

Fall '81

Formed two years ago, Shanty Seattle is a "collective anarchy" of friends and family that are dedicated to the proposition that sea shanties did not die when the clipper ships disappeared a hundred years ago.

Although our repertoire has been expanded from these work songs of the sailor to include other group songs such as forbitters (leisure songs of the sailor) and drinking songs, we still retain much of our living-room flavor.

This book is the collective effort of many folks over the last two years. All the people who have sung have an investment of time and energy. The money involved has been produced by the music.

Special mention of Shauna Brown for her skill in putting our ideas through the typewriter - no small art. We brought her wrinkled copy, marked books and vague ideas, and received clear copy in return.

Cam Johnson should be remembered for his persistence and research.

Stephen Fox has done the cover, inside sketches, posters and advertising copy as we've needed.

This dedication, and indeed this book would both be lacking without mention of Stan Hugill, one of the last remaining shantymen, and part of the inspiration for writing this book.

~ INSTRUCTIONS ~

This book falls into three parts: shanties, forbitters and drinking songs. Response lines in the shanties and choruses are in slightly different typeface.

It is expected that you learn the tunes from other singers, records, or libraries.

Alcide
AND
Balk is going to Europe

~ calligraphy by Graves

26 FEB 82

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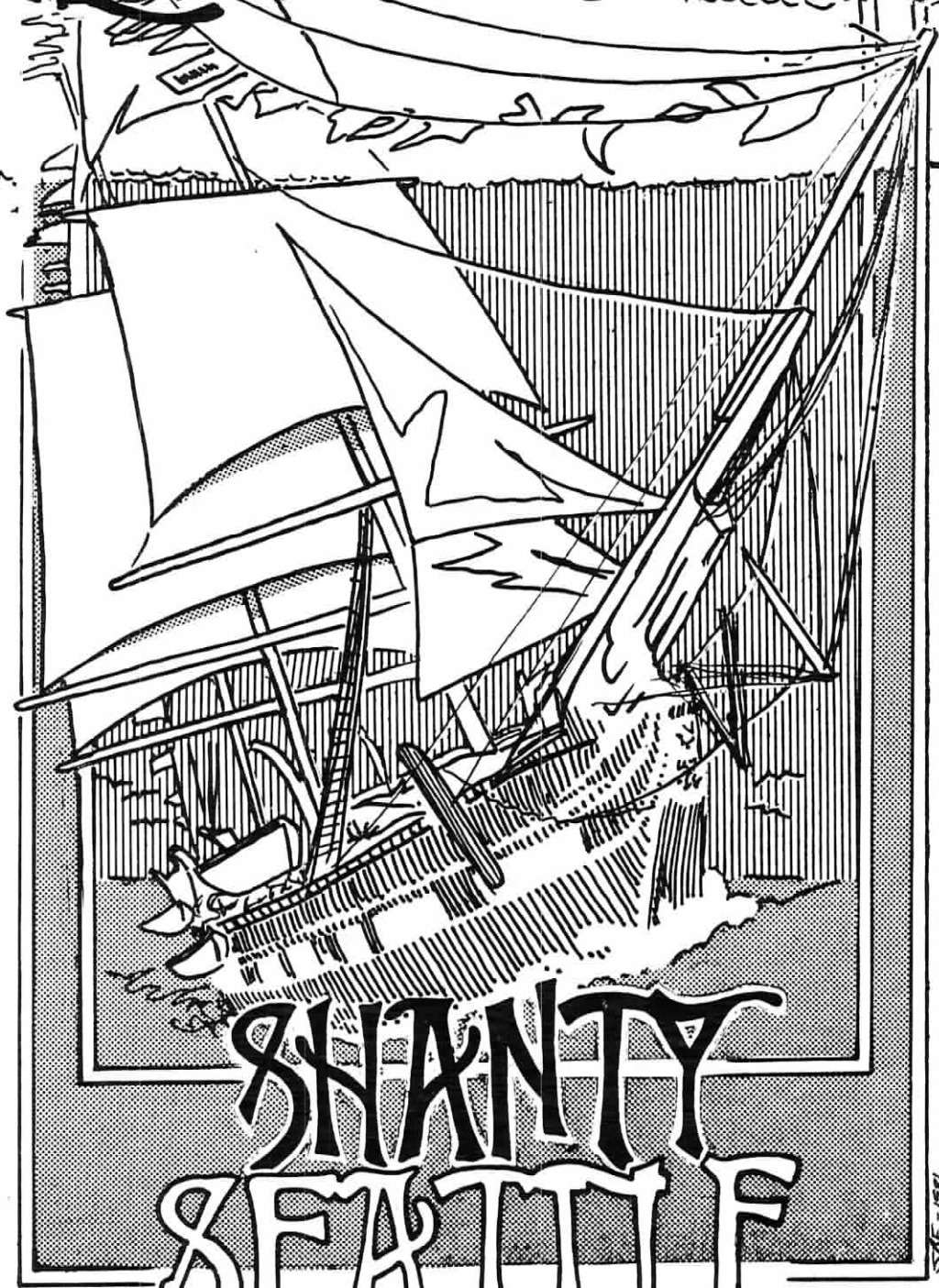
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To Make the
WELKIN RING



**SHANTY
SEATTLE**

SDF-1981

7

ALABAMA (HALLIARD)

WHEN THE ALABAMA'S KEEL WAS LAID,
ROLL, ALABAMA, ROLL!
IT WAS LAID IN THE YARDS OF JONATHON LAIRD.
ROLL, ALABAMA, ROLL!

IT WAS LAID IN THE YARDS OF JONATHON LAIRD,
IT WAS LAID IN THE TOWN OF BIRKENHEAD.

DOWN MERSEY WAY SHE SAILED THEN,
LIVERPOOL FITTED HER WITH GUNS AND MEN.

DOWN MERSEY WAY SHE SAILED FORTH,
TO DESTROY THE COMMERCE OF THE NORTH.

TO CHERBOURG HARBOR SHE SAILED ONE DAY,
TO COLLECT HER SHARE OF PRIZE MONEY.

MANY A SAILOR SAW HIS DOOM,
WHEN THE YANKEE KEARSARGE HOVE INTO VIEW.

A SHOT FROM THE FOR'ARD PIVOT THAT DAY,
BLEW THE ALABAMA'S STEERING GEAR AWAY.

OFF THE 3-MILE LIMIT IN '64,
SHE SANK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN FLOOR.

2

ALI, ALO (ROWING)

ALI, ALO FOR MASQUERO, ALI, ALI, ALO!
HE EATS THE MEAT BUT WE GET BONES!
ALI, ALI, ALI, ALO; ALI, ALI, ALO! (ALI, ALI, ALO!)

HE DRINKS GOOD WINE, BUT WE GET SCUM!
WE ASK FOR BREAD, HE GIVES US A STONE!
WHEN WE WOULD STAY HE TELLS US TO GO!
IF WE SAY "YES", THEN HE SAYS "NO!"
IF HE WOULD RIDE, THEN WE MUST ROW!

ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN
(AMELIA, WHERE YA BOUND TO? -- HAULING)

OH, THE TIMES ARE HARD, AND THE WAGES LOW,
AMELIA, WHERE YA BOUND TO?
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IS MY HOME.
ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

THE LAND OF PROMISE THERE YOU'LL SEE, I'M BOUND ACROSS THAT WESTERN SEA.	BEWARE THESE PACKET SHIPS, I PRAY, THEY'LL STEAL YOUR STORES & CLOTHES AWAY. (THEY'LL STEAL YOUR HIDE & SOUL AWAY)
TO LIVERPOOL I'LL MAKE MY WAY, TO LIVERPOOL THAT PACKET SCHOOL.	WE'RE BOUND AWAY FROM OUR FRIENDS & HOME, WE'RE BOUND AWAY TO SEEK FOR GOLD.
THERE'S LIVERPOOL PAT WITH HIS TARPAULIN HAT, AND YANKEE JOHN THE PACKET RAT.	MOTHERS & SWEETHEARTS DON'T YE CRY, SISTERS & BROTHERS SAY GOODBYE.

oo

BENJAMIN BOMANEER -- HALLIARD

H

DO YOU KNOW HOW THE WAR BEGAN,
BENJAMIN BOMANEER,
DO YOU KNOW HOW THE WAR BEGAN,
CASTERS AWAY,
DO YOU KNOW HOW THE WAR BEGAN,
WHEN ENGLAND FOUGHT TO A MAN?
AND THE BOLD TAILOR RODE PRANCING AWAY!

OF A SHEAR BOARD HE MADE A HORSE, (SING THREE TIMES)
ALL FOR HIM TO RIDE ACROSS.

OF HIS SCISSORS HE MADE BRIDLE BITS,
TO KEEP THE HORSE IN HIS WITS.

AS THE TAILOR RODE O'ER THE LEA,
HE SPIED A FLEA ON HIS KNEE.

OF HIS NEEDLE HE MADE A SPEAR,
AND PIERCED THE FLEA THROUGH HIS EAR.

OF HIS THIMBLE HE MADE A BELL,
TO RING THE FLEA'S FUNERAL KNELL.

SO THAT'S HOW THE WAR BEGAN,
WHEN ENGLAND FOUGHT TO A MAN.

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

IN THE YEAR OF 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,
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax Pier,
The last of Barrett's privateers.*

OH, WE'LL SEND BARRETT, CRIED THE TOWN,
FOR TWENTY BRAVE MEN ALL FISHERMEN WHO
WOULD MAKE FOR HIM THE "ANTELOPE'S" CREW,

THE "ANTELOPE" SLOOP WAS A SICKENING SIGHT,
SHE'D A LIST TO THE PORT AND HER SAILS IN RAGS
AND THE COOK IN THE SCUPPERS WITH THE STAGGERS AND JAGS,

ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY WE PUT TO SEA,
WE WERE 91 DAYS TO MONTEGO BAY
A-PUMPIN' LIKE MADMEN ALL THE WAY,

ON THE 96TH DAY WE SAILED AGAIN
WHEN A BLOODY GREAT YANKEE HOVE IN SIGHT
WITH OUR CRACKED FOUR POUNDERS WE MADE TO FIGHT,

THE YANKEE LAY LOW DOWN WITH GOLD
SHE WAS BROAD AND FAT AND LOOSE IN STAYS,
BUT TO CATCH HER TOOK THE "ANTELOPE" TWO WHOLE DAYS,

AT LENGTH WE STOOD TWO CABLES AWAY,
OUR CRACKED FOUR POUNDER MADE AN AWFUL DIN
BUT WITH ONE FAT BALL THE YANKS STOVE US IN,

THE "ANTELOPE" SHOOK AND PITCHED ON HER SIDE,
BARRETT WAS SMASHED LIKE A BOWL OF EGGS
AND THE MAIN TRUCK CARRIED OFF BOTH ME LEGS,

SO HERE I LIE IN MY 23RD YEAR,
IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS SINCE WE SAILED AWAY
AND I JUST MADE HALIFAX YESTERDAY.

THE BLACK BALL LINE -- HALLIARD

I SERVED MY TIME IN THE BLACK BALL LINE,
TO ME WAY-AVE-AVE, HURRAH!
IN THE BLACK BALL LINE I SERVED MY TIME.
HURRAH FOR THE BLACK BALL LINE!

THE BLACK BALL SHIPS THEY ARE GOOD AND TRUE,
AND THEY ARE THE SHIPS FOR ME AND YOU.

FOR ONCE THERE WAS A BLACK BALL SHIP,
THAT FOURTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR COULD CLIP.

YOU WILL SURELY FIND A RICH GOLD MINE;
JUST TAKE A TRIP IN THE BLACK BALL LINE.

JUST TAKE A TRIP TO LIVERPOOL,
TO LIVERPOOL, THAT YANKEE SCHOOL.

THE YANKEE SAILORS YOU'LL SEE THERE,
WITH RED-TOP BOOTS AND SHORT-CUT HAIR.

oo

BLOOD RED ROSES -- HALLIARD

7

AS I WUZ GOIN' ROUND CAPE HORN,
GO DOWN, YE BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!
I WISHT TO CHRIST I'D NEVER BEEN BORN.
GO DOWN, YE BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!
OH, YOU PINKS AND POSIES,
GO DOWN, YE BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!

OUR BOOTS AND CLOTHES IS ALL IN PAWN,
AND IT'S FLAMIN' DRAFTY ROUND CAPE HORN.

YOU'VE SPENT YOUR MONEY & TO SEA YOU MUST GO!
TO LOAD SALTPETER IN CALLAO.

ME DEAR OLD MOTHER, SHE WROTE TO ME,
"COME HOME ME DARLIN', FROM THE SEA."

"OH, ROCK HER AND SHAKE HER" IS THE CRY,
THE BLOODY TOPS'L SHEAVE IS DRY.

BLOW, YE WINDS

'TIS ADVERTISED IN BOSTON TOWN, NEW YORK, AND BUFFALO,
FIVE HUNDRED BRAVE AMERICANS A-WHALING FOR TO GO, (*singing...*)

*Blow, ye winds, in the morning, and blow, ye winds, high-0!
Clear away your running gear, and blow, boys, blow!*

THEY SEND YOU TO NEW BEDFORD, THAT FAMOUS WHALING PORT,
AND FEED YOU TO SOME LAND-SHARKS FOR TO BOARD AND FIT YOU OUT,

chorus

THEY TELL YOU OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS A-GOING IN AND OUT,
AND SWEAR YOU'LL CATCH FIVE HUNDRED SPERM BEFORE YOU'RE SIX MONTHS OUT,

chorus

IT'S NOW WE'RE OUT TO SEA, ME BOYS, THE WIND BEGINS TO BLOW,
AND HALF THE CREW IS SICK ON DECK, THE OTHER HALF BELOW,

chorus

NOW COMES THAT DAMNED OLD COMPASS, IT WILL GRIEVE YOUR HEART FULL SORE,
FOR THEIRS IS TWO-AND-THIRTY POINTS AND WE HAVE FORTY-FOUR,

chorus

THE COOPER'S AT THE VISE-BENCH, A-MAKIN' IRON POLES,
AND THE MATE'S UPON THE MAIN HATCH, A-CURSING ALL OUR SOULS,

chorus

THE SKIPPER'S ON THE QUARTER-DECK, A-SQUINTING AT THE SAILS,
WHEN ALL AT ONCE THE LOOKOUT SPIES A MIGHTY POD OF WHALES,

chorus

'NOW CLEAR AWAY THE BOATS, ME BOYS, AND AFTER HIM WE'LL TRAVEL,
BUT IF YOU GET TOO NEAR HIS FLUKES, HE'LL KICK YOU TO THE DEVIL!'

chorus

AND NOW THAT HE IS OURS, ME BOYS, WE'LL HAUL HIM ALONGSIDE,
AND OVER WITH OUR BLUBBER-HOOKS AND ROB HIM OF HIS HIDE,

chorus

AND NOW THAT WE ARE HOME, ME, BOYS, WE'RE FINISHED WITH OUR WHALIN',
A WINDING GLASS AROUND WE'LL PASS AND DAMN THIS BLUBBER WHALING!

chorus

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THE BOLD BENJAMIN -- HALLIARD

BRAVE ADMIRAL COLE, HE WENT TO SEA, OH, ME BOYS, OH!
BRAVE ADMIRAL COLE, HE WENT TO SEA, OH!
BRAVE ADMIRAL COLE, HE WENT TO SEA,
ALONG OF OUR SHIP'S COMPANY,
ABOARD THE BOLD BENJAMIN, OH!

