

THESTRANDEDWAILERS.COM

THE  
**STRANDED  
WAILERS**

— SONGBOOK —



SCAN FOR ONLINE VERSION



# AHOY!

You now possess a document that has the potential to alter your life for the better.

These songs of the sea, shore, land and tavern have been lovingly collected by myself and my crew throughout our many journeys around the globe.

May you enjoy learning and singing the songs herein, but more than that, may you sing them with good people and share the enjoyment of singing together.

**...THE CAPTAIN**



# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

We acknowledge, with deep respect, the traditional owners, the muwinina people, of nipaluna/Hobart, on which we have the privilege to sing together.

For the muwinina people, nipaluna was their country. They knew this place and cared for their land, their sea and their waterways. They lived on this land and were part of the land.

Today's palawa people walk where they walked. Their songlines trace back tens of thousands of years, and their music and culture flow through the beautiful bushland, beaches, rivers and the mountain streams of this island. We deeply respect and acknowledge that theirs is the oldest continuing musical culture in history.

We acknowledge the impacts of colonisation, and we stand for truth and recognition of the devastating consequences of invasion on the palawa people of lutrawita/Tasmania and all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Island communities. We pay respect to their elders - past, present and emerging.

## A NOTE ON SONG CONTEXT

The shanties and ballads we sing are historical texts, sung almost exclusively by men working on long, arduous, sea voyages, principally in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

These songs were born of a time that, when viewed today, occasionally exhibited outdated, stereotyped, misogynistic and offensive language and sentiments.

Whilst it would be almost impossible to present an accurate history on this genre without some reference to this language, The Stranded Wailers limit its use and where used, each example is fully contextualised.

The archaic and unacceptable views expressed in a small number of song lyrics do not represent the views of The Stranded Wailers.



# ADMIRAL BENBOW

Come all ye seamen bold (**Come all ye seamen bold**) and draw near (**and draw near**)  
**Come all ye seamen bold, and draw near**

It is of an admiral's fame, O brave Benbow was his name  
How he fought all on the main, You shall hear, **you shall hear**

Brave Benbow he set sail (**Brave Benbow he set sail**), for to fight (**for to fight**)  
**Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight**

Brave Benbow he set sail in a fine and pleasant gale  
But his captains they turn'd tail in a fright, **in a fright**

Says Kirby unto Wade (**Says Kirby unto Wade**) "We will run" ("**we will run**")  
**Says Kirby unto Wade, "We will run"**

For I value no disgrace, or the losing of my place  
But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, **nor his guns**

Then Ruby and Benbow (**Then Ruby and Benbow**) fought the French (**fought the French**)  
**Then Ruby and Benbow fought the French**

They fought them up and down, 'til the blood came trickling down  
'Til the blood came trickling down, where they lay, **where they lay**

Brave Benbow lost his legs (**Brave Benbow lost his legs**) by chain shot (**by chain shot**)  
**Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot**

Brave Benbow lost his legs and down on his stumps he begs  
Fight on, my English lads, 'tis our lot, **'tis our lot**

Come surgeon dress my wounds (**Come surgeon dress my wounds**) cried Benbow (cried Benbow)  
**Come surgeon dress my wounds, cried Benbow**

"Let a cradle now in haste, on the quarterdeck be placed  
That the enemy I may face, 'til I die, **'til I die**

On Tuesday morning last (**On Tuesday morning last**), Benbow died (**Benbow died**)  
**On Tuesday morning last Benbow died**

What a shocking sight to see, when they carried him away  
He was carried to Kingston church, there he lay, **there he lay**



# ALL FOR ME GROG

**All for me grog, me jolly jolly grog  
All for me beer and tobacco  
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin  
And across the western ocean I must wander**

Where is me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots  
All gone for beer and tobacco  
For the leathers all worn out and the heels are knocked about  
And me toes are looking out for better weather

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt  
All gone for beer and tobacco  
For the collar is wore out and the front is knocked about  
And the tail is looking out for better weather

Where is me wench, me noggin', noggin' wench  
She's all gone for beer and tobacco  
Oh her lips is all wore out and her front is knocked about  
Now her tail is looking out for better weather

And where is me bed, me noggin', noggin' bed  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
For the mattress is all tore for I lent it to a whore  
But the springs are looking out for better weather

I'm sick in the head for I haven't been to bed  
Since first I came ashore with me plunder  
I see centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches  
And I think I'll take a trip out over yonder



# THE APPLE TREE WASSAIL

O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,  
**Please to come down and let us come in!**  
Lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,  
**Please to come down and pull back the lock!**

**(It's) Our wassail jolly wassail!**  
**Joy come to our jolly wassail!**  
**How well they may bloom, how well they may bear**  
**So we may have apples and cider next year**

O master and mistress, o are you within?  
**Please to come down and pull back the pin**

**(It's) Our wassail jolly wassail!**  
**Joy come to our jolly wassail!**  
**How well they may bloom, how well they may bear**  
**So we may have apples and cider next year**

There was an old farmer and he had an old cow  
**But how to milk her he didn't know how**  
**He put his old cow down in his old barn**  
**And a little more liquor won't do us no harm**  
**Harm me boys harm, harm me boys harm**  
**A little more liquor won't do us no harm**

**(It's) Our wassail jolly wassail!**  
**Joy come to our jolly wassail!**  
**How well they may bloom, how well they may bear**  
**So we may have apples and cider next year**

Optional:

O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song goes  
Merrily merrily merrily  
O the tenor of the song goes merrily



# ANDERSON'S COAST

**But Annie dear, don't wait for me  
I fear I shall not return to thee  
There's naught to do but endure my fate  
And watch the moon, the lonely moon  
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait**

Now Bass Strait roars like some great millrace  
And where are you, my Annie?  
And the same moon shines on this lonely place  
As shone one day on my Annie's face

We stole a vessel and all her gear  
And where are you, my Annie?  
And from Van Diemen's we north did steer  
Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here.

And somewhere west Port Melbourne lies  
And where are you, my Annie?  
Through swamps infested with snakes and flies  
The fool who walks there, he surely dies

We hail no ships, though the time it drags  
And where are you, my Annie?  
Our chain-gang walk and our government rags  
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags

We fled the lash and the chafing chain.  
And where are you, my Annie?  
We fled hard labour and brutal pain  
And here we are and here remain

Now Bass Strait roars like some great millrace  
And where are you, my Annie?  
And the same moon shines on this lonely place  
As shone one day on my Annie's face



# AULD TRIANGLE

A hungry feeling  
Came o'er me stealing  
And the mice were squealing  
In my prison cell

**And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

Oh! To start the morning  
The warden bawling  
"Get up out of bed, you!  
And clean out your cell!"

Oh! the screw was peeping  
And the like was sleeping  
As he lay weeping  
For his girl Sal

On a fine spring evening  
The like lay dreaming  
And the sea-gulls were wheeling  
High above the wall

Oh! the wind was sighing  
And the day was dying  
As the like lay crying  
In his prison cell

In the women's prison  
There are seventy-five women  
And I wish it was with them  
That I did dwell





# THE BANDICOOT

From France we get the Brandy  
From Martinique the rum  
Sweet red Cabernet  
From Italy does come  
But the fairest of 'em all, me boys  
A drink for the afternoon  
Tis made of the apples  
From up the mighty Huon

**So, follow me lads**  
**'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 Wilson's Bandicoot**

She's called the Dreadnought 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  
One hand giveth  
and the other doth receive

So turn your sails over  
And bring her hard around  
Find that little star and sail  
Straight we're homeward bound  
The wild sun upon your back  
The wind a-blowing down  
You're rolling down the river boys  
To old Hobart Town

So you can have a Somersby  
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



# 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'd ever seen

**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**

Oh, Elcid 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

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 scuppers  
with the staggers and the jags

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

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 pounders  
we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold

**How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!**

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope  
two whole days

Then at length we stood two cables away

**How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!**

Our cracked four pounders  
made an awful din

But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

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 Maintruck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my 23rd year

