yeo!

CHICKEN ON A RAFT

Skipper in the wardroom drinkin' gin,

Chorus: Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

I don't mind knockin', but I ain't goin' in!

Chorus: Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

The jimmy's laughin' like it'd rain,

Chorus: Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

He's lookin' at me comic cuts again!

Chorus: Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

Grand chorus: Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,

Oh, what a terrible sight to see,

Dabtoes forward and the dustmen aft,

Sittin' there a'pickin' at a chicken on a raft!

Hi, ho, chicken on a raft!

Hey, ho, chicken on a raft!

Hi, ho, chicken on a raft!

Hey, ho, chicken on a raft!

Gave me the middle and the forenoon too, **cho**

Now I'm pullin' on a whalin' crew. **cho**

Seagulls wheelin' overhead, **cho**

I oughter be home in me featherbed! **cho**

Grand chorus

I had a little girl in Donny-B, **cho**

And did she make a fool of me. **cho**

Her heart was like a pusser's shower, **cho**

Run hot to cold in a quarter of an hour! **cho**

Grand chorus

We kissed goodbye on a midnight bus, **cho**

She didn't cry and she didn't fuss, **cho**

Am I that one she loves the best, **cho**

Or just a cuckoo in another man's nest? **cho**

Grand chorus

An amazon girl lived in Dumfries, **cho**

Only had her kids in two's and three's, **cho**

She's got a sister in Maryhill, **cho**

Says she won't but I think she will! **cho**

Grand chorus

CLEAR AWAY IN THE MORNING

by Gordon Bok

Take me back on the bay, boys,

Chorus A: Clear away in the morning

I don't want to spend my pay boys

Chorus B: O bring her round

Take me back on the bay, boys **Cho A**

I don't want to go ashore, boys **Cho B**

Captain, don't you leave me **Cho A**

There's no one here that needs me **Cho B**

Nancy, o my Nancy **Cho A**

She never played it fancy **Cho B**

Bring me wine and brandy **Cho A**

I'd only ask for nancy **Cho B**

Captain, don't let the main down **Cho A**

Captain, don't let the chain run **Cho B**

Captain, don't you need me **Cho A**

There's nothing I can do, boy **Cho B**

Nancy, o my nancy **Cho A**

Nancy, o my Nancy **Cho B**

Take me back on the bay, boys

I don't want to go ashore boys **Cho B**

CLEAR THE TRACK

Oh! The smartest packet ye can find,

Chorus A: Ah Hey! Ah Ho! Are you most done?

Is the Ol' ``Wildcat" of the Swallowtail Line!

Chorus B: Oh! Clear away the track an' let the bulgine run!

Grand Chorus:

Timme Hey, Rig-a-jig, and a jaunting run!

Ah Hey! Ah Ho! Are you most done?

With Eliza Lee all on my knee,

So! Clear away the track an' let the bulgine run!

Oh! the Ol' ``Wildcat" of the Swallowtail Line,
She's never a day behind her time!

Oh, we're outward bound for New York Town,
Them bowery gals we'll waltz around.

When we've stowed our freight at the West Street Pier,
It's home to Liverpool then we'll steer.

Oh, them bowery gals will give us fun,
Chatham Street dives is home from home.

When we all gets back to Liverpool town,
I'll stand ye whiskies all around.

Oh, heave a pawl -- oh, bear a hand,
Just one more pull and make her stand.

Oh, when I gets home across the sea,
Eliza, will you marry me?

COME DOWN YOU ROSES

Lower chorus:

Come down. Come down you roses. Come Down

Upper chorus:

Come down you bunch of roses

Verses: ad lib

CROSSING THE WATER

**Chorus: We are crossing the water our whole life through
We are making a passage that is straight and true
Every heart is a vessel, every dream is a light
Shining through the darkness of the blackest night**

For there is no shallow water, and naught but love to keep
Us safely from the dangers and the devils of the deep
Yet with every breath within us we search forevermore
To find some peaceful harbor on that far-off shore

Chorus

For some it is a glory, for some it is a game
For some it is a story filled with emptiness and pain
But as rising winds in chorus, we search for steady ground
There is only that before us there can be no turning 'round

Chorus

For there is no other journey that will ever be the same
No second chance arising that will call you by your name
When the welling waves wash o'er you, and the stormy winds
they drive
Give your heart a song, sing it loud and strong, keep your
dreams alive

Chorus

CRUISING ROUND YARMOUTH

While cruising round Yarmouth one day on a spree
I met a fresh packet, the wind blowing free
I'm a fast-going clipper, my kind sir, says she
I'm ready for cargo, my hold is quite free

**Chorus: Sing fal de-ral laddie right fal de-ral day
Fal de-ral laddie right fal de-ral day**

What country she come from I could not tell which
But by her appearance I thought she was Dutch
And her flag wore its colours, her masthead was low
She was round in the quarter and bluff in the bow

Chorus

I gave her my hawser and took her in tow
Yardarm to yardarm a-rovin we'd go
We both towed together all thru the day
We both towed together to Calgary Bay

Chorus

She took me upstairs and her tops'l she lowered
In a neat little parlour she soon had me moored
She laid in her fores'ls, her stays'ls and all
Let her lily-white hand on me reef-tickle fall

Chorus

The watch being ended I said, Maid give o'er
'Twixt wind and water you've run me ashore
My shot-locker's empty, my powder's all spent
I can't fire a shot for it's choked at the vent

Chorus

Well here's luck to that girl with the black curly locks
Here's luck to that girl who ran Jack on the rocks
Here's luck to the doctor who eased all his pain
He squared his main yards - he's a-cruising again

Chorus

DAVY LOWSTON

Oh me name is Davy Lowston, I did seal, I did seal
Oh me name is Davy Lowston, I did seal
Though me men and I were lost thou our very lives it cost
We did seal, we did seal, we did seal

We set down in open bay, were set down, were set down
We were set down in open bay, we were set down
We were left, we gallant men, nevermore to sail again,
Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore

Our captain John McGrath, he set sail, he set sail
Oh yes for old Port Stanley he set sail
I'll return, men, without fail, but she foundered in the gale
And went down, and went down, and went down

Come all you lads who venture far fra home, far fra home
Come all you lads who venture far from home
Where the icebergs tower high, that's a pitiful place to die
Never seal, never seal, never seal

DEAD DOG SCRUMPY

(Trevor Crozier recorded by Ian MacKintosh)

In the year of one, in a little cider mill
A poor old dog lay down to die cause he was feeling ill
He chose a most precarious perch above the cider press
When all at once he tumbled in and perished in distress

Which caused his master for to grieve likewise his mistress
too
Until his sorrows were relieved when he sampled of the brew
Hark, hark cried farmer Atwater its likes I ne'er did sup
So he invited all the neighbors in and bid them take a cup

And every man that drank that night got drunk as drunk
could be
They wondered how that scrumpy had acquired such potency
The farmer kept his council and took another drop
When all at once the poor old dog came floating to the top

A silence then did fill the room, every man he wore a frown
They recognized old Bendigo, though he was upside down
The vicar lost his color and collapsed upon the floor
And the squire he lost his britches in the rush to reach the
door

See here said farmer Atwater, in all his life I vow
He never bit no man nor dog, he'll not bite no man now
And this shall be his epitaph, here lies our faithful Ben
Who perished in the scrumpy vat and quickly rose again

So if ever you're in Devon and you goes in to a bar
Just ask for Dead Dog scrumpy its the best there is by far
Refuse all imitations, you'll sleep just like a log
You can always recognize it by the hair of the dog

THE DEAD HORSE

A poor old man came riding by,
Chorus: A: An' we say so! An' we hope so
A poor old man came riding by!
Chorus B: Oh, poor old horse!

Says I, "Ol' man, yer 'orse will die." **cho A**
Says I, "Ol' man, yer 'orse will die." **cho B**

An' if he dies we'll tan his hide, **cho A**
An' if he don't we'll ride him again. **cho B**

But now yer month is up, ol' Turk, **cho A**
Git up, yer swine, an' look for work. **cho B**

Git up, yer swine, an' look for graft, **cho A**
While we lays on, an' yanks ye aft. **cho B**

After hard, hard work an' sore abuse, **cho A**
We'll salt ye down for sailor use. **cho B**

He's as dead as a nail in the lamproom door, **cho A**
He won't come a'hazin' us no more. **cho B**

We'll yank him aft to the cabin door, **cho A**
An' now goodbye, ye son-o'-a-whore. **cho B**

We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm, **cho A**
We'll drop him down to the bottom of the sea. **cho B**

DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowin' timber on the deck?
Where ye'd break yer bleedin' neck
Riding on a donkey!

**Chorus: Way hey and away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go
Riding on a donkey.**

Were you ever in Dingle Bay
Where the folks all shout, "Hooray!"?
"Here comes Johnny with his six months pay
Riding on a donkey."
Chorus

Were you ever in Vallipo
Where the gals put on a show?
Wriggle their arse with a roll and go
Riding on a donkey.
Chorus

Wuz ye ever down Mobile Bay
Screwin' cotton all the day?,
A dollar a day is a white man's pay.
Ridin' on a donkey.
Chorus

Wuz ye ever in Hong Kong
Where the men wear pigtailed long,
And they dance the hong-ki-kong?
Ridin' on a donkey.
Chorus

Wuz ye ever in Baltimore
Dancing on that sandy floor
Where the girls all ask for more
Ridin' on a donkey
Chorus

Wuz ye ever in Mirramashee
Where ye tie up to a tree,
An' the skeeters do bite we?
Ridin' on a donkey
Chorus

DOODLE LET ME GO

I wish I was in Madame Gashay's, down in Callayo,
Chorus: Hooraw! Me pretty gals, doodle let me go!
She gave me gin, she gave me food, she took me to a room.
Chorus: Hooraw! Me pretty gals, doodle let me go!

**Grand chorus: Doodle let me go, me gals
Doodle let me go,
Hooraw! Me pretty gals, doodle let me go!**

She swung her hips, she tripped her feet, she winked her
sassy eye. **Cho**
She grabbed me by the bobstay, boys, she danced me 'round
the room. **Cho**
Grand chorus

The mate is drunk, the crew is drunk, the ol' man's got a load.
Cho
We'll tie a rope 'round Madame Gashay's an' take the place in
tow. **Cho**
Grand chorus

DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL

See the boys out walking, the boys they look so fine
Dressed up in green velvet, their silver buckles shine
Soon they'll be bleary-eyed under a keg of wine

**Chorus: Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll**

See that lover standing staring at the ground
He's looking for the real thing, lies were all he found
But you can get the real thing, it will only cost a pound
Chorus

There goes a troubled woman, she dreams a troubled dream
She lives out on the highway, she keeps her money clean
Soon she'll be returning to the place where she's the queen
Chorus

You can be a gambler, who never drew a hand
You can be a sailor, never left dry land
You can be Lord Jesus, all the world will understand
Chorus

THE DREADNAUGHT

It's of a flash packet, a packet of fame,
She hails from New York and the Dreadnaught's her name.
'Cross the wild Western ocean, she's bound for to go.

She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!
Chorus: Derry down, down, down derry down.

Now the Dreadnaught is hauling out of Waterloo Dock
And the boys and the girls to the pierhead do flock.
They give us three cheers as their tears down do flow.
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

Now the Dreadnaught is lying in the River Mersey,
'Waiting the Independence to tow her to sea
Out 'round the Rock Light where them salt tides do flow.
Bound away in the Dreadnaught to the westward we'll go!

Now the Dreadnaught's a-howling down the wild Irish Sea,
Her passengers merry and with their hearts full of glee.
Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro.
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go !

Now the Dreadnaught is sailing the Atlantic so wide,
Where the high roaring seas roll along her black side.
With her sails taughtly set for the Red Cross to show ,
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

Now the Dreadnaught is crossing the Banks of
Newfoundland.
Where the water's so green and the bottom's all sand.
The fishes of the ocean they swim to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

And now she is lying off the Long Island Shore
Where the pilot will board us as he's oft done before.
Fill away your main topsail! Board your main tack also.
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go !

And now we're arriving in old New York town.
We're bound for the Bowery and let sorrows drown.
With our gals and our beer, boys, oh let the song now.
And drink to the Dreadnaught where'er she may go!

Here's a health to the Dreadnaught and all her brave crew,
To bold Captain Samuels and his officers too.
You may talk of flash packets, Swallowtail and Black Ball,
But the Dreadnaught's the flyer that can outsail them all!

Note: According to Hugill, Dreadnaught was THE Liverpool packet, delivering mail to Liverpool, rather than hailing from there.

Recorded By Killen, 50 South to 50 South

DRIFTING TOO FAR FROM SHORE

Out on the perilous deep,
Where danger silently creeps,
And storms so violently sweep,
You're drifting too far from shore.

**Chorus: Drifting too far from shore,
You're drifting too far from shore.
Come to Jesus today,
Let Him show you the way.
You're drifting too far from shore.**

Today, the tempest rose high,
And clouds o'ershadow the sky.
Sure death is hovering nigh,
You're drifting too far from shore.

Why meet a terrible fate?
Mercies abundantly wait.
Turn back before it's too late
You're drifting too far from shore.

DRIVE SORROWS AWAY

You see we brave sailors so cheerful and gay
Since we've learned a new act to drive sorrows away
Sorrows away (3x)
Since we've learned a new act to drive sorrows away

Bright Phoebe awaits so high up in the sky
With her red rosy cheeks and sparkling eye
(as above)

If you ask for my credit you will find I have none
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning!

Chorus: Way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Earl-eye in the morning

Put him in a long-boat till he's sober

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.

Shave his belly with a rusty razor.

Put him into bed with the captain's daughter

EAT BERTHA'S MUSSELS

Chorus: Eat Bertha's mussels, they're the best there is by far

You can eat them in the dining room, you can eat them at the bar

So when you're ashore in Baltimore and you fancy a bite to eat

Just follow your nose to Bertha's, you'll be in for a rare old treat

Now a sailor came to Bertha's with a problem most severe
His manly pride had atrophied from a voyage of forty years
A couple of plates of mussels, now he sings in a different key
His jib boom's set right, he'll be in there tonight, and he'll never go back to sea. *cho*

Now a lady came to Bertha's, who wanted a daughter or a son
The doctors had said with a shake of the head that she couldn't have either one

So she ate a plate of mussels and went home to her husband dear

She tuned up his cruth, and I'll tell you the truth, she had triplets the very same year. *cho*

They will cure your diarrhea, your constipation, too.
Just swallow a box for the chicken pox, the measles or the flu.

Now, if you fancy a healthy life, get your daily doses straight
A plate a day of Bertha's mussels, and you'll live 'til you're 98. *cho*

THE EBENEZER

I shipped on board of th' Ebenezer
Every day you "Scrub and grease 'er"
Send us aloft to scrape 'er down
And if we growl they'll knock us down

Chorus: Oh, git along boys, Git along, do; Be handy, boys, be handy. (2x)

The old man was a drunken geezer,
H couldn't sail the Ebenezer
Learned his trade in a Chinese junk,
He spent most time, sir, in his bunk!

Our first mates name was Dickie Green, sir,
The dirtiest man you ever seen, sir!
Walking the quarter with a bucko cap,
He thought himself no common chap.

A Boston buck for second greaser,
He used to ship in Limejuice greasers.
The Limejuice greasers got too hot;
He jumped 'em and he cursed the lot!

We had no spuds for our dinner,
As sure as I'm a living sinner;
Our bread was tough as any brass
And our meat was as salt as Lot's wife's ass.

The bosun came from Tennessee, sir
He always wore a Blackball cheeser
He had a gal in every port
At least that's what his Missus thought!

The Ebenezer was so old, sir
She knew Columbus as a boy, sir,
Twas pump her bullies, both night n day
To help her get to Liverpool Bay!

We sailed away before a breezer,
Bound away for Vallaparaizer
Off the horn she lost her sticks
The molly-hawks picked up the bits!

EDDYSTONE LIGHT

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
From this union there came three
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me!

**Chorus: Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for the life on the rolling sea!**

One night, as I was a-trimming of the glim
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
A voice on the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, a-sitting on a buoy.

"Oh, where are the rest of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish
The other was served from a chafing dish.

Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair.
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there
But her voice came echoing back from the night
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

ESSEQUIBO RIVER

Essequibo River is the King of rivers all,
Chorus: Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, Oh.
Essequibo River is the King of rivers all,
Chorus: Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, Oh.

**Grand Chorus: Somebody, Oh, somebody, Oh
Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, Oh.**

Essequibo cap'n is the king of cap'ns all,

Essequibo bos'n is the king of bos'n's all,

ETERNAL FATHER

(William Whiting)

Eternal Father, strong to save
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave.
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word
Who walked'st on the foaming deep
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep.
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease
And give, for wild confusion, peace
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

FAREWELL SHANTY

It is time to go now.
Haul away your anchor.
Haul away your anchor.
'Tis our sailing time.

Get some sail upon her.
Haul away your halyards.
Haul away your halyards.
'Tis our sailing time.

Get her on her course now.
Haul away your foresheets.
Haul away your foresheets.
'Tis our sailing time.

Waves are breaking under.
Haul away down-channel.
Haul away down-channel.
On the evening tide.

When my time is over.
Haul away for Heaven.
Haul away for Heaven.
God be at my side.

FAREWELL TO GROG

Come, messmates pass the bottle round
Our time is short, remember,
For our grog must stop and our spirits drop
On the first day of September

Chorus: For tonight we'll merry, merry be
For tonight we'll merry, merry be
For tonight we'll merry, merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Farewell old rye, 'tis a sad, sad word,
But alas! It must be spoken,
The ruby cup must be given up,
And the demijohn be broken. *cho*

Jack's happy days will soon be gone,
To return again, oh never!
For they've raised his pay five cents a day
But stopped his grog forever. *cho*

Yet memory oft' will backward turn,
And dwell with fondness partial,
On the days when gin was not a sin,
Nor cocktails brought court-martial. *cho*

(Bo's'n-mates pipe "All Hands Splice the Main Brace)

All hands to split the main brace, call,
But split it now in sorrow,
For the spirit-room key will be laid away
Forever, on tomorrow. *cho*

*Note: on September 1, 1862 the United States Navy
discontinued regular liquor rations. This was reportedly
composed on August 31.*

FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

The sun was setting in the west
The birds were singing on ev'ry tree
All nature seemed inclined to rest
But still there was no rest for me

**Chorus: Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
And when I am far away on the briny oceans tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?**

I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my aged parents whom I always held so dear
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore

The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm
The captain calls, we must obey
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
For it's early in the morning I am far, far away

I have three brothers and they are at rest
Their arms are folded on their breast
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea

FAREWELL TO TARWATHIE

By George Scroggie

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill
And the dear land o' Crimond, I'll bid you fareweel
I'm bound out for Greenland and ready to sail
In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale

Adieu to my comrades, for awhile we must part
And likewise the dear lass that fair won my heart
The cold ice of Greenland, my love will not chill
And the longer my absence, more loving she'll feel

Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail
Our crew, they are anxious to follow the whale
Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow
Where the land and the ocean are covered with snow

The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare
No seed time nor harvest is ever known there
And the birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale
But there isn't a birdie to sing tae the whale

There is no habitation for a man to live there
And the king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear
And there will be no temptation to tarry long there
Wi' our ship bumper full, we will homeward repair

FATHOM THE BOWL

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica it's rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come;
But stout, ale and cider are England's control,
Refrain: Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.