WE SAILED OUR COURSE AWAY FOR SPAIN, OH, ME BOYS, OH!
WE SAILED OUR COURSE AWAY FOR SPAIN, OH!
WE SAILED OUR COURSE AWAY FOR SPAIN,
AND THEN WE CAME BACK AGAIN
ABOARD THE BOLD BENJAMIN, OH!

WE SAILED OUR COURSE AWAY FOR SPAIN, OH, ME BOYS, OH!
WE SAILED OUR COURSE AWAY FOR SPAIN, OH!
WE SHIPPED OUT FIVE-HUNDRED MEN,
AND BROUGHT BACK BUT SIXTY-ONE
ABOARD THE BOLD BENJAMIN, OH!

AND WHEN WE CAME TO BLACKWALL, OH, ME BOYS, OH!
AND WHEN WE CAME TO BLACKWALL, OH!
AND WHEN WE CAME TO BLACKWALL,
OUR SKIPPER HE DID LOUDLY CALL
"HERE COMES THE BOLD BENJAMIN, OH!"

AND WHEN WE CAME TO BLACKWALL, OH, ME BOYS, OH!
AND WHEN WE CAME TO BLACKWALL, OH!
THE MOTHERS THERE WERE CRYING FOR THEIR SONS
AND THE WIDOWS FOR THEIR HUSBANDS
WHO WERE LOST ON THE BENJAMIN, OH!

70

BOLD RILEY -- HAULING

OUR ANCHOR'S AWEIGH & OUR SAILS ARE ALL SET,
 BOLD RILEY-OH, BOOM-A-LAY!
 AND THE FOLKS WE ARE LEAVING, WE'LL NEVER FORGET,
 BOLD RILEY-OH, GONE AWAY!
 GOODBYE, ME DARLIN', GOODBYE, ME DEAR-OH,
 BOLD RILEY-OH, BOOM-A-LAY,
 GOODBYE, ME DARLIN', GOODBYE, ME DEAR-OH,
 BOLD RILEY-OH, GONE AWAY.

WAKE UP MARY ELLEN, AND DON'T LOOK SO GLUM,
 BY WHITESTOCKING TIME, YOU'LL BE DRINKING HARD RUM.

THE RAIN IT IS RAINING NOW ALL THE DAY LONG,
 AND THE NORTHERLY WIND, IT DOES BLOW SO STRONG.

WE'RE OUTWARD & BOUND FOR BENGAL BAY,
 GET BENDIN', ME BOYS, IT'S A HELL OF A WAY.

oo

71

BONEY -- HALLIARD

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR,
 WAY-HEY-OH!
 A WARRIOR, A WARRIOR,
 JOHN FRAN-SWAW!

BONEY BEAT THE PRUSSIANS,
 THEN HE FOUGHT THE RUSSIANS.

HE MET THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
 THEN HIS DOWNFALL WUZ BEGUN.

BONEY WENT TO SCHOOL IN FRANCE,
 LEARNED TO MAKE THE RUSSIANS DANCE.

BONEY WENT A-CRUISIN',
 ABOARD THE BILLY-RUFFIAN.

BONEY MARCHED TO MOSCOW,
 LOST HIS ARMY IN THE SNOW.

THEY SENT HIM INTO EXILE,
 HE DIED UPON ST. HELENA'S ISLE.

WE LICKED HIM IN TRAFALGAR BAY,
 CARRIED 'IS MAIN TOPMAST AWAY.

HE WUZ A RORTY GENERAL,
 A RORTY, SNORTY GENERAL.

TWAS ON THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO,
 HE MET THE LAD TO KICK HIM THROUGH.

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR,
 A WARRIOR, A WARRIOR.

BULLY IN THE ALLEY -- HALLIARD

IT'S A HELP ME, BOB, I'M A BULLY IN THE ALLEY,
WAY, HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY!
HELP ME, BOB, I'M A BULLY IN THE ALLEY,
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL!

WELL, SALLY IS THE GIRL DOWN IN OUR ALLEY,
SALLY IS THE GIRL THAT I SPLICED NEARLY.

I'LL LEAVE MY SAL AN' I'LL GO A-SAILIN',
I'LL LEAVE MY SAL AN' GO A-WHALIN'.

#####

BRING 'EM DOWN -- HALLIARD

IN LIVERPOOL I WAS BORN!
BRING 'EM DOWN,
LONDON IS ME HOME FROM HOME!
BRING 'EM DOWN!

THEM ROTHERHITE GIRLS, THEY LOOK SO FINE,
THEY'RE NEVER A DAY BEHIND THEIR TIME!

IT'S AROUND CAPE HORN WE GO,
ALL THROUGH THE ICE AND SNOW!

UP THE COAST TO VALLIPO,
NORTHWARD TO CALLAO!

THEM VALLIPO GIRLS I DO ADMIRE,
THEY SET YOUR RIGGIN' ALL AFIRE!

THEM VALLIPO GIRLS PUTS ON A SHOW,
THEY WAGGLES THEIR ARSE WITH A ROLL AND GO!

IT'S BACK AGAIN TO LIVERPOOL,
I SPENT ME PAY LIKE A BLOODY FOOL!

I'M LIVERPOOL BORN AND LIVERPOOL BRED,
LONG IN THE ARM AND THICK IN THE HEAD!

ROCK AND ROLL ME OVER, BOYS,
LET'S GET THIS DAMN JOB OVER, BOYS!

14

CAN'T YE DANCE THE POLKA -- CAPSTAN

AS I WALKED DOWN THE BROADWAY
ONE EVENIN' IN JULY,
I MET A MAID WHO ASKED ME TRADE,
AN' A SAILOR JOHN SAYS I...

THEN AWAY, YOU SANTEE,
MY DEAR ANNIE,
OH, YE NEW YORK GIRLS,
CAN'T YE DANCE THE POLKA?

TO TIFFANY'S I TOOK HER,
I DID NOT MIND EXPENSE,
I BOUGHT HER TWO GOLD EARRINGS
AN' THEY COST ME FIFTEEN CENTS.

SO I KISSED HER HARD AN' PROPER,
AFORE HER FLASH MAN CAME.
AN' FARE-YE-WELL, ME BOWERY GAL,
I KNOW YER LITTLE GAME.

SAYS SHE, "YOU LIMEJUICE SAILOR,
NOW SEE ME HOME YOU MAY."
BUT WHEN WE REACHED HER COTTAGE DOOR,
SHE UNTO ME DID SAY...

I WRAPPED ME GLAD RAGS 'ROUND ME,
AN' TO THE DOCKS DID STEER.
I'LL NEVER COURT ANOTHER MAID,
I'LL STICK TO RUM AN' BEER.

"MY FLASH MAN, HE'S A YANKEE,
WID HIS HAIR CUT SHORT BEHIND,
HE WEARS A PAIR OF LONG SEABOOTS,
AN' HE'S BOSUN IN THE BLACKBALL LINE."

I JOINED A YANKEE BLOODBOAT,
AN' SAILED AWAY NEXT MORN.
DON'T EVER FOOL AROUND WID GALS,
YER SAFER OFF CAPE HORN!

"HE'S HOMEWARD BOUND THIS EVENIN',
AN' WID ME HE WILL STAY.
SO GET A MOVE ON, SAILOR-BOY,
GET CRACKIN' ON YER WAY."

.....

15

CAPE COD GIRLS -- SHEET

CAPE COD GIRLS DON'T USE NO COMBS,
HAUL AWAY, HAUL AWAY!

COMBS THEIR HAIR WITH CODFISH BONES.

AN' WE'RE BOUND AWAY TO AUSTRALIA!

HEAVE HER UP ME BULLY, BULLY BOYS.
HAUL AWAY, HAUL AWAY!
HEAVE HER UP AND DON'T YE MAKE NO NOISE,
WE'RE BOUND AWAY TO AUSTRALIA!

CAPE COD CATS DON'T HAVE NO TAILS,
LOST THEM ALL IN THE SOUTHEAST GALES.

CAPE COD LADIES DON'T HAVE NO FRILLS,
SKINNY AND LIGHT AS CODFISH GILLS.

CAPE COD KIDS DON'T HAVE NO SLED,
THEY SLIDE DOWN HILLS ON CODFISH HEADS.

CAPE COD FOLKS DON'T HAVE NO ILLS,
CAPE COD DOCTORS FEED 'EM CODFISH PILLS.

CHEERILY, MAN -- HALLIARD

HAUL ALTOGETHER, AYE YEO!

CHEERILY, MAN!

HAUL FOR GOOD WEATHER, AYE YEO!

CHEERILY, MAN!

SHE'S LIGHT AS A FEATHER, AYE YEO!

CHEERILY, MAN-OH!

HAULEE, AYE YEO!

CHEERILY, MAN!

TO THE CATHEAD, AYE YEO,
WE'LL RAISE THE DEAD, AYE YEO,
SHE'S HEAVY AS LEAD, AYE YEO!

WE'LL HAUL AGAIN, AYE YEO,
WITH MIGHT AN' MAIN, AYE YEO,
PAY OUT MORE CHAIN, AYE YEO!

CHAIN STOPPER BRING, AYE YEO,
PASS THROUGH THE RING, AYE YEO,
OH, HAUL AND SING, AYE YEO!

SHE'S UP TO THE SHEAVE, AYE YEO,
AT THE CATHEAD WE'LL LEAVE, AYE YEO,
SOON THE TACKLE UNREAVE, AYE YEO!

OH, ROUSE AN' SHAKE HER, AYE YEO,
OH, SHAKE AN' WAKE HER, AYE YEO,
OH, GO WE'LL MAKE HER, AYE YEO!

AVAST THERE, AVAST, AYE YEO,
MAKE THE FALL FAST, AYE YEO,
MAKE IT WELL FAST, AYE YEO!

PULL ONE AND ALL, AYE YEO,
ON THE OL' CATFALL, AYE YEO,
AND THEN BELAY ALL, AYE YEO!

CHICKEN ON A RAFT

SKIPPER IN THE WARDROOM DRINKIN' GIN,
 HEY YO, CHICKEN ON A RAFT!
 I DON'T MIND KNOCKIN', BUT I AIN'T GOIN' IN!
 HEY YO, CHICKEN ON A RAFT!
 THE JIMMY'S LAUGHIN' LIKE IT'D RAIN,
 HEY YO, CHICKEN ON A RAFT!
 HE'S LOOKIN' AT ME, COMMIE CUTS AGAIN!
 HEY YO, CHICKEN ON A RAFT!

CHICKEN ON A RAFT ON A MONDAY MORNIN',
 OH, WHAT A TERRIBLE SIGHT TO SEE,
 DABTOES FOR'ARD AND THE DUSTMAN AFT,
 SITTING THERE PICKIN' AT A CHICKEN ON A RAFT!

HI HO!
 CHICKEN ON A RAFT!
 HEY YO,
 CHICKEN ON A RAFT!
 HI HO!
 CHICKEN ON A RAFT!
 HEY YO,
 CHICKEN ON A RAFT!

GAVE ME THE MIDDLE AND THE FORENOON TOO,
 NOW I'M PULLIN' ON A WHALIN' CREW.
 SEAGULLS WHEELIN' OVERHEAD,
 I OUGHTER BE HOME IN ME FEATHERBED!

I HAD A LITTLE GIRL IN DONNY-BEE,
 AND DID SHE MAKE A FOOL OF ME.
 HER HEART WAS LIKE A PURSER'S SHOWER,
 RUN HOT TO COLD IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR!

WE KISSED GOODBYE ON A MIDNIGHT BUS,
 SHE DIDN'T CRY AND SHE DIDN'T FUSS,
 AM I THE ONE SHE LOVES THE BEST,
 OR JUST A CUCKOO IN ANOTHER MAN'S NEST?

AN AMAZON GIRL LIVED IN DUMFRIES,
 ONLY HAD HER KIDS IN TWO'S AND THREE'S,
 SHE'S GOT A SISTER IN MARYHILL,
 SAYS SHE WON'T BUT I THINK SHE WILL!

1. TAKE ME BACK ON THE BAY, BOYS,

Clear away in the morning

I DON'T WANT TO GO ASHORE, BOYS,

Oh, bring her round

2. TAKE ME BACK ON THE BAY BOYS,
I DON'T WANT TO SPEND MY PAY, BOYS.

6. CAPTAIN DON'T LET THE MAIN DOWN,
CAPTAIN DON'T LET THE CHAIN RUN.

3. CAPTAIN DON'T YOU LEAVE ME,
THERE'S NO ONE HERE THAT NEEDS ME.

7. CAPTAIN DON'T YOU NEED ME,
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, BOY.

4. NANCY, OH MY NANCY,
SHE NEVER PLAYED IT FANCY.

8. NANCY, OH MY NANCY,
NANCY, OH MY NANCY.

5. BRING ME WINE AND BRANDY,
I'D ONLY ASK FOR NANCY.

9. TAKE ME BACK TO THE BAY BOYS,
I DON'T WANT TO GO ASHORE, BOYS.

DAVY LOWSTON

ME NAME WAS DAVY LOWSTON, *I did seal, I did seal,*
ME NAME WAS DAVY LOWSTON, *I did seal,*
OH, ME MEN AND I WERE LOST, THOUGH OUR VERY LIVES IT COST,
We did seal, we did seal, we did seal...

