

# N.O. Quarter Shanty Krewe



## SONG BOOK

*Them's As Dies Is the Lucky Ones*



ABOARD THE SPRAY.....	2	EDDYSTONE LIGHT .....	23
AGAMEMNON .....	2	ESSEQUIBO RIVER .....	23
ALL FOR ME GROG .....	3	ETERNAL FATHER .....	24
ALLELUIA, THE GREAT STORM IS OVER.....	3	FAREWELL SHANTY .....	24
A-ROVIN'.....	3	FAREWELL TO GROG .....	25
THE BALAENA .....	3	FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA.....	25
BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.....	4	FAREWELL TO TARWATHIE .....	25
BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO .....	4	FATHOM THE BOWL.....	26
BANKS OF SICILY.....	5	FIDDLER'S GREEN .....	26
BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS .....	5	FINAL TRAWL .....	26
THE BAY OF SUVLA.....	6	FIRE DOWN BELOW .....	26
BEAR AWAY YANKEE, BEAR AWAY BOY .....	6	FIRE DOWN BELOW (II).....	27
BILLY O'SHEA .....	6	FIRE MARINGO .....	27
BILLY RILEY.....	7	THE FIRESHIP .....	28
THE BLACK BALL LINE .....	7	THE FLASH PACKET .....	28
BLOOD RED ROSES .....	7	FRISCO SHIP.....	29
BLOW, BOYS, BLOW .....	7	GENERAL GUINNESS.....	29
BLOW THE MAN DOWN .....	8	GENERAL TAYLOR .....	30
BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING .....	8	GET UP JACK, JOHN SIT DOWN.....	30
BOATMAN'S CURE.....	9	GLENDY BURK.....	31
BOLD RILEY .....	9	GO TO SEA ONCE MORE .....	31
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.....	9	GOLDEN VANITY .....	32
BONEY .....	10	GOOD ALE.....	32
THE BONNY SHIP THE DIAMOND.....	10	GOODBYE FARE THEE WELL .....	33
BOOZING .....	11	GOODBYE FARE YOU WELL.....	33
BOSTON COME-ALL-YE .....	11	GOODBYE OLD SHIP.....	33
BOSTON HARBOR.....	12	THE GOODNIGHT SONG.....	34
BOTTLE O' THE BEST .....	12	GREENLAND FISHERIES .....	34
BRING 'EM DOWN .....	13	GREY FUNNEL LINE.....	35
BRISTOL CHANNEL JAMBOREE.....	13	HANGING JOHNNY.....	35
BULLY IN THE ALLEY .....	14	THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN.....	36
BYE-BYE MY ROSIANNA.....	14	HAUL 'ER AWAY .....	36
CAPE COD GIRLS (windlass/pumps).....	14	HAUL AWA' .....	37
CHEERILY, MAN .....	15	HAUL AWAY JOE.....	37
CHICKEN ON A RAFT.....	15	HAUL AWAY FOR ROSIE .....	38
CLEAR AWAY IN THE MORNING.....	16	HAUL ON THE BOWLINE .....	38
CLEAR THE TRACK.....	16	HILO, JOHNNY BROWN .....	38
COME DOWN YOU ROSES .....	16	HEART OF OAK .....	39
CROSSING THE WATER.....	17	HEAVE AWAY, ME JOHNNIES .....	39
CRUISING ROUND YARMOUTH .....	17	HERZOGIN CECILE.....	39
DAVY LOWSTON .....	17	HIGH BARBARY .....	40
DEAD DOG SCRUMPY .....	18	HOG-EYE MAN .....	40
THE DEAD HORSE .....	18	HOME FROM THE SEA.....	41
DEEP BLUE SEA .....	18	HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT .....	41
DOGGER BANK .....	19	HULLABALOO BELAY.....	41
DONKEY RIDING .....	19	A HUNDRED YEARS AGO .....	42
DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD SHIPMATE.....	20	IN PRAISE OF ALCOHOL .....	42
DOODLE LET ME GO.....	20	ITCHES IN MY BRITCHES .....	43
DOWN TRINIDAD .....	21	JAMAICA FAREWELL .....	43
DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL.....	21	THE JAMESTOWN HOMEWARD BOUND.....	44
THE DREADNAUGHT.....	21	JOHANNA AND RHODY.....	44
DRIFTING TOO FAR FROM SHORE .....	22	JOHN CHEROKEE.....	44
DRIVE SORROWS AWAY .....	22	JOHN KANAKA.....	45
DRUNKEN SAILOR .....	22	JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO.....	45
EAT BERTHA'S MUSSELS.....	22	JOHNSON GIRLS .....	45
THE EBENEZER.....	23	JOLI ROUGE .....	45