**Chorus: We'll fathom the bowl, we'll fathom the bowl,
Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.**

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea,
No stone for his head, but no matter to he;
There's a clear crystal fountain near England his home
Refrain: Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.
cho

My wife she do disturb me as I lay at my ease,
She'll do as she will and she'll say as she please;
My wife is the devil, her heart's black as the coal,
Refrain: Bring me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.
cho

FIDDLER'S GREEN

As I roved by the dockside one evening so rare
To view the still waters and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing this song
O take me away boys my time is not long

**Chorus: Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper
No more by the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates
I'm taking a trip, mates
And I'll see them someday in Fiddler's Green**

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go when they don't go to Hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away *cho*

The sky's always clear and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with a flip of their tail
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew *cho*

And when you're in dock and the long trip is thru
There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies there too
Now the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum hanging from every tree *cho*

I don't want a harp or a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
When the wind's in the rigging to sing me this song *cho*

FINAL TRAWL

by Archie Fisher

Now it's three long years since we made her pay

Chorus Sing haul away, my laddie-o

And the owners say that she's had her day

Chorus And sing haul away, my laddie-o

So pull away for the final trawl sing...

It's an easy pull, for the catch is small sing...

Now its stow your gear lads and batten down

Then I'll turn the wheel, lads, and turn her round

And we'll join "The Venture" and "The Morning Star"

Riding High and empty behind the bar

For I'd rather beach her on the skerry rock

Than to see her torched on the breakers dock

And when I die, you can stow me down

In her rusty hold, where the breakers sound

Then I'll make the haven and the Fiddler's Green

Where the grub is good and the bunks are clean

I fished a lifetime, boy and man

An the final trawl scarcely nets a cran

FIRE DOWN BELOW

There is fire in the forepeak,

Fire in the main,

Fire in the windlass,

Fire in the chain.

Chorus: There is fire down below, boys,

There's fire down below.

Its fetch a bucket of water, boys

There's fire down below.

There is fire in the foretop,

Fire down below,

Fire in the chain-plates,

The bosun didn't know. *cho*

There is fire up aloft,

There is fire down below

Fire in the galley,

The cook he didn't know. *cho*

FIRE DOWN BELOW (II)

The parson's little daughter with her red and rosy cheeks,

Chorus A: To me, way, hey, heave, hi-yo

She went to church on Sunday, she sang the anthem sweet.

Chorus B: There's fire down below

The parson was a misery, so scraggly and so thin.

Cho A

He said to me "You sailors, if you lead a life of sin..."

Cho B

He took his text from Malachi and he pulled a weary face

Cho A

Well, I took french leave for Africa, and there I fell from grace.

Cho B

The parson's little daughter was as sweet as sugar candy.

Cho A

I said to her us sailors would make lovers neat and handy.

Cho B

She said to me "You sailors are a bunch of blinkin' liars,

Cho A

And all of you are bound to hell to feed the flame and fire."

Cho B

There's fire down below me boys, we'll do just what we

oughta,

Cho A

But the fire is not half as hot as the parson's little daughter.

Cho B

There's fire at the top me boys, there's fire down below

Cho A

There's fire in the bosun's pipe, it's time for us to go.

Cho B

FIRE MARINGO

Lift him up and carry him along
Fire Maringo, fire him away
Lay him in the hole where he belong
Fire Maringo, fire him away

Lay him down in the hole below
One more turn and we will go

Ease him down and let him lay
One more turn and we`re away

When I got to Liverpool town
I`ll pass a line to little Sally Brown

Little Sally Brown she`s a handy little craft
Sharp a` Forward and rounded in the aft

Stow that cotton, stow it down
Let`s get back to Liverpool town

THE FIRESHIP

As I stepped out one evening upon a night's career,
I spied a lofty clipper ship and after her I steered.
I hoisted up my sig-in-als which she so quickly knew,
And when she seen my sig-in-als fly, she immediately hove
to.

**Chorus: She had a dark and a rovin' eye,
And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets.
She was a nice girl, a proper girl,
But one of the roving kind.**

Oh, sailor, please excuse me for being out so late,
But if my parents knew of it, oh, sad would be my fate.
My father is a minister, a good and honest man.
My mother is a Methodist; I do the best I can.

Chorus

I eyed that girl both up and down for I'd heard such talk
before,
And when she moored herself to me, I knew she was a
whore.
But still she was a pretty girl; she shyly hung her head.
`I'll go along with you, my lad," this to me she said.

Chorus

I took her to a nice hotel; I knew she wouldn't mind.
But little did I ever think she was one of the rakish kind.
I (handled her, I dandled her)(played with her for quite some
time),
and learned to my surprise,
She was nothing but a fire ship rigged up in a disguise.

Chorus

So up the stairs and into bed I took that maiden fair.
I fired off my cannon into her thatch of hair.
I fired off a broadside until my shot was spent,
Then rammed that fire ship's waterline until my ram was
bent.

Chorus

Then in the morning she was gone; my money was gone too.
My clothes she'd hocked; my watch she stole; my sea bag
was gone too.
But she'd left behind a souvenir, I'd have you all to know,
And in nine days, to my surprise, there was fire down below.

Chorus

Now all you jolly sailormen who sail upon the sea
From England to Amerikay take warning now from me.
Beware of (them there) (lofty) fire ships, they'll be the ruin of
you
They'll empty out your shot locker and pick your pocket too.

Chorus

THE FLASH PACKET

It's of a flash packet, a ship of great fame
In the western Atlantic she bears a hard name
With crews of ill usage, of every degree
All slaves of the galley they plough the salt sea.

Chorus: Derry down, down, down derry down

All thoughts of tobacco you must leave behind;
If you spit upon deck your death warrant is signed
If you spit on the gangway or out over the stern
You're sure of six dozen, by the way of no harm.

Chorus

At four in the morning, our work it began
For brooms and for buckets cries every man
And fore- and main-top, O they loudly do bawl
For sand and holystone, both great and small.

Chorus

And now me brave heroes, comes the best of our fun
When you have to reef tops'ls and tack ship as one
With the boys up aloft and the helm run down
"Stand by, tops'l halliards when the main boom swings
round."

Chorus

"Stand by, tops'l halliards, for bowline and all
Then slack away tops'ls and let the wind haul
Aloft and way out and take two reefs in one."
For all in a moment this work must be done.

Chorus

Now there's our old mate, O you all know him well
He comes upon deck and he cuts a great swell,
With a "Give a hand here, boys" and "lend a hand, there"
Down on the lee gangway, you oughta hear him swear.

Chorus

FLYING CLOUD

My name is Arthur Hollandin, as you may understand
I was born ten miles from Dublin Town, down on the salt-sea
strand,
When I was young and' comely, sure, good fortune on me
shone,
My parents loved me tenderly for I was their only son.

My father he rose up one day and with him I did go,
He bound me as a butcher's boy to Pearson of Wicklow,
I wore the bloody apron there for three long years and more,
Till I shipped on board of The Ocean Queen belonging to
Tramore.

It was on Bermuda's island that I met with Captain Moore,
The Captain of The Flying Cloud, the pride of Baltimore,
I undertook to ship with him on a slaving voyage to go,
To the burning shores of Africa, where the sugar cane does
grow.

It all went well until the day we reached old Africa's shore,
And five hundred of them poor slaves, me boys, from their
native land we bore,
Each man was loaded down with chains as we made them
walk below,
Just eighteen inches of space was all that each man had to
show.

The plague it came and fever too and killed them off like
flies,
We dumped their bodies on the deck and hove them overside,
For sure, the dead were the lucky ones for they'd have to
weep no more,
Nor drag the chain and feel the lash in slavery for evermore.

But now our money it is all spent, we must go to sea once
more,
And all but five remained to listen to the words of Captain
Moore,
'There's gold and silver to be had if with me you'll remain,
Let's hoist the pirate flag aloft and sweep the Spanish Main.'

The Flying Cloud was a Yankee ship, five hundred tons or
more,
She could outsail any clipper ship hailing out of Baltimore,
With her canvas white as the driven snow and on it there's no
specks,
And forty men and fourteen guns she carried below her
decks.

We plundered many a gallant ship down on the Spanish
Main,
Killed many a man and left his wife and children to remain,
To none we showed no kindness but gave them watery
graves ,

For the saying of our captain was: "Dead men tell no tales. "

We ran and fought with many a ship, both frigates and liners
too,
Till, at last, a British Man-O-War, The Dunmow, hove in
view,
She fired a shot across our bows as we ran before the wind,
And a chainshot cut our mainmast down and we fell far
behind.

They beat our crew to quarters as they drew up alongside,
And soon across our quarter-deck there ran a crimson tide,
We fought until they killed our captain and twenty of our
men,
Then a bombshell set our ship on fire, we had to surrender
then.

It's now to Newgate we have come, bound down with iron
chains ,
For the sinking and the plundering of ships on the Spanish
Main,
The judge he has condemned us and we are condemned to
die.
Young men a warning by me take and shun all piracy.

Farewell to Dublin City. and the girl that I adore,
I'll never kiss your cheek again nor hold your hand no more,
Whiskey and bad company have made a wretch of me,
Young men, a warning by me take and shun all piracy.

FRISCO SHIP

Oh, our ship she lay by Frisco Bay

Chorus A: Way, hey, oh, hi-oh

Our ship she lay by Frisco Bay

Chorus B: A long time ago

Our smart yankee clipper lay out in the bay **cho A**

Awaiting a wind for to get underway **cho B**

We sailed from Frisco in a full-rigged ship **cho A**

We sailed from Frisco in a full-rigged ship **cho B**

Her mast was silver, her yards was gold **cho A**

Her mast was silver, her yards was gold **cho B**

Bound for New York with a cargo of gold **cho A**

Bound south round the horn through the ice and the cold **cho B**

And if ever I gets me feet on the shore **cho A**

I'll become the owner of a little rum store **cho B**

And if ever I gets me feet on the land **cho A**

I'll become some young lady's fancy man **cho B**

Oh it's a long time and a very long time **cho A**

A very long time since I wrote this rhyme **cho B**

GENERAL GUINNESS

You've heard of General Wellington,

Who won at Waterloo,

But there's a good old Irishman

I'll mention unto you.

He comes from dear old Dublin,

He's a man we all applaud,

For he always finds a corkscrew

Far more handy than a sword.

He's good old General Guinness,

He's a soldier strong and stout.

He's found on every bottlefront,

And he can't be done without!

His noble name has world-wide fame,

Deserves three hearty cheers,

Hurrah for General Guinness of the Dublin Booziliers!

This hale and hearty warrior

Is worshipped in the ranks,

For he does his task inside the cask,

As well as in the tanks.

And he bears the brunt on every front,

North, south, east, and west,

And he wears about ten million

Canteen medals on his chest.

He's good old General Guinness,

He has won the world's applause.

'Twas him who kept our spirits up

In the midst of all our wars.

Who was the first to flirt

With Mademoiselle from Armentieres?

Why good old General Guinness

Of the Dublin Booziliers.

All over bonny Scotland too,

The General is seen.

They've given him the freedom

Of the "toon" of Aberdeen.

From Inverness to Galashiels,

He keeps them warm and bright,

And they love to gather 'round him,

Och, on every moonlit night.

He's good old General Guinness,

He's as good as Scottish broth,

'Twas him who turned the Firth of Forth

Into the Firth of Froth.

All Scotsman yell and dance

The Highland Fling when he appears,

Hurrah for General Guinness of the Dublin Booziliers.

GENERAL TAYLOR

General Taylor gained the day

Chorus A: Walk him along, John, carry him along

General Taylor gained the day

Chorus B: Carry him to his burying ground

Grand chorus: To me way, hey, Stormy

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Way, hey, Stormy

Carry him to his burying ground

I wish I was old Stormy's son **cho A**

I'd build me a ship of 10,000 ton **cho B**

Grand chorus

I'd load her down with ale and rum **cho A**

And every shellback should have some **cho B**

Grand chorus

We dug his grave with a silver spade **cho A**

His shroud of the finest silk was made **cho B**

Grand chorus

We lowered him down on a golden chain **cho A**

On every link we carved his name **cho B**

Grand chorus

General Taylor died long ago **cho A**

He's gone to where the winds don't blow **cho B**

Grand chorus

General Taylor's dead and gone **cho A**

General Taylor's dead and gone **cho B**

Grand chorus

GET UP JACK, JOHN SIT DOWN

Well, ships may come and ships may go,

Just as long as the seas do roll,

Each sailor lad, just like his dad,

He loves the flowing bowl.

Now a trip ashore he do adore,

With a girl that's plump and round:

Chorus: But when your money's all gone, it's the same old song,

Get up Jack, John sit down.

Come along, come along, my jolly brave boys,

There's lots more grog in the jar,

We'll plow the briny ocean with a jolly roving tar.

When Jack's ashore, it's then he'll steer

For some old boarding house,

They'll welcome him with rum and gin,

And feed him on pork scouse,

He'll lend and spend, and not offend,

Till he lies drunk on the ground: **Cho**

Jack then will slip aboard some ship

For India or Japan,

In Asia there, the ladies fair,

All love the sailor man,

He'll go ashore, and on a tear

He'll buy some maid a gown: **Cho**

When Jack is old and weather-beat,

Too old to roam about,

It's then he'll stop in some rum shop

'Til eight bells call him out,

Then he'll raise his eyes up to the sky, crying:

Boys, we're homeward bound: **Cho**

GLENDY BURK

The Glendy Burk is a mighty fast boat,
Wid a mighty fast captain too;
He sits up there on the hurricane roof
And he keeps his eye on the crew.
I can't stay here, for they work too hard;
I'm bound to leave this town;
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back
When the Glendy Burk comes down.

**Chorus: Ho! for Lou'siana!
I'm bound to leave this town;
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back
When the Glendy Burk comes down.**

The Glendy Burk has a funny old crew
And they sing the boatman's song,
They burn the pitch and the pine knot too,
For to shove the boat along.

The smoke goes up and the engine roars
And the wheel goes round and round,
So fair ye well! for I'll take a little ride
When the Glendy Burk comes down.

I'll work all night in the wind and storm,
I'll work all day in the rain,
Till I find myself on the levy dock
In New Orleans again.

Dey make me mow in the hay field here
And knock my head wid the flail,
I'll go where they work wid the sugar and the cane
And roll on the cotton bale.

My lady love is as pretty as a pink,
I'll meet her on the way
I'll take her back to the sunny old south
And there I'll make her stay.

So don't you fret my honey dear,
Oh! Don't you fret Miss Brown
I'll take you back 'fore the middle of the week
When the Glendy Burk comes down.[3]

GO TO SEA ONCE MORE

When first I landed in Liverpool, I went upon the spree
My money at last, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be,
And when me money was all gone, 'twas then I wanted more,
But a man must be blind for to make up his mind to go to sea
once more.

Chorus: Once more, once more, LAST 2 LINES 2X

I spent the night with Angeline, I was too drunk to roll in
bed.
My watch it was new, my money, too, in the morn with them
she'd fled,
And as I roamed the streets all round, them whores they all
did roar,
"There goes Jack Sprat, poor sailor lad, who must go to sea
once more. *cho*

Now as I was waling down London Road, I met with Rapper
Brown.
I asked him if he'd take me in, and he looked at me with a
frown.
Says he, "Last time ye was paid off, with me ye chaulked no
score,
But I'll give ye a chance and I'll take your advance, and I'll
send ye to sea once more. *cho*

He shipped me aboards of a whalin' ship bound for them
Arctic seas
Where there's ice and snow and the cold winds blow, why,
Jamaica rum would freeze;
And hardest to bear I'd no hard-weather gear, cause I'd spent
all my money ashore,
'Twas then that I wished that I was dead, and could go to sea
no more. *cho*

Sometimes we're catchin' whales, me boys, some days we're
catchin' none.
With a twenty-foot oar stuck in your hand you row the whole
day long.
And when the shades of night come on, and you rest on your
weary oar,
Oh, your back's so weak you could never seek a berth at sea
once more. *cho*

Come all you hard weather sailing men, and listen to my
song
When you come back from them long trips, I'd have you not
go wrong;
Take my advice, drink no strong drink and don't go sleepin'
with no whore,
But get married instead, and have all night in, and go to sea
no more! *cho*

GOLDEN VANITY

(Friends of Fiddlers Green version)

A ship I have got in the north counteree
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity
I fear she will be taken by a Spanish gallery
As she sails by the lowlands low

**Chorus: As she sails by the lowlands low
By the lowlands low, as she sails by the lowlands low**

Then up there spoke our little cabin boy
And he says what is me fee if the galley I destroy
The Spanish gallery it shall no more you annoy
As you sail by the lowlands low

Of silver and of gold I will give you a store
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on the shore
Of treasure and of fee as well I'll give to thee alone
If you sink 'em in the lowlands low

So the boy bared his breast and straight-away leapt in
And he bore all in his hands an auger sharp and thin
And he swam until he came to the Spanish gallery
As she sailed by the lowlands low

Then he bored with his augers he bor-ed once and twice
Some were playing cards and some were playing dice
As the water flowed in it did dazzle in their eyes
And she sank by the lowlands low

And the boy swam around all to the larboard side
Saying Captain take me up for I am drifting with the tide
I'll shoot you I will kill you the cruel Captain cried
You may sink by the lowlands low

So the boy swam around all to the starboard side
Saying mess-mates take me up for I am drifting with the tide
They pulled him up upon the deck and he closed his eyes and
died
As they sailed by the lowlands low

Then they sewed his body up all in an old cow hide
And they cast the gallant cabin boy all over the ship's side
And left him without more adieu a-drifting with the tide
And to sink by the lowlands low

GOOD ALE

It is of good ale to you I'll sing
And to good ale I'll always cling
I like my mug filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you'd like to bring

**Chorus: Oh good ale, thou art my darling
Thou art my joy both night and morning**

It is you that helps me with my work
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew
And better than one pint, I like two **cho**

I love you in the early morn
I love you in daylight, dark, or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn, or spent
I'll turn the tap and ease the vent **cho**

It is you that makes my friends my foes
It is you that makes me wear old clothes
But since you come so near my nose
It's up you comes and down you goes **cho**

And if all my friends from Adam's race
Was to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one fear
Before I'd part from my good beer **cho**

And if my wife should me despise
How soon I'd give her two black eyes
But if she loved me as I love thee
What a happy couple we should be **cho**

You have caused me debts that I've often swore
I never would drink strong ale no more
But you, for all that, I'll forgive
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live **cho**

GOODBYE FARE THEE WELL

We're going away to leave you now

Chorus A Good bye, fare thee well (2x)

We're going away to leave you now

Chorus B Hoorah, me boys, we're homeward bound

Ah, give me the girl with the bonny brown hair

Your hair of brown is the talk of the town

So fare you we're homeward bound

Homeward bound to Liverpool town

So fill up your glasses for those who were kind

And drink to the girls we leaving behind

We're homeward bound I hear them say

We're homeward bound with eleven months pay

Our anchor we'll weigh, our sails we will set

The friends we are leaving we'll never forget

GOODBYE FARE YOU WELL

Fare you well, Julianna, you know

Chorus A: Row, row, row, me boys

To the westward we row, and we now comin' home

Chorus B: Goodbye fare you well, goodbye fare you well

Fare you well, to the fish in the sea **cho A**

To the westward we row, and we now comin' home **cho B**

Fare you well, let us leave and go home **cho A**

And here we come with blackfish and men **cho B**

Fare you well, to the fisherman's song **cho A**

And here we come with cock, cow and men **cho B**

Fare you well, and our sails they are set **cho A**

And the whales that we leave, well, we leave with regret

cho B

Fare you well, Julianna, you know **cho A**

To the westward we row, and we now comin' home **cho B**

GOODBYE OLD SHIP

One day by the docks I was straying

By the seaside I happened to be

I overheard an old sailor

Off a ship just come in from the sea

Chorus: Goodbye old ship of mine

No more you'll cross the line

Well me days are through

Sailing on the blue

Goodbye old ship of mine

Well that dockside I will always remember

And words that I happened to hear

It came from a voice sweet and tender

And in each word was a tear. **cho**

When they break you up at dawn

In the yard where you were born

Well they'll break a part

Of a poor sailor's heart

Goodbye old ship of mine. **cho**

Well your logbook I'll keep as a token

Of the memories of you, Mary Ann

I'd give the whole world to save you

But I'm just a poor sailor man. **cho**

Its goodbye old ship of mine

And the days of Auld Lang Syne

Your name will live on till the day I'm done

Goodbye old ship of mine. . **cho**

THE GOODNIGHT SONG

I have travelled far from this island strand
From the icy wastes to the burning sand
Ploughed the raging sea, seen the verdant land
Been at home in a place far away

**Chorus: So goodnight my friends as the dawn comes pale
And the Eastern wind brings the threat of gales
Keep a hold on hope through the darkest vale
And we'll meet further on down the road**

Many differences but much the same
Though the ways are strange and have different names
But a friendly face breaks a thousand chains
And a smile breaks the lock on the door

We have joined in song, laughed a night away
Swapped out tales of woe, kept the clouds at bay
In the morning clear will be on our way
But we'll meet further on down the road

So lets drink a health to good times gone by
When our spirits soared and we touched the sky
And we'll bid farewell but not goodbye
And we'll meet further on down the road

GREENLAND FISHERIES

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-three
And of June the thirteenth day,
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
And for greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for greenland bore away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With a spyglass in his hand;
There's a whale, there's a whale, there's whalefish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
She blows at every span.