**How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!**

It's been 6 years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday



# BLOOD RED ROSES

Our boots and clothes is all in pawn  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**  
And its flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**

**Oh, you pinks and posies**  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**

It's 'round that cape we all must go...  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**  
Around all stiff through the frost and snow  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**

Oh my old mother, she wrote to me...  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**  
My dearest son, come home from sea  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**

It's growl you may, but go you must,  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**  
If you growl too hard your head they'll bust  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**

Just one more pull and that will do  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**  
For we're the boys to kick her through  
**Go down, you blood red roses, go down!**



# THE BONNIE SHIP THE DIAMOND

The Diamond is a ship, me lads  
For the Davis Strait we're bound  
The quay it is all garnished  
With bonnie lasses 'round  
Captain Thompson gives the order  
To sail the ocean wide  
Where the sun it never sets, me lads  
Nor darkness dims the sky

**For it's cheer up me lads  
Let your hearts never fail  
For the bonnie ship the Diamond  
Goes a-hunting for the whale**

Along the quay at Peterhead  
The lasses stand around  
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them  
And the salt tears runnin' down

Don't you weep, me bonnie wee 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  
Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose  
And the Diamond, ship of fame  
We wear the trousers o' the white  
The jackets o' the blue  
When we get back to Peterhead  
They'll find that we've been true

It will be bright both day and night  
When the Greenland lads come home  
Our ship full up with 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"



# BRING 'EM DOWN

In Liverpool I was born

**Bring 'em down**

London is me home from home

**Bring 'em down**

Them Rotherhithe girls are mighty fine

They're never a day behind their time

Now it's round Cape Horn we all must go

Round Cape Stiff in the frost and snow

And up the coast to Vallipo

And northward to Callao

Them Vallipo girls puts on a show

They wiggle their arse with a roll and go!

Now it's back home to Liverpool

Spend my pay like a bloody fool

I'm Liverpool born and bred

Strong in the arm and thick in the head!

Them Liverpool girls I do admire

They set your rigging all a-fire

Oh, rock and roll me over, boys

Let's get this damn job over, boys



# BULLY IN THE ALLEY

**Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley**  
**Wey hey, Bully in the alley**  
**Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley**  
**Bully down in Shinbone al**

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly  
**Wey hey, Bully in the alley**  
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly  
**Bully down in Shinbone al**

For seven long years I courted little Sally  
All she did was dilly and dally

I bought her silks and I bought her laces  
I took her out to all the fine places

I left my Sal, I went a-sailing  
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling

If ever I get back, I'll marry little Sally  
Have six kids and live in Shinbone alley

I thought I heard the old man saying  
One more pull and we're belaying



# CARRION CROW

Carrion crow sitting on an oak  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**  
Saw a tailor mending his cloak  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**

**Hey falee falay falero, hey falero lero lee**  
**Up jumps John, ringing on his bell,**  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**

Wife go get me old bent bow  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**  
I'll go shoot the carrion crow  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**

The tailor shot but he missed his mark  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**  
Shot the old sow through the heart  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**

Wife, get brandy in a spoon  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**  
Our old sow is down in a swoon  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**

The old sow died and the bell did toll  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**  
The little ones prayed for the old sow's soul  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**

Carrion crow sitting on an oak  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**  
Saw a tailor mending his cloak  
**With a ling dong dilly dong kyro me**



# THE CATALPA

A noble whale ship and commander  
called the Catalpa, they say  
she sailed into Western Australia  
and took six poor Fenians away

**So come all you screw warders and jailers  
remember Perth regatta day  
take care of the rest of your Fenians  
or the Yankees will steal them away**

You kept them in Western Australia  
till their hair it began to turn grey  
when a Yank from the States of America  
came out here and stole them away

Now all the Perth boats were a-racing  
and making short tacks for the spot  
but the Yankee she tacked into Fremantle  
and took the best prize of the lot

The Georgette armed with bold warriors  
went out the poor Yanks to arrest  
but she hoisted her star-spangled banner  
saying you'll not board me I guess

So remember those six Fenians colonial  
and sing these few verses with skill  
and remember the Yankee that stole them  
and the home that they left on the hill





# THE CHEMICAL WORKER'S SONG

**And it's go boys go  
They'll time your every breath  
And every day you're in this place you're two days nearer death  
But you go**

Well a process man am I and I'm tellin' you no lie  
I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky  
There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air  
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair

Well I've worked among the spitters and I breathe the oily smoke  
I've shoveled up the gypsum and it neigh 'on makes you choke  
I've stood knee-deep cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn  
Been working rough, I've seen enough, to make your stomach turn

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore  
The young men like their money and they all come back for more  
But soon your knocking on and you look older than you should  
For every bob made on the job, you pay with flesh and blood

Well a process man am I and I'm telling you no lie  
I work and breathe among the fumes that tread across the sky  
There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air  
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair



# CHICKEN ON A RAFT

Skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
'Jimmy's' laughing like a drain, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
Been looking at m' 'comic cuts' again. **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**

**Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning, oh what a terrible sight to see**  
**Dabtoes for'd and the Dustmen aft, sitting there picking at a chicken 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**

They gave me the Middle and the Forenoon too, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
And now I'm pulling in a whaling crew, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
There's a seagull wheeling overhead, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
I ought to be sleeping in a feather bed. **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**

I had a little girl in 'Donny B', **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
And oh, she made a fool of me, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
Her heart was like a Pusser's shower, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour. **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**

An Amazon girl lived in Dumfries, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
She only had kids in twos and threes, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
Her sister lives in Maryhill, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
She says she won't but I think she will. **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**

We kissed good bye on the midnight bus, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
She didn't cry, she didn't fuss, **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
Am I the man that she loves best? **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**  
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest? **Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft**



# COAL TOWN ROAD

We get up in the black  
**Down the coal town road**  
And we hike along the track  
**Where the coal trains load**  
And we make the ponies pull  
Till they nearly break their backs  
And they'll never see again  
**Down the coal town road**

We hear the whistle call  
**Down the coal town road**  
And we take our towels and all  
**Where the coal trains load**  
In the cages then we drop  
Till there's nowhere else to fall  
And we leave this world behind us  
**Down the coal town road**

We never see the sun  
**Down the coal town road**  
At a penny for a ton  
**Where the coal trains load**  
When our shift comes up on top  
We're so thankful to be done  
We head home to sleep and dream  
**Down the coal town road**

There's miners' little sons  
**Down the coal town road**  
Playing with their cowboy guns  
**Where the coal trains load**  
But they'd better make the best  
Of their childhood while it runs  
There's a pick and shovel waitin'  
**Down the coal town road**

If there's a God for us  
**Down the coal town road**  
All the miners he can bless  
**Where the coal trains load**  
For we're sweatin' in the hole  
Suckin' down the Devil's dust  
Just to keep the fires blazin'  
**Down the coal town road**

**We get up in the black**  
**Down the coal town road**  
**And we hike along the track**  
**Where the coal trains load**  
**And we make the ponies pull**  
**Till they nearly break their backs**  
**And they'll never see again**  
**Down the coal town road**



# COAST OF HIGH BARBARY

There were two lofty ships from old England came  
**Blow high! Blow low! and so sail we**  
One the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales  
**Cruisin' down along the coast of High Barbary**

Aloft there, aloft our jolly bosun cried  
Look ahead, look astern, Look the weather look a-lee

There's naught upon the stern, there's naught upon our lee  
But there's a lofty ship to wind'ard 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 am not a man-o-war, nor a privateer said he  
But I'm a salt sea pirate a-looking for me fee

For broadside, for broadside an hour we did lay  
Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away

For quarter, for quarter the pirates they did cry  
But the quarter that we gave them is we sank them in the sea

It was a dreadful sight and grieved us full sore  
To see them all a drowning as they tried to swim ashore



# COUNTRY LIFE

**I like to rise when the sun she rises  
Early in the morning  
And I like to hear them small birds singing  
Merrily upon their laylums  
And hurrah for the life of a country boy  
And to ramble in the new mown hay**

