

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These songs were born of a time that, when viewed today, occasionally exhibited outdated, stereotyped, misogynistic and offensive language and sentiments.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

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