The captain stood on the quarter deck,
And a fine little man was he;
"Overhaul, overhaul! Let your davit tackles fall,
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys
And launch your boats for sea.

We stuck the whale the line paid out,
But she gave a flourish with her tail,
The boat capsized, we lost seven of our men,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.

The losing of seven gallant men,
It grieved our captain sore,
But the losing of that that great sperm whale
It grieved him ten times more brave boys
It grieved him ten times more.

Oh greenland is a dreadful place
A land that's never green
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow
(and the) daylight's seldom seen brave boys
The daylight's seldom seen.

GREY FUNNEL LINE

Don't mind the wind nor the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it fades away

Chorus: It's one more day on the grey funnel line

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
I'll fly up harbor to the one I love **cho**

There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea
But now that spar is washed ashore
It comes to rest at my real love's door. **cho**

Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for St Peter's shoes
I'd walk on down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again **cho**

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I would turn her 'round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound **cho**

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green
Then I'll dance down that Walker Shore
**And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.**

HANGING JOHNNY

They call me hanging Johnny,

Chorus A: Away, boys, away!

They say I hang for money!

Chorus B: So hang, boys, hang down!

They say I hanged my mother, **choA**

My sisters and my brothers. **cho B**

They say I hanged my granny, **choA**

I strung her up so canny. **choB**

I'd hang the mates and skippers, **cho A**

I'd hang 'em by their flippers. **cho B**

A rope, a beam, a ladder, **cho A**

I'll hang ye all together. **cho B**

They say I hang for money, **cho A**

Cause hanging is so funny. **cho B**

They call me hanging Johnny, **cho A**

Ain't never hanged nobody. **cho B**

THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN

Sometimes we sail for Liverpool

Sometimes we sail for France

Sometimes we sail for Dublin town

To give the girls a chance.

Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! For the girls of Dub-a-lin town

Hurrah for the bonny green flag

And the harp without the crown.

Sometimes we're bound for furrin' parts

Sometimes we're bound for home.

For Johnny's (Paddy's) always at his best

Wherever he may roam.

Sometimes the weather's fine and fair

Sometimes it's damn well foul

Sometimes it blows a Cape 'Orn gale

That freezes up your soul.

Sometimes we work as hard as hell

Sometimes our grub it stinks

Enough to make a sojer curse

Or make a bishop blink.

Sometimes we wish we'd niver jined

Sometimes we'd like to be

A-sittin in a pub, me boys

A gal sat on each knee.

And when the voyage is all done

And we are off to shore

We'll spend our money on the gels

and go to sea no more.

from Hugill, Songs of the 7 Seas

tune: Bonny Blue Flag (Low-backed Car)

HAUL 'ER AWAY

Little Sally Racket

Chorus: Haul 'Er Away!

She's pawned my best jacket

Chorus: Haul 'Er Away!

And she's lost the ticket.

Chorus: Haul 'Er Away!

Refrain: With a hauley high-O!

Chorus: Haul 'Er Away!

Little Daisy Dawson **cho**

She's got flannel drawers on **cho**

So says our ol' bosun **cho**

Little Betty Baker **cho**

Ran off with a Quaker **cho**

Guess her mum could shake 'er. **cho**

Little Susie Skinner **cho**

Says she's a beginner **cho**

But prefers it to 'er dinner. **cho**

Little Flo Fanana **cho**

Slipped on a banana **cho**

Now she can't play the pianner. **cho**

Little Rosie Riddle **cho**

Broke her brand new fiddle **chov**

Got a hole right in the middle. **cho**

Little Polly Walker **cho**

Ran off with a hawker **cho**

Oh, he was a corker. **cho**

Little Kitty Carson **cho**

Ran off with a parson **cho**

Now she has a little barson **cho**.

Little Winnie Duckett **cho**

Washes in a bucket **cho**

She's a whore but she don't look it. **cho**

Up me fightin' cocks, now **cho**

Up and split them blocks, now. **cho**

Up and stretch 'er luff boys **cho**

And that'll be enough, boys. **cho**

HAUL AWA'

Love is kind to the least of men

Chorus: Haul awa', haul awa'

Though he be but a drunken tar

Chorus: Haul awa', haul awa'

Once I had a star-eyed maid **cho**

I was content with her to lay **cho**

In the comfort of her bed **cho**

Let me lay until I'm dead **cho**

Take my body to the shore **cho**

Star-eyed maid, I'll sail no more **cho**

Here's my blessing, let it be **cho**

May you love as she loved me **cho**

Love is kind to the least of men **cho**

Though he be but a drunken tar **cho**

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little lad and so me mother told me,

Chorus: Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

That if I did not kiss the girls me lips would grow all moldy.

Chorus: Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Grand Chorus: Way haul away, we'll haul for better
weather.

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Louis was the king of France before the revolution. **cho**

And then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his
constitution **cho**

Grand Chorus

Saint Patrick was a gentleman. He came from decent people.

cho

He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple. **cho**

Grand Chorus

Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and taties. **cho**

But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces. **cho**

Grand Chorus

Once I had a German girl but she was fat and lazy. **cho**

But now I got a Yankee girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

cho

Grand Chorus

Way haul away, rock and roll me over **cho**

Way haul away, well roll me in the clover. **cho**

Grand Chorus

HAUL AWAY FOR ROSIE

Were you ever down on the Eastern Shore,

It really is a treat, Oh!

Chorus: Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie

Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie, Oh.

Where the Baltimore whores in their purple drawers

Come runnin' out to greet you.

Chorus: Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie

Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie, Oh.

Oh, when I was a little boy

My mother often told me; **cho**

That If I didn't kiss the girls

My lips would all get mouldy. **cho**

Well, first I had an Irish gal,

Her name was Kitty Brannigan; **cho**

She stole me boots, she stole me clothes

She pinched me plate and pannikin. **cho**

And then I got a German girl

And she was fat and lazy, **cho**

And then I got a New York girl

She damn near drove me crazy. **cho**

And then I got a Frenchie girl

She took things free and aisy; **cho**

But now I have an English girl

An' sure she is a daisy. **cho**

She's copper-bottomed, clipper-built

And just my cut and fancy. **cho**

Well, once in my life I married a wife

And Damn! but she was lazy; **cho**

She never worked a day in her life,

Which damn near drove me crazy. **cho**

She stayed out all night, a Hell of a sight!

And where do you think I found 'er? **cho**

Behind the pump, the story goes,

With forty men around 'er. **cho**

You call yerself a second mate,

An' cannot tie a bowline; **cho**

You cannot even stand up straight

When the packet she's a rollin' **cho**

HAUL ON THE BOWLINE

Chorus A: Haul on the bowline,
Our bully ship's a-rollin'

Chorus B: Haul on the bowline, the bowline Haul!

Cho A Kitty is my darlin' **Cho B**

Cho A Kitty lives in Liverpool, **Cho B**

Cho A the old man is a-growlin, **Cho B**

Cho A So early in the mornin' **Cho B**

Cho A It's a far cry to payday, **Cho B**

HILO, JOHNNY BROWN

Sally, is the gal that I love dearly

Chorus A: 'Way, hey Sally-O!

Sally, is the gal that I spliced nearly

Chorus B: Hilo, Johnny Brown, stand to yer ground!

Sally she's a Badian beauty, **Cho A**

She knows how to do her dooty. **Cho B**

Sally she's a bright mulatter, **Cho A**

She drinks rum an'chaws terbacker. **Cho B**

Seven long years I courted Sally, **Cho A**

But all she did was dilly-dally. **Cho B**

Stand to your ground an' we'll walk her up, boys, **Cho A**

Stand to your ground and we'll make a bit of noise. **Cho B**

HEART OF OAK

Come cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus: Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more. **Cho**

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore. **Cho**

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing:
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and King. **Cho**

HEAVE AWAY, ME JOHNNIES

There's some is bound for New York town
And others is bound for France

Chorus A: Heave away me Johnnies heave away

And some is bound for the Bengal Bay

To teach them whales a dance

Chorus B: And away me bully boys we're all bound to go

Our pilot is awaitin' for the turning of the tide **Cho A**

And one more pull and we're bound away with a good
westerly wind **Cho B**

Farewell to you dear Kingston gals. Farewell to St. Andrews
dock **Cho A**

If ever we should come back again we'll make your cradles
rock **Cho B**

And when we're homeward bound again, our pockets lined
once more **Cho A**

We'll spend it all with the gals, me boys, and go to sea for
more. **Cho B**

So gaily let your voices ring, me bullies heave and bust
Cho A

'Taint no use in caterwauling; growl ye may, but go ye must.
Cho B

HERZOGIN CECILE

(Ken Stephens)

Sailing down the Baltic, where the wreck mark buoys all
peal,

Chorus She's the mightly sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile
Cruisin' in the Channel, where the steamers never yield

Chorus She's the mightly sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile

Grand Chorus: Herzogin Cecile, Herzogin Cecile
She's the mightly sailing ship the Herzogin Cecile

Beatin' down the Biscay where the crew they get no meals
Rolling in the doldrums where the slightest wind she'll feel

Roarin' in the forties, where the braces sing like steel
Tackin' in the Tasman Sea, where the winds upon her steal

Runnin' east below the Horn where the mighty sperm whales
squeal
Off Tierra Del Fuego, where the albatrosses wheel

Comin' down from Labrador with a load of pine and deal
Cruising Caribbean calms, where the flying fish appeal

Now she's Falmouth bound for orders, where her passage
time's reveal'd
A shipload strainin' in her hold, the pull again she'll feel

She's run upon the Bobtail, in the mist, a test of steel
She's hard aground in Sawmile Cove, the rocks have broken
her keel

*Ken Stephens wrote this song not knowing that the Herzogin
Cecile (Dutchess Cecile was one of the Kaiser's nieces) was
a four masted bark. He wrote the chorus "She's the mighty
full rigged ship - the Herzogin Cecile". Stan Hugill
interrupted Geoff Kaufman, onstage, with "That were no full
rigged ship. That were a four masted bark."*

HIGH BARBARY

There were two lofty ships, from old England set sail

Chorus A: Blow high, blow low, and so sail we
One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales

Chorus B: Cruisin' down the coast of High Barbary

"Aloft there, aloft there", our jolly bosun cried, **Cho A**
"Look ahead, look astern, Look to weather an' a-lee" **Cho B**

"There's naught upon the stern, sir, there's naught upon our
lee
There's a lofty ship to wind'ard, and she's sailin' fast and free"

"Oh hail her, oh hail her", Our gallant captain cried
"Are you a man-o-war, or a privateer?" cried he

"I'm not a man-o-war, nor a privateer," said he
"But I am salt sea pirate, all a-looking for me fee"

For Broadside, for broadside, a long time we lay
'Til at last the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away

"For quarter, for quarter", those pirates they did cry
But the quarter that we gave them was we sank 'em in the sea

HOG-EYE MAN

The hog-eye man is the man for me,
He came a sailin' from o'er the sea

Chorus: And a hog-eye!
Railroad navy with his Hog-Eye,
Row the boat ashore with her Hog-Eye, Oh,
What she wants is a Hog-Eye man!

Oh Sally's in the garden pickin' peas,
Her golden hair hangin' down to her knees. **cho**

And hand me down my walkin' cane,
I'm going to see Miss Sally Jane. **cho**

Oh, and who's been here since I been gone,
Some tarry jack with his sea-boots on. **cho**

Oh, Sally in the parlor a-sittin' on his knee,
A-kissin' of the sailor who'd come o'er the sea. **cho**

Sally in the garden siftin' sand,
And the hog-eye man sittin' hand in hand. **cho**

Sally in the garden pickin' peas,
With a little hog-eye all sittin' on her knees. **cho**

Sally in the kitchen, punchin' duff,
And the cheeks of her arse goin' chuff, chuff, chuff **cho**

Oh, in San Francisco, there she'll wait,
For the hog-eye man to come through her gate. **cho**

Oh, a hog-eye ship and a hog-eye crew,
A hog-eye mate and a skipper too. **cho**

HOME FROM THE SEA

**Chorus: Home, home, home from the sea
Angels of mercy, answer our plea
And carry us home, home, home from the sea
Carry us safely home from the sea.**

On a cold winters night
With a storm at its height
The lifeboat answered the call.
They pitched and they tossed
Till we thought they were lost
As we watched from the harbor wall.
Though the night was pitch black,
There was no turning back,
For someone was waiting out there,
But each volunteer
Had to live with his fear
As they joined in a silent prayer.

Chorus

As they battled their way
Past the mouth of the bay,
It was blowing like never before.
As they gallantly fought,
Every one of them thought
Of loved ones back on the shore.
Then a flicker of light
And they knew they were right.
There she was on the crest of a wave.
She's an old fishing boat
And she's barely afloat.
Please God, there are souls we can save.

Chorus

And back in the town
In a street that runs down
To the sea and the harbor wall,
They'd gathered in pairs
At the foot of the stairs
To wait for the radio call.
And just before dawn
When all hope had gone
Came a hush and a faraway sound.
'Twas the coxswain he roared
All survivors on board
Thank God and we're homeward bound.

Chorus

HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT

Hudson River steamboat, steamin' up and down.
New York to Albany or any river town.
Choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back 'er.
Captain and the first mate, they both chew
tobacker.

Chorus: Oh, choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back 'er.

Packet boat, towboat, and a double-stacker.

Choo-choo to Tarrytown, Spuyten Duyvil all around.

Choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back 'er.

Shad boat, pickle boat, lyin' side by side.
Fisherfolk and sailormen waitin' for the tide.
Raincloud, stormcloud over yonder hill.
Thunder on the Dunderberg _ the rumble's in the kill.

The Sedgwick was racin', and she lost all hope.
Used up her steam on the big calliope.
She was hoppin' right along, she was hoppin' quick,
All the way from Stony Point to Popalopen Creek.

(final chorus):

Aww, choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back 'er.

Packet boat, towboat, and a double-stacker.

New York to Albany, Rondout and Tivoli.

Choo-choo to go ahead, choo-choo to back 'er.

HULLABALOO BELAY

Me mother kept a boarding house,
Chorus A Hullabaloo belay. Hullabaloo bela belay.
And all the boarders were out to make,
Chorus B Hullabaloo belay.

There was a young fellow named Shallo Brown,
Followed me mother all over the town,

One day when me father was on the Crown,
Me mother ran off with Shallo Brown,

Me father said to me, "Me boy"
To which I quickly made reply,

Me father slowly pined away,
Me mother came back on the very next day.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Oh, a hundred years on the Western Shore

Chorus A: Oh, yes, oh!

A hundred years on the Eastern Shore

Chorus B: A hundred years ago!

Ol' Bully John from Baltimore **cho A**

I knew him well, on the Eastern Shore **cho B**

Ol' Bully John was the boy for me **cho A**

A bully on shore and a bucko at sea **cho B**

He used to think that pigs could fly **cho A**

We told him it was a bloody lie **cho B**

He thought that mermaids was no yarn **cho A**

In Baltimore they've a lot to learn **cho B**

Ol' Bully John I knew him well **cho A**

But now he'd dead and gone to hell. **cho B**

He's dead as a nail in the lamproom door **cho A**

He's dead as a nail, that son of a whore **cho B**

Oh, Bully John is dead and gone **cho A**

He left me here to sing this song **cho B**

Oh were you ever in Liverpool? **cho A**

In Liverpool, that Yankee school **cho B**

Oh a hundred years is a very long time **cho A**

Oh a hundred years is a very long time **cho B**

IN PRAISE OF ALCOHOL

Of vintage wine I am a lover

To drink deep would be my delight

If 'twere not for the bleak hangover

I'd get loaded every night.

I'd whoop it up with song and laughter,

Whoop it up with song and laughter,

Whoop it up with song and laughter,

If 'twere not for the morning after.

Although to soberness I'm given

It is a thought I've often thunk

The nearest that is Earth to Heaven

Is to get sublimely drunk.

Is to achieve divine elation,

To achieve divine elation,

To achieve divine elation,

By means of generous libation.

But oh the wine cups claim their payment

And as the price is often pain

If we could know what morning gray meant

We never would get soused again.

Rather than buy a hobnailed liver,

Rather than buy a hobnailed liver,

Rather than buy a hobnailed liver,

I'm sure that we'd abstain forever.

But oh I love that glow of liquor

As joyfully I drink it up

Hoping that unto life's last flicker

With praise I'll raise the ruby cup.

So let me like a jolly monk,

So let me like a jolly monk,

So let me like a jolly monk,

Proceed to get sublimely drunk

THE ISLAND LASS

Our packet is the Island Lass

Chorus: Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, low!

There's a laddie howlin' at the main top mast

Chorus: Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, low!