In spring we sow at the harvest mow  
And that is how the seasons round they go  
but of all the times choose I may  
I'd be rambling through the new mown hay

In summer when the summer is hot  
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot  
We spend all night in sport and play  
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In autumn when the oak trees turn  
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn  
We cut and stash and stow away  
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In winter when the sky's gray  
we hedge and ditch our times away  
but in summer when the sun shines gay  
We'd go ramblin' through the new mown hay

<---- Additional / Spare Verses ---->

I like to hear the Morris dancers  
Clash their sticks and drink our ale  
I like to hear those bells a-ringing  
As we ramble in the new mown hay



# THE CROPPER LADS

Come, cropper lads of high renown  
Who love to drink strong ale that's brown  
**And strike each haughty tyrant down**  
**With 'atchet, pike and gun**

**The cropper lads for me**  
**And gallant lads they'll be**  
**With lusty stroke the shear frames broke**  
**The cropper lads for me**

What though the specials still advance  
And soldiers nightly round us prance  
**The cropper lads still lead the dance**  
**With 'atchet, pike and gun**

And night by night when all is still  
And the moon is hid behind the hill  
**We forward march to do our will**  
**With 'atchet, pike and gun**

Great Enoch he shall lead the van  
Stop him who dares, stop him who can  
**Press forward every gallant man**  
**With 'atchet, pike and gun**



# CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea

**When I put out to sea**  
**When I put out to sea**  
**And may there be no moaning of the bar**  
**When I put out to sea**

But such a tide as moving seems asleep  
Too full for sound and foam  
That which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home

**Turns again home**  
**Turns again home**  
**That which drew from out the boundless deep**  
**Turns again home**

Twilight, and evening bell  
And after that the dark  
And may there be no sadness or farewell  
When I embark

**When I embark**  
**When I embark**  
**And may there be no sadness or farewell**  
**When I embark**

For tho' from out our borne of time and place  
The flood may bare me far  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar

**When I have crossed the bar**  
**When I have crossed the bar**  
**I hope to see my Pilot face to face**  
**When I have crossed the bar**



# 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

**Long we've tossed on the rolling main  
Now we're safe ashore, Jack  
Don't forget your old shipmate  
Fal dee ral dee ral dee 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?

We have worked the self-same gun:  
Quarterdeck division  
Sponger I and loader you  
Through the whole commission

Oftentimes have we laid out  
toil nor danger fearing,  
Tugging out the flapping sail  
to the weather bearing

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

There she swings, an empty hulk  
Not a soul below now  
Number seven starboard mess  
Misses Jack and Joe now

But the best of friends must part  
Fair or foul the weather  
Hand yer flipper for a shake  
Now a drink together





# DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD

Well a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  
**And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm**  
**And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm**  
**And we'll all hang on behind**

**And we'll roll the old chariot along**  
**And we'll roll the old chariot along**  
**And we'll roll the old chariot along**  
**And we'll all hang on behind!**

Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails (3x)

And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

And a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

And a big fat bosun wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

Oh, we'd be alright if we make it round the Horn (3x)

And a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm (3x)

And a pint from the landlord wouldn't do us any harm (3x)



# DRUNKEN SAILOR

**Weigh-hay and up she rises  
Weigh-hay and up she rises  
Weigh-hay and up she rises  
Early in the morning!**

What will we do with a drunken sailor  
**What will we do with a drunken sailor  
What will we do with a drunken sailor  
Early in the morning?**

Put 'em in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him

Put him in the long boat until he's sober

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter

Give 'im a dose of salt and water

Keel haul him till he's sober

<---- Additional / Spare Verses ---->

Make him captain of an Exxon tanker

That's what we do with the drunken sailor



# ELIZA LEE

The smartest clipper you can find is  
**Haul-way, Haul, are you 'most done?**  
She's the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line  
**Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!**

**Timmie hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting gun**  
**Haul-way, Haul, are you 'most done?**  
**With Liza Lee all on my knee**  
**Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!**

O, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier  
With Galway shale and Liverpool beer

Ah, and when we're out in New York Town  
We'll dance them Bowery girls around!

Oh! the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line  
She's never a day behind her time!

O, and when we're back in Liverpool town  
We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!

Oh, one more pull and that will do!  
For we're the boys to kick her through!



# FARMER'S TOAST

Come all jolly fellows who delight in being mellow  
Attend unto me I beseech you  
For a pint when it's quiet, come boys let us try it  
For thinking will drive a man crazy

**I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fields, I have flowers  
And the lark is my daily alarmer  
So jolly boys now, here's God speed the plough  
Long life and success to the farmer**

Come sit at my table, all those who are able  
Let me hear not one word of complaining  
For the tinkling of glasses all music surpasses  
And I love to see bottles a-draining

For here I am king, I can laugh, drink and sing  
Let no man approach as a stranger  
Just show me the ass who refuses a glass  
And I'll treat him to hay in a manger

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendor and state,  
I envy them not, I declare it  
For I eat my own ham, my own chickens and lamb  
And I shear my own fleece and I wear it

Were it not for my seeding, you'd have but poor feeding  
I'm sure you would all starve without me  
But I am content when I pay my rent  
And I'm happy when friends are about me.



# FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all ye bold heroes give an ear to me song  
We'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum  
It's a clear crystal fountain near Ireland doth roll  
**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**

**I'll fathom the bowl**  
**I'll fathom the bowl**  
**Give me the punch ladle**  
**I'll fathom the bowl**

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum  
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come  
But stout and strong cider are Ireland's control  
**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**

Me wife she do disturb me when I'm laying at my ease  
She does as she likes she says as she please  
Me wife, she's the devil, she's black as the coal  
**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**

Me father he do lie in the depths of the sea  
With no stone at his head, but what matters for he  
It's a clear crystal fountain near Ireland doth roll  
**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**

So come all ye bold heroes give an ear to me song  
We'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum  
It's a clear crystal fountain near Ireland doth roll  
**Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**



# FIRE DOWN BELOW

She was just the village maiden with her red and rosy cheeks, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
She went to church and Sunday school and sang an anthem sweet  
**But there's fire down below**

Now the parson was a misery so straggy and so thin, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
And he said look here you dirty shellbacks if you lead a life of sin  
**There's fire down below**

Now he took his text from Malachi and he whirled a weary face, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
I took French leave and sailed away and now I fell from grace  
**and there's fire down below**

But the parson had a daughter who was sweet as sugar candy, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
I said to her us sailors would make lovers neat and handy  
**Cause there's fire down below**

She says to me you sailors is a bunch of bloody liars, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
And you all of youse are going to hell to feed the ruddy fires  
**There's fire down below**

Oh there's fire down below, my lads so we must do what we aughta, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
Cause the fire is not half as hot as the parsons little daughter  
**And there's fire down below**

Oh, there's fire in the cabin and in the galley too, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
And there's fire in the focsle but the coal it is the crew  
**and there's fire down below**

If the bloomin boats won't hold us when it's time for us to go, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
We can pray to have lark Wilson when we've got him down below  
**And there's fire down below**

Yes, there's fire at the top me boys there's fire down below, to me  
**way hay hee hi ho**  
Fire in the bosuns pipe it's time for us to go  
**There's fire down below**



# FIRE MARENGO

Lift him up and carry him along  
**Fire Marengo, fire away!**  
Put him down where he belong  
**Fire Marengo, fire away!**

Ease him down and let him lay  
Screw him in and there he'll stay

Stow him in his cell below  
Stay he must and then he'll go

When I get back to Liverpool Town  
I'll pass a line to little Sally Brown

I'll haul her high and I'll haul her low  
I'll bust her blocks and I'll make her go

Oh, Sally, she's a pretty little craft  
Hot shot to the fore and rounded aft

Screw the cotton, screw him down  
Let's get the hell from the Hilo Town

Lift him up and carry him along  
Put him down where he belong



# GENERAL TAYLOR

Well General Taylor gained the day  
**Walk him along, John, carry him along**  
Well General Taylor he gained the day  
**Carry him to his bury'n ground**