WE WERE SET DOWN IN OPEN BAY, *we were set down, we were set down,*
WE WERE SET DOWN IN OPEN BAY, *we were set down,*
WE WERE LEFT, WE GALLANT MEN, NEVERMORE TO SAIL AGAIN,
Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore...

OUR CAPTAIN JOHN MCGRAW, *he set sail, he set sail,*
OH, YES, FOR OLD PORT STANLEY, *he set sail,*
"I'LL RETURN, MEN, WITHOUT FAIL", BUT HE FOUNDERED IN THE GALE,
And went down, and went down, and went down...

SO COME ALL YOU LADS WHO VENTURE FAR FROM HOME, *far from home.*
SO COME ALL YOU LADS WHO VENTURE *far from home,*
WHERE THE ICEBERGS TOWER HIGH, THAT'S A PITIFUL PLACE TO DIE,
Never seal, never seal, never seal...

REPEAT FIRST VERSE



20

CLEAR THE TRACK -- CAPSTAN OR PUMP

OH! THE SMARTEST PACKET YE CAN FIND,
AH HEY! AH HO! ARE YOU MOST DONE?
IS THE OL' "WILDCAT" OF THE SWALLOWTAIL LINE!
OH! CLEAR AWAY THE TRACK AN' LET THE BULGINE RUN!

TIMME HEY, RIG-A-JIG, AND A JAUNTING CAR,
AH HEY! AH HO! ARE YOU MOST DONE?
WITH ELIZA LEE ALL ON MY KNEE,
SO! CLEAR AWAY THE TRACK AN' LET THE BULGINE RUN!

OH! THE OL' "WILDCAT" OF THE SWALLOWTAIL LINE,
SHE'S NEVER A DAY BEHIND HER TIME!

OH, WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND FOR NEW YORK TOWN,
THEM BOWERY GALS WE'LL WALTZ AROUND.

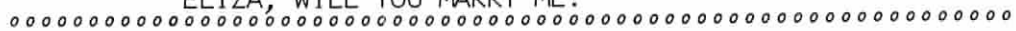
WHEN WE'VE STOWED OUR FREIGHT AT THE WEST STREET PIER,
IT'S HOME TO LIVERPOOL THEN WE'LL STEER.

OH, THEM BOWERY GALS WILL GIVE US FUN,
CHATHAM STREET DIVES IS HOME FROM HOME.

WHEN WE ALL GETS BACK TO LIVERPOOL TOWN,
I'LL STAND YE WHISKIES ALL AROUND.

OH, HEAVE A PAWL - OH, BEAR A HAND,
JUST ONE MORE PULL AND MAKE HER STAND.

OH, WHEN I GETS HOME ACROSS THE SEA,
ELIZA, WILL YOU MARRY ME?



21

THE DEAD HORSE -- CEREMONIAL

OH, A POOR OLD MAN CAME RIDING BY,
AN' WE SAY SO! AN' WE HOPE SO!
A POOR OLD MAN CAME RIDING BY!
OH, POOR OLD HORSE!

SEZ I, "OL' MAN, YER 'ORSE WILL DIE,"
SEZ I, "OL' MAN, YER 'ORSE WILL DIE!"

AN' IF HE DIES WE'LL TAN HIS HIDE,
AN' IF HE DON'T WE'LL RIDE HIM AGAIN.

FOR ONE LONG MONTH I RODE HIM HARD,
FOR ONE LONG MONTH I RODE HIM HARD.

BUT NOW YER MONTH IS UP, OL' TURK,
GIT UP, YER SWINE, AN' LOOK FOR WORK.

GIT UP, YER SWINE, AN' LOOK FOR GRAFT,
WHILE WE LAYS ON, AN' YANKS YE AFT.

AFTER HARD, HARD WORK AN' SORE ABUSE,
WE'LL SALT YE DOWN FOR SAILOR USE.

HE'S AS DEAD AS A NAIL IN THE LAMPROOM DOOR,
HE WON'T COME A-HAZIN' US NO MORE.

WE'LL USE THE HAIR OF HIS TAIL TO SEW OUR SAILS,
WE'LL USE THE HAIR OF HIS TAIL TO SEW OUR SAILS.

WE'LL HOIST HIM UP TO THE MAIN YARDARM,
WE'LL HOIST HIM UP TO THE MAIN YARDARM.

AN' WE'LL DROP HIM DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA,
WE'LL DROP HIM DOWN TO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

WE'LL SINK HIM DOWN WITH A LONG, LONG ROLL,
WHERE THE SHARKS'LL HAVE HIS BOTTOM, & THE DEVIL HAVE HIS SOUL!

ESSEQUIBO RIVER -- HALLIARD

ESSEQUIBO RIVER IS THE QUEEN O' RIVERS ALL!

BUDDY TANNA NA, WE ARE SOMEBODY, OH!

ESSEQUIBO RIVER IS THE QUEEN O' RIVERS ALL!

BUDDY TANNA NA, WE ARE SOMEBODY, OH!

SOMEBODY OH, JOHNNY, SOMEBODY OH!)

BUDDY TANNA NA, WE ARE SOMEBODY, OH! (REPEAT)

ESSEQUIBO CAPEN IS THE KING O' CAPENS ALL!

ESSEQUIBO BOSUN IS THE KING O' BOSUNS ALL!

ESSEQUIBO SAILORS IS THE CHIEF O' SAILORS ALL!

ESSEQUIBO SALLIES IS THE QUEEN O' SALLIES ALL!

ESSEQUIBO MAIDENS IS THE QUEEN O' MAIDENS ALL!

FARE THEE WELL, ME JULIANA -- HALLIARD

FARE THEE WELL, ME JULIANA,
SHALLOW, O, SHALLOW BROWN!

FARE THEE WELL, ME JULIANA,
SHALLOW, O, SHALLOW BROWN!

AND IT'S SHALLOW IN THE MORNING,
JUST AS THE DAY WAS DAWNING.

IN ME CRADLE LIES ME BABY,
I DON'T WANT NO OTHER LADY.

I'VE PUT ME CLOTHES IN ORDER,
FOR OUR PACKET LEAVES TOMORROW.

O, MY WIFE AND BABY GRIEVE ME,
IT BREAKS ME HEART TO LEAVE YE.

YES, OUR PACKET LEAVES TOMORROW,
AND IT FILLS ME HEART WITH SORROW.

FOR I'M BOUND AWAY TO LEAVE YE,
BUT I NEVER WILL DECEIVE YE.

FOR I LOVE TO GAZE UPON YE,
AND TO SPEND ME MONEY ON YE.

FARE THEE WELL, ME JULIANA,
FARE THEE WELL, ME JULIANA.

O, YOU ARE ME ONLY TREASURE,
AND I LOVES YE STILL FULL MEASURE.

24

FIRE MARINGO -- HALLIARD, COTTON SCREWING

LIFT HIM UP AND CARRY HIM ALONG,
FIRE MARINGO, FIRE HIM AWAY,
PUT HIM DOWN WHERE HE BELONGS,
FIRE MARINGO, FIRE HIM AWAY!

EASE HIM DOWN AND LET HIM LAY, I'LL HAUL HER HIGH AND HAUL HER LOW,
SCREW HIM IN AND THERE HE'LL STAY. I'LL BUST HER BLOCKS AND MAKE HER GO.

PUT HIM IN HIS HOLE BELOW, SALLY IS A PRETTY LITTLE CRAFT,
STAY HE MUST AND THEN HE'LL GO. HOT SHOT TO THE FORE & ROUNDED IN THE AFT.

WHEN I GET BACK TO LIVERPOOL TOWN, SCREW THE CART AND SCREW HIM DOWN,
I'LL TOSS A LINE TO LITTLE SALLY LET'S GET THE HELL BACK TO LIVERPOOL
BROWN. TOWN.

oo

25

GENERAL TAYLOR -- CAPSTAN, PUMP

GENERAL TAYLOR GAINED THE DAY!
WALK HIM ALONG, JOHN, CARRY HIM ALONG,
GENERAL TAYLOR GAINED THE DAY!
CARRY HIM TO HIS BURVING GROUND!

TO ME WAY, HAY, HAY, STORMY,
WALK HIM ALONG, JOHN, CARRY HIM ALONG,
WAY, HAY, HAY, STORMY,
CARRY HIM TO HIS BURVING GROUND!

I WISH I WAS OLD STORMY'S SON,
I'D BUILD ME A SHIP OF 10,000 TON!

I'D LOAD HER DOWN WITH ALE AND RUM,
AND EVERY SHELLBACK SHOULD HAVE SOME!

WE DUG HIS GRAVE WITH A SILVER SPADE,
HIS SHROUD OF THE FINEST SILK WAS MADE.

WE LOWERED HIM DOWN ON A GOLDEN CHAIN,
ON EVERY LINK WE CARVED HIS NAME.

GENERAL TAYLOR DIED LONG AGO!
HE'S GONE TO WHERE THE WINDS DON'T BLOW.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S DEAD AND GONE!
GENERAL TAYLOR'S DEAD AND GONE!

HANGIN' JOHNNY -- HALLIARD

THEY CALLS ME HANGIN' JOHNNY,
AWAY, BOYS, AWAY!
THEY SAYS I HANG FOR MONEY!
SO HANG, BOYS, HANG DOWN!

THEY SAYS I HANGED ME MOTHER, ME SISTERS AND ME BROTHERS.	A ROPE, A BEAM, A LADDER, I'LL HANG YE ALL TOGETHER.
THEY SAYS I HANGED ME GRANNY, I STRUNG HER UP SO CANNY.	HANG 'EM FROM THE YARDARM, HANG THE SEA AND BUY A PIGFARM.
THEY SAYS I HUNG A COPPER, I GAVE HIM THE LONG DROPPER.	THEY SAY I HANG FOR MONEY, HANGIN' AIN'T BLOODY FUNNY.
I'D HANG THE MATES AND SKIPPERS, I'D HANG 'EM BY THEIR FLIPPERS.	THEY CALLS ME HANGIN' JOHNNY, AIN'T NEVER HANGED NOBODY.

.....

HEAVE AWAY, ME JOHNNIES -- LONG HAUL

NOW JOHNNY WAS A ROVER, AN' TODAY HE SAILED AWAY,
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOHNNIES, HEAVE AWAY, AWAY!
SAYS SHE, "I'LL BE YER SWEETHEART, DEAR, IF YE WILL ONLY STAY,"
AN' AWAY, ME BULLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO!

SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR FRANCE,
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND TO NEW YORK TOWN TO GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE.

OUR ADVANCE NOTE'S IN OUR POCKET, BOYS, IT SURE WILL TAKE US FAR,
AN' NOW A CRUISE DOWN LIME STREET, BOYS, AN' TO THE AMERICAN BAR.

IN TWO DAYS' TIME, WE'LL BE OUTWARD BOUND AN' DOWN THE MERSEY WE'LL CLIP,
THE GALS'LL ALL BE WAITIN', BOYS, WHEN WE GET BACK NEXT TRIP.

THE PETER'S FLYIN' AT THE FORE, THE PILOT'S WAITING THE TIDE,
AN' SOON WE'LL BE BOUND OUT AGAIN, BOUND FOR THE OTHER SIDE.

AN' WHEN WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND AGAIN, OUR POCKETS LINED ONCE MORE,
WE'LL SPEND IT ALL WITH THE GALS, ME BOYS, AN' GO TO SEA FOR MORE.

SO GAILY LET YER VOICES RING, ME BULLIES, HEAVE AN' BUST,
AIN'T NO USE A-CATERWAULIN', GROWL YER MAY, BUT GO YE MUST.

28

HIELAND LADDIE -- CAPSTAN

THERE WAS A LADDIE COME FROM SCOTLAND,
HIELAND LADDIE, BONNIE LADDIE!
BONNIE LADDIE FROM FAIR SCOTLAND,
ME BONNIE HIELAND LADDIE, OH!

WAY, HEY, AN' AWAY WE GO!
HIELAND LADDIE, BONNIE LADDIE!
WAY, HEY, AN' AWAY WE GO!
ME BONNIE HIELAND LADDIE, OH!

I JOINED A SHIP AN' WENT A-SAILIN', SAILED FAR NORTH AN' WENT A-WHALIN'.	WE CAUGHT SOME WHALES AND BOILED THEIR BLUBBER, OIL AN' FAT CHOKED EVERY SCUPPER.
SHIPPED FAR NORTH ON A DUNDEE WHALER, SHIPPED FAR NORTH AS A WHALIN' SAILOR.	I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I GET HAME, I'LL GIVE UP THIS WHALIN' GAME.
BOUND AWAY TO ICELAND COLD, FOUND MUCH ICE BUT NOT MUCH GOLD.	WISHT MESELF IN BONNIE SCOTLAND, BACK AGEN IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.
THOUGHT IT WAS A WAY TO FORTUNE, BUT WHALIN'S NOT THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.	OH, HIELAND LADDIE WENT A-SAILIN', OH, HIELAND LADDIE WENT A-WHALIN'.

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29

HOG-EYE MAN -- CAPSTAN

IN SAN FRANCISCO, SO THEY SAY,
THE HOG-EYE MAN WALKS AROUND ALL DAY! (WITH ME HOG-EYE!)...

RAILROAD NOBBY IS A HOG-EYE,
ROW ASHORE WITH YOUR HOG-EYE, OH,
WHAT SHE WANTS IS A HOG-EYE MAN!

OH, SALLY IN THE GARDEN PICKIN' PEAS,
HER GOLDEN HAIR HANGIN' DOWN TO HER KNEES.

OH, THE HOG-EYE MAN GAVE A FOND LOOK OF LOVE,
AND IT CHARMED SALLY'S HEART WHICH IS PURE AS A DOVE.