The old man hails from Barbados *cho*

He's got the name of "Hammer Toes" *cho*

He gives us bread as hard as brass *cho*

Our junk's as salt as Balem's arse. *cho*

The monkey's rigged in a soldier's clothes *cho*

Where he got 'em from, God only knows. *cho*

We'll haul 'em high and let 'em dry *cho*

We'll trice them up into the sky. *cho*

It's up aloft that yard must go *cho*

Up aloft from down below. *cho*

Lowlands, me boys, and up she goes *cho*

Get changed, me boys, to your shore-going clothes. *Cho*

ITCHES IN MY BRITCHES

I was born of Geordy parents one day when I was young

That's how the Geordy language became my native tongue

That I was a pretty baby, my mother she would vow

The girls all ran to kiss me, well I wish they'd do it now

Chorus: *Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now*

I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well when I was only six months old, the girls would handle me

They'd clutch me to their bosoms and they'd bounce me on their knees

They would rock me in the cradle and if I made a row

They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me, I wish they'd do it now

At sixteen months as fine a lad as ever could be seen

The girls all liked to follow me right down to the green

They'd make a chain of buttercups and drop it on my brow

Then they'd roll me in the clover, well I wish they'd do it now

Well the Eastern girls would go with me to swim when it was mild

Down to the river we would go and splash about a while

They'd throw the water over me, duck me like a cow

Then they'd rub me nice all over, oh, I wish they'd do it now

Well its awful lonely for a lad to live a single life

I think I'll go down to the dance tonight and find meself a wife

Oh I have got six brindled pigs, likewise one fat sow

There'll be plenty love and bacon for the girl who'll love me now

THE JAMESTOWN HOMEWARD BOUND

The farmer's heart with joy is filled
When his crops are good and sound;
But who can feel the wild delight
Of the sailor homeward bound?
For three long years have passed away
Since we left freedom's shore,
Our long-felt wish has come at last
And we're homeward bound once more.

**Chorus : To where the sky's as clear as the maiden's eye
Who longs for our return,
To the land where milk and honey flows
And liberty it was born.
So fill our sails with the favoring gales,
And with shipmates all around
We'll give three cheers for our starry flag
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.**

To the Mediterranean shores we've been
And its beauties we have seen;
And Sicily's grand and lofty hills
and Italy's gardens green.
We've gazed on Mount Vesuvius
With its rugged slumbering dome,
Night is the time in that red clime
When the sailor thinks of home. *cho*

We've strayed round Pompeii's ruined walls
And on them carved our names.
And thought of ancient beauties past
And vanished lordly dames.
And gazed on tombs of mighty kings
Who oft in battle won,
But what were they all in their sway
With our brave Washington? *cho*

And now we have arrived in port
And stripping's our last job,
And friendly faces look around
In search of Bill or Bob.
They see that we are safe at last
From the perils of the sea;
Saying, "You're welcome, Columbia's mariners
To your homes and liberty." *cho*

*NOTE: The Jamestown was a sloop-of-war, built in 1844.
From Colcord-Songs of American Sailormen.*

JOHANNA AND RHODY

Johanna and Rhody

Chorus A Come row the boat child (3x)

Chorus B Come row the boat child and let me go home.

Baby's crying

Lightning flashing

Johanna and Rhody

Mama's calling

I'm so tired

Johanna and Rhody

JOHN CHEROKEE

John Cherokee was an Indian man

Chorus Alabama John Cherokee

He run away every time he can

Chorus Alabama John Cherokee,

Grand Chorus: Way, hey, yah

Alabama John Cherokee,

way, hey, yah

Alabama John Cherokee

They put him aboard a Yankee ship

Again he gave the boss the slip

They catch him again and chain him tight

And starve him many a day and night

Nothing to drink and nothin to eat

He just fall dead at the boss's feet

So they bury him by the old gate post

The very same day you can see his ghost

JOHN KANAKA

I thought I heard, the old man say,
Chorus: John Kanaka-naka tu-rai-ay!
Today, today is a holiday,
Chorus: John Kanaka-naka tu-Iri-ay!

Grand Chorus : Tu-rai-ay, Oh! Tu-rai-ay!
John Kanaka-naka tu-rai-ay!

We'll work tomorrow, but no work today,
There's work tomorrow, but today we play.

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay,
We're bound away at the break of day.

We're bound away around Cape Horn,
Where you'll wish to Christ you'd never been born!

Oh heave away and haul away,
Oh haul away, an' make yer pay!

It's one more pull and that'll do
For we're the bullies to kick her through

JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

Ain't seen the like since I've been born,
A big buck sailor with his sea boots on.

Chorus : Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man.
So wake her!
Shake her!
Shake that gal with the blue dress on.
Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man.

I got a gal across the sea,
She's a 'Badian beauty and she says to me.

Sally's in the garden picking' peas,
Hair on her head hanging down to her knees.

My wife died in Tennessee,
They sent her jawbone back to me.

I set that jawbone on the fence,
And I ain't heard nothing but the jawbone since.

So hand me down my riding cane,
I'm off to see Miss Sarah Jane.

JOHNSON GIRLS

Johnson Girls are mighty fine girls.
Chorus: Walk around, honey, walk around.
Johnson Girls are mighty fine girls.
Chorus: Walk around, honey, walk around.

Got great big legs and teeny weeny feet.
Got great big legs and teeny weeny feet.

Beef steak, beef steak, make a little gravy...
Your thing, my thing, make a little baby.

Way down south they got the Jamaica jam.
Hot like Cayenne, but good god damn!

Johnson Girls are mighty fine girls.
Johnson Girls are mighty fine girls.

LARRY MARR, THE BIG FIVE GALLON JAR

In 'Frisco town there lived a man and Jack Marr was his name;
And in the olden days of the Cape Horn Trade, he played the Shanghai game.
His wife's name was Mary Ann, sailors knew both near and far;
An' when they played the Shanghai game, they used the big five gallon jar.

**Chorus: In the Old Virginia Lowlands, Lowlands Low
In the Old Virginia Lowlands Low.**

The pair they played the Shanghai game, wuz known both near an' far
They never missed a lucky chance to use the big five gallon jar.

A hell-ship she wuz short o' hands, o' full red-blooded tars,
Missus an' Larry would prime the beer in their ol' big five gallon jar.

Shellbacks an' farmers just the same sailed into Larry Marr's,
And sailed away around the Horn, helped by the big five gallon jar.

In 'Frisco town their names is known, as is the Cape Horn Bar,
An' the dope they serve out to ol' Jack, from the big five gallon jar.

From the Barbary Coast steer clear, me boys, an' from ol' Larry Marr,
Or else damn soon shanghaied ye'll be by Larry's big five gallon jar.

Shanghaied away in a skys'l-ship around Cape Horn so far,
Goodbye to all the boys and girls and Larry's five gallon jar

LAST CIGAR

'Twas off the blue Canary Isles one glorious summer's day
I sat upon the quarter deck and whiffed my cares away
And as the volumed smoke arose like incense in the air
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth, it was my last cigar

**Chorus: It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth
It was my last cigar**

I leaned upon the quarter rail and looked down on the sea
Even there the purple wreath of smoke was curling gracefully
Oh, what had I, at such a time, to do with wasting care
Alas a trembling tear replied, "It was my last cigar" *cho*

I watched the ashes as they came fast drawing to an end
I watched it, as a friend would watch, beside a dying friend
But still the flame crept slowly on. It vanished in the air
I threw it from me (spare the tale). It was my last cigar *cho*

I've seen the land of all I love fade in the distance dim
I've watched above the blighted heart where once proud hope
had been.
But of all the troubles that I've seen there's none that could
compare
When off the blue Canary Isles, I smoked my last cigar *cho*

THE LAST LEVIATHAN

**Chorus: My soul has been torn from me
And I am bleeding.
My heart it has been rent,
And I am crying.
All beauty around me fades,
And I am screaming.
I am the last of the great whales.
And I am dying.**

Last night I heard the cry
Of my last companion.
The roar of the harpoon gun
And I was alone.
I reflected on the days gone by
When we were thousands.
But I know that I soon shall die.
The last leviathan.

This morning the sun arose
Crimson in the sky.
The ice was the color of blood
And the wind it did sigh.
I rose up to take a breath.
It was my last one.
From the berm came the roar of death.
And now I am done.

Now that we're all gone,
And there's no more hunting.
The big fellow is no more,
And there's no use lamenting.
Which race will be next in line
For the slaughter?
The elephant or the seal?
Or your sons and daughters?

LEAVING LIVERPOOL

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
I am bound for California
A place I know right well

**Chorus: So fare thee well, my own true love
When I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that's grieving me
But my darling when I think of thee**

I'm bound off for California
By the way of stormy Cape Horn
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound *cho*

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the Captain of her
And they say she's a floating Hell *cho*

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a seaman, he can get along
If not, then he's sure in Hell *cho*

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again *cho*

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time
Till I see you again *cho*

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

O the times was hard and the wages low,

Chorus A :Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

For now once more ashore we'll go!

Chorus B: An' it's time for us to leave her!

Grand Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!

For the voyage is done an' the winds don't blow,

An' it's time for us to leave her!

She would not steer nor wear nor stay
And she shipped it green both night and day

It was rotten meat & weavily bread
You'll eat it or starve, the old man said

The winds was foul, all work no play
From New Orleans to the Frisco Bay

O I thought I heard the old man say,
Tomorrow morn ye'll get your pay!

It's time for us to say goodbye
For the old pierhead is drawing nigh

Other Verses

It's rotten beef an' weev'ly bread,
It's pump or drown the old man said.

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,
She shipped it green an' none went by.

The mate was a bucko an' the old man a turk,
The bosun's a beggar wi' the middle name o' work!

It's growl yer may an' go yer must,
It matters not whether yer last or furst!

The ship won't steer, or stay, or wear,
An' so us shellbacks learnt to swear.

The old man shouts, the pumps stand by,
Oh, we can never suck her dry.

Now I thought I hear the old man say,
Just one more pull an' then belay.

LEIS AN LUGAINN

On the ocean ohee
waves in motion oho

Not but clouds could we see
o'er the blue sea below

??? loomin' ohee
in the gloamin' oho
Our ship's compass set we
and our lights we did show

Chorus: Leis an Lurgainn ohee
Leis an Lurgainn oho
In the grey dark of evening
o'er the waves let us go

Hours passing ohee
was harrassing oho
The proud belows to see
high as masthead to flow

Captain hollers ohee
to his fellows oho
Those that courage would flee
let him go down below

In the tempest ohee
waves were crashing oho
And the cry of the sea
as the cold winds did blow

Captain hollers ohee
to his fellows oho
Those that won't stay with me
let them go down below

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
from his lighthouse evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping
of the lights along the shore.

Chorus: Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave,
Some poor aching, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has fallen
loud the angry billows roar,
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
for the lights along the shore. **cho**

Trim your feeble lamps, my brothers,
some poor sailor's tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor
in the darkness may be lost. **Cho**

LET UNION BE

Come on, lads, and let's be jolly
Drive away all melancholy,
For to grieve it would be folly,
While we are together

***Chorus: Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we've begun,
We'll end it all in pleasure.***

Right-folla-rolla-rol, too-ra-li-o (3x)
While we are together

Solomon, a wise man hoary
Told of wine in song and story
In our cups we'll chirp and glory,
While we are together

Long ago the Greeks and Romans
Checked their cups for signs and omens
We foresee full tankards foamin'
While we are together

So fill the board let there be plenty
The man who wants to be content, he
Eats and drinks enough for twenty,
While we are together

So let there be no sad misgiving
While we're yet among the living
Fill the room with glad thanksgiving
While we are together

Bacchus, god of wine so merry
Also honors port and sherry
He'd even bless a Tom and Jerry
While we are together

Now let our voices ring the rafters
Fill the room with song and laughter
Joyful as the sweet hereafter
While we are together

Alternate Verses

Old King Solomon, in all his glory,
Told each wife a different story,
Of the things that we delight in,
While we are together

Eating and drinking are quite charming,
(or: courting and drinking, if you prefer)
Smoking and piping there's no harm in.
(or: piping and dancing)
These are things we take delight in,
While we are together.

Grab the bottle as it passes,
Do not fail to fill your glasses.
Water drinkers are dull asses,
While we are together.

Cease your quarreling and fighting,
Evil thinking and backbiting.
All these things take no delight in,
While we are together.

LIVERPOOL JUDIES

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a-rovin' I went,
For to stay in that country was my good intent.
But drinkin' strong whiskey like other damn fools,
Oh, I soon got transported back to Liverpool, singin'

**Chorus: And it's row, row bullies, row!
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow.**

I shipped on the Alaska lyin' out in the Bay,
A-waitin' a fair wind to get under way.
The sailors was drunk and their backs was all sore,
They'd drunk all their whiskey and can't get no more. *cho*

Oh, here comes the mate in a hell of a stew.
He's lookin' for work for us sailors to do.
Oh, it's ``Fore tops'l halyards!" he loudly does roar,
And it's lay aloft Paddy, ye son-o'-a-whore! *cho*

We was round the Horn I shall never forget,
Lord how I sighs when I think of it yet.
She was divin' bows under with her sailors all wet,
She was doin' twelve knots wid her mainskys'l set. *cho*

I remember the time we was crossing the Line,
When I thinks of it now, sure, we had a good time.
Them sea-boys box-haulin' them yards all around
For to beat that flash packet called the Thatcher MacGowan.
cho

And now we've arrived in the Bramleymoor Dock,
Those fair maids and lassies around us do flock.
I've spent all my money, my six quid advance,
And I guess it's high time that I get's up and dance. *cho*

Here's a health to the Captain wherever he may be,
A bucko on land and a bully at sea,
But as for the first mate, the dirty ol' coot,
We hope when he dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot. *Cho*

LIVERPOOL PACKET

At the Liverpool docks at the break of the day
I saw a flash packet, bound a westward away
She was bound for the west where the wild waters flow
She's a Liverpool Packet oh Lord Let her go....

**Chorus: Bound away, bound away
Through the ice, sleet and snow.
She's a Liverpool packet,
Oh Lord, let her go.**

And now we're a-waiting in the Mersey so deep
A-waiting our tug for to tow us to sea
We'll round the rock light were the wild waters flow
She's a Liverpool Packet oh Lord Let her go....

And now we are sailing thru the wild Irish Sea
Our passengers are merry & their hearts full of glee
Our sailors like tigers do walk to & fro
She's a Liverpool Packet oh Lord let her go.

And now we are off the Banks of Newfoundland
Where the water's all fishes & the bottom's all sand
The fishes they sing as they swim to & fro
She's a Liverpool Packet oh Lord let her go.

And now we're arriving in old New York town
We're bound for the Bowery to let sorrows drown
With our girls & our beer, boys, we'll let the songs flow
She's a Liverpool Packet oh Lord let her go.

LONDON JULIES

Julianna, Julianna, Oh where do you go?
Chorus Ah ha, me London Julies
Julianna, Julianna, Oh where do you go?
Chorus Ah ha, me London Julies

Up aloft up aloft this yard must go
Up aloft up aloft this yard must go

And around Cape Horn there's ice & snow
But around Cape Horn we all must go

The mate is a bawling down below
So heave away, lash up and stow

LOWLANDS

I dreamed a dream the other night,

Chorus A: Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.

My love she came dressed all in white,

Chorus B: My Lowlands away.

I dreamed my love came in my sleep, **cho A**

Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep. **cho B**

She came to me as my best bride (at my bed-side), **cho A**

All dressed in white like some fair bride. **cho B**

And bravely in her bosom fair, **cho A**

A red, red rose did my love wear. **cho B**

She made no sound-no word she said, **cho A**

And then I knew my love was dead. **cho B**

I bound the weeper round my head, **cho A**

For now I knew my love was dead. **cho B**

She waved her hand-she said goodbye, **cho A**

I wiped the tear from out my eye. **cho B**

And then awoke to hear the cry, **cho A**

'Oh, watch on deck, oh, watch ahoy!' **cho B**

LOWLANDS LOW

Our packet is the Island Lass,

Chorus : Lowlands, Lowlands lowlands low

The old man's howlin' at the maintop mast

Chorus : Lowlands, Lowlands lowlands low

Our captain hails from Barbados

He's got the name of hammer-toes

He's a monkey rigged in a soldier's clothes

Where he got them from God only knows

He gives us bread as hard as brass

Our junk's as salt as Lot's wife's ass

It's up aloft that yard must go

Up aloft from down below

We'll hoist 'em up into the sky

We'll trice them up and let 'em drive

I thought I heard the old man say

One more pull and then belay

All hands me boys and up she goes

Get changed me boys to your shore goin' clothes

MARCHING INLAND

Lord Nelson had a sure fire way of curing mal-de-mer

And if you pay attention, his secret I will share

To any seasick sailor, he'd give this advice for free

If you're feeling seasick, sit underneath a tree

Chorus: I'm marching inland from the shore

Over me shoulder I'm carrying an oar

When someone asks what is that funny thing you've got

I know I'll never go to sea no more, no more

Than I know I'll never go to sea no more

Columbus he set sail to find out if the world was round

He kept up sailing to the West until he ran aground

He thought he found the Indians but he found the USA

I know some navigators who can still do that today **cho**

Drake is in his hammock and a thousand miles away

Grenville's revenge is at the bottom of the bay

Many famous sailors never came home from the sea

Just take my advice, Jack, and come and follow me **cho**

So sailors take a warning from these men of high renown

When you leave the ocean and its time to settle down

Never cast your anchor less than ninety miles from shore

There'll always be temptation to be off to sea once more **cho**

MARY ELLEN CARTER

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt no pain.
Too close to three mile Rock, and she was dealt her mortal
blow,
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
There were just us five aboard her when she finally was
awash
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to
proclaim
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

**Chorus: Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost
To the knowledge of men.
Those who loved her best and were with her till the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.**

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they
spend.
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry
end.
But insurance paid the loss to us, they let her rest below.
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock,
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock.
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would
remain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a
friend.
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the
bends.
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch
and porthole down.
Put cables to her 'fore and aft and girded her around.
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain.
And make the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into
scale.
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave
They won't be laughing in another day
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and
brain
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken
And life about to end

No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend.
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

MAULING LIVE OAK

One day I was traveling - I happened to think,
"My pockets are empty, I can't buy a drink.
I am an old bummer, completely dead broke,
And there's nothing to do but go mauling live oak."

Chorus: Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Well, I went right away for to see Captain Swift
To see and find out could he give me a lift.
He looked me all over from top unto toe.
Said he "You're the boy that live-oaking must go "

Then he brought out the contract that both of us signed
To keep and secure if we both were inclined.
But the very best wages that he could afford
'Twas only five dollars a month and my board

Well I had to get ready without much delay,
For the schooner was sailing the very next day
With two pints of whiskey, a pipe and a spoon
Away we set sail for Mosquito Lagoon.

Now, bluff was the game that we played every night,
And in it Charles Douglass he took great delight.
He won my tobacco, while others cracked jokes
He said, "You'll get more when you're mauling live oak."

Now, mauling this live oak, I'll say it's great fun,
Especially the dry ones that makes the sweat run.
It'll make your axe handles to glimmer and smoke -
You need iron handles for mauling live oak.

It's mosquitoes by day, and it's midges by night.
The sand fleas and bedbugs, they bother me quite,
And if ever back home my head I do poke,
To Hell I'll kick Swift and his goddam live oak.