**To me way, hey, you stormy**  
**Walk him along, John, carry him along**  
**To me way, hey, you stormy**  
**Carry him to his bury'n ground**

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade  
His shroud of the finest silk will be made

We'll lower him down on a golden chain  
On every inch we'll carve his name

General Taylor he's all the go  
He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow

<--- Additional / Optional Verses --->

Oh I wish I was old Stormy's son  
I'd build a ship ten thousand tons

I'd load her down with ale and rum  
And every shellback should have some

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone  
Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone





# 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

**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

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

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

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

You have caused me debts and I've often swore  
I never would drink strong ale anymore  
But you, for all that, I'll forgive  
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live



# GOOD MORNING LADIES ALL

We are outward bound for Kingston town

**With a heave-o, haul!**

An' we'll heave the ol' wheel round an' round

**Good mornin' ladies all!**

An' when we get to Kingston town

Oh, 'tis there we'll drink an' sorrow drown

Them gals down south are free an' gay

Wid them we'll spend our hard-earned pay

We'll swing around, we'll have good fun

An' soon we'll be back on the homeward run

An' when we get to Bristol town

For the very last time we'll waltz around

With Poll and Meg an' Sally too

We'll drink an' dance wid a hullabaloo

So a long goodbye to all you dears

Don't cry for us, don't waste yer tears



# GREY FUNNEL LINE

Don't mind the rain or 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 dies away

## **Here'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 harbour to the girl I love

## **Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line**

Oh once my heart was wild and free  
Like a flashing spar on the open sea  
But now that spar has washed ashore  
And come to rest at my true love's door

## **Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line**

Each time I gaze behind the screws  
Makes me long for Saint Peter's shoes  
I'd dance on down that Walker Shore  
And rest in my true love's arms once more

## **Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line**

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

## **Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line**

I'll pass the time like some machine  
Until the waters turn to green  
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

## **And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more**



# HAIL, HAIL THE FIRST OF MAY

**So, Hail! Hail! The first of May-o!  
For it is the first summer's day-o!  
Cast you cares and fears away  
Drink to the old horse on the first of May!**

Winter time is gone and past-o  
Summer time is come at last-o  
We shall sing and dance the day  
And follow the 'obby 'orse that brings the May

Blue bells they have started to ring-o  
And true love, it is the thing-o  
Love on any other day  
Is never quite the same as on the First of May!

Let it never come to pass-o  
We should fail to raise a glass-o!  
Unto those now gone away  
And left us the 'obby 'orse that brings the May!



# HARD TIMES

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears  
Oh hard times come again no more

**Tis the song, the sigh of the weary**  
**Hard times, hard times, come again no more**  
**Many days you have lingered around my cabin door**  
**Oh hard times come again no more**

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the door  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say  
Oh hard times come again no more

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day  
Oh hard times come again no more

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave  
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore  
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave  
Oh hard times come again no more



# HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little boy, so my mother told me, (to me)

**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

That if I didn't kiss the girls, my lips would all grow moldy

**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

**Away (Ho!) haul away, we'll haul away together**

**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

**Away (Ho!) haul away, we'll haul for better weather**

**Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe**

I used to have an Irish girl, but she got fat and lazy

But now I've got a Bristol girl, and she just drives me crazy

Old Louis was the King of France before the revolut-i-on

And then he got his head cut off, it spoiled his constitut-i-on

You call yourself a second mate, you cannae tie a bowline

You can't even stand up straight, when the packet she's a rollin'

Way haul away, we're bound for better weather

Way haul away, the good ship now is rolling

Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'

Well now can't you see the storm clouds a-risin'



# HAUL BOYS HAUL

Now when I was a schoolboy I lived at home at ease  
Now I am a trawlin' man, I sail the wintry seas  
I thought I'd like seafarin' life, it's all right 'til I found  
It's a damned sight worse than slavery when we got off the ground  
**And it was**

**Haul, boys haul. Haul, boys haul**  
**Heave away the capstan, lads, and let's get up the trawl**  
**When the winds a' blowin', the ship's a gently rollin'**  
**My Emma, my Emma, won't you be true to me**

Now every night in winter, as regular as a clock  
It's on we all sail Wester, likewise your oilskin frock  
An then up to the capstan lads and then we'll heave away  
Well that's the cry in the middle of the night as well as in the day  
**And it was**

No when the fish are up on deck, a pilin' to our knees  
We slip and slide and wonder why we ever went to sea  
But then ashore we sell the catch. That's easier to bear  
For it's beer all night in the ladies arms when we get paid our share  
**And it was**

With winter passin' over and springtime comin' on  
We go out in all weathers, no time for beer or song  
For the fish don't wait for lovers, as you might quickly find  
Put on your oilskin jacket lad and leave the girls behind  
**And it was**

And when our trip is over, hard up the tiller goes  
And straight way into Yardmouth with a big jib on her nose  
And when we reach the pierhead, all the girls will loudly say  
Here comes our jolly trawlin' lads that have been so long away  
**And it was**



# HAUL ALONG THE BOWLINE

Haul on the bowline, homeward we are going  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, before she start a-rolling  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, the Captain is a-growling  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, so early in the morning  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, to Bristol we are going  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, Kitty is my darling  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, Kitty comes from Liverpool  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**

Haul on the bowline, It's far cry to pay day  
**Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!**





# I'M A ROWDY SOUL

**I'm a rowdy soul, I'm a rowdy soul  
I don't care whether I work or not  
I'm a rowdy soul, I'm a rowdy soul  
I don't care whether I work or not**

I didn't plant no corn this year  
Didn't raise no beans or tomaters  
Ground's so poor that grass won't grow  
But DAMN! them Irish 'taters, oh

When I get my new house built  
Gonna build my chimney higher  
Don't want no mud-daubers hangin' around  
Puttin' out my fire, oh

My capt'n got him a new blue coat  
Hung it in the hall  
I stole down my capt'n's coat  
And wore it to the ball

Took my gal to the fancy ball  
Didn't say nothin' about it  
I ain't one to raise a row  
But I'm hell when I get started, oh

Where'd you get your whiskey, boy?  
Where'd you get your dram?  
Where'd you get your whiskey, boy?  
Well, I got it from Lincoln an' Abraham!

Now, you can't do me like you done poor Shine  
You taken his money, but you can't take mine!  
Ain't but one man that I fear  
That's Big Jack Johnson, and he ain't here!



# JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold  
Bring me my Arrows of desire  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green & pleasant Land.



# JOHN KANAKA

I heard, I heard the old man say, hey

**John kanaka kanaka tura yay**

Today is a holiday

**John kanaka kanaka tura yay**

**Tura yay, oh, tura yay**

**John kanaka kanaka tura yay**

We'll work tomorrow, but not today

We'll work tomorrow, but not today

We're bound away from 'Frisco bay

We're bound away at the break of day

We're bound away around Cape Horn

You'd wish to God you'd never been born

Haul away, oh haul away

Oh haul away and earn your pay

It's rotten meat and weevily bread

In two months out you wish you were dead

It's one more pull and then belay

For today, today is a holiday



# JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

I've never seen the like since I been born  
A great big sailor with his sea boots on  
**When Johnny comes down to Hilo**  
**Poor old man**

**Well I'll wake her**  
**I'll shake her**  
**I'll wake that girl with the blue dress on**  
**When Johnny comes down to Hilo**  
**Poor old man**

I had a little girl across the sea  
She's an Badian beauty and she says to me  
**When Johnny comes down to Hilo**  
**Poor old man**

The was a sailor called Uncle Ned  
He had no hair hangin' from his head  
**When Johnny comes down to Hilo**  
**Poor old man**

Did you ever go down to Mobile Bay  
Where they see the cotton all through the day  
**When Johnny comes down to Hilo**  
**Poor old man**

Did you ever see the old plantation bus  
With a long-tail filly and a big black hoss  
**When Johnny comes down to Hilo**  
**Poor old man**