LARRY MARR, THE BIG FIVE GALLON JAR .....	46	ROLLING HOME .....	67
LAST CIGAR.....	46	ROLLING DOWN TO CAIRO.....	68
THE LAST LEVIATHAN .....	46	ROLLING SEA .....	68
LEAVING LIVERPOOL .....	47	ROSEABELLA, THE.....	69
LEAVE HER JOHNNY .....	47	ROUND CAPE HORN.....	69
LEIS AN LUGAINN .....	48	ROUND THE CORNER .....	69
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.....	48	A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR .....	70
LET UNION BE .....	49	SAILOR'S ALPHABET .....	70
LIVERPOOL JUDIES.....	50	SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.....	71
LIVERPOOL PACKET.....	50	SAILOR'S PRAYER .....	71
LONDON JULIES .....	50	SALLY BROWN (ROLL AND GO).....	72
THE LOSS OF THE BAY RUPERT .....	51	SAM'S GONE AWAY .....	72
LOWLANDS.....	51	SANTIANO.....	72
LOWLANDS LOW.....	51	SEA AROUND US .....	73
MARCHING INLAND .....	52	THE SEAMEN'S HYMN .....	73
MARINER'S HYMN .....	52	SERAFINA.....	73
MARY ELLEN CARTER.....	52	SHANTY MAN.....	74
MAULING LIVE OAK.....	53	SHALLOW BROWN.....	74
MERMAID, THE .....	53	SHOALS OF HERRING.....	75
MINGULAY BOAT SONG.....	54	SHAWNEETOWN.....	75
MY SON JOHN.....	54	SHENANDOAH .....	75
NEW YORK GIRLS .....	54	SOLID FAS' .....	76
NOAH'S ARK SHANTY .....	55	SOUTH AUSTRALIA .....	76
NOAH BUILT THE ARK.....	55	SPANISH LADIES .....	77
NORTHWEST PASSAGE .....	56	STARBUCK'S COMPLAINT.....	77
OLD FID .....	56	STRIKE THE BELL SECOND MATE .....	77
OLD FIGUREHEAD CARVER .....	57	SURVIVOR LEAVE.....	78
THE OLD RED DUSTER.....	57	SUGAR IN THE HOLD.....	78
OLD ROSE AND CROWN .....	58	TANQUERAY MARTINI – O.....	79
ONE MORE DAY .....	58	THREE SCORE AND TEN .....	79
PADDY DOYLE.....	58	TOMMYS GONE TO HILO.....	80
PADDY LAY BACK .....	59	TOPMAN AND THE AFTERGUARD .....	80
PADDY WEST.....	59	TRUXTON'S VICTORY .....	81
PASS AROUND THE GROG.....	60	WALLOPING WINDOW BLIND.....	82
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN.....	60	WAITING FOR THE DAY .....	82
PLAINS OF MEXICO .....	60	WAVE OVER WAVE .....	83
PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL .....	60	WE HAVE FED OUR SEA .....	83
PUMP SHANTY .....	61	THE WELLERMAN.....	84
RANDY DANDY OH.....	61	WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD? .....	84
REUBEN RANZO .....	62	WHISKEY, O (John, Rise Her Up).....	85
RANZO, RANZO, HURRAY .....	62	WINGS OF A GULL .....	85
RANZO RAY .....	62	WORTHY SAILOR .....	86
RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET .....	62	YANGTZE RIVER SHANTY .....	86
RIO GRANDE.....	63	<b>Some Irish Favorites .....</b>	<b>87</b>
RIVER DRIVER .....	63	THE BELLE OF BELFAST CITY .....	87
ROLL, AGEMEMNONS, ROLL.....	64	BLACK VELVET BAND.....	87
ROLL ALABAMA ROLL .....	64	CARRICKFERGUS .....	88
ROLL BOYS ROLL (halyard/rowing).....	64	DONEGAL DANNY .....	88
ROLL DOWN .....	64	FINNEGAN'S WAKE .....	89
ROLL THE COTTON DOWN.....	65	THE GALWAY SHAWL.....	89
ROLL NORTHUMBRIA.....	65	THE GYPSY ROVER.....	90
ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG .....	65	HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY.....	90
ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN.....	66	HILLS OF CONNEMARA .....	90
ROLLING DOWN THE BAY TO JULIANA .....	66	THE HOLY GROUND .....	91
ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER.....	66	LONG WAY FROM CLARE TO HERE.....	91
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI.....	67		