MERMAID, THE

Tw'as Friday morn when we set sail
And we were not far from the land
When the captain, he spied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand

**Chorus: O the ocean's waves will roll
And the stormy winds will blow
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
And the landlubbers lie down below (below, below)
And the landlubbers lie down below**

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
and a fine old man was he
"This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom, we shall
sink to the bottom of the sea"

And up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken man was he
I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight a widow she will be

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a red hot cook was he
Saying I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

Then up spoke the cabinboy, of our gallant ship
And a pretty little lad was he.
I'm not quite sure I can spell "mermaid"
But I'm going to the bottom of the sea.

Then three times around spun our gallant ship
And three times around spun she
Three times around spun our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

**Chorus: Heel ye ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, into the weather,
Heel you ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay**

What care we though, white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys; every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay. **cho**

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,
Or looking seaward, from the heather;
Pull her round, boys, then you'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay. **cho**

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
They'll return, though, when the sun sets
They'll return to Mingulay. **cho**

When the wind is wild with shouting
And the waves mount ever higher
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward
To see us home, boys, to Mingulay. **cho**

NEW YORK GIRLS

As I walked down the Broadway
One evening in July
I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I

**Chorus: and away, you santee
My dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls
Can't you dance the polka?**

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage door
She this to me did say

My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

He's homeward bound this evening
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get cracking on your way

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

NOAH'S ARK SHANTY

In Frisco Bay there were three ships
To me way, hay, hay-oh
In Frisco Bay there were three ships
A long time ago

And one of them was Noah's old ark
All covered all o'er wi' hickory bark

They took two animals of every kind (2x)

The bull and the cow they started for t' row (2x)

Then said old Noah with a flick of his whip
"Come stop this row or I'll scuttle the ship"

But the bull struck his arm through the side of the ark
And the little black dog he started fer t' bark

So Noah took the dog, shoved his nose up the hole
And ever since then dogs' nose has been cold.

It's a long long time and a very long time
A long long time and a very long time

OLD FID

I'll sing me a song of the rolling sky
To the land that's beyond the Main;
To the ebb-tide bell or the salt pork meal
That I'll never taste me again.

I mind the times as we were becalmed,
With never a breath for the sheet;
With a red sun so hot that the water would rot,
And the decking would blister your feet.

***Chorus: Don't ask me where I've bloody well bin,
Don't ask me what I did;
For every thumb was a marlinespike,
And every finger's a fid***

And then there's the times as we rounded the Horn,
With a cargo of silk for Cadiz;
The swell roll was so high it were lashing the sky,
Till the whole ruddy world were a fizz!

Be it spices from Java or copra from Yap,
Or a bosun too free with the lash;
It were "Up with the anchor!" and "Run out the spanker!"
And "Damn it, move faster than that!"

Chorus

I've loved proud women from Spain's lusty land,
And I've seen where the Arab girl sleeps;
And the Dutch girls as well, though they're fiery as hell,
Have all kissed me when silver was cheap.

Chorus

Lord, how the man's changed from the young cabin boy,
To the old man that sits on this bench!
Now he's too old to fight or to stay out all night
In the company of some pretty wench.

Just an old clipper man who's long past his best years,
He knows that he'll never be free,
From the smell of the tar that once braided his hair,
From the salty old tang of the sea.

Chorus

OLD FIGUREHEAD CARVER

I have done my share of carving figureheads of quaint design
For the Olives and the Ruddicks and the famous Black Ball
Line
Brigantines and barks and clippers, brigs and schooners, lithe
and tall
But the bounding Marco Polo was the flower of them all.

***Chorus: While my hands are steady,
While my eyes are good,
I will carve the music of the wind into the wood***

I can see that white-winged clipper reeling under scudding
clouds
Tramping down a hazy skyline with a Norther in her shrouds
I can feel her lines of beauty, see her flecked with spume and
brine
As she drives her scuppers under, and that figurehead of
mine

'Twas of seasoned pine I made it, clear from outer bark to
core
From the finest piece of timber, from the mast-pond on
Straight Shore
Every bite of axe or chisel, every ringing mallet welt
Wrought from out that block of timber all the spirit that I felt.

I had read of Marco Polo, til his daring deeds were mine
And I say them all a-glowing in that balsam-scented pine
Saw his eyes alight with purpose, facing every vagrant
breeze
Saw him liltin' free and careless over all the seven seas.

That was how I did my carving, beat of heart and stroke of
hand
Putting into life and action all the purpose that I planned
Flowing robes and wind-tossed tresses, forms of beauty,
strength, design
I saw them all and tried to carve them in that figurehead of
mine.

And when my hands are feeble, and my outward eyes grow
dim
I will see again those clippers reeling o'er the ocean's rim
Great white fleet of sailing rovers, wind above and surf
beneath
With the Marco Polo leading, and my carving in her teeth

THE OLD RED DUSTER

I remember the day when I climbed that gangway
With my new coat and jacket so clean.
No bacon and eggs till I got my sea legs
T'was my first trip, my God I was green

**Chorus: Oh the old Red Duster on a tramp or a liner
There'll be no pussier Navy for me
You can keep your salutes and your spit polished boots.
It's the old Red Duster for me.**

On many's the ship I've made many a trip
Both oceans and seas far and wide
In ports near and far I've been thrown from the bar
And by many's the young girl beguiled. *cho*

I've sailed in the war like my uncles before
From Britain right down to Bombay
With my little convoy bag I sailed for the flag,
And the glory and the medals and the pay. *cho*

I ways pulled from the pool I was nobody's fool
T'was the jaunt up to Murmansk for me
But the union said no, as a fourth he can't go.
It's the union forever for me *cho*

For you know this old tramp's has a focsle that's damp
For her plates are half sprung and they leak
The foods always bad, the master's gone mad
And those bastards, the owners are cheap *cho*

I've sweated and slaved at this engine I've raged
Nursing this cripple along
For the glands they are leaking and the joints they a-creaking
At six knots she's racing along *cho*

I've been down in the hold in the heat and the cold
All day and all night as well
And when my end's near, I'll go without fear
For I know its been hotter than hell *cho*

So now you all know why the good sailors go
Merchant seamen to be
If you want any more like what came before
You can bloody well sing it to me *cho*

OLD ROSE AND CROWN

**Chorus: What have they done to the old Rose and
Crown?
The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World Upside Down.
For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the west.**

Good friends, gather round and I'll tell you a tale.
It's a story well known to all lovers of ale.
The old English pub, once a man's second home
Has been decked out by brewers in plastic and foam. *cho*

And the old oaken bar where the pumps filled your glass
Gives way to Formica and tanks full of gas.
And the landlord behind, once a man of good cheer
Just mumbles the price as he hands you your beer. *cho*

And where are the friends who would meet for a jar,
Or a good game of darts in the old public bar?
The dartboard is gone, in its place is a thing
Where you pull on the handle and lose all your tin. *cho*

But the worst of it all's what they've done to the beer.
For their shandies and lagers that will make you feel queer.
For an arm and a leg, they will fill up your glass
With a half and half mixture of ullage and gas. *cho*

So come all you good people who like to sup ale
Here's hope to a happier end to my tale
For there's nothing can fill a man's heart with more cheer
Than to sit in a pub with a pint of good beer. *cho*

ONE MORE DAY

Oh, have you heard the news, My Johnny?

Chorus: One more day!

We're homeward bound tomorrow, Johnny

Chorus: One more day!

Grand chorus: Only one more day, my Johnny

One more day!

Oh, rock and roll me over,

One more day!

Can't you hear the old man growlin? **cho**

Can't you hear the wind a-howlin? **cho**

Grand chorus

Only one more day of hauling **cho**

Can't you hear the capstan pawling? **cho**

Grand chorus

Only one more holystoning **cho**

Can't you hear the riggin groaning? **cho**

Grand chorus

Pack your bags today, me Johnny **cho**

An' leave her where she lays, me Johnny. **cho**

Grand chorus

Put on your long-tail blue, me Johnny **cho**

Your payday's nearly due, me Johnny **cho**

Grand chorus

We're homeward bound tomorrow, Johnny **cho**

We leave you without sorrow, Johnny. **cho**

Grand chorus

PADDY DOYLE

Chorus: To me Way-ay-ay yah!

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

cho We'll all drink whiskey and gin!

cho We'll all shave under the chin!

cho We'll all throw dirt (shit) at the cook!

cho We'll bouse 'er up and be done!

PADDY LAY BACK

'Twas a cold and dreary morning in December

Repeat: December

All of me money, it was spent,

Repeat: Spent, spent

Where it went to, Lord, I can't remember

Repeat: Remember

So down to the shipping office I went

Repeat: Went, went!

Chorus: Paddy lay back, **Repeat:** Paddy lay back!

Take in the slack, **Repeat:** Take in the slack

Take a turn around the capstan,

Heave a pawl! **Repeat:** Heave a pawl

About ship's stations, boys, be handy **Repeat:** Be handy!

We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn!

That day there was a great demand for sailors, **Rep**

For the colonies, for 'Frisco and for France. **Rep**

So I shipped aboard a limey barque, the Hotspur,

An' got paralytic drunk on my advance. **Cho**

'Twas on the quarterdeck where I first saw 'em. **Rep**

Such an ugly bunch I never seen before, **Rep**

For the captain had shipped a shanghai'd crew of Dutchmen

Rep

An' it made me poor ol' heart feel sick and sore. **Cho**

I axed the mate a-which a-watch was mine-O, **Rep**

Says he, "I'll soon pick out a-which watch was which," **Rep**

An' he blowed me down an' kicked me hard a stern-O, **Rep**

Callin' me a lousy, dirty son o' a bitch. **Cho**

I quickly made me mind up that I'd leave 'er, **Rep**

I'd up and find myself a life ashore; **Rep**

I swum across the Bay an' went an' left 'er, **Rep**

An' in the English Bar I found a whore. **Cho**

But Jimmy the Crimp he knew a thing or two, sir, **Rep**

An' soon he'd shipped me outward bound again; **Rep**

On a Limey to the Chinchas for guano, **Rep**

An' soon wuz I a-roarin' this refrain. **Cho**

So here I am once more again at sea, boys, **Rep**

The same ol' ruddy business o'er again. **Rep**

Oh, stamp the caps'n round an' make some noise, boys, **Re**

An' join with me in singing the ol' refrain. **Rep**

Cho

PADDY WEST

As I was walkin' down London Street, I come to Paddy West's house,
He gave me a dish of American hash; he called it Liverpool scouse,
He said "There's a ship and she's wantin' hands, and on her you must sign,
The mate's a bastard, the captain's worse, but she will suit you fine."

Chorus: Take off yer dungaree jacket, and give yerself a rest, And we'll think on them cold nor'westers that we had at Paddy West's.

When the meal was over, boys, the wind began to blow.
Paddy sent me to the attic, the main-royal for to stow,
But when I got to the attic, no main-royal could I find,
So I turned myself 'round to the window, and I furled the window blind. *Cho*

Now Paddy he pipes all hands on deck, their stations for to man.

His wife she stood in the doorway, a bucket in her hand;
And Paddy he cries, "Now let 'er rip!" and she throws the water our way,
Cryin' "Clew in the fore t'gan'sl, boys, she's takin on the spray!". *Cho*

Now seein' she's bound for the south'ard, to Frisco she was bound;

Paddy he takes a length of rope, and he lays it on the ground,
We all steps over, and back again, and he says to me "That's fine,

And if ever they ask were you ever at sea you can say you crossed the line.". *Cho*

To every two men that graduates, I'll give one outfit free,
For two good men on watch at once, ye never need to see,
Oilskins, me boys, ye'll never want, carpet slippers made of felt,

I'll dish out to the pair o' you, and a rope yarn for a belt. *Cho*

Paddy says "Now pay attention, these lessons you will learn.
The starboard is where the ship she points, the right is called the stern. *Cho*

So look ye aft, to yer starboard port and you will find northwest."

And that's the way they teach you at the school of Paddy West. *Cho*

There's just one thing for you to do before you sail away,
Just step around the table, where the bullock's horn do lay
And if ever they ask "Were you ever at sea?" you can say
"Ten times 'round the Horn"

And Be Jesus but I'm an old sailor man from the day that you were born.

**Final Chorus: Put on yer dungaree jacket,
And walk out lookin' yer best,
And tell 'em that you're an old sailor man
That's come from Paddy West's.**

PASS AROUND THE GROG

Pass around the grog me boys, and never mind the storm.
Drink the good old liquor down, and then we'll call for more

**Chorus: For 'tis he who will not merry, merry be
Shall never taste of joy
Sing, sing, the Cape's in view, and forward my brave
boys.**

Here's a health unto her majesty, and long may she reign.
She's the queen of the seven seas, and the pride of the Spanish Main.

Chorus

Never drunk shall he be called, who falls down on the floor
Only to rise up again and boldly ask for more.

Chorus

One thing more I'll ask of you before we call for more
Bring to me the maid I love and the key to the cellar door.

Chorus

PLAINS OF MEXICO

Santy Anna gained the day

Chorus A: Way, hey, Santiano

Santy Anna gained the day

Chorus B: All on the plains of Mexico

**Grand Chorus: Mexico, oh Mexico, away Santiano
Mexico is a place I know, all on the plains of Mexico**

Them pretty girls I do adore **Cho A**

With their shinin' eyes and their coal black hair **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Why do them pretty girls love me so **Cho A**

Because I won't tell them all I know **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Them Liverpool girls don't use no combs **Cho A**

They combs their hair with a kipper backbone **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

When I was a young man in me prime **Cho A**

I knocked them scouse girls two at a time **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Times is hard and the wages low **Cho A**

It's time for us to roll and go **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn
When the fields and the meadows were all covered in corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day
**And the larks they sang melodious (3x) at the dawning of
the day**

A sailor and his true love were a'walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love I am bound far away
I am bound for the East Indies where the load cannons roar
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore
(as above)

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew
Saying, Take this my dearest William and my heart will go
too
And whilst he stood embracing her tears from her eyes fell
Saying, May I go along with you, o no, my love, farewell

So it's fare thee well my Nancy, I can no longer stay
For the topsail is hoisted and the anchor aweigh
And the ship lies awaiting for the next flowing tide
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride

PUMP SHANTY

The captain's daughter I suppose
Could be called an English Rose
What would you think when I propose
The pox she gave to me a dose.

**Chorus: Pump me boys, pump her dry
Down to hell and up to the sky
Bend your back and break your bones
We're just a thousand miles from home.**

This rose well she did prick me sore
I never felt so bad before
Thanks to the girl I did adore
I thought I'd never pump no more

I called the doctor right away
To find out what he had to say
That's two pound ten get on your way
I'm sure this girl is in his pay.

They say life has its ups and downs
That really now is quite profound
I'd like to push the capstan round
But its pump me boys before we drown.

The ocean we all do adore
So come on boys let's pump some more
Don't worry if you're stiff and sore
I'm sure we've pumped this bit before.

Sometimes when I am in me bed
And thinking of me day ahead
I wish that I could wake up dead
But pumpin's all I get instead.

Yes, how I wish that I could die
The swine who built this tub to find
I'd bring him back from where he fries
And pump him till the beggar's dry

If Noah used him for his ark
Now wouldn't that have been a lark
From rising sun till getting dark
The animals all hard at work.

There's so much water down below
Just how it got there I don't know
The old man says let's roll and go
But I think we're bound for Davey Jones.

RANDY DANDY OH

Now we are ready to head for the Horn
Chorus A: Way Hey Roll and go!
Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn
Chorus B: To me rollicking randy dandy, oh!

**Grand chorus: Heave a pawl, heave away,
The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored**

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks **cho A**
Where the pretty young girls all come down in flocks. **cho B**
Grand chorus

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue **cho A**
For we are the bullies that can kick her through. **cho B**
Grand chorus

Oh man the stout capst'n and heave with a will **cho A**
Soon we'll be driving her 'way down the hill. **cho B**
Grand chorus

Heave away, bullies, you parish-rigged bums **cho A**
Take your hands from your pockets and don't suck your
thumbs. **cho B**
Grand chorus

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free **cho A**
Let's get the rags up and drive 'er to sea. **cho B**
Grand chorus

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay **cho A**
Get crackin' m'lads, 'tis a Hell of a way. **cho B**
Grand chorus

REUBEN RANZO

Well it's poor old Reuben Ranzo,
Chorus: Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo!
Yes it's poor old Reuben Ranzo.
Chorus: Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo!

Ranzo was no sailor, **cho**
So he shipped aboard a whaler **cho**

They gave him lashes thirty **cho**
Because he was so dirty. **cho**

The captain gave him thirty **cho**
His daughter begged for mercy **cho**

She gave him rum and water **cho**
And a bit more than she oughter **cho**

She gave him education **cho**
And taught him navigation **cho**

He's known where'er the whalefish blow **cho**
As the toughest bastard on the go **cho**

RANZO, RANZO, HURRAY

We're bound for Valpariser with a load of rusty razors,
Chorus A: Ranzo ranzo, hurray hurray!
We're bound for Venezuela with a load of drunken tailors,
Chorus B: Hi low me Ranzo Rae

We're bound for Santiana with a load of German lager, **cho A**
We're bound for Buenos Aires for a load of green canaries,
cho B

We're homeward bound from China on board a Limey liner,
cho A
We're bound for Yokahama with a load of grand pianos, **cho B**

We're loaded down with curios from China and the Indies, oh
cho A
We'll soon be seeing all them girls, the girls we so adore,
timme **cho B**

We've sailed the whole world over like a proper deep sea
rover, **cho A**
We'll pass the cliffs of Dover, and then we'll be in clover,
cho B

RANZO RAY

Oh, I'm shanteyman of the workin' party
Chorus A: Timme way, timme hey, timme he ho hay
So sing lads, pull lads, so strong and hearty
Chorus B: An' sing Hilo, me Ranzo Ray!

I'm shantyman for the Wild Goose nation, **cho A**
Got a maid that I love on the big plantation, **cho B**

Oh the sassiest gal o' that Wild Goose nation **cho A**
Is her that I left on the big plantation. **cho B**

Oh, the boys an' the gals went a huckleberry huntin' **cho A**
The gals began to cry an' the boys they dowsed their buntin'
cho B
(stopped their huntin')(stopped their courtin')

Then a little gal ran off an' a little boy ran arter; **cho A**
The little gal fell down an' he saw her little garter. **cho B**

Said he 'I'll be yer beau, if ye'll have me for yer feller **cho A**
But the little gal said, 'No,'cos me sweetheart's Jackie Miller.'
cho B

But he took her on his knee, an' he kissed her right and
proper **cho A**
She kissed him back agen, an' he didn't try to stop'er **cho B**

An' then he put his arm all around her tight and waspy waist
cho A
Sez she, 'Young man, you're showin' much too great a haste!'
cho B

RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

Chorus: Red sails in the sunset, way out on the sea
Oh carry my loved one home safely to me

She sailed at the dawning, all day I've been blue
Red sails in the sunset; I'm trusting in you

Bridge: Swift wings you must borrow
Make straight for the shore
We marry tomorrow
And she goes sailing no more

Cho

Bridge

Red sails in the sunset
Way out on the sea (oh-wee-oh, wee-oh)
Oh, carry my loved one
(Home safely to me)

RIO GRANDE

Was you ever in Rio Grande?

Chorus A: Away Rio!

Where them smart señoritas they sure beat the band!