# LEAVE HER JOHNNY

I thought I heard the Old Man say  
**Leave her, Johnny, leave her**  
It's a long hard pull to the next payday  
**And it's time for us to leave her**

**Leave her, Johnny, leave her**  
**Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her**  
**For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow**  
**And it's time for us to leave her**

Oh the times was hard and the wages low  
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

Oh the winds were foul and the work was hard  
From the Liverpool docks to the London yard

Oh the skipper was bad but the mate was worse  
He'd blow you down with a spike and a curse

It was rotten meat and moldy bread  
You'd eat it or you'd starve to death

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim  
And heave the hungry packet in

And now it's time to say goodbye  
For now those pumps are all pumped dry



# LET UNION BE IN ALL OUR HEARTS

Come me lads, let us be jolly  
Drive away dull melancholy  
For to grieve it is a folly  
When we're met together

Let union be **Let union be** in all our hearts **in all our hearts**  
**Let all our hearts be joined as one**  
**We'll end the day as we begun**  
**We'll end it all in pleasure**  
**Whack-folla-rolla-rye, too-ra-lie-doe (3x)**  
**When we're met together**

Solomon in all his glory  
Told us all another story  
In our cups we'll sing him glory  
When we're met together

Eating and drinking there's a charm in  
Smoking and piping there's no harm in  
All these things we'll take delight in  
When we're met together

Grab the bottle as it passes  
Do not fail to fill your glasses  
Water drinkers are dull asses  
When we're met together

Cease from quarreling and fighting  
Evil-speaking and backbiting  
All these things take no delight in  
When we're met together



# LITTLE SALLY RACKET

Little Sally Racket

**Haul her away!**

She pawned my best jacket

**Haul her away!**

And she lost the ticket

**Haul her away!**

And a hauley high-o!

**Haul her away!**

Little Kitty Carson

Ran off with a parson

Now she has a little barson

And a hauley high-o!

Little Nancy Dawson

She's got a notion

For a poor old Bosun

And a hauley high-o!

Little Better Betty Baker

She ran off with a Quaker

Guess her mum could shake her

With a hauley high-o!

Up my fightin' cocks, boys

Up and split her blocks, boys

And we'll stretch her luff, boys

And that'll be enough, boys



# LONG HOT SUMMER DAYS

**For every day I'm workin' on the Illinois River  
Get a half-a-day off with pay  
Ole' tow-boat pickin' up barges  
On a long hot summer day**

Well I'm gonna pick up some of these empties, Lord  
As soon as I find where they lay  
Tied off them jolly and leavin' lines  
On a long hot summer day

Well I got me a gal in Pekin  
She's a good ole' gal, okay  
Oh she's sittin' there waitin' by a window fan  
On a long hot summer day

Well last night we had pork for supper  
And tomorrow it'll be chicken consomme  
And a fruit jar full of iced tea  
On a long hot summer day

Well we dropped a man off in Beardstown  
When we got off yesterday  
Gonna get off down in Alton  
On a long hot summer day





# LOWLANDS

I dreamed a dream the other night

**Lowlands, lowlands away me John**

My love she came, dressed all in white

**Lowlands away**

I dreamed my love came in my sleep

Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep

She came to me at my bedside

All dressed in white, like some fair bride

And bravely in her bosom fair

Her red, red rose, my love did wear

She made no sound, no word she said

And then I knew my love was dead

Then I awoke to hear the cry

Oh watch on deck Oh watch, ahoy



# MAID OF AMSTERDAM

In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
**Mark well what I do say!**  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
And she was mistress of her trade  
**I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid!**

**A roving, a roving**  
**Since roving's been my ru-i-in**  
**I'll go no more a roving**  
**With you fair maid!**

I asked this maid to take a walk  
**Mark well what I do say!**  
I asked this maid out for a walk  
That we might have some private talk  
**I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!**

I put my hand upon her knee  
**Mark well what I do say!**  
I put my hand upon her knee  
She said 'Young man you're rather free'  
**I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!**

I put my hand upon her thigh  
**Mark well what I do say!**  
I put my hand upon her thigh  
She said young man 'That's rather high'  
**I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!**

Then a great big Dutchman rammed my bow  
**Mark well what I do say!**  
For a great big Dutchman rammed my bow  
And said "Young man, dees ees meine frau!"  
**I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!**

Then take fair warning boys from me  
**Mark well what I do say!**  
So take fair warning boys from me  
With other men's wives, don't make too free  
**I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!**



# MINGULAY BOAT SONG

**Heel y'ho boys, let her go, boys  
Bring her head round now all together  
Heel y'ho boys, let her go boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!**

What care we tho' white the Minch is  
What care we for wind and weather?  
Let her go boys, every inch is  
Wearing homeward to Mingulay!

Wives are waiting by the harbour  
Looking seaward from the heather.  
Pull her head round, and we'll anchor  
'Ere the sun sets at Mingulay!

Sun comes low now by the yard, boys  
Right the clouds are to the westward  
Songs of home fly in the wind, boys  
Flyin' homeward to Mingulay!

Ships return now, heavy-laden  
Mothers holdin' their bairns a-cryin'  
We'll return, though, ere the sun sets  
We'll return to Mingulay!



# MISTY MOUNTAINS

Far over the Misty Mountains cold  
To dungeons deep and caverns old  
We must away, ere break of day  
To find our long forgotten gold

The pines were roaring on the height  
The winds were moaning in the night  
The fire was red, it flaming spread;  
The trees like torches blazed with light

The wind was on the withered heath  
But in the forest stirred no leaf:  
There shadows lay be night or day  
And dark things silent crept beneath

The wind went on from West to East;  
All movement in the forest ceased  
But shrill and harsh across the marsh  
Its whistling voices were released

Farewell we call to hearth and hall!  
Though wind may blow and rain may fall  
We must away ere break of day  
Far o'er the wood and mountain tall



# MORETON BAY

One Sunday morning as I went walking  
By Brisbane waters I chanced to stray  
I heard a convict his fate bewailing  
As on the sunny river bank I lay  
I am a native from Erin's island  
But banished now from my native shore  
They stole me from my aged parents  
And from the maiden I do adore

I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie  
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains  
At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie  
At all these settlements I've been in chains  
But of all places of condemnation  
And penal stations in New South Wales  
To Moreton Bay I have found no equal  
Excessive tyranny each day prevails

For three long years I was beastly treated  
And heavy irons on my legs I wore  
My back from flogging was lacerated  
And oft times painted with my crimson gore  
And many a man from downright starvation  
Lies moldering now underneath the clay  
And Captain Logan he had us mangled  
All at the triangles of Moreton Bay

Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews  
We were oppressed under Logan's yoke  
Till a native black lying there in ambush  
Did deal this tyrant his mortal stroke  
My fellow prisoners be exhilarated  
That all such monsters such a death may find  
And when from bondage we are liberated  
Our former sufferings will fade from mind



# 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 Strait 'tis there 'twas 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 overland  
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, 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 upon Mackenzie, 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  
To find there but the road back home again



# ONE MORE DAY

Oh row me 'cross the river  
I heard a maiden say  
Oh take me to me lover  
**One more day**

**Only one more day, me Johnny**  
**One more day**  
**Oh rock and roll me over**  
**One more day**

I'm almost broken hearted  
I can no longer stay  
Once more must we be parted  
**One more day**

So do not fear my beauty  
I can no longer stay  
And love makes way for duty  
**One more day**

I've seen the sea birds flyin'  
Ashore from o'er the bay  
I felt they was all cryin'  
**One more day**

'Cause sea birds get the warnin'  
Which one and all obey  
The tempest loud is stormin'  
**One more day**

So heave onside the anchor  
We sail out from the bay  
Oh heave onside the anchor  
**One more day**



# PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS

**To me, Way-ay-ay Yah!**

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots

We'll all drink brandy and gin!

We'll all shave under the chin!

We'll all throw much at the cook!

The dirty ol' man's on the deck!

We'll bouse her up and be done!

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!