MOLLY MALONE .....	92	WILD COLONIAL BOY .....	95
OLD DUN COW .....	92	WILD ROVER .....	95
THE PARTING GLASS.....	93	WILD MOUNTAIN THYME .....	96
THE RAMBLES OF SPRING .....	93		
RED IS THE ROSE.....	94		
WHISKEY IN THE JAR.....	94		

## **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.

## **AGAMEMNON**

Where is Henry Adams now, that planned the Agamemnon?  
Founded on the River Plate, in Madonado's Bay.  
Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling.  
Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away.

**Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling.  
Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away.**

Where are all the bully boys that built the Agamemnon?  
Let them wait 'neath waiting grass, content at where they lay.  
Swords and swinging riveters, the sound will not be waking  
them.  
Sink them in their hammock, boys, they've gone far away.

**Swords and swinging riveters, the sounds will not be  
waking them.  
Sink them in their hammocks, boys, they've gone far  
away.**

Where is Captain Nelson, now, that sailed the Agamemnon?  
Fought and beat the Spanish crewa in Cape St. Vincent's  
Bay.  
Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling.  
Broach a keg of brandy, boys, and send him far away.

**Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling.  
Broach a keg of brandy, boys, and send him far away.**

Where are all the jolly tars that crewed the Agamemnon?  
Men for whom the carronades were less hard work than play.  
Oak and iron and blood were they, and every girl a darling.  
Sink them in their hammocks, lads, they've gone far away.

**Oak and iron and blood were they, and every girl a  
darling.  
Sink them in their hammocks, lads, they've gone far  
away.**

Sing the shanty loud, me boys, we'll rouse the Agamemnon.  
Stamp it round the capstan and her anchor we will weigh.  
Where are all the wooden walls, the clouds of sail a-bearing?  
They're foundered, sunk, or broken and they've gone far  
away.

**Where are all the wooden walls, the clouds of sail a-  
bearing?  
They're foundered, sunk, or broken and they've gone far  
away.**

Where is Henry Adams now, that planned the Agamemnon?  
Founded on the River Plate, in Madonado's Bay.  
Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling.  
Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away.

**Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling.  
Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away.**

**Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away.**

## **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 Californ-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**



## **THE BAY OF SUVLA**

Plucked from the finest of hamlets and dales,  
From Sydney and Bristol and Yorkshire we hail.  
Riding the finest of summertime gales,  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla.

**Chorus: And it's away, Suvla Bay.  
Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay.  
Fare thee well my pretty young maids,  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla.**

Our wake it is bursting right over the pier.  
The engines do carry this bold chevalier.  
To face the brave Abdul Abulbul Amir.  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla.

And it's haul 'er straight over and hard to the right.  
The waters are clear and the sand it is white.  
Old Mr. Stopford will set us alight.  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla.

Well, the wind it is fair and the stars have aligned.  
We'll sell our salt cod for sweet olives and wine.  
And string up the Kaiser by Thanksgiving time.  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla.

## **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 Gloucester 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 it's 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**

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

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

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

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

## **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**

## **BOATMAN'S CURE**

© George Ward 1991, 2008

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 (Ague)**

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

**Chorus (Black fly)**

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 (Shadows)**

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.**

## **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 Chor:** 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**

## **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 iles 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! *cho*

Them Rotherhite girls, they are so fine, *cho*

They're never a day behind their time! *cho*

It's around Cape Horn that we must we go, *cho*

Round Cape Stiff through the ice and snow! *cho*

Then up the coast to Vallipo, *cho*

Then northward on to Callao *cho*

Then 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!

Them Vallipo girls I do admire, *cho*

They set your riggin' all afire! *cho*

Well, 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 Nor'east 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's in the wardroom drinkin' gin,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

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

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

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

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

He's lookin' at me comic cuts again!