Chorus B: And we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Grand Chorus: Away, boys, away,
Away for Rio,
So fare thee well, my pretty young girls,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

You Liverpool judies, we'll have you to know,
We're bound to the south'ard and glad for to go.

We'll man the good capstan and run her around
We'll haul up the anchor from out in the sound

Our ship went sailin' over the bar,
We've pointed her bow to the southern stars.

We're a Liverpool ship & a Liverpool crew,
You can stick to the coast but I'm damned if we do!

Goodbye to Ellen & Molly & Sue,
You park lane judies, it's goodbye to you

ROLL ALABAMA ROLL

When the Alabama's keel was laid

Chorus: Roll, Alabama, roll

It was laid in the yards of Jonathan Laird

Chorus: Oh, roll, Alabama, roll

It was laid in the yards of Jonathan Laird **cho**
It was laid in the town of Birkenhead **cho**

Down Mersey way she sailed then **cho**
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men **cho**

From the Western Isles she sailed forth **cho**
To destroy the commerce of the North **cho**

To fight the North Semmes did employ **cho**
Any method to kill and destroy **cho**

To Cherbourg port she sailed one day **cho**
To collect her share of the prize money **cho**

Every sailor then he saw his doom **cho**
When the Kearsage she hove into view **cho**

A ball from the forward pivot that day **cho**
Shot the Alabama's stern away **cho**

Off the three mile limit in sixty-four **cho**
The Alabama was seen no more **cho**

ROLL, AGEMEMNONS, ROLL

Heave off, me boys, we're off to the main,
Chorus A: Roll, Agamemnon, roll
To load down ships with the dollars of Spain,
Chorus B: Mars forevermore!

They told us thirty ships of the line, **cho A**
From France and Spain on the sea doth shine, **cho B**

Them ships from France and Spain do shine, **cho A**
They'll not forget the year of five, **cho B**

Well the guns did rattle and the shot did hail, **cho A**
And every ship fought the fire and flame, **cho B**

The streams of blood from the scuppers did flow, **cho A**
And the blue sea rolled with the purple gore, **cho B**

We'll burn their boats and flatten their mountains, **cho A**
We'll cause their blood to flow like fountains, **cho B**

From out of our side roared the British thunder, **cho A**
That's how we'll keep our enemies under **cho B**

ROLL DOWN

Ye ladies of Ply-mouth, we bid you good-bye,
Chorus A Roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down!
We'll rock you and roll you again by and by,
Chorus B Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

Grand Chorus: And we'll roll-oll, roll-oll-oll down,
Walk a-round, me brave boys, and roll down!

The anchor's away and the sails are unfurled...
We're bound for to sail her halfway 'round the world...

In the deep Bay of Biscay the seas do run high...
Them poor weary transports they'll wish they could die.

When the great southern whales on our quarter do spout
Them poor weary transports, they'll goggle and shout.

When at last we draw near to Australia's bold strand...
Them poor weary transports, they'll long for the land.

And when we set sail for old England's shore
Those poor stranded transports, we'll see then no more.

Then, sweet ladies of Plymouth, we'll pay all your rent,
And go roving no more till our money's all spent.

ROLL THE COTTON DOWN

Oh, away down south where I was born
Chorus A: Roll the cotton down,
Oh, away down south around Cape Horn
Chorus B: Oh, roll the cotton down,

Grand Chorus: Roll the cotton. Roll the cotton Moses!
Roll the cotton. We'll roll the cotton down!

Oh, a dollar a day is hoosier's pay
So bring yer screws and hooks this way

We'll floor her off from fore to aft
Five thousand bales for this 'ere craft

O, Frisco town is far behind
And the girls down south are free and kind

Oh, around Cape Horn we're bound to go
Oh, around Cape Stiff in the ice and snow

Oh, I wish I had a tot of rum
Oh, I'll sing you a song if you give me some

When work is done at the end of day
Oh, it's then you'll hear the banjo play

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm (3x)
Refrain: And we'll all hang on behind.

Grand Chorus: So we'll roll the old chariot along
An' we'll roll the golden chariot along.
So we'll roll the old chariot along
An' we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm *etc.*

Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm *etc.*

Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm *etc.*

Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm *etc.*

Oh, a quiet watch below wouldn't do us any harm *etc.*

ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

Way down south where the cocks do crow

Chorus A: 'Way down in Florida

My gal she picks on the old banjo

Chorus B: And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Grand Chorus: Rollin'! **Rollin'!** Rollin'! **Rollin'!**
Rollin' the whole world 'round
That fine girl o' mine's down the Georgia Line
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

When I was a young man in me prime **cho A**
I'd knock them pretty gals two at a time. **cho B**

We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low **cho A**
We'll heave him up and away we'll go. **cho B**

Oh rouse and bust 'er is the cry **cho A**
A sailor's wage is never high. **cho B**

O one more heave and that will do **cho A**
We're the bullies for to kick 'er through. **cho B**

ROLLING DOWN THE BAY TO JULIANA

Emma, Emma let me be

Chorus: Rolling down the bay to Julianna

Oh Miss Emma don't you cry

Chorus: Rolling down the bay to Julianna

Send Miss Emma to the crow

It's fare thee well goodbye

Wish I had that girl in tow

Why them Judies love me so
Because I don't tell all I know

Windard girls are hard to beat
Haul boys on your ol mainsheet

Up aloft this yard must go
Up aloft from down below

Oh the dawning of the day
Haul away & get your pay

Haul boys when she takes a roll
Shake an break her blast your soul

Sweat that yard the mate did say
One more pull & then belay

ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER

Oh! I once was a rigger and I worked like hell.

Chorus A: Rolling up. Rolling down.

But now I'm sailing with the OCL

Chorus B: And go rolling down the river.

Grand Chorus: Rolling up. Rolling down.
We'll all get drunk in Tilbury town
Twenty four hours to turn around.
And go rolling down the river.

When first I saw a TEU.
I wondered where they stowed the crew
To go rolling down the river.

Well cargo comes in TEUs.
A 20 foot box, boys, filled with booze.

There's a Tilbury girl called Kettle Jane.
First on the boil then off again.

She's got a mate called Teapot Anne.
She gets well brewed. She likes a man.

Tilbury girls go round in pairs,
You won't catch them unawares.

Down on the dock-gates where the work is done,
You can pick 'em up, one by one.

Well, we're the boys to see her through.
So to hell the Channel and the TEU.
Let's roll down the river.

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

It's a damned tough life, full of toil and strife
We whalersmen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the gale has stopped
How hard the wind did blow.
We're homeward bound! 'Tis a grand old sound
On a good ship taut and free,
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls on old Maui.

**Chorus: Rolling down to old Maui, my boys,
Rolling down to old Maui.
We're homeward bound from the arctic ground
Rolling down to old Maui.**

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and sleet and rain.
And them coconut fronds in them tropic lands
We soon shall see again.
Six hellish months we've passed away
In the cold Kamchatka sea,
And now we're bound from the arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui. *cho*

We'll heave the lead where old Diamondhead
Looms up on old Wahoo.
Our mast and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks are hid from view.
The horrid tiles of the sea-cut ice
That deck the Arctic Sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for old Maui. *cho*

How soft the breeze of the tropic seas
Now the ice is far astern,
And them native maids in them island glades
Are awaiting our return.
Even now their big black eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales
Rolling down to old Maui. *cho*

And now we sail with a favoring gale
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
And we ain't got far to roam.
Our stuns'l booms are carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound! *chov*

And now we're anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha oes
They greet us homeward bound.

And now ashore we'll have good fun
We'll paint them beaches red
Awaking in the arms of a wahine
With a big fat aching head. *Cho*

ROLLING HOME

Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable flaked down clear.
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For ol' England we will steer.

**Chorus: Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear ol' England
Rolling home, fair land to thee.**

Now Australia we are leavin'
For Old England give a cheer,
Fare thee well, ye dark-eyed damsels
Give three cheers for English beer! **cho**

Goodbye Heads, we're bound to leave you
Haul the tow-rope all inboard,
We will leave old Aussie sternward
Clap all sail we can afford. **cho**

Round Cape Horn on a winter's morning
Now among the ice and snow,
You will hear our shellbacks singin'
Sheet her home, boys, let 'er go! **cho**

Eighteen months away from England
Only fifty days, no more,
On salt horse and cracker-hash, boys
Boston beans that make us sore. **cho**

Now the Lizard Light's a-shinin'
And we're bound up to the Nore,
With the canvas full an' drawin'
Soon we'll be on England's shore. **cho**

ROLLING DOWN TO CAIRO

(Dillon Bustin)

**Chorus: I'm rolling, flowing, around these hills
I must take a rest, but this river never will
Rolling, flowing, to Cairo Town
Just give me time to lay me down**

Boat's up the river, she won't come down
I believe it in my soul, she is water-bound
Back her, slack her, bring her round
Give me time to lay me down

Come, Rosianna, the boat is lying low
On a sandy bar, out in the Ohio
Roustabouts are pulling, pulling mighty slow
To give me time to lay me down

I work these steamboats. a dollar bill a day
I buy a dress for Rosianne, drink the rest away
Captain, he just told me to call lead line today
Lord, I got no time to lay me down

All of the rich folks out on the promenade
Twirl their parasols, drink their lemonade
I got hot steam to drink, I got smokestack for my shade
And I got no time to lay me down

I load all of this freight by bale and by sack
I slow coonjine the plank, I fast coonjine it back
A hundred eighty pounds a bale, a hundred ninety pounds a
sack
Two hundred pounds'd break your back

ROLLING SEA

Don't ya see the ships a'comin?
Don't ya see them in full sail?
Don't ya see the ships a'comin,
With their prizes at their tail?

Women: Oh, my little rolling sailor,
Oh, my little rolling he,
How I love my rolling sailor
When he's on a rollin' sea.

Men: (When he's on a rollin', rollin'
When he's on a rollin', sea.)

Sailors they get all the money,
Soldiers they get none but brass,
How I love my rolling sailor,
Soldiers they can kiss my ...

Women

Men

How can I be blithe and merry,
With my true love far from me?
All those pretty little sailors,
They've been pressed and ta'en to sea.

Women

Men

How I wish the press were over,
And the wars were at an end,
Then every sailor laddie,
Would be happy with his friend.

Women

Men

When the wars they are all over,
Peace and plenty come again,
E'ry bonny sailor laddie
Will come sailing on the main.
Hope the wars will soon be over,
And the sailors, once come home,
Every lass will get a laddie.
She won't have to sleep alone.

Women

Men

ROSEABELLA, THE

One Monday morning in the month of May
One Monday morning in the month of May
I thought I heard the old man say
The Rosabella will sail today.

Chorus: I'm going on board the Rosabella
I'm going on board the Rosabella
I'm going on board, right down to board
The saucy Rosabella

Farewell ye ladies of London town
Farewell ye ladies of London town
We hate to leave, but we're goin on down
To board the Rosabella

Chorus

Them bowry girls do make me grieve
Them bowry girls do make me grieve
They take my money and make me leave,
On board the Rosabella

Chorus

She's a deep water ship with a deep water crew
She's a deep water ship with a deep water crew
She can stick to the coast, but we're damned if we do
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus

Pretty Peggy is my own true love
Pretty Peggy is my own true love
She could blow them down
The whole durn crew
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus

Frances brought whiskey for all the crew
Frances brought whiskey for all the crew
She wanted to see which man would do
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus

Around Cape Horn we all must go
Around Cape Horn we all must go
Around Cape Horn in the ice and snow
On board the Rosabella

Chorus

Around Cape Horn where the dolphins play
Around Cape Horn where the dolphins play
Around Cape Horn is a might long way
Aboard the Rosabella

Chorus

ROUND CAPE HORN

Round Cape Horn the young men go
When the young men go away
Then the young girls dress up neat
And go walking down the street.

**Chorus: Right fol-day foliddiddle day
Right fol rido foliddle day.**

Far from the field are young men gone
Far from home and all forlorn
Wish to the Lord that they'd never been born
To go a cruisin 'round Cape Horn.

When those young men do get home
This is the story they do hear
Oh, come along you need not fear
For nobody's courted me, my dear.

Sweet false smiles they long {like} for to wear
Long false curls and long false hair
White satin slippers with a silken bow
To keep those young men all in tow.

ROUND THE CORNER

Oh, round the corner we will go
Chorus: Round the corner, Sally
Oh, round the corner we will go
Chorus: Round the corner, Sally

To Madam Gashee's we all will go (2x)

The mademoiselles you all do know

Oh, I wish I was at Madame Gashees

It's there we'll sit and take our ease

A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR

(Tom Lewis)

Well, me father always told me, when I was just a lad,
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad.
But now I've joined the Navy, I'm aboard a Man o' War
And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor any more.

**Chorus: Don't haul on the rope. Don't climb up the mast.
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last.
Get your civvies ready for another run ashore.
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more.**

We've nearly got a mess. He says we have it soft.
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft.
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock
for?

Swinging on the deckhead or lying on the floor?

Chorus

They gave us engines that first went up and down.
Then with more technology the engines went around.
We know of steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more.

Chorus

They gave us an Aldis lamp so we could do it right.
They gave us a radio to signal day and night.
We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a semaphore?
The bunting tosser doesn't toss the bunting any more.

Chorus

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot.
Now we get an extra one because they've stopped the tot.
So we'll put on our civvy clothes and find a pub ashore.
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before.

Chorus

SAILOR'S ALPHABET

A's for the Anchor that lies at our bow,
B's for the Bowsprit where the jibs all lie low.
C's for the Capstan round which we blunder round
D's for the Davits to lower the boats down.

Chorus: Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
So merry sail we,
No mortal on earth like a sailor at sea.
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong,

E's for the Ensign, that at our peak flew
F's for the Fo'castle where live the whole crew.
G's for the Galley where the salt junk smells strong
H is the Halyard we hoist with a song.

I's for eye bolt no good for feetthe
J's for the Jib hanging by the lee sheet.
K's for the Knighthead where the petty officers stand
L's Lee side hard found by new hands.

M's for the Mainmast its stout and its strong,
N's Needle it never points wrong.
O's for the Oars of our own jolly boat
P's for the Pinace so lively do float.

Q is the Quadrant the sun for to take,
R is the Rigging that often does shake.
S is the Starboard side of our bold ship, and
T are the Topmasts that often do split.

U is the Ugliest old captain of all,
V are the Vapors that come with the squall.
W is the Windlass round which we must wind, and
X, Y and Z -- I can't put to rhyme.

or:

U's for the uniform, mostly worn aft
V's for the vang's running from the main gaff
W's for water, we're on a pint and a pound
And X marks the spot where old Stormy was drowned

Y's for yardarm, needs a good sailor man
Z is for Zoe, I'm her fancy man
Z's also for zero in the cold winter time
And now we have brought all the letters in rhyme

SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

One night came on a hurricane
The seas were mountains rolling
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'wester's blowin' Bill,
Hark, don't you hear it roar now?
God help 'em how I pities all
unhappy folks ashore now."

Foolhardy chaps who lives in town
What dangers they are all in
Tonight they're quaking in their beds
For fear the roof shall fall in.
Poor creatures how they envy us
And wish, as I've a notion
For our good luck in such a storm
To be out on the ocean. "

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! What tiles and chimney pots
Around their heads are flying!"

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages
And thieves and fires in London?
We know what risks a landsman runs
From noblemen to tailors ,
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

SAILOR'S PRAYER

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was
sailing
But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner be out whaling

**Chorus: Oh Lord above, send down a dove,
With beak as sharp as razors
To cut the throat of them there blokes
Who sells bad beer to sailors**

Paid off me score and them ashore, me money soon was
flying
With Judy Lee upon my knee in my ear a lying **cho:**

With my newfound friends, my money spent just as fast as
winking
But when I make to clean the slate, the landlord says, "Keep
Drinking" **cho:**

With me money gone and clothes in pawn and Judy set for
leaving
Six months of pay gone in three days, but Judy isn't grieving
cho:

When the crimp comes round, I'll take his pound
and his hand I'll be shaking
Tomorrow morn sail for the Horn just as dawn is breaking
cho:

So for one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm
swearing
I'll settle down in my hometown and go no more seafaring
cho:

SALLY BROWN

Oh Sally Brown, she's the girl for me, boys

Chorus A: Roll boys, roll boys roll

Oh Sally Brown, she's the girl for me, boys

Chorus B: Way hey, Miss Sally Brown

Oh we're bound away, away down South boys
Oh we're bound away, with a bone in her mouth boys

Oh we're rollin' down to Trinidad to see Miss Sally Brown
Oh we're rollin' down to Trinidad to paint the bleedin' town

Oh she's lovely up aloft, an' she's lovely down below boys
Oh she's lovely cause she loves me and that's all I want to know
boys

She's lovely at the mizzen, lovely on the main
She's lovely in the summertime, she's lovely in the rain

Oh hey Captain Baker, how do you store yer carga
Oh some I stow for'ard, an' some I stow arter (arta)

Oh, way high yay, an' up she rises
Oh, way high yay, and the blocks of different sizes

Oh, one more pull, don't ya hear the mate a-bawlin?
Oh, one more pull, that's the end of all your haulin'

SALLY BROWN (ROLL AND GO)

Sally Brown's a big bootlicker

Chorus A: Way, hey, roll and go!

Her bow is big but her stern is bigger

Chorus B: Spend my money on Sally Brown

Sally lives in the old plantation, **cho A**

She comes from the wild goose nation **cho B**

Sally's teeth are white and pearly, **cho A**

Her eyes are blue and her hair is curly **cho B**

Sally Brown I love your daughter, **cho A**

I sopped her down she takes on water **cho B**

Sally lives in ol' jermaker, **cho A**

She drinks rum and chews terbacker **cho B**

Now my troubles, they are over, **cho A**

Sally ran off with a one-eyed soldier **cho B**

He hung her up and stole her money, **cho A**

Left her with a one-eyed baby **cho B**

SAM'S GONE AWAY

I wish I was a cabin boy, aboard a man o'war!

Chorus: Sam's gone away, aboard a man o' war!

Pretty work, brave boys,

Pretty work, I say!

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o' war!

I wish I was the captain, aboard a man o' war! **Cho**

I wish I was the bos'n, aboard a man o' war! **Cho**

I wish I was a gunner, aboard a man o' war! **Cho**

You'll never be a hero, aboard a man o' war! **Cho**

SANTIANO

We were sailin' 'cross the river from Liverpool,

Chorus A: Heave away, Santiano

Our sails were set and our hatches full

Chorus B: Way down to Californio

Grand Chorus: So heave 'er up and away we'll go

Heave away, Santiano

Heave 'er up, and away we'll go

We are bound for Californio

Oh, in Mexico I long to be **Cho A**

With a tight-waisted gal all on my knee **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

When I was a young man in me prime **Cho A**

I chased them Spanish gals two at a time **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

But now I'm old and getting gray **Cho A**

Soon I'll drink my rum all day **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Oh I wish I was in Mexico **Cho A**

Where there ain't no rain and there ain't no snow **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

Well, back in the days of forty-nine **Cho A**

Back in the days of the good old times **Cho B**

Grand Chorus

SEA AROUND US

By Dominic Behan

They say that the lakes of Killarney are fair
No stream like the Liffey can ever compare
If it's water you want you'll find nothing more rare
Than the stuff they make down by the ocean

**Chorus: The sea, oh the sea it's gradh geal mo croide
Long may it roll between England and me
It's a sure guarantee that somehow we'll be free
Thank God we're surrounded by water**

Tom Moore made his waters meet fame and renown
A great lover of anything dressed in a crown
In brandy the brandy old Saxon he'd drown
But throw ne'er a one into the ocean

The Scots have their whisky, the Welsh have their leeks
Their poets are paid about tenpence a week
Provided no harsh words on England they speak
Oh Lord! What a price for devotion

The Danes came to Ireland with nothing to do
But dream of the plundered old Irish they slew
'Yeh will in your Viking, said Brian Boru
And threw them back into the ocean!