# PADDY'S LAMENT

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your noise  
And listen to poor Paddy's sad narration  
I was by hunger stressed, and in poverty distressed  
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation

**Here's you boys, now take my advice  
To America I'll have ye's not be going  
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin' cannons roar  
And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin**

Well I sold me ass and cow, my little pigs and sow  
My little plot of land I soon did part with  
And me sweetheart Bid McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see  
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted

Well myself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er  
Our fortunes to be making we were thinkin'  
When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hands  
Sayn' 'Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln'

General Meagher to us he said, if you get shot or lose your head  
Every murdered soul of youse will get a pension  
Well in the war I lost me leg, they gave me a wooden peg  
And by soul it is the truth to you I mention

Well I think myself in luck, if I get fed on Indian buck  
And old Ireland is the country I delight in  
To the devil, I would say, it's curse Americay  
For the truth I've had enough of your hard fightin'



# PADSTOWE'S FAREWELL

It's time to go now  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**It's our sailing time**

Get some sail upon her  
**Haul away your halyards**  
**Haul away your halyards**  
**It's our sailing time**

Get her on her course now  
**Haul away your foresheets**  
**Haul away your foresheets**  
**It's our sailing time**

Waves are surging under  
**Haul away down Channel**  
**Haul away down Channel**  
**On the evening tide**

When your sailing's over  
**Haul away for Heaven**  
**Haul away for Heaven**  
**God be by your side**

It is time to go now  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**Haul away your anchor**  
**It's our sailing time**



# THE PARTING GLASS

Of all the money that e'er I spent  
I've spent it in good company  
And all the harm that ever I did  
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 to sit awhile  
There is a fair maid in the town  
That sorely has my heart beguiled  
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips  
I own she has my heart enthralled  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They'd 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 softly call  
Good night and joy be with you all



# RANDY DANDY O!

Now we are ready to head for the Horn  
**Way, hay, roll an' go!**  
Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn  
**Timme rollickin' randy dandy O!**

**Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,**  
**Way, hay, roll an' go!**  
**The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,**  
**Timme rollickin' randy dandy O!**

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks  
Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks

Come breast the bars, bullies, an' heave her away  
Soon we'll be rollin' her 'way down the Bay

Sing goodbye to Sally an' goodbye to Sue  
For we are the boy-os who can kick 'er through

Oh, man the stout caps'n an' heave with a will  
Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way down the hill

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums  
Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawin' free  
Let's get the glad-rags on an' drive 'er to sea

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay  
Get crackin', m' lads, 'tis a hell o' a way!



# RANZO (THE WILD GOOSE)

Did you ever see a wild goose sailing on the ocean

**Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!**

They're just like them pretty girls when they gets the notion

**Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey**

As I was walking one morning by the river-o

I spied a fair maid with her topsails all a-quiver-o

I sleuthed up to her, says, "How are you, me darling?"

She says, "None the better for seeing the likes of you this morning."

Did you ever see a wild goose sailing on the ocean?

They're just like them pretty girls when they gets the notion

You broke my heart oh you broke it full sore o'

If I sail like the wild goose you'll break it no more o'



# REUBEN RANZO

Well it's poor old Reuben Ranzo

**Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo!**

Yes it's poor old Reuben Ranzo

**Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo!**

Ranzo was no sailor

He was a New York tailor

He was a New York tailor

Shanghai'd aboard a whaler

They put him holy-stonin'

And cared not for his groanin'

They gave him lashes thirty

Because he was so dirty

They gave him lashes twenty

That's twenty more than plenty

Ranzo nearly fainted

When his back with oil was

painted

The captain gave him thirty

His daughter begged for mercy

She took him to her cabin

And tried to ease his moanin'

She gave him rum and water

And a bit more than she oughter

She gave him education

And taught him navigation

She made him the best sailor

On board that New York whaler

He married the captain's

daughter

And still sails on salt water

He's known where'er the

whalefish blow

As the toughest bastard on the go



# RIO GRANDE

O say was you ever in Rio Grande?

**A-Weigh, you Rio**

It's there that the river runs down golden sand

**For we're bound for the Rio Grand**

**And away, boys, away**

**A-Weigh, you Rio**

**It's fare you well my bonny free girls**

**For we're bound for the Rio Grande**

Oh, New York town is no place for me

I'll pack up me trunk and go off to sea

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum

And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has come

Our good ship's a-going out over the bar

And we'll point her nose for the South-er-on Star

Sing good bye to Nellie and good bye to Sue

And you who are listening, good bye to you

O say was your ever in Rio Grande?

It's there that the river runs down golden sand



# ROLL ALABAMA ROLL

When the Alabama's keel was laid

**Roll Alabama roll**

She was laid in the yard of Johnathan Laird

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

She was laid in the yard of Johnathan Laird

**Roll Alabama roll**

She was laid in the town of Birkenhead

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

Down Mersey channel she sailed then

**Roll Alabama roll**

And Liverpool gave her guns and men

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

Out of Mersey channel she set forth

**Roll Alabama roll**

To destroy the commerce of the north

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

Into Cherbourg harbour she sailed one day

**Roll Alabama roll**

To collect her share of the prize money

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

And many a sailor met his doom

**Roll Alabama roll**

When the Yankee ship hauled into view

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

A shot from the forward pivot that day

**Roll Alabama roll**

Blew the Alabama's stern away

**Oh roll Alabama roll**

Off the three mile limit in sixty four

**Roll Alabama roll**

She sank to the bottom of the ocean floor

**Oh roll Alabama roll**





# ROLL DOWN

Sweet ladies of Plymouth, we're saying goodbye

**Ro-o-o-oll down!**

But we'll rock you and roll you again bye and bye

**Walk her round, me brave boys and roll down!**

**And we will ro-o-o-oll down!**

**Walk her round, me brave boys and roll down!**

Now the anchor's aweigh and the sails are unfurled

And we're bound for to take her half-way round the world

In the wide Bay of Biscay the seas will run high

And the poor sickly transports they'll wish they could die

When the wild coast of Africa it do appear

The poor nervous transports they'll tremble with fear

When the Cape of Good Hope it is rounded at last

The poor lonesome transports they'll long for the past

When the great southern whales on our quarter do spout

Them poor simple transports they'll goggle and shout

And when we arrive off Australia's strand

The poor weary transports they'll long for the land

And when we set sail for old England's shore

The poor stranded transports we'll see them 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 WOODPILE DOWN

Away down South where the cocks do crow

**Way down in Florida**

Them girls all dance to the old banjo

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

**Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world round**

**That fine gal of mine's on the Georgia line!**

**And we'll roll the woodpile down!**

Oh, what can you do in Tampa bay?

**Way down in Florida**

But give them pretty girls all your pay

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

Them Cardiff girls ain't got no frills

**Way down in Florida**

They're skinny and tight as catfish gills

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

Oh, why do them little girls love me so?

**Way down in Florida**

Because I don't tell all I know

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**

Oh, one more pull and that will do

**Way down in Florida**

For we're the boys to kick her through

**And we'll roll the woodpile down**



# ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER

Oh! I once was a rigger and I worked like hell

**Rolling up. Rolling down**

But now I'm sailing with the OCL

**And go rolling down the river**

**Rolling up. Rolling down**

**We'll all get drunk in Cygnet 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

Well cargo comes in TEUs

A 20 foot box, boys, filled with booze

There's a Cygnet 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

Cygnet girls go round in pairs

You'll never catch them unawares

Down on the dock where the work is done

You can pick 'em up boys one by one

Well, we're the boys to sail 'em through

To hell the Channel and the TEU



# ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, we whaler men undergo  
And we won't give a damn when the gale is done how hard the winds did blow  
'cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds with a good ship taught and free  
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum **with the girls from old Maui**

**Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui**

**We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to old Maui**

Once more we sail with the northerly gales through the ice and wind and rain  
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands, we soon shall see again  
Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea  
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground, **rolling down to old Maui**

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales, towards our island home  
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, and we ain't got far to roam  
Our stuns'l's bones is carried away, what care we for that sound  
A living gale is after us, **thank God we're homeward bound**

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern  
Them native maids, them tropical glades, is awaiting our return  
Even now their big brown eyes look out, hoping some fine day to see  
Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales, **rolling down to old Maui**



# ROLLING HOME

Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride  
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side  
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam  
**When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home**

**Rolling home**

**When we go rolling home**

**When we go rolling, rolling**

**When we go rolling home**

The gentry in their fine array, they prosper night and morn  
While we unto the fields must go to plough and sow the corn  
The rich they steal the power, but the glory's ours alone  
**When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home**

The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow  
While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow  
Our dreams fly up to glory of where the lark has flown  
**When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home**

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair  
The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare  
Stand to and stand together, your labours yours alone  
**When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home**

Pass the bottle round and let the toast go free  
Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be  
Fair wages are now or never, let's reap what we have sown  
**When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home**



# SAFE UPON THE SHORE

A girl upon the shore did ask a favour of the sea  
"Return my blue eyed sailor boy safely back to me  
Forgive me if I ask too much, I will not ask for more  
but I shall weep until he sleeps safe upon the shore."