AND HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE,
I'M GOING TO SEE MISS SALLY JANE.

OH, AND WHO'S BEEN HERE SINCE I BEEN GONE,
BUT A RAILROAD NOBBY WITH HIS SEABOOTS ON.

IT'S A HOG-EYE MATE AN' A HOG-EYE CREW,
WITH A HOG-EYE MAN FOR A SKIPPER, TOO.

SALLY IN THE GARDEN PICKIN' PEAS,
WITH A LITTLE HOG-EYE ALL SITTIN' ON HER KNEE

OH, IN SAN FRANCISCO, THERE SHE'LL WAIT,
FOR THE HOG-EYE MAN TO COME THROUGH HER GATE.

I' SE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT

I' SE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT,
AND I' SE THE B'Y THAT SAILS HER,
I' SE THE B'Y THAT CATCHES THE FISH,
AND TAKES 'EM HOME TO 'LIZER.

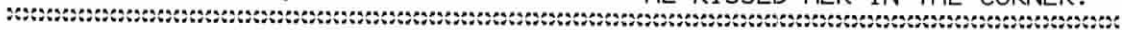
HIP YER PARTNER, SALLY TIBBO,
HIP YER PARTNER, SALLY BROWN,
FOGO, TWILLINGATE, MORTON'S HARBOUR,
ALL AROUND THE CIRCLE.

SODS AND RINDS TO COVER YOUR FLAKE,
CAKE AND TEA FOR SUPPER;
CODFISH IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR,
FRIED IN MAGGOTY BUTTER!

I TOOK 'LIZER TO A DANCE,
AND FAITH! BUT SHE COULD TRAVEL!
EV'RY STEP THAT SHE DID TAKE
WAS UP TO HER KNEES IN GRAVEL!

I DON'T WANT YER MAGGOTY FISH,
THAT'S NO GOOD FOR WINTER'
I COULD BUY AS GOOD AS THAT,
DOWN IN BONAVISTA.

SUSAN WHITE SHE'S OUT OF SIGHT,
HER PETTICOAT NEEDS A BORDER,
OLD SAM OLIVER IN THE DARK,
HE KISSED HER IN THE CORNER!



LEAVE HER JOHNNY -- PUMP, CAPSTAN

O THE TIMES ARE HARD AND THE WAGES LOW,
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO!
AN' IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!
FOR THE VOYAGE IS DONE AN' THE WINDS DON'T BLOW,
AN' IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

O I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY,
TOMORROW YE WILL GET YOUR PAY!

THE COOK'S A DRUNK, HE LIKES TO BOOZE,
TWEEN HIM AN' THE MATE THERE'S LITTLE
TO CHOOSE!

IT'S LIVERPOOL PAT WITH HIS TARPAULIN HAT,
IT'S YANKEE JOHN THE PACKET RAT.

I HATE TO SAIL ON THIS ROTTEN TUB,
NO GROG ALLOWED AND ROTTEN GRUB!

IT'S ROTTEN BEEF AN' WEEV'LY BREAD,
IT'S PUMP OR DROWN THE OLD MAN SAID.

THE SHIP WON'T STEER, NOR STAY, NOR
WEAR,
AN' SO US SHELLBACKS LEARNT TO SWEAR.

THE WIND WAS FOUL AN' THE SEA RAN HIGH,
SHE SHIPPED IT GREEN AN' NONE WENT BY.

NO LIVERPOOL BREAD, NOR ROTTEN CRACKER-
HASH,
NO DANDYFUNK, NOR COLD AN' SLOPPY HASH.

WE'D BE BETTER OFF IN A NICE CLEAN GAOL,
WITH ALL NIGHT IN AN' PLENTY O' ALE!

THE OLD MAN SHOUTS, THE PUMPS STAND BY,
OH, WE CAN NEVER SUCK HER DRY.

THE MATE WAS A BUCKO AN' THE OLD MAN A
TURK,
THE BOSUN WAS A BEGGAR WITH THE MIDDLE
NAME O' WORK!

NOW I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY,
JUST ONE MORE PULL AN' THEN BELAY.

IT'S GROWL YER MAY AN' GO YER MUST,
IT MATTERS NOT WHETHER YER LAST OR FIRST!

WE SWEAR BY ROTE FOR WANT O' MORE,
BUT NOW WE'RE THROUGH SO WE'LL GO ON
SHORE.

32

JOHN CHEROKEE -- RIVER SONG, PUMP OR ROWING

JOHN CHEROKEE WAS AN INDIAN MAN,

ALABAMA, JOHN CHEROKEE!

HE RUN AWAY EVERY TIME HE CAN.

ALABAMA, JOHN CHEROKEE! WAY, HEY, YAH!

ALABAMA, JOHN CHEROKEE, WAY, HEY, YAH!

ALABAMA, JOHN CHEROKEE!

THEY PUT HIM ABOARD A YANKEE SHIP,
AGAIN HE GAVE THE BOSS THE SLIP.

THEY CATCH HIM AGAIN AND CHAIN HIM TIGHT,
AND STARVE HIM MANY A DAY AND NIGHT.

NOTHING TO DRINK AND NOTHING TO EAT,
HE JUST FALL DEAD AT THE BOSS'S FEET.

SO THEY BURY HIM BY THE OLD GATE POST,
THE VERY SAME DAY YOU CAN SEE HIS GHOST.

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33

JOHN KANAKA -- CAPSTAN OR PUMP

I HEARD, I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY,

JOHN KANAKA-NAKA TU-LAI-AY!

TODAY, TODAY IS A HOLIDAY,

JOHN KANAKA-NAKA TU-LAI-AY!

TU-LAI-AY, OH! TU-LAI-AY!

JOHN KANAKA-NAKA TU-LAI-AY!

WE'LL WORK TAMORROW, BUT NO WORK TADAY,
WE'LL WORK TAMORROW, BUT NO WORK TADAY.

WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR 'FRISCO BAY,
WE'RE BOUND AWAY AT THE BREAK O' DAY.

WE'RE BOUND AWAY AROUND CAPE HORN,
WE WISHT TA CHRIST WE'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

OH HAUL, OH HAUL, OH HAUL AWAY,
OH HAUL AWAY, AN' MAKE YER PAY!

LIVERPOOL JUDIES (ROW, BULLIES, ROW)

WHEN I WUZ A YOUNGSTER I SAILED WID THE REST
ON A LIVERPOOL PACKET BOUND OUT FOR THE WEST,
WE ANCHORED ONE DAY IN THE HARBOR O' CORK,
THEN WE PUT OUT FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

*And it's row, row bullies, row,
Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow!*

FOR FORTY-TWO DAYS WE WUZ HUNGRY AN' SORE,
OH, THE WINDS WUZ AGAIN' US, THE GALES THEY DID ROAR,
BUT OFF BATTERY POINT WE DID ANCHOR AT LAST,
WID OUR JIBBOM HOVE TO AN' THE CANVAS ALL FAST.

THE BOARDIN' HOUSE MASTERS WUZ OFF IN A TRICE,
A-SHOUTIN' AN' PROMISIN' ALL THAT WAS NICE,
AN' ONE FAT OL' CRIMP TOOK A FANCY TO ME,
SEZ HE, "YER A FOOL, LAD, TO FOLLOW THE SEA."

SEZ HE, "THERE'S A JOB AS IS WAITIN' FOR YOU,
WID LASHIN'S O' LIQUOR AN' BEGGAR-ALL TO DO."
SEZ HE, "WHAT D'YER SAY, LAD, WILL YOU JUMP HER TOO?"
SEZ I, "YE OL' BASTARD, I'M DAMNED IF I DO."

BUT THE BEST OF INTENTIONS THEY NEVER GOES FAR,
AFTER THIRTY-TWO DAYS AT THE DOOR OF A BAR,
I TOSSED OFF ME LIQUOR AND WHAT DO YER THINK?
THAT ROTTEN OL' BASTARD HAD DRUGS IN ME DRINK.

THE NEXT I REMEMBER I WOKE IN THE MORN,
ON A THREE-SKYS'L YARDER BOUND SOUTH ROUND CAPE HORN,
WID AN OL' SUIT OF OILSKINS AN' TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS,
AN' A BLOOMIN' GREAT HEAD & A DOSE OF THE POX.

NOW ALL YE YOUNG SAILORS TAKE A WARNIN' BY ME,
KEEP AN EYE ON YER DRINKS WHEN THE LIQUOR IS FREE,
AN' PAY NO ATTENTION TO RUNNER OR WHORE
WHEN YOUR HAT'S ON YOUR HEAD AND YOUR FEET'S ON THE SHORE.

35

JOLLY ROVING TAR -- CAPSTAN

SHIPS MAY COME AND SHIPS MAY GO, AS LONG AS THE SEA DOES ROLL,
EACH SAILOR LAD JUST LIKE HIS DAD, HE LOVES THE FLOWING BOWL.
A TRIP ASHORE HE DOES ADORE WITH THE GIRL THAT'S PLUMP AND ROUND,
WHEN YOUR MONEY'S GONE, IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG: "GET UP, JACK; JOHN, SIT DOWN."

COME ALONG, COME ALONG, YOU JOLLY, BRAVE BOYS,
THERE'S LOTS OF GROG IN THE JAR,
WE'LL PLOW THE BRINY OCEAN WITH THE JOLLY ROVIN' TAR!

WHEN JACK GETS IN, IT'S THEN HE'LL STEER FOR SOME OLD BOARDING HOUSE,
THEY'LL WELCOME HIM WITH RUM AND GIN, THEY'LL FEED HIM ON PORK SCOUSE.
HE'LL LEND AND SPEND AND NOT OFFEND TIL' HE LIES DRUNK ON THE GROUND.
WHEN YOUR MONEY'S GONE, IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG: "GET UP, JACK; JOHN, SIT DOWN."

HE THEN WILL SAIL ABOARD SOME SHIP FOR INDIA OR JAPAN,
IN ASIA THERE, THE LADIES FAIR ALL LOVE THE SAILOR MEN.
HE'LL GO ASHORE AND ON A TEAR HE'LL BUY SOME GIRL A GOWN,
WHEN YOUR MONEY'S GONE, IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG: "GET UP, JACK; JOHN, SIT DOWN."

WHEN JACK GETS OLD AND WEATHERBEAT, TOO OLD TO ROAM ABOUT,
IN SOME RUM SHOP, THEY'LL LET HIM STOP TIL' EIGHT BELLS CALLS HIM OUT.
HE'LL RAISE HIS EYES UP TO THE SKIES, SAYIN' "BOYS, WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND!"
WHEN YOUR MONEY'S GONE, IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG: "GET UP, JACK; JOHN, SIT DOWN."

36

MINGALAY BOAT SONG -- ROWING

HAIL YA HO, BOYS, LET HER GO, BOYS,
BRING HER HAID ROUND AND ALL TOGETHER,
HAIL YA HO, BOYS, LET HER GO, BOYS,
SAILING HOMEWARD TO MINGALAY.

WHAT CARE WE HOW WILD THE MINCH IS,
WHAT CARE WE FOR WINDY WEATHER?
HAIL YA HO, BOYS, EVERY INCH IS
SAILING CLOSER TO MINGALAY.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS ON THE HILLSIDE,
LOOKING SEAWARD THROUGH THE HEATHER,
LET HER GO, BOYS, AND WE'LL ANCHOR,
'ERE THE SUN SETS ON MINGALAY.

WHEN THE WIND IS WILD WITH SHOUTING,
AND THE WAVES MOUNT EVER HIGHER,
ANXIOUS EYES TURN EVER SEAWARD,
TO SEE US HOME, BOYS, TO MINGALAY.

37

TO ME WAY-AY-AY YAH!
WE'LL HANG PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS!

WE'LL ALL SHAVE UNDER THE CHIN! WE'LL TAUTEN THE BUNT AN' WE'LL FURL!

WE'LL ALL DRINK WHISKEY AND GIN! WE'LL SKIN THE OL' RABBIT AN' HAUL!

WE'LL BUNT UP THE SAIL WITH A FLING! WE'LL ALL THROW MUCK AT THE COOK!

oo

PADDY LAY BACK -- CAPSTAN

'T WAS A COLD AND DREARY MORNIN' IN DECEMBER (DECEMBER!)

ALL OF ME MONEY IT WAS SPENT, (SPENT, SPENT!)

WHERE IT WENT TO, LORD, I CAN'T REMEMBER, (REMEMBER!)

SO DOWN TO THE SHIPPING OFFICE WENT (WENT, WENT!)

PADDY LAY BACK (PADDY LAY BACK!)

TAKE IN YOUR SLACK (TAKE IN YOUR SLACK!)

TAKE A TURN AROUND THE CAPSTAN, HEAVE A PAWL! (HEAVE A PAWL!)

ABOUT SHIP'S STATIONS, BOYS BE HANDY, (BE HANDY!)

WE'RE BOUND FOR VALIPARISO 'ROUND THE HORN!

38

THAT DAY THERE WAS A GREAT DEMAND FOR SAILORS,
FOR THE COLONIES, FOR 'FRISCO AND FOR FRANCE,
SO I SHIPPED ABOARD A LIMEY BARQUE THE HOTSPUR,
AN' GOT PARALYTIC DRUNK ON MY ADVANCE.

NOW I JOINED HER ON A COLD DECEMBER MORNIN',
A-FRAPPIN' O' ME FLIPPERS TO KEEP ME WARM,
WITH THE SOUTH CON A-HOISTED AS A WARNIN',
TO STAND BY THE COMIN' OF A STORM.

NOW SOME OF OUR FELLERS HAD BEEN DRINKIN',
AN' I MESELF WAS HEAVY ON THE BOOZE;
AN' I WAS ON ME OL' SEA-CHEST A'THINKIN'
I'D TURN INTO ME BUNK AN' HAVE A SNOOZE.

I WOKE UP IN THE MORNIN' SICK AN' SORE,
I KNEW I WAS OUTWARD BOUND AGAIN;
WHEN I HEARS A VOICE A-BAWLIN' AT THE DOOR,
"LAY AFT, YE SODS, AN' ANSWER TO YER NAMES."