Two foreign old monarchs in battle did join,
Each wanting their head on the back of a coin
If the Irish had sense they'd drowned both in the Boyne
And partition throw into the ocean!

THE SEAMEN'S HYMN

Come all you brave seamen
Wherever you're bound
And always let Nelson's
Proud memory go round.

And pray that the wars
And the tumult shall cease
For the greatest of gifts
Is a sweet lasting peace.

May the Lord put an end
To these cruel old wars
And bring peace and contentment
To all our brave tars!

SERAFINA

In Callao there lived a gal whose name is Serafina

Chorus: Serafina! Serafina!

She sleeps all day and works all night on the old Callao
Marina

Chorus: Serafina! Oh, Serafina!

She's the queen of all the gals that works at the old marina,
She used to work for monkey nuts but now she works for
vino.

Serafina's got no shoes, I been ashore an' seen 'er
She's got no time to put 'em on, that hard-worked Serafina.

She'd guzzle beer and wine and gin, on rum her mum did
wean 'er
She smokes just like a chimney stack on a P.S.N.C steamer.

When I was young an' in me prime, I first met Serafina
We did the sights at Callao and then went up to Lima.

For I wuz wrong, me clothes wuz gone, an' so wuz Serafina.
She'd done me brown, she'd sunk me down, that dirty she-
hyena!

I used to love a little girl and her name was Serafina
But she's run off with a sailor lad who plays a concertina.

SHALLOW BROWN

Fare thee well, me Juliana

Chorus: Shallow, o shallow brown

Fare thee well, me Juliana

Chorus: Shallow, o shallow brown

And it's shallow in the morning **cho**

Just as the day was dawning **cho**

I've put me clothes in order **cho**

For our packet leaves tomorrow **cho**

Yes, our packet leaves tomorrow **cho**

And it fills me heart with sorrow **cho**

For I love to gaze upon you **cho**

And to spend me money on you **cho**

O you are me only treasure **cho**

And I love ye still full measure **cho**

In me cradle lies me baby **cho**

I don't want no other lady **cho**

O my wife and baby grieve me **cho**

It just breaks me heart to leave ye **cho**

For I'm bound away to leave ye **cho**

But I never will deceive ye **cho**

Fare the well me Juliana **cho**

Fare thee well, me Juliana **cho**

SHOALS OF HERRING

(Ewan MacColl)

With our nets and gear we're faring

On the wild and wasteful ocean.

Its there that we hunt and we earn our bread

As we hunted for the shoals of herring

O it was a fine and a pleasant day

Out of Yarmouth harbor I was faring

As a cabinboy on a sailing lugger

For to go and hunt the shoals of herring

O the work was hard and the hours long

And the treatment, sure it took some bearing

There was little kindness and the kicks were many

As we hunted for the shoals of herring

O we fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank

I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing

And I used to sleep standing on my feet

And I'd dream about the shoals of herring

O we left the homegrounds in the month of June

And to Canny Shiels we soon were bearing

With a hundred cran of silver darlings

That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman

You can swear and show a manly bearing

Take your turn on watch with the other fellows

While you're searching for the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales

Just to earn your daily bread you're daring

From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands

As you're following the shoals of herring

O I earned my keep and I paid my way

And I earned the gear that I was wearing

Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes

We were sailing after shoals of herring

SHAWNEETOWN

Some rows up, but we float down
Way down to Shawneetown on the OH-HI-O

**Chorus: And it's hard on the beach oar,
She moves too slow;
Way down to Shawneetown on the O-HI-O**

The water's mighty warm, boys, the air is cool and damp
The cursed fog's so awful thick I cannot see the bank
Chorus

There's whiskey in the jug boys, and grain in the sack
We'll trade 'em down in New Orleans and bushwack her
back
Chorus

I've got a wife in Louisville and one in New Orleans
When I get to Shawneetown gonna see my Indian queen
Chorus

SOLID FAS'

Solid fas', I come to tell you
Chorus A: Hurrah, my rolling river
"Solid fas'," our captain cry out
Chorus B: We are bound away from this world of misery

Nobody knows about our toilin' **cho A**
Only God Almighty knows about our danger **cho B**

"Whale ahead," my little gunman cry out **cho A**
"Solid fas'," my little captain answer **cho B**

And on our way, she roll and shiver **cho A**
Down in our way, she spout dirty water **cho B**

"Make her so bold," my strokeman cry out **cho A**
"Haul and gi' me," my centerman cry out **cho B**

Nobody knows about our hardship **cho A**
Our shipowner, she don't know our hardship **cho B**

Misery into the ocean **cho A**
Misery in the deep wide ocean **cho B**

rowing shanty from the Caribbean island of St. Vincent,

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born!
Chorus A: Heave away! Haul away!
South Australia round Cape Horn!
Chorus B: We're bound for South Australia!

**Grand Chorus: Haul away, you rolling kings,
Heave away! Haul away!
Haul away you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia!**

As I walked out one morning fair, **cho A**
It's there I met Miss Nancy Blair. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

I shook her up, I shook her down, **cho A**
I shook her round and round the town. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind, **cho A**
It's to leave Miss Nancy Blair behind. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

And as you wallop round Cape Horn, **cho A**
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born! **cho B**
Grand Chorus

Up the coast to Vallipo, **cho A**
Northward on to Callao. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

It's back again to Liverpool, **cho A**
I spent me pay like a bloody fool! **cho B**
Grand Chorus

I'm Liverpool born and Liverpool bred, **cho A**
Long in the arm and thick in the head. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

Oh, rock and roll me over boys, **cho A**
Let's get this damn job over boys. **cho B**
Grand Chorus

SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you fair spanish ladies.
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain.
We've received orders to sail for old England,
But we hope very shortly to see you again.

**Chorus: We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors.
We'll rant and we'll rave across the salt sea.
'til we strike soundings in the channel off old England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-four leagues.**

We hove our ship to with the wind at Southwest, boys.
We hove our ship to, for to take soundings clear.
In fifty-five fathoms, with a fine sandy bottom,
We filled our main t'ps'l and up channel did steer.

The first land we made was a point called the Deadman,
Next Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight.
We sailed then by Beachie, by Fairlee and Dungeyness,
Then bore straight away for the South Foreland Light.

Now the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
We clewed up our tops'ls, stuck out tacks and sheets.
We stood by our stoppers, we brailed in our spankers,
And anchored ahead of the noblest of fleets.

Let every man here drink up his full bumper.
Let every man here drink up his full bowl.
Let us be jolly and drown melancholy,
And drink to the health of each true-hearted soul.

STARBUCK'S COMPLAINT

While on the sea, my days are spent
In anxious care, oft discontent.
No social circles here are found;
Few friends to virtue here abound.
I think of home, sweet home, denied,
With her I love near by my side.

**Chorus: See hoisted high the flag of love,
By heavenly breezes waved.
Here, sailors, stop, and orders hear.
Obey and you'll be saved.**

When will kind fortune set me free,
That I can quit the boistrous sea?
I love my friends, I love the shore,
I long to leave the ocean's roar.
Then home, sweet home, shall by my pride,
With her I love near by my side.

Chorus

STRIKE THE BELL SECOND MATE

Up on the poop deck and walking about,
There is the second mate so steady and so stout;
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know himself
And we wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

**Chorus: Strike the bell second mate, let us go below;
Look well to windward you can see it's gonna blow;
Look at the glass, you can see it has fell,
Oh we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.**

Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps,
There is the larboard watch just longing for their bunks;
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell,
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Chorus

Forward on the forecastle head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny standin', a-longin' fer to shout,
Lights' a-burnin' bright sir and everything is well,
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands,
Graspin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,
Lookin' at the compass through the course is clear as hell
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,
Lookin' out to windward with a spyglass in his hand,
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strikin' the bell.

Chorus

SURVIVOR LEAVE

I never really reckoned the ship would die in seconds -
No time to think or fight or even grieve -
And for some the smoke and fire became a funeral pyre,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.

**Chorus: Survivor leave, survivor leave,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave.**

It isn't so surprising when you scan the bare horizon
And death's arrived before you've time to breathe.
Ship's discipline can't waver when there's no way left to save
her,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave. **cho**

Now, me mates that caught the blow never had a chance to
know,
And the aftermath just makes my stomach heave.
We could only call the roll, and attempt some fire control,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave. **cho**

Now, those moments of pure strife, they're going to last me
all my life,
Though the family's glad I've got this special leave.
There's nothing more I'm dreading, now I've come from
Armageddon,
And I'm lucky to be on survivor leave. **cho**

Oh, there's got to be a reason to heal all the hurts and lesions,
On the killing ground, it's too bad to believe.
What's the use of disagreeing, when you're fighting and not
seeing,
And the whole world can't be on survivor leave?

**Final chorus (sung twice): Survivor leave, survivor leave,
And the whole world can't be on survivor leave.**

SUZY ANNA

Around Cape Horn we all must go

Chorus A: Way-ay – Suzy Anna

'Round Cape Stiff to Mexico

Chorus B: Around the bays of Mexico

**Grand Chorus: Oh, Mexico, my Mexico, away Suzy Anna
Mexico is a place I know, around the bays of Mexico**

I love them pretty gals, I declare
With their shining eyes and their long black hair

When I was a young man in me prime
I loved them pretty gals two at a time

Why do them pretty gals love me so?
Because I don't tell them all I know

Them Liverpool gals'll rob you blind
You're glad to leave them far behind

Them Liverpool gals don't use no comb
They combs their hair with the kipper backbone

Oh, times is hard and the wages low
It's time for us to roll and go

SUGAR IN THE HOLD

Wish I was in Mobile Bay
Screwing cotton all the day
Dollar a day is mighty fine pay
Below, below, below

**Chorus: Hey, ho, below, below
Stowin' sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowin' sugar in the hold below**

The J.M. White is a new boat
Stem to stern she's mighty fine
Beat any boat on the Orleans Line
Stowin sugar in the hold below . **cho**

Now the engineer shouts through his trumpet
"Tell the mate he's got bad news
Can't get any steam for the fire in the flue"
Stowin' sugar in the hold below . **cho**

The Captain stands on the quarterdeck
Scratchin' way at his old neck
He says "Heave the larboard lead"
Stowin' sugar in the hold below . **cho**

SWEET ROSEANNA

Oh, Ro-se-anne, sweet Ro-se-anne,
Chorus A: Bye bye my Ro-se-an-na

I'm goin' away, but not to stay,

Chorus B: And I won't be home tomorrow.

Grand Chorus: Bye bye, Bye bye, Bye bye, Bye bye,
Bye bye my Ro-se-an-na
Bye bye, Bye bye, Bye bye, Bye bye,
And I won't be home tomorrow.

I thought I heard the captain say, **Cho A**
Don't you want to go home on your next payday? **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

The steamboat's comin' round the bend. **Cho A**
A-loaded down with fishermen, **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

Keith, our Keith, just received his pay **Cho A**
Soon he'll be surfin' on eBay **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

Hangin Donny, can dance up a storm **Cho A**
Give him a chance and he'll dance till morn **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

Robert's a man, we say with a wink. **Cho A**
Cept when he wears his black curly wig **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

KC is our rum bo-son **Cho A**
Be nice to him, & he'll give you some **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

TANQUERAY MARTINI – O

We sailed out of Stamford town
With them Bloomington stinkpots all around,
When from up on deck the call came down,
Tanqueray Martini – O

Well both our captain & the crew,
They must have the drink you can look right through,
There's really nothing else will do,
Tanqueray Martini – O

Chorus: So haul your sheets back with one hand,
Set your drink down if you can,
& we never sail out of sight of land.
Tanqueray Martini – O

To Greenwich town we did put in,
Being nearly out of gin,
To continue on it would be a sin.
Tanqueray Martini – O

Our captain's laid out on the floor,
He'd been elected to buy some more,
But he broke his leg trying to get on shore.
Tanqueray Martini – O
Chorus

Now nine parts gin & one vermouth,
That's the yachtman's friend & that's the truth,
From Sheepshead Bay to the Bay of Booth
Tanqueray Martini – O

And them Montauk girls they look so fine,
Rigged loose up front & snug behind,
With a packing slip by Calvin Klein
Tanqueray Martini – O
Chorus

THREE SCORE AND TEN

Methinks I see a host of craft
Spreading their sails alee
Down the Humber they do glide
All bound for the Northern Sea
Me thinks I see on each small craft
A crew with hearts so brave
Going out to earn their daily bread
Upon the restless wave

**Chorus: And it's three score and ten
Boys and men were lost from Grimsby town
From Yarmouth down to Scarboro
Many hundreds more were drowned
Our herring craft, our trawlers
Our fishing smacks, as well
They long defied that bitter night
And battled with the swell**

Methinks I see them yet again
As they leave this land behind
Casting their nets into the sea
The herring shoals to find
Me thinks I see them yet again
They're all on board all right
With their nets rolled up and their decks cleaned off
And the side lights burning bright
Chorus

Me thinks I've heard the captain say
"Me lads we'll shorten sail"
With the sky to all appearances
Looks like an approaching gale
Me thinks I see them yet again
Midnight hour is past
The little craft abattling there
Against the icy blast
Chorus

October's night brought such a sight
Twas never seen before
There were mast and yards and broken spars
A washing on the shore
There were many a heart in sorrow
Many a heart so brave
There were many a fine and hearty lad
That met a watery grave
Chorus

TOMMYS GONE TO HILO

My Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Chorus A: Away, Hilo!
My Tommy's gone, what shall I do?
Chorus B: Tommy's gone to Hilo!

Now, Tommy's gone and I'll go too, **cho A**
My Tommy's gone and I'll go too. **cho B**

Now, Pull her up and show her clew, **cho A**
We'll h'ist her up and show her clew. **cho B**

One more pull and that will do. (2x) **cho A cho B**

Tommy's gone to Baltimore **cho A**
And where they carry the cotton ashore. **cho B**

Now, pull away my bully boys, **cho A**
Oh, pull away and make some noise. **cho B**

Now, Tommy's gone to Mobile Bay, **cho A**
Tommy's gone to Mobile Bay. **cho B**

A-screwin' cotton by the day (2x) **cho A cho B**

My Tommy's gone, they say to Bombay, **cho A**
Tommy's gone, they say to Bombay. **cho B**

TOPMAN AND THE AFTERGUARD

Oh a topman and an afterguard went a walking out one day
Says the topman to the afterguard I mean for to pray
for the rights of all sailors and the wrongs of all men
and whatever I do pray for you must answer "amen".

First I'll pray for the bosun with his little stick
Who calls out "all hands" and then gives us a lick
He strikes many a good fellow and kicks him a-main
May the devil double triple damn him; says the afterguard,
"Amen"

Next I'll pray for the purser who gives us to eat
Old burgoo, rank butter and musty horse meat
With his weavily old biscuits, while he gets the gain,
May the devil double triple damn him, says the Afterguard,
"Amen"

Then I'll pray for them navy officers who hold back our due,
We are owed three years wages and prize money too,
Well it's no pay for you Jack try next voyage again,
May the Devil double triple damn them, says the afterguard
"Amen"

And the last thing that I'll pray for is a jug of good beer,
For the Lord made the liquor our spirits to cheer,
And where we had one pot I wish we had ten,
And never never want for grog boys, says the afterguard
"Amen"

TRUXTON'S VICTORY

Come all you Yankee sailors,
With swords and pikes advance.
'Tis time to try your courage
And humble haughty France.
The sons of France our seas invade,
Destroy our commerce and our trade.
'Tis time the reckoning should be paid
To brave Yankee boys.

On board the Constellation
From Baltimore we came.
We had a bold commander,
And Truxtun was his name.
Our ship she mounted 40 forty guns,
And on the main so swiftly runs,
To prove to France Columbia's sons
Are brave Yankee boys.

We sailed to the West Indies
In order to annoy
The invaders of our commerce,
To burn, sink and destroy.
Our Constellation shone so bright,
Those Frenchmen could not bear the sight,
And away they scampered in a fright
From brave Yankee boys.

'Twas on the 9th of February,
At Montserrat we lay,
And there we spied the l'Insurgente,
Just at the break of day.
We raised the orange and the blue
To see if they our signal knew –
The Constellation and its crew
Of brave Yankee boys.

Then all hands were called to quarters
While we pursued the chase,
With well-primed guns, our Tompions out,
And well-spliced the mainbrace.
Then soon to France we did drew nigh –
Compelled to fight, they were, or fly.
These words were spoke: "Conquer or die,"
My brave Yankee boys."

Then loud our cannons thundered,
With peals tremendous roar,
And death upon our bullet's wings
Did drench their decks in gore.
The blood did from their scuppers run;
Their chief exclaimed, "We are undone!"
Their flag they struck, the battle was won
By brave Yankee boys.

Then to St. Kitts we steered
And brought her safe in port.
The grand salute was fired,
And answered from the fort.
Now sitting 'round the flowing bowl,
With hearty glee each jovial soul,
Drink as you fought – without control –
My brave Yankee boys.

Now here's a health to Truxtun,
Who did not fear the sight,
And all those Yankee sailors
Who for their country fight.
John Adams in full bumpers toast,
George Washington, Columbias's boast,
And now to the girls that we love most,
My brave Yankee boys.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
A spyglass in a sea chest
On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Two sailing boats
On the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Three square knots
On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Four shiny cleats
On the fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Fiiiive signal flags
On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Six sails a-luffing
On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Seven sailors swimming
On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Eight bosn's piping
On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Nine flags a fluttering
On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Ten propellers spinning (twinkling)
On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Eleven compasses pointing
On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me,
Twelve yachts a racing

VAN GOGH

Oh my name it is Van Gogh,
Lend an ear, lend an ear.
Oh my name it is Van Gogh,
Lend an ear.
My name it is Van Gogh
And all I did was cough
and my ear it just fell off
Lend an ear, lend an ear.

Oh my right ear's pale and wan
On the floor, on the floor
My right ear's pale and wan on the floor.
My right ear's pale and wan
It was 'ere, but now it's gone
And its just been trodden on
And its sore, and its sore.

But there's no need to shout
Or for gloom, or for gloom
But there's no need to shout, or for gloom.
But there's no need to shout
I'll take my ear 'ole out
And I'll pass my ear about
Round the room, round the room.

Drinking Watneys leads to tears
I shall teach, I shall teach
Drinking Watneys leads to tears I shall teach.
Drinking Watneys leads to tears
And the falling off of ears
And the parts that other beers
Cannot reach, cannot reach.