**So give a sailor not your heart  
lest sorrow you do seek  
let true love not be torn apart  
by favours from the sea**

As though the sea did hear her plea, a vision did appear  
the drifting tip of some wrecked ship came floating ever near  
A figure there did cling to it, approaching more and more  
as if to ride on some strange tide, safe upon the shore

My love, she cried as she a spied the figure on the spar  
his clean white shirt was drenched and torn, he must have floated far  
She thought with bliss how she would kiss the lips she did adore  
and oh, how sweet to see his feet safe upon the shore

As she drew near, she felt the fear that something was astray  
His mouth was slack and his blue eyes stared blindly at the day  
And in a daze, she turned her gaze from the corpse the driftwood bore  
and the cold cold sea pushed ruthlessly, safe upon the shore

Now fishermen, they cast their nets like miners pan for gold  
And sailors push off from the docks and pray the gales will hold  
The sea just sits silently, but sometimes, she does more  
And someone weeps as her love sleeps safe upon the shore



# SALLY BROWN

I love a maid across the water

**A-weigh, hey, roll and go!**

She's Sal herself, yet Sally's daughter

**Spend my money with Sally Brown**

Seven long years I courted Sally

She called me 'boy and Dilly Dally'

Seven long years and she wouldn't marry

And I no longer cared to tarry

So I courted Sal, her only daughter

And for her I sail upon the water

Sally's teeth are white and pearly

Her eyes are blue, her hair is curly

The sweetest flower of the valley

Is my dear girl, my pretty Sally

Oh! Sally Brown, I had to leave you

But trust me that I'll not deceive you

Sally Brown, I love your daughter

For her I sail upon the water



# SAM'S GONE WAY

I wish I was a cabin boy, aboard a man o' war!

**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 sailor, aboard a man o' war!

I wish I was foretopman, aboard a man o' war!

I wish I was a gunner, aboard a man o' war!

I wish I was the bos'un aboard a man o' war!

I wish I was a midshipman...

I wish I was the master...

I wish I was lieutenant...

I wish I was the captain...

I wish I was the admiral...



# SANTIANA



Oh Santiana gained the day

**Away Santiana**

Now pull the yan up the west they say

**Along the plains of Mexico**

**Well heave her up and away we'll go**

**Away Santiana**

**Heave her up and away we'll go**

**Along the plains of Mexico**

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew **Away Santiana**

And an old salty Yank for a captain too **Along the plains of Mexico**

Santiana fought for gold **Away Santiana**

Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow **Along the plains of Mexico**

'Twas on the field of Molly-Del-Rey **Away Santiana**

Well both his legs got blown away **Along the plains of Mexico**

It was a fierce and bitter strife **Away Santiana**

The general Taylor took his life **Along the plains of Mexico**

Santiana now we mourn **Away Santiana**

We left him buried off Cape Horn **Along the plains of Mexico**



# SHALLOW BROWN

Oh I'm going to leave her  
**Shallow, oh Shallow Brown**  
Oh I'm going to leave her  
**Shallow, oh Shallow Brown**

Ship on board a whaler  
I'm gonna ship on board a whaler

Bound away to Saint George's  
Bound away to Saint George's

Love you well Julianna  
I love you well Julianna

Master's going to sell me  
Master's going to sell me

Sell me to a Yankee  
He's going sell me to a Yankee

Sell me for a dollar  
A great big Spanish dollar

Gonna cross them chilly mountains  
Gonna find that silver fountain

Oh I'm going to leave her  
Oh I'm going to leave her

Packet leaves tomorrow  
I leave you with great sorrow



# SHINY-O

Captain Captain you are a dandy

**Way Hey Shiny O**

Captain Captain you love your brandy

**Way Hey Shiny O**

Won't you ferry me over to Dover

Won't you ferry me over to Dover

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

Captain, Captain how deep is the water?

It measures one inch six feet and a quarter

Captain, Captain I love your daughter

Captain, Captain I love your daughter

Shiny O is the Captains daughter

For her I'd sail across the water

Hen and chickens are flying over

When she pitches she pitches into Dover

Rivers, Rivers, Rivers are a rolling

Rivers are a rolling and I can't get over

Captain, Captain you are a dandy

Captain, Captain you love your brandy



# SOLDIER AND THE SAILOR

A soldier and a sailor were out walking one day  
Said the soldier to the sailor, "I will teach you to pray  
And if we have one prayer, **may we also have ten**"  
And whatever I shall pray for we must all say, "Amen"  
**And whatever I shall pray for**  
**And whatever I shall pray for**  
**And whatever I shall pray for, we must all say "Amen"**

Now the first thing that we'll pray, we'll pray for some cash  
Oh Glory, Oh Glory, we will go on a bash  
And if we have one pound, **may we also have ten**  
**May we have the bank of England, said the sailor, "Amen"**  
**May we have the bank of England**  
**May we have the bank of England**  
**May we have the bank of England, said the sailor, "Amen"**

What shall we'll pray for, we shall pray for some beer  
Oh Glory, oh glory, that will bring us good cheer  
And if we have one pint, **may we also have ten**"  
**"May we have a bloody brewery", said the sailor, "Amen"**  
**"May we have a bloody brewery**  
**"May we have a bloody brewery**  
**"May we have a bloody brewery, said the sailor, "Amen"**

"Now the next thing that we'll pray for, we shall pray for our Queen  
And all the royal family, where're they are seen  
And if she has one child, **may she also have ten**"  
**"May she have a bloody regiment", said the sailor, "Amen"**  
**"May she have a bloody regiment"**  
**"May she have a bloody regiment"**  
**"May she have a bloody regiment", said the sailor, "Amen"**

"Now the last thing that we'll pray for, we will pray for some peace  
From Cape Town to Belfast, from Glasgow to Greece  
And if we have one year, **may we also have ten**"  
**"May there never, ever be another war", said the sailor, "Amen"**  
**"May there never, ever be another war"**  
**"May there never, ever be another war"**  
**"May there never, ever be another war", said the sailor, "Amen"**



# SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born

**Heave away, haul away**

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Haul away your rolling king**

**Heave away, haul away**

**Haul away, you'll hear me sing**

**We're bound for South Australia**

As I walked out one morning fair

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

There's just one thing that's on my mind

That's leaving Nancy Blair behind

And as we wallop round Cape Horn

You'll wish to God you've never been born

In South Australia I was born

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn



# SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain  
For we've received orders to sail to old England  
We hope in a short time to see you again

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors  
We'll rant and we'll roar along the salt seas  
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues**

We hove our ship to with the wind on sou'west, boys  
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take  
Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom  
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman  
Next Ram Head off Plymouth, off Portland the Wight  
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dover  
Then abreast away for South Foreland Light

The signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor  
And all in the Downs that night for to lie  
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat  
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let every man drink off his full bumper  
And let every man drink off his full glass  
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy  
Here's to the health of each true-hearted lass



# THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME

This may be my last time that we sing together

**It may be my last time I don't know**

This may be my last time that we sing together

**It may be my last time I don't know**

**This may be my last time**

**This may be my last time sugar**

**Oh This may be my last time**

**It may be my last time I don't know**

This may be my last time we waste time together

This may be my last time we waste time together

This may be my last time we shout together

It may be my last time we shout together I don't know

Well, it may be the last time you hear me preach

Well, it may be the last time you hear me preach

This may be my last time that we sing together

It may be my last time that we sing together



# WELLERMAN

There 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

**Soon may the Wellerman come  
And bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day, when the tonguin' is done  
I'll take my 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

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

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 the ship in tow

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

As far as I know, the fight's still on  
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
To the Captain, crew, and all





# WHEN JONES' ALE WAS NEW

There were six jovial fellows, came over the hill together  
Come over the hill together for to join in the jovial crew  
**And they called for their pints of beer and bottles of sherry**  
**To carry them over the hills so merry**  
**To carry them over the hills so merry**  
**When Jones's ale was new, me boys, when Jones's ale was new**

Now, the first to come in was a dyer; he sat himself down by the fire  
He sat himself down by the fire for to join in the jovial crew  
And he sat himself down with a good grace  
For the chimney breast was his own place  
And here he could drink and dye his old face  
**When Jones's ale was new, me boys, when Jones's ale was new**

Now, the next to come in was a tinker and he was no small-beer drinker  
And he was no small-beer drinker for to join in the jovial crew  
“Hast ye any old pots or pans or kettles?  
My rivets are made of the very best mettle  
My lord how his hammer and tongs did rattle  
**When Jones's ale was new, me boys, when Jones's ale was new**

Now, the next to come in was a hatter and no man could be fatter  
And no man could be fatter for to join in the jovial crew  
And he placed his hat upon the ground  
Wished everybody'd place in a pound  
And then he'd be able to buy drinks all round  
**When Jones's ale was new, me boys, when Jones's ale was new**

Now, the next to come in was a mason and his hammers need refacing  
And his hammers need refacing for to join in the jovial crew  
And he sat his hammers against the wall  
Wished all the churches and chapels'd fall  
And then there's be work for Masons all  
**When Jones's ale was new, me boys, when Jones's ale was new**

Oh the next to come in was a barber he swore he came from Scarborough  
He swore he came from Scarborough to join this jovial crew  
He flung his old razor against the wall  
And he swore that maids would shave and all  
And that would give work to the barbers all  
**When Jones's ale was new my boys when Jones's ale was new**

Now, the last to come in was a soldier with a firelock o'er his shoulder  
And no man could be bolder for to join in the jovial crew  
And the landlady's daughter come in  
And he kissed atween the nose and the chin  
And the pints of beer they came rolling in  
**When Jones's ale was new, me boys, when Jones's ale was new**



# WHERE AM I TO GO

Where am I to go, M'Johnnies, oh where am I to go?

**To me, way hey hey, high roll and go**

Oh, where am I to go, M'Johnnies, oh where am I to go?

**For I'm a young sailor boy, oh where am I to go?**

Way up on that t'gallant yard, that's where you're bound to go

Way up on that t'gallant yard, the gans'l for to stow

Way up on that t'gallant yard and take that gans'l in

Way up aloft and lay right out and stow it neat and trim

You're bound away around Cape Horn, that's where you're bound to go

You're bound away around Cape Horn, all through the ice and snow

You'll be an able seaman lad when you have served your time

And then you'll ship as a seaman lad aboard the black ball line

One day you'll sit for your ticket lad this work will serve ya fine

You'll finish up a Captain lad aboard some line o'prime

Oh, where am I to go, me johnnies, oh where am I to go?

Oh, where am I to go, me Johnnies, oh where am I to go?



# WHISKEY JOHNNY

Whiskey is the life of man  
Always was since the world began

**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**

Whiskey here, whiskey there  
Whiskey almost everywhere

Whiskey up and whiskey down  
Whiskey all around the town

Whiskey killed me poor old dad  
Whiskey drove me mother mad

My wife and I do not agree  
She puts whiskey in her tea

I had a girl and her name was Lize  
She puts whiskey in her pies...

Oh whiskey straight  
and whiskey strong  
Give me some whiskey  
and I'll sing you a song

If whiskey comes too  
near my nose  
I tip it up and down she goes

Some likes whiskey  
some likes beer  
I wisht I had a barrel here

Whiskey made me

pawn me clothes  
Whiskey gave me  
this broken nose

Oh the mate likes whiskey  
the skipper likes rum  
The sailors like both but  
me can't get none

Whiskey is the life of man  
Whiskey from that old tin can

I thought I heard  
the first mate say  
I treats me crew in a decent way

If whiskey was a river  
and I could swim  
I'd say here goes  
and dive right in

I wish't I knew where whiskey grew  
I'd eat the leaves  
and the branches too

A tot of whiskey all around  
And a bottle full  
for the shanty man



# WHITE COLLAR HOLLER

Well, I rise up every morning at a quarter to eight  
Some woman who's my wife tells me not to be late  
I kiss the kids goodbye, I can't remember their names  
And week after week, it's always the same

**And it's Ho, boys, can't you code it, and program it right**  
**Nothing ever happens in the life of mine**  
**I'm hauling up the data on the Xerox line**

Then it's code in the data, give the keyboard a punch  
Then cross-correlate and break for some lunch  
Correlate, tabulate, process and screen  
Program, printout, regress to the mean

Then it's home again, eat again, watch some TV  
Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three  
I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at night  
I'm soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

Someday I'm gonna give up all the buttons and things  
I'll punch that time clock till it can't ring  
Burn up my necktie and set myself free  
Cause no'one's gonna fold, bend or mutilate me



# WHUP JAMBOREE

The pilot he looked out ahead  
The hands on the cane and the heavin' of the lead  
And the old man roared to wake the dead  
Come and get your oats me son

**Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree**  
Oh ya long-tailed black mare comin' up behind  
**Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree**  
Come an' get your oats me son

Oh, now we pass them lizard light  
Soon, me boys, we'll heave in sight  
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight  
Come and get your oats me son

Now when we get to the black wall dock  
Those pretty young girls come out in flocks  
With short-legged drawers and long-tailed frocks  
Come and get your oats me son

Well, then we'll walk down limelight way  
And all the girls will spend our pay  
We'll not see more 'til another day  
Come and get your oats me son



# WON'T YOU GO MY WAY

Oh, I met her in the morning

**Won't you go my way?**

In the morning bright and early

**Won't you go my way?**

Well she was a pretty fair maid

**Won't you go my way?**

Yes she was a pretty fair maid

**Won't you go my way?**

Well her cheeks were red and rosy

**Won't you go my way?**

and her figure was neat and cosy

**Won't you go my way?**

So I asked her for to marry

**Won't you go my way?**

But she said she'd rather tarry

**Won't you go my way?**

Oh she spent my money freely

**Won't you go my way?**

Aye she grabbed the lot or nearly

**Won't you go my way?**

Oh marry, never tarry

**Won't you go my way?**

Oh marry, never tarry

**Won't you go my way?**

So I left her in the morning

**Won't you go my way?**

In the morning bright and early

**Won't you go my way?**

Now I'm on my way to 'Frisco

**Won't you go my way?**

Yes, I'm on my way to 'Frisco

**Won't you go my way?**

On a cold and frosty morning

**Won't you go my way?**

On a dark and stormy morning

**Won't you go my way?**

# **THE STEERING CREW**

## **FOUNDING WAILER**

Jason Lunden

## **SONG RESEARCH & COMPILATION**

Dave Haynes

## **HISTORIAN & STORYTELLER**

Alex Taylor

## **SHANTY MAN & EMCEE**

Dave McNamara

## **ETHICIST & CULTURAL ENVOY**

Dave Birch

## **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION**

Mike Fewings

## **BRANDING, PHOTOGRAPHY & DESIGN**

Jonathan Wherrett