Hey, ho, **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,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

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

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

Seagulls wheelin' overhead,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

I oughter be home in me featherbed!

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

**Grand chorus**

I had a little girl in Donny-B,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

And did she make a fool of me.

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

Her heart was like a pusser's shower,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

Run hot to cold in a quarter of an hour!

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

**Grand chorus**

We kissed goodbye on a midnight bus,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

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

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

Am I that one she loves the best,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

Or just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

**Grand chorus**

An amazon girl lived in Dumfries,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

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

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

She's got a sister in Maryhill,

Hi, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

Says she won't but I think she will!

Hey, ho, **chicken on a raft!**

**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**

## **DEEP BLUE SEA**

Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea  
**Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea**  
**Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea**  
**It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.**

Captain, captain, did he sail with you?  
**Captain, captain, did he sail with you?**  
**Captain, captain, did he sail with you?**  
**It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.**

The wind blew high, and the waves grew strong.

Sew his shroud with a silken thread.

Golden sun, bring him back to me.

Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea.

## **DOGGER BANK**

Sailing over the Dogger Bank, now wasn't it a treat?  
The wind was blowing east nor'east we had to give her sheet.  
You should ta see us rally, the wind a blowin' free,  
On the passage from the Dogger Bank to Great Grimsby.

**Chorus: So, watch her, twig her, she's a proper ju-be-ju.  
Give her sheet – let her rip, we're the boys to pull her  
through!  
You should ta see us rally, the wind a blowin' free,  
On the passage from the Dogger Bank to Geat Grimsby.**

Our captain she's a shanghai roush, she likes a drop of good  
ale.

The first mate he's a ribston pippin, he's been in many a jail.  
The third mate she's a bushranger, the worst of all the crew.  
A scoundrel and a packet rat, a son-of-a-buckaroo.

**Chorus**

So, watch her, twig her, it's down the street she came.  
With high heels and painted toes, good Jilly is on the game.  
She is one of them flash girls, can't she cut a shine?  
She can do a double shuffle on the knickerbocker line,

**Chorus**

Oh, we're the boys to make some noise when we get home  
from sea.

We get right drunk, we roll on the floor, we have a jubilee.  
We get so drunk and full of beer, we roll along the floor.  
And when our money is all spent, we'll go to sea for more.

**Chorus**

## **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 hoosier's pay.  
Ridin' on a donkey.

**Chorus**

Wuz ye ever in Hong Kong  
Where the men wear pigtails 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**

## **DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD SHIPMATE**

Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack.  
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack.

**Chorus:** Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now  
we're safe ashore, Jack.  
Don't forget yer old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee raldee  
rye-eye-doe!

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound, four years gone, or  
nigh, Jack.  
Was there ever chummies, now, such as you and I, Jack?  
**Chorus**

We have worked the self-same gun, quarterdeck division.  
Sponger I and loader you, through the whole commission.  
**Chorus**

Oftentimes have we laid out, toil nor danger fearing,  
Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather earing.  
**Chorus**

When the middle watch was on, and the time went slow, boy,  
Who could choose a rousing stave, who like Jack or Joe,  
boy?  
**Chorus**

There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul below now.  
Number seven starboard mess misses Jack and Joe now.  
**Chorus**

But the best of friends must part, fair or foul the weather.  
Hand yer flipper for a shake, now a drink together.

## **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 TRINIDAD**

Oh, tell me mister stevedore, how do you stow your cargo?

**Cho A: Way, hey, sing Sunny Dore.**

Tell me mister stevedore, how do you stow your cargo?

**Cho B: Bound down Trinidad, to look for Sunny Dore.**

The booch is free, me bully boys, burtoned in the archway.

**Cho A**

The booch is free, me bully boys, burtoned in the archway.

**Cho B**

Trinidad, oh Trinidad, you pretty little harbor. **Cho A**

Trinidad, oh Trinidad, you pretty little harbor. **Cho B**

What would you do with Sunny Dore if ever you should find her? **Cho A**

You'd roll her in the grass me boys, all among the clover.

**Cho B**

Hey mister barber, how do you shave your customers? **Cho A**  
I grabs 'em by the nosies and scrapes 'em on the chinzio.