WALLOPING WINDOW BLIND

A capital ship for an ocean trip was the
Walloping Window Blind.
No wind that blew dismayed her crew,
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow
Tho' it often appeared when the gale had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

**Chorus: So blow, ye winds, Heigh-ho! A-roving I will go!
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play-ay-ay!
I'm off for the morning train! I'll cross the raging main!
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
Ten thousand miles away!**

The bo' swain's mate was very sedate
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hopscotch with the starboard watch
While the captain tickled the crew.
The gunner we had was apparently mad
For he sat on the after ra-a-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the blooming gale!

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way,
Off pickles and figs and little roast pigs,
And gunnery bread each day.
The cook was Dutch, and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the cre-e-ew
Was a couple of tons of hot cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

We all felt ill as mariners will
On a diet that's rough and crude,
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gruesome food.
All nautical pride we cast aside,
As we ran the vessel asho-o-ore
On the Gulliby Isles where the poo-poo smiles,
And the rubbly updugs roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land
And trimmed with cinnamon straws.
And pink and blue were the pleasing hues
Of the tickle-toed teasers claws
As we set on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ees;
The ringtailed bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shining sea.

On rugbug bark from dawn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Terrible Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care
As we cheerily put to se-e-ea;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the rugbug tree.

WAITING FOR THE DAY

The worst old brig that ever did weigh,
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day

**Chorus: And we're waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
That we get our pay.**

She was built in Roman time,
Held together with bits of twine.

The Skipper's half Dutch and the Mate's a Jew,
The crew are fourteen men too few.

Nothing in the galley, nothing in the hold,
But the skipper's turned in with a bag of gold.

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak,
Hear her poor old timbers creak.

We pumped our way round Lowestoft Ness
When the wind backed round to the west-sou'west

Through the Cockle to Cromer Cliff,
Steering like a wagon with her wheel adrift.

Into the Humber and up the town,
Pump you blighters, pump or drown.

Her coal was shot by a Keady crew,
Her bottom was rotten and it went right through.

WAVE OVER WAVE

Me name's Able Rogers, a shareman am I
On a three-masted schooner from Twillingate Isle
I've been the world over, north, south, east, and west
But the middle of nowhere's where I like it best

**Chorus: Where it's wave over wave, sea over bow
I'm as happy a man as the sea will allow
There's no other life for a sailor like me
But to sail the salt sea, boys, sail the sea
There's no other life but to sail the salt sea**

The work it is hard and the hours are long
My spirit is willing, my back it is strong
And when the work's over then whiskey we'll pour
We'll dance with the girls upon some foreign shore

I'd leave my wife lonely ten months of the year
She made me a home and raised my children dear
But she'd never come out to bid farewell to me
Or ken why a sailor must sail the salt sea

I've sailed the wide oceans four decades or more
And oft-times I've wondered what I do it for
I don't know the answer, it's pleasure and pain
But with life to live over, I'd do it again

WE HAVE FED OUR SEA

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And it calls us, still unfed.
Tho' there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead
We have strawed our best to the seas unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull

**And if blood be the price of admiralty
Lord God, we have paid in full**

There is never a tide that moves shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned
There is never an ebb moves seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand
But drops our dead on the sand forlorn
From the Ducies to the Swin

**And if blood be the price of admiralty
And if blood be the price of admiralty
Lord God, we have paid it in.**

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
For that is our doom and pride
As it was when they sailed on the Golden Hind

Or the wreck that struck half tide
Or the wreck that lies on the hulking reef
Where the ghastly blue lights flare

**And if blood be the price of admiralty
And if blood be the price of admiralty
And if blood be the price of admiralty
Lord God, we have bought it fair.**

WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD?

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides life and the cables strain
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

**Chorus: We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love**

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand
Though the tempest rage and the wild winds blow
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

Chorus

It will surely hold in the Straits of Fear
When the breakers tell that the reef is near
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

Chorus

It will firmly hold in the Floods of Death
When the waters cold chill our latest breath
On the rising tide it can never fail
While our hopes abide within the Veil.

Chorus

When our eyes behold through the gath'ring night
The city of gold, our harbor bright
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore
With the storms all past forevermore.

Chorus

WHISKEY, O (John, Rise Her Up)

Whiskey is the life of man
Always was since the world began,

**Chorus: Whiskey, O, Johnny, O
John rise her up from down below.
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey, O
Up aloft this yard must go,
John rise her up from down below**

I like whiskey hot and strong,
I'll drink whiskey all day long. *cho*

Whiskey killed me poor old dad
Whiskey drove me mother mad. *cho*

Whiskey made me pawn my clothes
Whiskey gave me a broken nose. *cho*

I'll drink whiskey when I can
I'll drink it from an old tin can. *cho*

Whiskey made me sell my coat,
Whiskey's what keeps me afloat. *cho*

Some likes whiskey, some likes beer
I wish I had a barrel here. *cho*

Whiskey stole me brains away
One more pull and we'll belay! *cho*

WINGS OF A GULL

Oh if I had the wings of a goney, boys,
I would spread 'em and fly home.
I would leave old Greenland's icy grounds,
For the right whale here is none.
The weather's rough and the winds do blow.
And there's little comfort here
And I'd sooner be snug in a Deptford pub
A' drinking of strong beer.

Oh, a man must be mad or he's wanting money bad
To venture catching whales,
For he may be drowned when the fish turns around
Or his head smashed in by its tail.
Though the work seems grand to a young green hand
And his heart is high when he goes,
In a very short burst he'd as soon as hear a curse
As the cry of: "There she blows!"

"All hand on deck now, for God's sake!
Move quickly if you can."
And he stumbles on deck so dizzy and so sick,
For his life he don't give a damn.
High overhead the great flukes spread
And the mate gives the whale the iron
And soon the blood in a purple flood
From his spout all comes a flyin'.

These trials we bear for nigh on four years
'Til our flying jib points to home.
We're supposed for our toil to get a bonus on the oil
And an equal share of the bone.
We go to the agent to settle for the trip
And there we have cause to repent,
For we've slaved away four years of our lives
And we've earned about three pounds ten.

WORTHY SAILOR

Written and Copyrighted by: Ronald Quinn

I am a worthy sailor
I've sailed the stormy seas
I fear nothing more than God
And the storms you see
Least when you expect it
Stormy weather will appear
So batten down the hatches mates
Put on your stormy gear

**Cho: Stormy weather, stormy weather
The ruler of the sea**

When I was a young lad
At the age of seventeen
I'd thought I'd seen the worst thing
That a sailor could ever see
A forty footer crest the maindeck
Right in front of me
Swept the captain from the helm
Drug him to the sea

Now that I've been sailing forty-five or so
There's somethin' I want to tell you
Young sailors ought to know
When the weather changes
Things may not be clear
So batten down your hatches mates
Put on your stormy gear.

I am a worthy sailor
I've sailed the stormy seas
I fear nothing more than God
And the storms you see

YANGTZE RIVER SHANTY

My lotus lady, I'll see no more,
Chorus A: A-way, boys, a-way-o!
Since I left her on the China shore,
Chorus B: A-way, boys, lift and walk a-way!

Grand Chorus: A-way-ay, boys, a-way-o!
Blow me down that Yangtze Riv-er,
A-way, boys, lift and walk a-way!

When we first met, she was like a queen, **Cho A**
Prettiest little thing I'd ever seen, **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

She'd flashing eyes and long black hair, **Cho A**
All I could do was stand and stare, **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

I blew my silver just to try to win her, **Cho A**
Now there's nothing left but donkey's dinner, **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

I bought her silks and a golden comb, **Cho A**
Trouble's over now, the anchor's home, **Cho B**
Grand Chorus

We're homeward bound, cookie's in the galley, **Cho A**
Farewell, Young Moon, of the Yangtze Valley, **Cho B**
Grand Chorus (2X)

And now some Irish Favorites

BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
Till bad misfortune befell me
And caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

**Chorus: Her eyes they shone like the diamond
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up in a black velvet band**

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
She was selling her trade in a bar
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band

Chorus

Next morning before judge and jury
For our trial I had to appear
The judge, he said, "Young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band"

Chorus

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
And whenever you're out on the liquor
Beware of the pretty colleen
They'll fill your with whiskey and porter
Until You're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land

Chorus

CARRICKFERGUS

I wish I was in Carrickfergus,
Only for nights in Ballygrant
I would swim over the deepest ocean,
Only for nights in Ballygrant, *

**Chorus: But the sea is wide and I cannot cross over
And neither have I the wings to fly
I wish I could meet a handsome boatsman
To ferry me over, my love to find ****

But in Kilkenny, it is reported,
On marble stones there as black as ink
With gold and silver I would support her,
But I'll sing no more 'till I get a drink.
For I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober,
A handsome rover from town to town,
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are numbered,
Come all you young men and lay me down.

Chorus

* or: The deepest ocean for my love to find.

** or: ...to my love and die.

DONNEGAL DANNY

I remember the night that he came in
From the wintery cold and damp
A giant of a man in an oilskin coat
and a bundle that told he was a tramp
He stood at the bar and he called a pint
Then turned and gazed at the fire
On a night like this, to be safe and dry
Is my one and only desire

**Chorus: So here's to those that are dead and gone
The friends that I loved dear
And here's to you then I'll bid you adieu
Sayin' "Donegal Danny's been here, me boys"
Donegal Danny's been here**

Then in a voice that was hushed and low
He said "Listen, I'll tell you a tale"
How a man of the sea became a man of the road
And never more will set sail
I fished out of Howth and Killybegs,
Ardglass and Baltimore
But the cruel sea has beaten me
And I'll end my days on the shore

Chorus

One fateful night in the wind and the rain
We set sail from Killybegs town
There were five of us from sweet Donegal
And one from county Down
We were fishermen who worked the sea
And never counted the cost
But I never thought 'ere that night was gone
That my fine friends would all be lost

Chorus

Then the storm it broke and broke the boat
With the rocks about ten miles from shore
As we fought the tide, we hoped inside
To see our homes once more
Then we struck a rock and hold the bow
And all of us knew that she'd go down
So we jumped right into the icy sea
And prayed to God we wouldn't drown

Chorus

But the ragin' sea was risin' still
As we struck out for the land
And she fought with all her cruelty
To claim those gallant men
By Saint John's point in the early dawn
I dragged myself on the shore
And I cursed the sea for what she'd done
And vowed to sail her never more

Chorus

Ever since that night I've been on the road
Travelin' and trying to forget
That awful night I lost all my friends
I see their faces yet
And often at night when the sea is high
And the rain is tearing at my skin
I hear the cries of drowning men
Floating over on the wind

Chorus

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street
A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way
With a love of the whiskey he was born
And to help him on with his work each day
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

**Chorus: Whack fol the darn O, dance to your partner
Whirl the floor, your trotters shake;
Wasn't it the truth I told you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!**

One mornin' Tim was feelin' full
His head was heavy which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed,
A gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to bawl
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?
"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"
Arragh, hold your gob said Paddy McGhee!

Chorus

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
"O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawlin' on the floor.
And then the war did soon engage
'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed, and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim!
The corpse revives! See how he raises!
Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thanum an Dhul! Do you thunk I'm dead?"

Chorus

THE GALWAY SHAWL

At Orenmore in the County Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May,
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

**Chorus: She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,
No paint or powder, no, none at all.
But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And round her shoulder was a Galway Shawl.**

We kept on walking, she kept on talking,
'Till her father's cottage came into view.
Says she: 'Come in, sir, and meet my father,
And play to please him " The Foggy Dew."

Chorus

She sat me down beside the fire
I could see her father, he was six feet tall.
And soon her mother had the kettle singing
All I could think of was the Galway shawl.

Chorus

I played "The Blackbird" and "The Stack of Barley",
" Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew",
She sang each note like an Irish linnet.
Whilst the tears stood in her eyes of blue.

Chorus

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,
When I hit the road for old Donegal.
She said 'Goodby, sir,'she cried and kissed me,
And my heart remained with that Galway shawl

Chorus

THE GYPSY ROVER

Whistling Gypsy came over the hill
Down thru the valley so sha-dy
He whistled and he sang til the greenwood rang
And he won the heart of the la-a-ady

Chorus:

**A dee do a dee do die day,
A dee do a dee day-o
He whistled and he sang til the greenwood rang
And he won the heart of the la-a-ady**

She left her father's castle gate
She left her fair young lover
Shwe left her servants and her estate
To follow the Gypsy rover.

Chorus:

She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leather
They whistled and they sang til the greenwood rang
As they rode off together.

Chorus:

Last night she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for cover
Tonght she sleeps on the cold cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover.

Chorus:

HILLS OF CONNEMARA

Chorus:

**Gather up the pots and the old tin cans
The mash, the corn, the barley and the bran
Run like the devil from the excise man
Keep the smoke from rising, Barney**

Keep your eyes well peeled today
The excise men are on their way
Searching for the mountain tay
In the hills of Connemara

Chorus

Swinging to the left, swinging to the right
The excise men will dance all night
Drinkin' up the tay til the broad daylight
In the hills of Connemara

Chorus

A gallon for the butcher and a quart for John
And a bottle for poor old Father Tom
Just to help the poor old dear along
In the hills of Connemara

Chorus

Stand your ground for it's too late
The excise men are at the gate
Glory be to God, but they're drinkin it straight
In the hills of Connemara.

Chorus X2

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
all loved true

And we'll sail the salt sea over, but we'll return for sure
To greet again the girls we loved, on the Holy Ground once
more (fine girl you are)

Chorus:

***You're the girl I do adore and still I live in hopes to see
The Holy Ground once more (fine girl you are)***

And now we're out a' sailing, and you are far behind
Fine letters will I write to you with the secrets of my mind
The secrets of my mind my love, you're the girl I do adore
Still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more
(fine girl you are)

And now the storm is raging and we are far from shore
And the good old ship is tossing about and the rigging is all
tore
the night is dark and dreary, you can hardly see the shore
Still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once more.
(fine girl you are)

And now the storm is over and we are safe and well
We'll go into a public house, we'll sit and drink our fill
We'll drink strong ale and porter, we'll make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent, we'll go to sea once more
(fine girl you are)

Chorus:

LONG WAY FROM CLARE TO HERE

There's four who share this room
And we work hard for the crack.
Sleeping late on Sundays
And we never got to Mass.

***Chorus: It's a long way from Clare to here,
It's a long way from Clare to here,
It's a long long way
It gets further by the day
It's a long long way from Clare to here.***

When Friday comes around
Terry's only into fighting.
My mom would like a letter home
But I'm too tired for writing.
Chorus

It almost breaks my heart
When I think of Josephine
I told her I'd be coming home
With my pockets full of green.
Chorus

The only time I feel alright
Is when I'm into drinking.
It can sort of ease the pain of it
And it levels out my thinking.
Chorus

I sometimes hear a fiddle play
Or maybe it's a notion.
I dream I see white horses dance
Upon that other ocean.
Chorus

MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

**Chorus: "Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh",
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".**

She was a fishmonger,
But sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
Chorus

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
Chorus

OLD DUN COW

Some friends and I in a public house
Were playing dominoes one night
When into the room a fireman came,
His face all chalky white
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost?"
"Have you seen your Aunt Moriah?"
"Oh my Aunt Moriah be bugged," says he,
"The bleeding pubs on fire"

"Oh," says Brown, "What a bit of luck
Everybody follow me
It's down to the cellar if the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree"
So we all went down with good old Brown
And the booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more
Till we were quite like this

**Chorus: Oh, there was Brown, up side down
Mopping up the whiskey on the floor
"Booze, booze" the firemen cried
As they come a knockin' at the door
"Well don't let em in till it's all mopped up
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre"
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire**

Then Smith ran over to the port wine tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks
He started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks
"Oh no," says Brown, "That t'ain't allowed
You can't do that there
Don't be washing your shorts in the port wine tub
When we got some old stale beer" . *cho*

Then there came a mighty crash
Half the bleeding roof gave way
And we were drowned by the fireman's hose
Though we were almost gay
So we got some tacks and some wet old sacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we sat there drinkin' up gallons of rum
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire . *cho*

THE RAMBLES OF SPRING

There's a piercin' wintry breeze
Blowin' through the budding trees,
And I button up my coat to keep me warm,
But the days are on the mend
And I'm on the road again
With me fiddle snuggled close beneath my arm.

**Chorus: I've a fine felt hat
And a strong pair of brogues.
I have rosin in me pocket for me bow,
And me fiddle strings are new,
And I've learned a tune or two,
So I'm well prepared to ramble. I must go.**

I'm as happy as a king
As I catch a breath of spring,
And the grass is turning green as winter ends,
And the geese are on the wing,
And the twiddles start to sing,
And I'm going down the road to see my friends.
Chorus

I have friends in every town,
As I ramble up and down,
Makin' music at the markets and the fairs,
To the donkeys in the creels,
And the farmers makin' deals,
And the yellow-headed tinker sellin' wares.
Chorus

Here's to health to one and all,
To the big and to the small,
To the rich and poor alike and foe and friend,
And when we next meet again,
May our foes all turn to friends,
And may peace and joy be with you until then.
Chorus

RED IS THE ROSE

Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
Come over the hills to your darling
You choose the rose, love, and I'll make the vow
And I'll be your true love forever.

**Chorus: Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
But my love is fairer than any.**

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed
When the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

Chorus

It's not for the parting that my sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother
'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass
That my heart is breaking forever.

Chorus

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was coming over, the Far-famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol, and I then produced my rapier
Saying, Stand and deliver, for you are the bold deceiver

Chorus:

Mush-a ring dum-a-doo dum-a-da
Whack fol the daddy-o, whack fol the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

Chorus

I went up to my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels, and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter

Chorus

Twas early in the morning, before I rose to travel
When up came a band of footmen, and likewise Captain
Farrel
I then produced my pistol, for she'd stolen away my rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

Chorus

If anyone can save me tis my brother in the army
If I but knew his station, be it Cork or in Killarney
If he'll go with me, we'd go rovin' round Kilkenny
He'd surely treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny

Chorus

Some take delight in the carriages a rolling
Others take delight in the hurling or the bowling
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty maidens in the morning bright and early

Chorus

WILD COLONIAL BOY

There was a Wild Colonial Boy,
Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born and reared in Ireland,
In a place called Castlemaine,
He was his father's only son,
And his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The Wild Colonial Boy.

At the early age of sixteen years,
He left his native home;
And to Australia's sunny land
He was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich, and he helped the poor
He stabbed James MacEvoy.
A terror to Australia was
The Wild Colonial Boy.

One morning on the prairie wild,
As Jack he rode along,
Listening to the mocking bird
Singing a cheerful song,
Out jumped a band of troopers,
Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy:
They all set out to capture him,
The Wild Colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan, Come:
"You see there's three to one!
Surrender in the Queen's high name
For your'e a plundering son!"
Jack drew two pistols from his side,
And glared upon Fitzroy;
"I'll fight, but not surrender!" cried
The Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly
Which brought him to the ground,
He fired point blank at Davis, too
Who fell dead at the sound,
But a bullet pierced his brave young heart
From the pistol of Fitzroy;
And that was how they captured him,
The Wild Colonial Boy.

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

**Chorus: And it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.**

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

Chorus

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."

Chorus

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress (forgive) me as oftentimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
grows around the blooming heather.

**Chorus: Will you go, lassie, go?
And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?**

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

Chorus

If my true love, she won't have me,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.

Chorus

Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

Chorus