'T WAS ON THE QUARTERDECK WHERE I FIRST SAW 'EM,
SUCH AN UGLY BUNCH I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE,
FOR THERE WAS A BUM AND STIFF FROM EVERY QUARTER,
AN' IT MADE ME POOR OL' HEART SICK AND SORE.

THERE WAS SPANIARDS AN' DUTCHMEN AN' ROOSIANS,
AN' JOHNNY CRAPOOS JIST ACROSST FROM FRANCE,
AN' MOST OF 'EM COULDN'T SPEAK A WORD O' ENGLISH,
BUT ANSWERED TO THE NAME OF 'MONTH'S ADVANCE!'

I AXED THE MATE A-WHICH A-WATCH WAS MINE-O,
SAYS HE, 'I'LL SOON PICK OUT A-WHICH IS WHICH';
AN' HE BLOWED ME DOWN AN' KICKED ME HARD A STERN-O,
CALLIN' ME A LOUSY, DIRTY SON O' A BITCH.

I WISHT I WAS IN THE "JOLLY SAILOR",
ALONG WITH IRISH KATE A-DRINKIN' BEER,
AN' THEN I THOUGHT WHAT JOLLY CHAPS WERE SAILORS,
AN' WITH ME FLIPPER I WIPED AWAY A TEAR.

SO THERE WAS I ONCE MORE AGAIN AT SEA, BOYS,
THE SAME OL' RUDDY BUSINESS OVER AGAIN;
OH, STAMP THE CAPS'N ROUND AN' MAKE SOME NOISE, BOYS,
AN' SING AGAIN THIS DEAR OL' SWEET REFRAIN.

PADDY WFST

OH, AS I WUZ A-ROLLIN' DOWN GREAT HOWARD STREET,
 I STROLLED INTO PADDY WEST'S HOUSE.
 HE GAVE ME A PLATE OF AMERICAN HASH
 AN' SWORE IT WAS ENGLISH SCOUSE.
 SAYS HE, "LOOK HERE, YOUNG FELLER,
 YER JUST IN TIME
 TO GO AWAY IN A BIG CLIPPER SHIP
 AN' VERY SOON YE'LL SIGN."

*Then it's put on your dungaree jacket,
 An' give the boys a rest,
 An' think o' the col' nor'westers that blow
 In the house o' Paddy West's!*

WHEN I GOT INTO OL' PADDY WFST'S HOUSE
 THE WIND BEGAN TO BLOW,
 HE SENT ME UP TO THE LUMBER-ROOM
 THE FORE ROYAL FOR TO STOW,
 WHEN I CLIMBED UP TO THE ATTIC
 NO FORE ROYAL COULD I FIND,
 SO I TOOK A TUMBLE TO MESELF
 AN' FURLED THE WINDOW BLIND.

IT'S PADDY, ME BOY, HE PIPES ALL HANDS ON DECK,
 THEIR STATIONS FOR TO MAN.
 HIS WIFE, MARY ANN, STOOD IN THE BACK YARD,
 A BUCKET IN HER HAND.
 HIS WIFE LET GO OF THE BUCKET,
 THE WATER FLEW ON IT'S WAY,
 "CLEW UP YER FOR T'GALL'NT, MF SONS,
 SHE'S TAKEN IN A SEA!"

NOW PADDY, SEZ HE, "IN IMAGINATION
 TO THE SOUTH'ARD WE ARE BOUND,"
 AN' HE TOOK A LONG, LONG PIECE OF STRING
 AN' HE TIED IT ROUND AN' ROUND.
 I STEPPED ACROSS IT AN' BACK AGAIN,
 AN' PADDY SEZ, "THAT'S FINE,
 WHEN THE MATE HE AXES 'AVE YE EVER BEEN TO SEA?
 YE CAN SAY YE'VE CROSSED THE LINE."

"WHEN HE AXES IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN TO SEA,
 DON'T TELL HIM NOT TILL THIS MORN,
 FOR "BE JESUS," SEZ HE, "A SAILOR YE'LL BE,
 FROM THE HOUR THAT YE WUZ BORN.
 JUST GO INTO THE PARLOUR,
 WALK ROUND THE BULLOCK'S HORN,
 AN' TELL THE MATE THAT YE 'AVE BEEN
 TEN TIMES ROUND THE HORN.!"

RANDY DANDY OH! -- CAPSTAN

HO

1) NOW WE ARE READY TO HEAD FOR THE HORN,
WAY, HEY, ROLL AN' GO!
OUR BOOTS AN' OUR CLOTHES, BOYS, ARE ALL IN THE PAWN!
TIMME ROLLICKIN' RANDY DANDY OH!

HEAVE A PAWL, HEAVE AWAY, WAY, HEY, ROLL AND GO,
THE ANCHOR'S ON BOARD AND THE CABLE'S ALL STORED,
TIMME ROLLICKIN' RANDY DANDY OH!

COME BREAST THE BARS, BULLIES, AN' HEAVE HER AWAY,
SOON WE'LL BE ROLLIN' HER 'WAY DOWN THE BAY.

2) SOON WE'LL BE WARPING HER OUT THROUGH THE LOCKS,
WHERE THE PRETTY YOUNG GALS ALL COME DOWN IN THEIR FLOCKS.

SING GOODBYE TO SALLY AND GOODBYE TO SUE,
FOR WE ARE THE BULLIES THAT CAN KICK HER THROUGH.

3) FOR OH, MAN THE STOUT CAPS'N AN' HEAVE WITH A WILL,
SOON WE'LL BE DRIVIN' HER 'WAY DOWN THE HILL.

4) HEAVE AWAY, BULLIES, YE PARISH-RIGGED BUMS,
TAKE YER HANDS FROM YER POCKETS AND DON'T SUCK YER THUMBS.

5) ROUST 'ER UP, BULLIES, THE WIND'S DRAWIN' FREE,
LET'S GET THE GLAD-RAGS ON AN' DRIVE 'ER TO SEA.

6) WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND FOR VALLIPO BAY,
GET CRACKIN', M'LADS, 'TIS A HELL OF A WAY!

RANZO -- HALLIARD

H1

RANZO WAS NO SAILOR,
RANZO, BOYS, RANZO!
HE WAS A NEW YORK TAILOR!
RANZO, ME BOYS, RANZO!

HE WAS A NEW YORK TAILOR,
SHANGHAI'D ABOARD A WHALER.

SHE GAVE HIM RUM AND WATER,
AND A BIT MORE THAN SHE OUGHTER.

THEY PUT HIM HOLY-STONIN',
AND CARED NOT FOR HIS GROANIN'.

SHE GAVE HIM EDUCATION,
AND TAUGHT HIM NAVIGATIN'.

THEY GAVE HIM LASHES THIRTY,
BECAUSE HE WAS SO DIRTY.

SHE MADE HIM THE BEST SAILOR,
ON BOARD THAT NEW YORK WHALER.

THEY GAVE HIM LASHES TWENTY,
THAT'S TWENTY MORE THAN PLENTY.

HE MARRIED THE CAP'N'S DAUGHTER,
AND STILL SAILS ON SALT WATER.

RANZO NEARLY FAINTED,
WHEN HIS BACK WITH OIL WAS PAINTED.

HE'S KNOWN WHEREVER THE WHALEFISH! BLOW,
AS THE TOUGHEST BASTARD ON THE GO.

THE CAPTAIN GAVE HIM THIRTY,
HIS DAUGHTER BEGGED FOR MERCY.

HUZZAH! FOR REUBEN RANZO,
HUZZAH! FOR CAP'N RANZO!

SHE TOOK HIM TO HER CABIN,
AND TRIED TO EASE HIS MOANIN'.

42

RIO GRANDE -- CAPSTAN

WAS YOU EVER IN RIO GRANDE?
HEAVE AWAY FOR RIO!
IT'S THERE THAT THE RIVER FLOWS DOWN GOLDEN SAND!
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

THEN AWAY, BOYS, AWAY,
AWAY DOWN RIO,
SO FARE THEE WELL, MY PRETTY YOUNG GIRL,
WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

SO IT'S PACK UP YOUR SEA-CHEST AN' GET UNDERWAY,
THE GIRLS WE ARE LEAVIN' CAN HAVE OUR HALF-PAY.

OUR SHIP WENT SAILIN' OVER THE BAR,
WE'VE POINTED HER BOW TO THE SOUTHERN STARS.

YOU LIVERPOOL JUDIES, WE'LL HAVE YOU TO KNOW,
WE'RE BOUND TO THE SOUTH'ARD AND GLAD FOR TO GO.

WE'RE A LIVERPOOL SHIP & A LIVERPOOL CREW,
YOU CAN STICK TO THE COAST BUT I'M DAMNED IF WE DO!

GOODBYE TO ELLEN & MOLLY & SUE,
YOU PARK LANE JUDIES, IT'S GOODBYE TO YOU.

.....

43

SAMMY'S BAR -- HAULING

I WENT DOWN TO SAMMY'S BAR,
HEY, THE LAST BOATS ARE LEAVIN',
AT THE SHORE AT PIETA,
CALL AWAY THE DIZO.

AND MY TRUE LOVE SHE WAS THERE,
THERE WAS SAND ALL IN HER HAIR.

HOW DID SAND GET IN YOUR HAIR?
DARLING JOHNNY PUT IT THERE.

BEEN WITH JOHNNY ALL THE DAY,
ON THE SHORES OF DINGLE BAY.

~~OUT AT GRAIN TUFFETA~~
HE'S A BETTER MAN BY FAR,
'CAUSE HE'S GOT A YANKEE CAR.

FOURTEEN DAYS I DRANK NO WINE,
SAVIN' FOR THAT LOVE OF MINE.

THEN ONE DAY IN ^{PAULA} PETTY SQUARE,
AT A PAPER I DID STARE.

JOHNNY TRIED A HAIRPIN BEND,
FOR MY LOVE IT WAS THE END.

I'M GOIN' BACK TO SAMMY'S BAR,
I DON'T NEED NO YANKEE CAR.

.....

44

SAM'S GONE AWAY -- CAPSTAN, PUMP

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 THE CAPTAIN, ABOARD A MAN O' WAR!

I WISH I WAS A BOS'N, ABOARD A MAN O' WAR!

I WISH I WAS A GUNNER, ABOARD A MAN O' WAR!

YOU'LL NEVER BE A HERO, ABOARD A MAN O' WAR!

45

OH, SANTIANA GAIN'D THE DAY!
AWAY SANTIANA!
OH, SANTIANA GAIN'D THE DAY!
ALL ACROSS THE PLAINS OF MEXICO!

HE GAINED THE DAY AT MOLLEY-DEL-REY
(MONTEREY),
AN' GENERAL TAYLOR RAN AWAY.

ALL OF HIS MEN WERE BRAVE & TRUE,
EVERY SOLDIER BRAVE AND TRUE.

OH, SANTIANA FOUGHT FOR FAME,
OH, SANTIANA GAINED A NAME.

AN' ZACHARIAS TAYLOR RAN AWAY,
HE RAN AWAY AT MOLLEY-DEL-REY.

SANTIANA'S MEN WERE BRAVE,
MANY FOUND A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

'T WAS A FIERCE & BITTER STRIFE,
HAND TO HAND THEY FOUGHT FOR LIFE.

AN' SANTIANA'S NAME IS KNOWN,
WHAT A MAN CAN DO WAS SHOWN.

OH, SANTIANA FOUGHT FOR HIS GOLD,
WHAT DEEDS HE DID HAVE OFT BEEN TOLD.

'T WAS ON THE FIELD OF MOLLEY-DEL-REY,
SANTIANA LOST A LEG THAT DAY.

OH, SANTIANA'S DAY IS O'ER,
SANTIANA WILL FIGHT NO MORE.

OH, SANTIANA'S GONE AWAY,
FAR FROM THE FIELD OF MOLLEY-DEL-REY.

OH, SANTIANA NOW WE MOURN,
WE LEFT HIM BURIED OFF CAPE HORN.

.....

SAILOR'S ALPHABET -- CAPSTAN

A IS THE ANCHOR THAT HOLDS A BOLD SHIP,
B IS THE BOWSPRIT THAT OFTEN DOES DIP.
C IS THE CAPSTAN 'ROUND WHICH WE MUST WIND AND
D ARE THE DAVITS ON WHICH THE JOLLY BOAT HANGS.

SO HI DERRY, HEY DERRY, HO DERRY DOWN,
GIVE SAILORS THEIR GROG & THERE'S NOTHING GOES WRONG,
SO MERRY, SO MERRY, SO MERRY ARE WE,
NO MORTAL ON EARTH LIKE A SAILOR AT SEA.

E IS THE ENSIGN, THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE,
F IS THE FO'C'SLE THAT HOLDS THE SHIP'S CREW.
G IS THE GANGWAY ON WHICH THE MATE TAKES HIS STAND AND
H IS THE HAUSER THAT SELDOM DOES STRAND.

I IS THE IRONS WHERE THE STUNS'L BOOM SITS.
J IS THE JIB BOOM THAT OFTEN DOES DIP,
K ARE THE KEELSUNS OF WHICH YOU'VE BEEN TOLD AND
L ARE THE LANYARDS THAT ALWAYS WILL HOLD.

M IS THE MAINMAST SO STOUT AND SO STRONG,
N IS THE NORTHPOINT THAT NEVER POINTS WRONG,
O ARE THE ORDERS OF WHICH WE MUST BEWARE, AND
P ARE THE PUMPS THAT CAUSE SAILORS TO SWEAR.

Q IS THE QUADRANT THE SUN FOR TO TAKE.
R IS THE RIGGIN' THAT OFTEN DOES SHAKE.
S IS THE STARBOARD SIDE OF OUR BOLD SHIP AND
T ARE THE TOPMASTS THAT OFTEN DO SPLIT.

U IS THE UGLIEST OLD CAPTAIN OF ALL,
V ARE THE VAPORS THAT COME WITH THE SQUALL,
W IS THE WINDLASS 'ROUND WHICH WE MUST WIND AND
X, Y AND Z, I CAN'T PUT TO RHYME.