**Cho B**

Hoist 'em high, hoist 'em dry. Rock and roll me over. **Cho A**

The ship's alright, the crew is tight, the old man's all in clover. **Cho B**

## **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**

See you 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 hosepipe 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 Vallaparaiser  
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 bosn'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 it's 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**

## **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**

We sailed 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 been 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 countree  
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 left 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**

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 are 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, **cho A**  
My sisters and my brothers. **cho B**

They say I hanged my granny, **cho A**  
I strung her up so canny. **cho B**

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**

He drove the snakes from Ireland, then drank up all the  
whiskey **cho**  
And then he sang and danced a jig, he felt so fine and frisky.  
**cho**  
**Grand Chorus**

Once I had an Uptown girl, but she was rich and lazy. **cho**  
But now I got a Lakeview 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 duty. **Cho B**

Sally comes from old Jamaker, **Cho A**  
She drinks rum and 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 Sawmille 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 sea,  
**Chorus B** Hullabaloo belay.

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

One day when me father was on the Crown,  
Me mother ran off with Shallow 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!**

## **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 bosom and they'd bounce me on their knee  
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

***Final chorus: For the girl who'll love me now, for the girl who'll love me now  
There'll be plenty of love and bacon for the girl who'll love me now***

## **JAMAICA FAREWELL**

Down the way where the nights are gay  
And the sun shines daily on the mountaintop  
I took a trip on a sailing ship  
And when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop.

***Chorus: But I'm sad to say I'm on my way.  
Won't be back for many a day.  
My heart is down, my head is turning round.  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town.***

Down at the market, you can hear  
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear  
Ackee, rice, saltfish are nice  
And the rum is fine any time of year. ***cho***

Sounds of laughter everywhere,  
And the dancing girls sway to and fro.  
I must declare my heart is there,  
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico. ***cho***

Down the way where the nights are gay  
And the sun shines daily on the mountaintop  
I took a trip on a sailing ship  
And when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop.

**Chorus (2x)**

## **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.

## **JOLI ROUGE**

From France we get the barndy, from Martinique the rum.  
Sweet, red cabernet from Italy does come.  
But the fairest of 'em all me boys, the one to beat the day  
Is made from apples up the mighty Saguenay.

**Chorus: So, follow me lads (\*STAMP\*)**  
**Cause this ain't no grog or ale.**  
**One pint down, you'll be swingin' in the gale.**  
**Five pints, bully, you'll be shakin' in your shoes.**  
**We're half-seas over on the Joli Rouge.**

She's called the dreadnaught cider, she's proper and she's  
fine,  
And when the day is over, sure, I wish that she were mine.  
Or in the dark of winter, or on a summer's eve  
Oh, one hand giveth and the other doeth receive.

So, turn your sails over and bring her hard to port.  
Find that little star and fly straight into the north.  
The wild sun upon your back, the wind a blowin' free,  
You're rollin' down the river, boys, to old Chicoutimi.

So, you can have a Magner's, and pour it over ice.  
Or you can have a Strongbow if it's sadness that you like,  
Or join us up the river, and we'll set your heart aglow,  
And how you'll feel when the real cider starts to flow.



## **LARRY MARR, THE BIG FIVE GALLON JAR**

In 'Frisco town there lived a man and Larry 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

## THE LOSS OF THE BAY RUPERT

Now the Hudson Bay Company  
Runs its ships in the summertime.  
And they stock the stores of the Labrador,  
And they stock them full for the wintertime.  
The Bay Rupert ran in '28,  
Bound down for Baffinland,  
But to get down to Hopedale, don't 'cha know?  
You'd be better off by land.

**Chorus: Oh, they got no charts for the Labrador.  
All you hear is "Stay away!"  
There's rocks and ice, dark as hell at night,  
From Old Jack Plains Way down to Bromfield Bay.  
There's wooden ships, steaming ships,  
They got frozen men below.  
There's mountains right beneath your keel,  
So, for god's sake don't you go!**

She had shoes and coffee, boots, and tea.  
She had butter, pipes, and bridles,  
Sleeping bags and saddle soap,  
And a dozen score of bibles.  
She was open wide, pushing through the tide,  
When she hit that granite rock.  
With a mighty sound, both ends went down,  
And her middle opened up.

It was Sunday when that ship went down,  
And the town was all at prayer.  
But no missionary minister or  
The word of god could have kept them there.  
"All's lost, all's lost," the captain cried,  
"And I'll never saial no more."  
"All's found, all's found!" cried the Inuits,  
As they waited by the shore.

Well, the tide came in and the goods did too,  
And they saved them from the sea.  
And they said "It's great doing business with the Hudson  
Bay Company.  
We've got shoes and coffee, boots and tea.  
We got butter, pipes, and bridles,  
Sleeping bags and saddle soap,  
But to hell with all them bibles!"

## 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*

## **MARINER'S HYMN**

Hail, you, and where do you come from? **Hallelujah.** (2x)  
We're come from the land of Egypt. **Hallelujah.** (2x)

**Hail, you, and where are you bound for? Hallelujah.** (2x)

We're bound for the land of Canaan. **Hallelujah.** (2x)

We're bound o'er the river Jordan. **Hallelujah.** (2x)

We're bound for the land of glory. **Hallelujah.** (2x)

## **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, (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, (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**

'Twas 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 ye ho, boys, let her go, boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we how 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*

## **MY SON JOHN**

My son John was tall and slim  
And he had a leg for every limb  
But now he's got no legs at all  
For he ran a race with a cannonball

**Chorus:** Timme roo dum da, fol de riddle da  
Wack fol de riddle timme roo dum da

Oh, were you drunk or were you blind  
When you left your two fine legs behind  
Or was it sailing on the sea  
Wore your two fine legs right down to the knee

I was not drunk, I was not blind  
When I left my two fine legs behind  
Nor was it sailing on the sea  
Wore me two fine legs right down to the knee

Every foreign war I'll now denounce  
'Tween the king of England and the king of France  
For I'd rather my legs as they used to be  
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy

Well I was tall and I was slim  
And I had a leg for every limb  
But now I have no legs at all  
For you can't win a race with a cannonball

## **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

## **NOAH BUILT THE ARK**

I'm sittin' by the river on the levee,  
Waitin 'til the steamboat comes down.  
Them cotton bales are rollin' mighty heavy  
For miles and miles around.  
I thought I heard the steamboat when she landed,  
Landed on the levee below.  
I'm sittin' by the river on the levee,  
Waitin' 'til the steamboat comes down.

Noah, Noah, what a foolish man. He built his ark on a sandy  
land.

Who built the ark? **Brother Noah, Noah**  
Who built the ark? **Brother Noah, Noah, Brother Noah**  
**built the ark.**

**I'm sittin' by the river on the levee, waitin 'til the**  
**steamboat comes down.**  
**Them cotton bales are rollin' mighty heavy for miles and**  
**miles around.**  
**I thought I heard the steamboat when she landed, landed**  
**on the levee below.**  
**I'm sittin' by the river on the levee, waitin' 'til the**  
**steamboat comes down.**

Moses stood by the Red Sea shore, he smote that water with  
a two by four.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, all them sinners are dead  
and gone.

Matthew, Martha, sittin' in the shade, thinkin' 'bout the  
money that I ain't made.

## **NORTHWEST PASSAGE**

Ah, for **just one time**, I would **take the Northwest Passage**  
To **find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort**  
**Sea.**

Tracing **one warm line through a land so wide and savage**  
And **make a northwest passage to the sea.**

Westward from the Davis Straits, 'tis there it was said to lie,  
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died.  
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones.  
And a long forgotten, lonely cairn of stones.

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage over land,  
In the footsteps of brave Kelsey, where his sea of flowers  
began,  
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again.  
This tardiest explorer driving hard across the plain.

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage  
clicking west,  
I think about McKenzie, David Thompson, and the rest,  
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for  
me  
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

How then am I so different from the first men through this  
way?  
Like them I left a settled life, I threw it all away,  
To seek a northwest passage at the call of many men.  
And to find there but the road back home again.

## **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 been,  
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 lilting 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 pusser 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 Valpariso '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 shanghaied 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.

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**

### **PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN**

I thought I heard the old man say

**Chorus: Pay me my money down**

Tomorrow is our sailing day

**Chorus: Pay me my money down**

**Grand Chorus: Oh, pay me, you owe me**

Pay me my money down

Pay me or go to jail

Pay me my money down

Late last night I was in the bar  
They knocked me out with the end of a spar

I wish I was a rich man's son  
I'd sit in the shade and watch the work get done

I've been to sea now, for forty days  
The captain's got his money's worth out of me

### **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

## **RIVER DRIVER**

I was just the age of sixteen  
When I first whent on the drive.  
After six months of hard labor  
At home I did arrive.  
I courted with a pretty girl,  
'Twas her caused me to roam.  
Now I'm just a river driver,  
And I'm far away from home.