46

47
SHALLOW BROWN -- SHORTHAUL

OH! IT'S SHALLOW IN THE MORNING,
SHALLOW, SHALLOW BROWN!
JUST BEFORE THE DAY IS DAWNING,
SHALLOW, SHALLOW BROWN!

SHALLOW BROWN'S A BRIGHT MULATTER,
AND SHE HAILS FROM CINCINATTER!

COME AND PUT ME CLOTHES IN ORDER,
FOR ME PACKET SAILS TOMORROW!

I AM BOUND AWAY TO LEAVE YE,
& AND NEVER WILL DECEIVE YE.

HOW I LONG TO LOOK UPON YE,
AND TO SPEND ME MONEY ON YE.

OH, ME PACKET SAILS TOMORROW,
AND I'LL LEAVE YE WITH MUCH SORROW.

IN THE CRADLE LIES ME BABY,
I DON'T WANT NO OTHER LADY.

TO LEAVE MY WIFE & BABY GRIEVES ME,
'TIS A PAIN FOR ME TO LEAVE YE.

BE UP ON THE PIER TO GREET ME,
WITH FOND KISSES I WILL GREET THEE.

OH, WE'RE GOIN' AWAY TOMORROW,
BOUND AWAY TOMORROW.

48
SHENANDOAH -- CAPSTAN

OH, MISSOURI, SHE'S A MIGHTY WATER,
AWAY, YOU ROLLIN' RIVER!
THE REDSKIN CAMP LIES ON HER BORDER.
AWAY WE'RE BOUND TO GO,
CROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI!

OH, SHENANDOAH WAS A REDSKIN MAIDEN,
AND A WHITE MAN LOVED THAT REDSKIN
MAIDEN.

OH, THE WHITE MAN LOVED THE INDIAN
MAIDEN,
WITH TRADE-GOODS HIS CANOE WAS LADEN.

THE CHIEF REFUSED THE TRADER'S DOLLARS,
MY DAUGHTER YE SHALL NEVER FOLLOW.

AT LAST THERE CAME A YANKEE SKIPPER,
WHO WINKED HIS EYE AND TIPPED HIS
FLIPPER.

HE SOLD THE CHIEF SOME FIREWATER,
AND STOLE THE GAL ACROSS THE WATER.

O SHENANDOAH I LOVE YER DAUGHTER,
I'LL TAKE HER SAILIN' 'CROSS YOU
ROLLIN' WATER.

49
SOUTH AUSTRALIA -- CAPSTAN

IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA I WAS BORN!
HEAVE AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
SOUTH AUSTRALIA ROUND CAPE HORN!
AN' WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA!

HEAVE AWAY, YOU ROLLIN' KING,
HEAVE AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
HAUL AWAY YOU'LL HEAR ME SING,
AN' WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA!

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNIN' FAIR,
IT'S THERE I MET MISS NANCY BLAIR.

I SHOOK HER UP, I SHOOK HER DOWN,
I SHOOK HER ROUND AND ROUND THE TOWN.

THERE AIN'T BUT ONE THING GRIEVES ME MIND,
IT'S TO LEAVE MISS NANCY BLAIR BEHIND.

AND AS YOU WALLOP AROUND CAPE HORN,
YOU'LL WISH TO CHRIST YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

UP THE COAST TO VALLIPO,
NORTHWARD TO CALLAO.

IT'S BACK AGAIN TO LIVERPOOL,
I SPENT ME PAY LIKE A BLOODY FOOL!

I'M LIVERPOOL BORN & LIVERPOOL BRED,
LONG IN THE ARM & THICK IN THE HEAD.

OH, ROCK & ROLL ME OVER, BOYS,
LET'S GET THIS DAMN ~~SON~~ OVER, BOYS!

song

AFT ON THE POOPDECKS, WALKIN' ABOUT
 THERE IS THE SECOND MATE, SO STEADY AND SO STOUT,
 WHAT HE IS THINKIN' OF, HE ONLY KNOWS HIMSELF,
 WE WISH THAT HE WOULD HURRY UP AND STRIKE, STRIKE THE BELL!

STRIKE THE BELL, SECOND MATE, LET US GO BELOW,
 LOOK WELL TO WIND'ARD, YE CAN SEE IT'S GOIN' TO BLOW,
 LOOK AT THE GLASS, YE CAN SEE THAT IT HAS FELL,
 WE WISH THAT YE WOULD HURRY UP, AND STRIKE, STRIKE THE BELL!

DOWN ON THE MAINDECK WORKING AT THE PUMPS,
 THERE IS THE LARBOARD WATCH, READY FOR THEIR BUNKS,
 OVER TO THE WIND'ARD THEY SEE A GREAT SWELL,
 WE WISH THAT HE WOULD HURRY UP AND STRIKE, STRIKE THE BELL!

AFT AT THE WHEEL POOR ANDERSON STANDS,
 GRASPING THE SPOKES IN HIS COLD, MITTEN'D HANDS,
 LOOKS AT THE COMPASS AN' THE COURSE IS CLEAR AS HELL,
 HE'S WISHING HE WOULD HURRY UP AN' STRIKE, STRIKE THE BELL!

FOR'ARD ON THE FO'C'SLE HEAD AND KEEPING SHARP LOOKOUT,
 THERE IS JOHNNY STANDING, READY FOR TO SHOUT,
 "LIGHTS BURNING BRIGHT, SIR, AN' EVERYTHING IS WELL,"
 BUT HE'S WISHING HE WOULD HURRY UP AN' STRIKE, STRIKE THE BELL!

AFT ON THE QUARTERDECK, OUR GALLANT CAPTAIN STANDS,
 LOOKIN' TO THE WIND'ARD WITH HIS GLASSES IN HIS HANDS,
 WHAT HE IS THINKING OF WE KNOW VERY WELL,
 HE'S THINKIN' MORE OF SHORTENIN' SAIL, THAN STRIKE, STRIKE THE BELL!

#####

1 - LAST TOM'S GONE TO HILO -- HAULING
 TOMMY'S GONE, WHAT SHALL I DO?
 AWAY, ~~THE~~ HILO!
 OH, TOMMY'S GONE, AN' I'LL GO TOO!
~~TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO!~~
 Tommy's

TOMMY'S GONE TO HILO TOWN,
 WHERE ALL THEM GALS THEY DO COME DOWN!

3) TOMMY'S GONE TO CALLAO,
 HE WON'T COME BACK FROM THERE I
 KNOW!

HILO TOWN IS IN PERU,
 IT'S JUST THE PLACE FOR ME & YOU!

TOMMY'S GONE TO PERNAMBUCK,
 HE'S GONE TO GET THE NIP & TUCK!

HE SIGNED ON FOR TWO POUND TEN A
 MONTH,
 NO MORE THAN TWO POUND TEN A MONTH.

4) TOMMY'S GONE TO MONTREAL, f
 IN A PACKET SHIP WITH SKYS'LS TALL.

TOMMY'S GONE TO BALTIMORE,
 TO DANCE UPON A SANDY FLOOR.

OH, HAUL AWAY, ME BULLY BOYS,
 OH, HAUL AWAY, KICK UP SOME NOISE.

TOMMY'S GONE TO MOBILE BAY,
 A-SCREWIN' COTTON ALL THE DAY.

NOW HOIST 'ER UP AN' SHOW 'ER CLEW,
 OH, WE'RE THE BULLIES TO KICK 'ER
 THROUGH.

TOMMY'S GONE TO FAR QUEBEC,
 A-STOWIN' TIMBER ON THE DECK.

ONE MORE PULL, LADS, THEN BELAY,
 OH! ONE MORE PULL AN' THEN BELAY.

2) OH, TOMMY'S GONE ON A WHALIN SHIP
 OH, TOMMY'S GONE ON A DAMN LONG TRIP
 5) OH, TOMMY'S GONE TO OLD RIO
 TO SEE THESE SPANISH GIRLS I KNOW
 6) OH TOMMY'S GONE TO SINGAPORE
 HE WON'T BE BACK FOREVERMORE

52

TOPMAN & THE AFTERGUARD -- PROTEST, LONG HAUL

AS A TOPMAN AND AN AFTERGUARD WAS A-WALKIN' ONE DAY,
SAYS THE TOPMAN TO THE AFTERGUARD, I MEAN FOR TO PRAY,
FOR THE RIGHTS OF ALL SAILORS AND THE WRONGS OF ALL MEN,
AND WHATEVER I DO PRAY FOR, YOU MUST ANSWER, "AMEN!"

FIRST I'LL PRAY FOR THE BOSUN WITH HIS LITTLE STICK;
WHO BAWLS OUT, "ALL HANDS", THEN GIVES US A LICK,
STRIKES MANY A BRAVE FELLOW AND KICKS HIM AMAIN
MAY THE DEVIL DOUBLE TRIPLE DAMN HIM, SAYS THE AFTERGUARD, "AMEN!"

THEN I'LL PRAY FOR THE PURSER WHO GIVES US TO EAT,
SPEW-BURGOO, RANK BUTTER AND MUSTY HORSE MEAT,
WITH WEEVILY OLD BISCUIT, WHILE HE GETS THE GAIN,
MAY THE DEVIL DOUBLE TRIPLE DAMN HIM, SAYS THE AFTERGUARD,
"AMEN!"

THEN I'LL PRAY FOR THEM NAVY OFFICERS WHO HOLD UP OUR DUE,
WE'RE OWED THREE YEARS' WAGES AND PRIZE MONEY, TOO,
AND IT'S, "YOU CAN'T HAVE IT YET, JACK, TRY NEXT VOYAGE AGAIN,"
MAY THE DEVIL DOUBLE TRIPLE DAMN HIM, SAYS THE AFTERGUARD, "AMEN!"

THEN THE LAST THING I'LL PRAY FOR IS A JUG OF GOOD BEER,
FOR THE LORD SENT THE LIQUOR OUR SPIRITS TO CHEER,
AND WHERE WE HAVE ONE POT, I WISH WE HAD TEN,
AND NEVER NEVER WANT FOR GROG, MY BOY, SAYS THE AFTERGUARD,
"AMEN!"

oo

53

WHALEBOAT MALARKEY -- HALLIARD

TELL ME, WHAT IS THIS SAILBOAT'S NAME?
IT'S THE WHALEBOAT MALARKEY!
TELL ME, WHAT IS THIS SAILBOAT'S NAME?
IT'S THE WHALEBOAT MALARKEY!

WHO IS THE MAN THAT BUILT THIS FINE BOAT?
RICHARDSON, RICHARDSON BUILT THIS FINE BOAT.

AND NOW ME BOYS, WE ARE BOUND OUT TO SEA,
WINDWARD CAROLINE COME DOWN TO ME.

SHE'S LOVELY ALOFT & SHE'S LOVELY BELOW,
BUT BEST ON HER BACK AS YOU VERY WELL KNOW.

PICK HER UP BOYS AND BRING HER DOWN,
HANG ON TIGHT AS SHE BOUNCES AROUND.

THE BLACKBIRD SANG AND THE CROW DID CAW,
GOT TO SET THIS SAIL BY HALF PAST FOUR.

I'D GIVE THE WORLD, BOYS, AND ALL I KNOW,
TO TURN AND ROLL WITH ME LUCY-O.

AWAY, AWAY IN ST. GEORGES TOWN,
THE RATS COME BUTTING THE HOUSES DOWN.

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

DID YOU EVER SEE A WILD GOOSE SAIL O'ER THE OCEAN?

RANZO, RANZO, WAY-HEY-AY!

THEY'RE JUST LIKE THEM PRETTY GIRLS WHEN THEY GET THE NOTION.

RANZO, RANZO, WAY-HEY-AY!

WHILE I WAS OUT WALKIN' ONE MORNIN' BY THE RIVER,
I SPIED A PRETTY FAIR MAID WITH HER TOPSAILS ALL A-QUIVER.

I SAID, "MY PRETTY FAIR MAID, AND HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNIN'?"
SHE SAID, "NONE THE BETTER FOR THE SEEIN' O' YOU, SIR."

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)



WORLD OF MISERY -- PUMP, CAPSTAN

OH, SHENANDOAH, I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER,
HOO ROW, ME ROLLIN' RIVER,
OH, SHENANDOAH, THE WHITE MULATTA,
WE ARE BOUND AWAY FROM THIS WORLD OF MISERY!

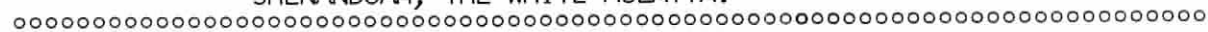
FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS I TOILED THE OCEAN,
SEVEN LONG YEARS I NEVER WROTE HER.

I COURTED SALLY, NO PEN AND PAPER,
I COURTED SALLY WITH FOOLSCAP PAPER.

OH MISERY, MY CAPTAIN CRY OUT,
SALLY FORTH, MY BOWMAN ANSWER.

OH, NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT MY TOILING,
NOBODY CARES ABOUT MY DANGER.

OH, SHENANDOAH, I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER,
SHENANDOAH, THE WHITE MULATTA.



YAW, YAW, YAW -- SHORT HAUL

OH, MIT MEIN NIGGERUM, BEGGERUM, STINKUM,
MIT MEIN YAW, YAW, YAW!
MIT MEIN NIGGERUM, BEGGERUM, STINKUM,
MIT MEIN YAW, YAW, YAW!
VELL, VE'LL GITS UPON DER STEEPLES AN' WE'LL RISS DOWN ON
DER PEOPLES!
MIT MEIN YAW, YAW, YAW!

UND DER POLIS-MAN, FIREMAN, STEEPLE-MAN,
UND DER POLIS-MAN, FIREMAN, STEEPLE-MAN,
DEY ALL CLIMB UPON DE STEEPLES, UND DEY LAUGH AT ALL THE PEOPLES!

OH, VEN I VOS EIN SAILOR,
OH, VEN I VOS EIN SAILOR,
VELL VE TRINK UP ALL DE VISKY, AN' IT MAKE US ALL FEEL FRISKY!

VE DID ALL DE BAWDY HOUSES,
VE DID ALL DE BAWDY HOUSES,
UND VE HITCHED UP ALL DER TROUSERS, UND VE CATCH 'EM ALL DE LOUSES!