**Chorus:** I'll eat when I am hungry,  
And I'll drink when I am dry.  
Get drunk whenever I'm ready,  
Get sober by and by.  
And if this river don't drown me,  
It's down I'll mean to roam.  
For I'm a river driver  
And I'm far away from home.

I'll build a lonesome castle,  
Upon some mountain high.  
Where she can sit and view me  
As I go passing by.  
Where she can sit and view me  
As I go marching on.  
For I'm a river driver  
And I'm far away from home.

When I am old and feeble  
And in my sickness lie.  
Just wrap me up in a blanket  
And lay me down to die.  
Just get a little bluebird  
To sing for me alone.  
For I'm a river driver,  
And I'm far away from home.

## **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 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 BOYS ROLL (halyard/rowing)**

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  
We're bound away with a bone in her mouth boys

Oh, we're rollin' down to Trinidad to see Miss Sally Brown  
We're rollin' down to Trinidad to paint the bleedin' town

Oh, she's lovely up aloft, she's lovely down below boys  
Lovely cause she loves me, that's all I want to know boys

She's lovely at the foreyard, lovely at the main boys  
She's lovely in the summertime, lovely in the rain boys

Oh, hey Captain Baker, how do you stow yer carga  
Oh, some I stow for'ard, an' some I stow arta

Oh, way hey yah! an' up she rises  
Way hey yah! and the blocks have different sizes

Oh, one more pull, can't you hear the mate a bawlin'  
One more pull, that's the end of all our haulin'

## **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 NORTHUMBRIA**

'Twas late '65 in the old Wallsea yard,  
She was commissioned to haul the black tar.  
Built the Northumbria there on the bar.

**Chorus A: Roll Northumbria roll!**

Forr when the Egyptians they closed the Red Sea,  
The call came on high from the powers that be,  
To build a royal monster right down on the key.

**Chorus B: Roll Northumbria roll, me boys.  
Roll Northumbria roll.**

**Grand Chorus: And it's one for the hot sun above,  
Two for the empire we love,  
And it's three for the fire that burns down below.  
Roll on Northumbria, roll Northumbria roll.**

Carpathia, Vengeance, Celestial Call,  
She was the tanker to outsize 'em all.  
From the banks of the Mersey to the port of Hualal. **cho A**  
And fair princess Anne threw a bottle of wine,  
And watched as the giant set down in the Tyne.  
What lay ahead could no mortal divine. **cho B**

So come all ye good workmen beware the command,  
It comes down on high from the desk of a man  
Who's never held steel or torch in his hands. **cho A**  
For atop a wild breaker the cracks in her frame  
Spilled her black guts all across the wild main.  
She limped away through an ocean of flame. **cho B**

## **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 foliddiddle 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 wth 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 vangs 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 (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.

## SHANTY MAN

Well modern ships carry mighty funny gear.

**Chorus A: And away, get away you shanty man.**

Ain't seen a halyard for many's the year.

**Chorus B: And they got no use for a shanty man.**

Slick new fittings with royal style. *cho A*

All very clever, but they just ain't right! *cho B*

**Grand Chorus: Shanty man, Oh! shanty man. Who's got a berth for a shanty man?**

**Sing you a song of a world gone wrong, and they got no use for a shanty man.**

The cargo's stowed in a polythene pack. *cho A*

Raised and lowered by a hydraulic jack. *cho B*

Floating computer dressed up like a ship. *cho A*

Skipped and crewed by a microchip. *cho B*

Soon they'll be sailing by remote control, *cho A*

And that'll be pleasing for the owner's soul. *cho B*

They'll send their ships from dock to dock *cho A*

While sitting on their arse in an office block. *cho B*

A sailor's life, it once was hard, *cho A*

Up there on a topsail yard. *cho B*

Now it don't matter if the wind blows high. *cho A*

You can take force ten with your feet still dry. *cho B*

Newfangled gear is no use to you *cho A*

When you're off Cape Horn with your fuses blew. *cho B*

Then's the time you'll rue the day *cho A*

That you sent your shanty man away. *cho B*

Listen at night and you might hear *cho A*

A quiet sound on the corner there. *cho B*

Is it a ghost from a distant past? *cho A*

Or just a breeze in the radar mast? *cho B*

## 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**

## SHENANDOAH

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you  
**Chorus A: Away, you rolling river**  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you  
**Chorus B: Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide  
Missouri.**

Missouri is, a mighty River, **Cho A**  
The Indians camp, along her borders **Cho B**

A white man courts, an indian maiden **Cho A**  
With notions his, canoe is laden **Cho B**

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter **Cho A**  
For her I'd cross the rolling waters **Cho B**

Farewell my dear, I'll not deceive you **Cho A**  
Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you **Cho B**

## **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.**

## **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**

## **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.

## **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 gluesome 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.

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.**

## **THE WELLERMAN**

There once was a ship that put to sea,  
The name of the ship was the Billy of Tea.  
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down,  
O blow, my bully boys blow

**Chorus: Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum.  
One day when the tonguin' is done,  
We'll take our leave and go.**

She had not been two weeks from shore  
When down on her a right whale bore.  
The captain called all hands and swore  
He'd take that whale in tow.

**Chorus**

Before the boat had hit the water,  
The whale's tail came up and caught her.  
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
When she dived down below.

**Chorus**

No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The captain's mind was not of greed,  
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed.  
She took that ship in tow.

**Chorus**

For forty days, or even more  
The line went slack, then tight once more.  
We lost all boats (there were only four)  
But still the whale did go.

**Chorus**

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on;  
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone.  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
To encourage the captain, crew, and all.

**Chorus**

## **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

### **THE BELLE OF BELFAST CITY**

**Chorus:** Tell me ma when I get home,  
The boys won't leave the girls alone.  
They pulled my hair and stole my comb,  
But that's alright 'til I get home  
She is handsome, she is pretty,  
She is the belle of Belfast city.  
She is courting, one-two-three,  
Please won't you tell me who is she?

Albert Mooney says he loves her,  
All the boys are fighting for her.  
Knock on the door and they ring the bell  
Oh, my true love are you well?  
Here she comes, as white as snow,  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes.  
Old Jenny Murray says she'll die  
If she doesn't get the fella with the roving eye.

#### **Chorus**

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high  
Let the snow come tumbling from the sky.  
She's as nice as apple pie.  
She'll get her own lad by and by.  
When she gets a lad of her own  
She won't tell her ma 'til she comes home.  
Let the boys stay as they will  
For it's Albert Mooney she loves still.

#### **Chorus**

### **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.

## **DONEGAL 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  
Tought she sleeps on the cold cold ground  
Beside her gypsy lover.

### **Chorus:**

They came at last to a mansion fine  
Down by the river Claydee  
And there was music and there was wine  
For the gypsy and his lady.

### **Chorus:**

"He is no gypsy, my father," she cried  
"But lord of these lands all over.  
And I shall stay 'til my dying day  
With my whistlin' gypsy rover."

### **Chorus:**

## **HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY**

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme.  
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine.  
Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain.  
For we may or might never all meet here again.

### **Chorus:**

So, here's a health to the company, and one to my las.  
Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass.  
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain.  
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Our ship lies at anchor, a waiting to dock.  
I wish her safe landing, without any shock.  
And if ever we should meet again, by land or by sea,  
I will always remember your kindness to me.

And here's to the wee lass that I love so well.  
Her style and beauty no one can excel.  
There's a smile on her countenance as she sits upon my knee.  
There is no man in this wide world as happy as me.

## **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 bound to stay  
So we got some tacks and some wet old sacks  
And we nailed ourselves inside  
And we sat there drinkin' up gallons of rum  
'Til we were bleary-eyed . *cho*

## **THE PARTING GLASS**

Of all the money that e'er I had  
I spent it in good company.  
And all the harm that e'er I've done,  
Alas, it was to none but me.  
And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall.  
So, fill to me the parting glass,  
Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend  
And leisure for to sit a while,  
There is a fair maid in this town,  
That sorely has my heart beguiled,  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips  
I own, she has my heart in thrall.  
Then fill to me the parting glass,  
Good night and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had  
That are sorry for my going away.  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
That wish me one more day to stay,  
But since it falls unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not.  
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call  
Good night and joy be with you all.

## **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**