VE CHASE ALL DER PRETTY FRAULEINS,
VE CHASE ALL DER PRETTY FRAULEINS,
UND VE HOOK 'EM UND VE KEES 'EM!

57
WHISKEY JOHNNY -- HALLIARD

OH! WHISKEY IS THE LIFE OF MAN!

WHISKEY! JOHNNY!

WHISKEY FROM AN OLD TIN CAN!

WHISKEY FOR ME JOHNNY, OH!

WHISKEY HERE, WHISKEY THERE,
OH, WHISKEY ALMOST EVERYWHERE.

WHISKEY UP AN' WHISKEY DOWN,
WHISKEY ALL AROUND THE TOWN.

I'LL DRINK IT HOT, I'LL DRINK IT COLD,
I'LL DRINK IT NEW, I'LL DRINK IT OLD!

WHISKEY KILLED ME POOR OLD DAD.
WHISKEY DROVE ME MOTHER MAD.

I HAD A SISTER, HER NAME WAS LIZE,
SHE PUTS WHISKEY IN HER PIES.

WHISKEY MADE ME PAWN ME CLOTHES,
WHISKEY GAVE ME THIS RED NOSE.

MY WIFE AN' I DO NOT AGREE,
SHE PUTS WHISKEY IN HER TEA.

SOME LIKES WHISKEY, SOME LIKES BEER,
I WISHT I HAD A BARREL HERE.

OH, THE MATE LIKES WHISKEY, THE
SKIPPER LIKES RUM,
THE SAILORS LIKE BOTH, BUT WE
CAN'T GET NONE.

OH, A TOT OF WHISKEY FOR EACH MAN,
& A BLOODY BIG BOTTLE FOR THE SHANTEYMAN.

IF WHISKEY WAS A RIVER & I WAS A DUCK,
I'D DIVE TO THE BOTTOM & NEVER COME UP.

IF WHISKEY WAS A RIVER & I COULD SWIM,
I'D SAY HERE GOES & DIVE RIGHT IN.

I WISHT I KNEW WHERE WHISKEY GREW,
I'D EAT THE LEAVES & THE BRANCHES TOO.

THERE ONCE WAS A LIMEJUICE SKIPPER
OF THE NAME OF HOGG,
ONCE TRIED TO STOP HIS SAILORS GROG.

WHICH MADE THE HELMSMAN SO WEAK AN'
SLACK,
THAT THE HELMSMAN CAUGHT HER FLAT ABACK.

AN' EVER AFTER SO THEY SAY,
THAT CREW GOT GROG THREE TIMES A DAY.

SO WE'LL BOOST HER UP AN' BOWL ALONG,
AN' DRINK THAT SKIPPER'S HEALTH IN SONG.

OH, WHISKEY IS THE LIFE OF MAN,
IT ALWAYS WAS SINCE TIME BEGAN!

58
WHUP JAMBOREE -- COTTON SCREWING

WHUP JAMBOREE, WHUP JAMBOREE,
OH, A LONG-TAILED SAILOR MAN COMIN' UP BEHIND!
WHUP JAMBOREE, WHUP JAMBOREE,
COME AN' GET YOUR OATS, ME SON!

THE PILOT HE LOOKED OUT AHEAD,
THE HANDS ON THE CAIN AND THE HEAVIN OF THE LEAD,
AND THE OLD MAN ROARED TO WAKE THE DEAD,
COME AND GET YOUR OATS, ME SON!

OH, NOW WE SEE THE LIZZARD 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!

ANDREW ROSE

ANDREW ROSE A BRITISH SAILOR,
AND TO YOU HIS WOES I'LL NAME;
'T WAS ON THE PASSAGE FROM BARBADOS
WHILST ON BOARD THE MARTHA JANE.

UP ALOFT THE CAP'N DROVE HIM,
NAKED 'NEATH THE BLAZIN' SUN;
AND THE MATE HE FOLLOWED AFTER
FLOGGIN' 'TIL THE BLOOD DID RUN.

WASN'T THAT MOST CRUEL USAGE,
WITHOUT A FRIEND TO INTERPOSE
HOW THEY WHIPPED AND MANGLED,
GAGGED AND STRANGLLED
THE BRITISH SAILOR ANDREW ROSE.

ON THE QUARTERDECK THEY LAID HIM,
GAGGED HIM WITH AN IRON BAR;
WASN'T THAT MOST CRUEL USAGE
TO PUT UPON A BRITISH TAR.

'T WAS IN THE WATER CASK THEY PUT HIM,
SEVEN LONG DAYS THEY KEPT HIM THERE;
WHILE LOUD FOR MERCY ROSE DID VENTURE
NO ONE DARED TO GO RIGHT THERE.

CHORUS

THE CAP'N GAVE HIM STUFF TO SWALLOW,
STUFF TO YOU I WILL NOT NAME;
AND THE CREW GREW SICK WITH HORROR
WHILST ON BOARD THE MARTHA JANE.

A TIMBER HITCH THE CAP'N ORDERED,
IN A HEMPEN ROPE TO BE PREPARED;
AND POOR ANDREW'S BLEEDING BODY
SWAYED UP TO THE TOPS'L YARD.

CHORUS

SEVEN LONG WEEKS THEY DID ABUSE HIM,
'TIL IN LIVERPOOL SHE DID LIE;
WHEN THE JUDGE HEARD POOR ANDREW'S STORY
CAP'N ROGERS YOU MUST DIE.

CHORUS

60

BANKS OF SICILY

THE PIPER IS READY TO MARCH ON HIS WAY,
HE WON'T BE AROUND FOR HIS VINO TODAY,
THE SKY OVER MESSINA IS HEAVY AND GREY,
AND ALL THE POOR SOLDIERS ARE WEARY.

*Farewell, you banks of Sicily
Fare thee well, your valley and shore,
There's not one Scot will mourn the loss of ya,
All the poor soldiers are weary.*

SO, DOWN THE STAIRS AND LINE THE WATERSIDE,
WAIT YOUR TURN, THE TROOPSHIP AWA',
DOWN THE STAIRS AND LINE THE WATERSIDE,
ALL THE POOR SOLDIERS ARE WEARY.

THE DRUMMER, HE'S POLISHED, THE DRUMMER HE'S SMART,
HE'S SAYIN' GOODBYE TO HIS DARK-HAIRED SWEETHEART,
HE'S ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH
THAT HE'LL LEAVE WITH LOLA, HIS DEARIE.

SO TUNE THE PIPES AND SOUND THE TENOR DRUM,
LEAVE YOUR KIT THIS SIDE OF THE WALL,
TUNE THE PIPES AND SOUND THE TENOR DRUM,
ALL THE POOR SOLDIERS ARE WEARY.

THE DREADNAUGHT

THERE IS A FLASH PACK-ET, FLASH PACK-ET FAME,
SHE HAILS FROM NEW YORK AN' THE "DREADNAUGHT'S" HER NAME,
SHE'S BOUND TO THE WEST'ARD WHERE THE WILD WA-TERS FLOW,
BOUND AWAY TO THE WEST'ARD IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" WE'LL GO...

Der-ry down, down, down der-ry down!

THE TIME OF HER SAILIN' IS NOW DRAWIN' NIGH,
STAND BY ALL YE LUBBERS, WE WISH YOU GOODBYE,
A PAIR OF CLEAN HEELS TO YOU NOW WE WILL SHOW,
BOUND AWAY IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" TO THE WEST'ARD WE'LL GO...

AN' NOW WE ARE LEAVIN' THE SWEET SALTHOUSE DOCKS,
THE BOYS AN' THE GALS ON THE PIERHEAD DO FLOCK,
THE BOYS AN' THE GALS ARE ALL SHOUTIN' "HURRO!"
BOUND AWAY TO THE WEST'ARD IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" WE GO...

OH, THE "DREADNAUGHT'S" AWAITING IN THE RIVER MERSEY,
AWAITIN' THE TUGBOAT TO TOW HER TO SEA,
AN' AROUND THE ROCK LIGHT WHERE THE SALT TIDES DO FLOW,
BOUND AWAY IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" TO THE WEST'ARD WE'LL GO...

AN' NOW WE ARE SAILIN' DOWN THE WILD IRISH SEA,
OUR PASSENGERS ARE MERRY AN' THEIR HEARTS FULL O' GLEE,
OUR SAILORS LIKE TIGERS THEY WALK TO AN' FRO,
BOUND AWAY TO THE WEST'ARD IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" WE'LL GO...

OH, NOW WE ARE SAILIN' THE ATLANTIC SO WIDE,
AN' THE HANDS ARE NOW ORDERED TO SCRUB THE SHIP'S SIDE,
WITH HER TOPS'LS SET TAUGHT FOR RED CROSS TO SHOW,
BOUND AWAY IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" TO THE WEST'ARD WE'LL GO...

AN' NOW WE ARE SAILIN' THE BANKS O' NEWF'N'LAND,
WHERE THE BOTTOM'S ALL FISHES AN' FINE YELLOW SAND,
AN' THE FISHES THEY SING AS THEY SWIM TO AN' FRO,
SHE'S THE LIVERPOOL PACKET, OH, LORD LET HER GO...

NOW THE "DREADNAUGHT'S" ARRIVED IN OL' NEW YORK TOWN,
WE'RE BOUND FOR THE BOWERY AN' LET SORROW DROWN,
WITH OUR GALS AN' OUR BEER, BOYS, OH, LET THE SONG FLOW,
WE'RE THE LIVERPOOL PACKET, OH, LORD LET HER GO...

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE "DREADNAUGHT" AND ALL HER BRAVE CREW,
TO BOLD CAP'N SAMUELS AN' HIS OFFICERS, TOO,
YE MAY TALK OF YER FLIERS, "SWALLOWTAIL" AN' "BLACKBALL,"
BUT THE "DREADNAUGHT'S" THE PACKET THAT OUTSAILS 'EM ALL...

NOW ME STORY IS ENDED AN' ME YARN IT IS TOLD,
FORGIVE ME OL' SHIPMATES IF YE THINK THAT I'M BOLD,
FOR THIS SONG WAS COMPOSED WHILE THE WATCH WAS BELOW,
BOUND AWAY TO THE WEST'ARD IN THE "DREADNAUGHT" WE'LL GO...

THE CHINEE BUMBOATMAN

I'LL SING YE A STORY O' TROUBLE AN' WOE, THAT'LL CAUSE YE TO SHUDDER AND SHIVER,
 CONCERNIN' A CHINEE BUMBOAT MAN THAT SAILED THE YANGTZE RIVER.
 HE WUZ A HEATHEN O' HIGH DEGREE, AS THE JOSS-HOUSE RECORDS SHOW,
 HIS FAMILY NAME WAS WING CHANG LOO,
 BUT THE SAILORS ALL CALLED HIM JIM CROW-EE-EYE-OH-EE-EYE!

Hitch-y-kum, kitch-y-kum, yah! yah! yah!
Sailorman no likee me,
No savvy the story of Wing Chang Loo,
Too much of the bob-er-eye-ee, kye-eye!

NOW WING CHANG LOO HE FELL IN LOVE, WITH A GAL CALLED AH CHU FONG,
 SHE 'AD TWO EYES LIKE PUMPKIN SEEDS, AN' SLIPPERS TWO INCHES LONG,
 BUT AH CHU FONG LOVED A PIRATE BOLD WITH ALL HER HEART AN' LIVER,
 HE WUZ THE CAPITAN OF A DOUBLE-DECKED JUNK,
 AN' HE SAILED THE YANGTZE RIVER-EYE-IVER-EYE!

chorus

WHEN WING CHANG LOO HE HEARD O' THIS, HE SWORE AN' 'ORRIBLE OATH:
 "IF AH CHU MARRIES THAT PIRATE BOLD, I'LL MAKE SAUSAGE MEAT O' THEM BOTH!"
 SO HE HOISTED HIS BLOOD-RED BATTLE FLAG, PUT INTO THE YANGTZE RIVER,
 HE STEERED HER EAST AN' SOUTH AN' WEST,
 TILL THAT PIRATE HE DID DISKIVER-EYE-IVER-EYE!

chorus

THE DRUMS THEY BEAT TO QUARTERS AN' THE CANNONS DID LOUDLY ROAR,
 THE RED 'OT DUMPLIN'S FLEW LIKE LEAD, AN' THE SCUPPERS THEY RAN WITH GORE.
 THE PIRATE PACED THE QUARTERDECK WITH NEVER A SHAKE NOR A SHIVER,
 HE WUZ SHOT IN THE STERN WID' A HARD-BOILED EGG,
 THAT PENETRATED HIS LIVER-EYE-IVER-EYE!

chorus

THE DYIN' PIRATE FEEBLY CRIED, "WE'LL GIVE THE FOE MORF SHOT,
 IF I CAN'T MARRY AH CHU FONG, THEN WING CHANG LOO SHALL NOT!"
 WHEN A PEASE-PUDDEN 'OT HIT THE BUMBOAT'S SIDE, IT CAUSED A 'ORRIBLE SCENE,
 IT UPSET A POT OF 'OT BOW-WOW SOUP,
 AN' EXPLODED THE MAGAZYE-EENEE-AYE-EENEE!

chorus



FAREWELL TO CARLINGFORD

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND IN MY PRIME,
AND COULD WANDER WILD AND FREE,
THERE WAS ALWAYS A LONGING IN MY MIND,
TO FOLLOW THE CALL OF THE SEA...

*So I'll sing farewell to Carlingford,
And farewell to Greenore,
And I'll think of you both day & night,
Until I return once more, until I return once more.*

ON ALL OF THE STORMY SEVEN SEAS,
I HAVE SAILED BEFORE THE MAST,
AND ON EVERY VOYAGE I EVER MADE,
I SWORE IT WOULD BE MY LAST...

AND I HAD A GIRL CALLED MARY DOYLE
AND SHE LIVED IN GREENORE,
AND THE FOREMOST THOUGHT IN MY MIND
WAS TO KEEP ME SAFE ONSHORE...

A LANDSMAN'S LIFE IS ALL HIS OWN,
HE CAN GO OR HE CAN STAY,
BUT WHEN THE SEA GETS IN YOUR BLOOD,
WHEN SHE CALLS YOU MUST OBEY...

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FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

*Farewell to Nova Scotia, you seabound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be,
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?*

THE SUN WAS SETTING IN THE WEST,
THE BIRDS WERE SINGING IN EVERY TREE,
ALL NATURE SEEMED INCLINED TO REST,
BUT STILL THERE WASN'T ANY REST FOR ME...

chorus

I GRIEVE TO LEAVE MY NATIVE LAND,
I GRIEVE TO LEAVE MY COMRADES ALL,
AND MY AGED PARENTS THAT I'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN,
AND THE BONNIE, BONNIE LASSIE THAT I DO ADORE...

chorus

I HAVE THREE BROTHERS AND THEY ARE AT REST,
THEIR ARMS ARE FOLDED ON THEIR BREAST,
BUT A POOR, SIMPLE SAILOR JUST LIKE ME,
MUST BE TOSSED AND DRIVEN ON THE DARK BLUE SEA...

chorus

THE DRUMS THEY DO BEAT AND THE WARS DO ALARM,
THE CAPTAIN'S CALL I MUST OBEY,
SO FAREWELL, FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA'S CHARMS,
IT'S EARLY IN THE MORNING I AM FAR, FAR AWAY...

chorus

FAREWHEEL TAE TARWATHIE -- EWAN MACCOLL

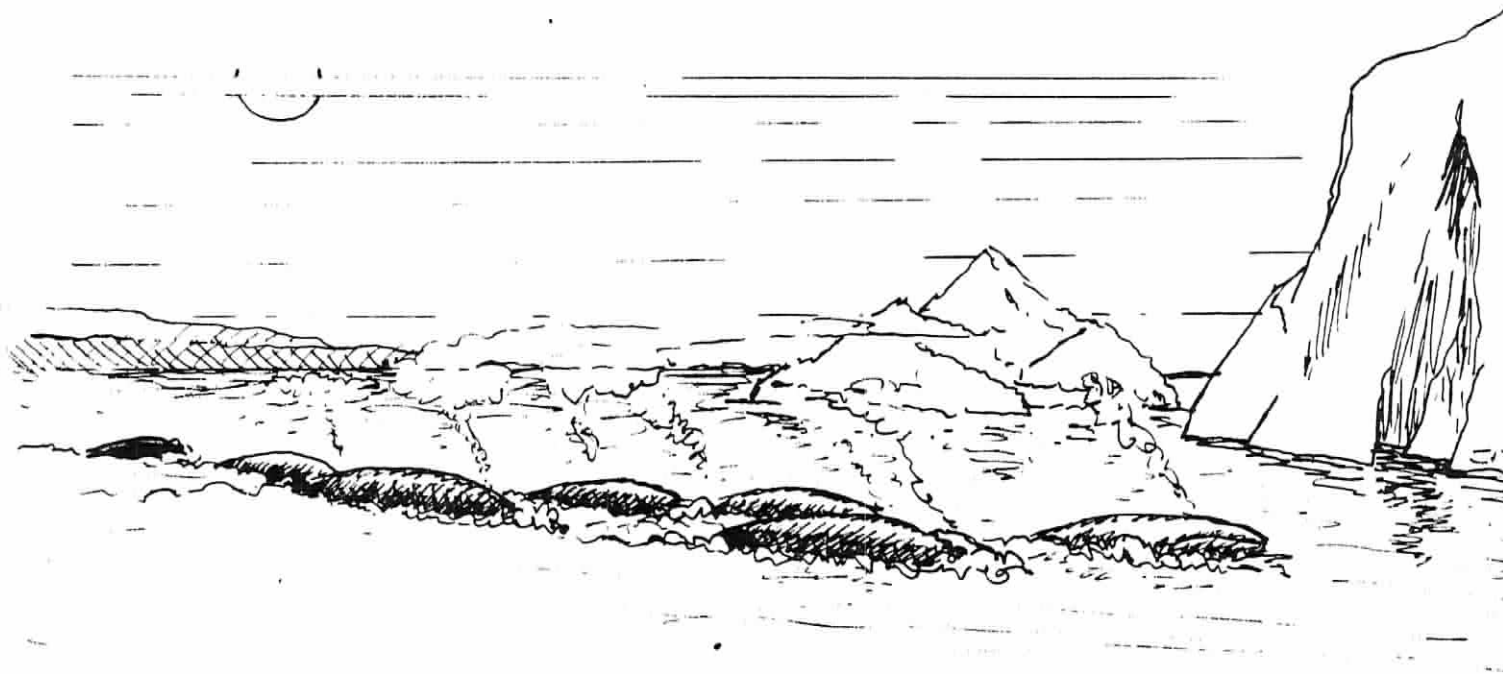
FAREWHEEL TAE TARWATHIE, ADIEU MORMOND HILL,
AND THE DEAR LAND OF CRIMOND I BID YE FAREWHEEL.
I'M BOUND OUT FOR GREENLAND AND READY TO SAIL,
IN HOPES TO FIND RICHES IN HUNTING THE WHALE.

ADIEU TO MY COMRADES, FOR A WHILE WE MUST PAIRT,
AND LIKewise THE DEAR LASS WHA FAIR WON MY PAIRT.
THE COLD ICE OF GREENLAND MY LOVE WILL NOT CHILL,
AND THE LONGER MY ABSENCE, MORE LOVING SHE'LL FEEL.

OUR SHIP IS WELL-RIGGED AND SHE'S READY TO SAIL,
OUR CREW THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO FOLLOW THE WHALE;
WHERE THE ICEBERGS DO FLOAT AND THE STORMY WINDS BLAW,
WHERE THE LAND AN' THE OCEAN IS COVERED WI' SNAW.

THE COLD COAST OF GREENLAND IS BARREN AND BARE,
NO SEED-TIME NOR HARVEST IS EVER KNOWN THERE,
AND THE BIRDS HERE SING SWEETLY ON MOUNTAIN AND DALE,
BUT THERE IS'NA A BIRDIE TO SING TO THE WHALE.

THERE IS NO HABITATION FOR A MAN TO LIVE THERE,
AND THE KING OF THAT COUNTRY IS THE FIERCE GREENLAND BEAR,
AND THERE'LL BE NO TEMPTATION TO TARRY LONG THERE,
WI' OUR SHIP BUMPER FULL WE WILL HOMEWARD REPAIR.



the FLYING CLOUD

MY NAME IS EDWARD HOLLANDER AS YOU MAY UNDERSTAND,
 I WAS BORN IN THE CITY OF WATERFORD, IN ERIN'S LOVELY LAND,
 WHEN I WAS YOUNG AN' IN ME PRIME AN' BEAUTY ON ME SHONE,
 ME PARENTS DOTED ON ME, 'CAUSE I WAS THEIR ONLY SON.

MY FATHER HE ROSE UP ONE MORN AN' WID HIM I DID GO,
 HE BOUND ME AS A BUTCHER BOY TO KEARNY'S OF WICKLOW,
 I WORE THE BLOODY APRON THERE FOR THREE LONG YEARS OR MORE,
 THEN I SHIPPED ABOARD THE ERIN'S QUEEN, THE PRIDE OF OL' TRAMORE.

TWAS WHEN WE REACHED BERMUDA'S ISLE I MET WITH CAP'N MOORE,
 THE MASTER OF THE "FLYING CLOUD", THE PRIDE OF BALTIMORE,
 AN' I UNDERTOOK TO SAIL WID HIM, ON A SLAVIN' VOYAGE TO GO,
 TO THE BURNIN' SHORES OF AFRICAY, WHERE THE SUGARCANE DO GROW.

OH, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL WE CAME TO AFRICAY'S BURNIN' SHORES,
 FIVE HUNDRED OF THEM SLAVES, ME BOYS, FROM THEIR NATIVE LAND WE BORE,
 OH, EACH MAN LOADED DOWN WID CHAINS AS WE MADE THEM MARCH BELOW,
 JUST EIGHTEEN INCHES SPACE, ME BOYS, OH, EACH MAN HAD TO SHOW.

WE SANK AN' PLUNDERED MANY A SHIP DOWN ON THE SPANISH MAIN,
 LEFT MANY A WIFE AN' ORPHANED CHILD IN SORROW TO REMAIN,
 TO THEM WE GAVE NO QUARTER BUT WE GAVE THEM WATERY GRAVES
 FOR THE SAYIN' OF OUR CAPER WAS "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

AN' NOW TO NEWGATE WE MUST GO BOUND DOWN WID IRON CHAINS,
 FOR THE SINKIN' AN' THE PLUNDERIN' OF SHIPS ON THE SPANISH MAIN,
 THE JUDGE HE FOUND US GUILTY, AN' WE ARE CONDEMNED TO DIE,
 YOUNG MAN A WARNIN' BY ME TAKE, AN' SHUN ALL PIRACY!

THE GALS O' DUBLIN TOWN
(THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN)

NOW 'T WAS OF A FAMOUS YANKEE SHIP, TO NEW YORK WE WAS BOUND,
AND OUR CAPTAIN BEING AN IRISHMAN BELONGING TO DUBLIN TOWN,

*Hurrah! Hurrah! for the girls of Dublin Town,
Hurrah for the bonny green flag, and the harp without the crown!*

AND WHEN HE GAZES ON THE LAND, THAT TOWN OF HIGH RENOWN,
OH, IT'S BREAK AWAY THE GREEN BURGEE AND THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN,

'T WAS ON THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH WE ARRIVED IN NEW YORK BAY,
OUR CAPTAIN BEING AN IRISHMAN, MUST CELEBRATE THE DAY,

WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES WAY HIGH ALOFT AND FLUTTERING ALL AROUND,
BUT UNDERNEATH HIS MONKEY-GAFF FLEW THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN,

NOW WE'RE BOUND FOR 'FRISCO, BOYS, AND THINGS ARE RUNNING WILD,
THE OFFICERS AND MEN DEAD DRUNK, AROUND THE DECKS THEY PILE,

BUT BY TOMORROW MORNING, BOYS, WE'LL WORK WITHOUT A FROWN,
FOR ABOARD THE SAUCY "SHENANDOAH" FLIES THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN!

SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR FRANCE,
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FOR DUBLIN TOWN TO GIVE THE GALS A CHANCE.

SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR FURRIN' PARTS, SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR
HOME,
A JOHNNY'S ALWAYS AT HIS BEST WHEREVER HE MAY ROAM.

SOMETIMES THE WEATHER'S FINE AN' FAIR, SOMETIMES IT'S DARN WELL FOUL,
SOMETIMES IT BLOWS A CAPE HORN GALE THAT FREEZES UP YER SOUL.

SOMETIMES WE WORK AS HARD AS HELL, SOMETIMES OUR GRUB IT STINKS,
ENOUGH TO MAKE A SOJER CURSE, OR MAKE A BISHOP BLINK.

SOMETIMES WE WISHT WE'D NEVER JOINED, SOMETIMES WE'D LIKE TA BE
A-DRINKIN' IN A PUB, ME BOYS, A GAL SAT ON EACH KNEE.

SOMETIMES WE ARE A HAPPY CROWD, SOMETIMES WE'LL SING A SONG,
SOMETIMES WE WISH WE'D NEVER BEEN BORN, BUT WE DO NOT GROUSE FOR LONG.

AN' WHEN THE VOYAGE IS ALL DONE, AN' WE GO AWAY ON SHORE,
WE'LL SPEND OUR MONEY ON THE GALS, AN' GO TO SEA FOR MORE!

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GREENLAND FISHERIES

'T WAS IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THREE,
AND OF JUNE THE THIRTEENTH DAY,
THAT OUR GALLANT SHIP HER ANCHOR WEIGHED,
AND FOR GREENLAND BORE AWAY, BRAVE BOYS, AND FOR GREENLAND BORE AWAY.

THE LOOKOUT IN THE CROSSTREE STOOD
WITH A SPY GLASS IN HIS HAND,
"THERE'S A WHALE, THERE'S A WHALE, THERE'S A WHALEFISH," HE CRIED,
"AND SHE BLOWS AT EVERY SPAN, BRAVE BOYS, AND SHE BLOWS AT EVERY SPAN."

THE CAPTAIN STOOD AT THE QUARTERDECK,
AND A FINE LITTLE MAN WAS HE,
OVERHAUL, OVERHAUL, LET YOUR DAVIT TACKLES FALL,
AND LAUNCH YOUR BOATS TO SEA, BRAVE BOYS, AND LAUNCH YOUR BOATS TO SEA.

NOW THE BOATS WERE LAUNCHED AND THE MEN ABOARD,
AND THE WHALE WAS IN FULL VIEW,
RE-SOL-VED WAS EACH SEAMAN BOLD
TO STEER WHERE THE WHALEFISH BLEW, BRAVE BOYS, TO STEER WHERE THE WHALEFISH BLEW.

WE STRUCK THAT WHALE, THE LINE PLAYED OUT,
BUT SHE GAVE A FLOURISH WITH HER TAIL,
THE BOAT CAPSIZED AND FOUR MEN WERE DROWNED
AND WE NEVER CAUGHT THAT WHALE, BRAVE BOYS, AND WE NEVER CAUGHT THAT WHALE.

"TO LOSE THAT WHALE," OUR CAPTAIN SAID,
"IT GRIEVES ME HEART FULL SORE,
BUT, OH, TO LOSE FOUR GALLANT MEN,
IT GRIEVES ME TEN TIMES MORE, BRAVE BOYS, IT GRIEVES ME TEN TIMES MORE."

THE WINTER STAR DOTH NOW APPEAR
SO BOYS WE'LL ANCHOR WEIGH,
IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THIS COLD COUNTRY
AND HOMEWARD BEAR AWAY, BRAVE BOYS, AND HOMEWARD BEAR AWAY.

OH, GREENLAND IS A DREADFUL PLACE
A LAND THAT'S NEVER GREEN,
WHERE THERE'S ICE, AND SNOW, AND THE WHALEFISHES BLOW,
AND THE DAYLIGHT'S SELDOM SEEN, BRAVE BOYS, AND THE DAYLIGHT'S SELDOM SEEN.

GO TO SEA NO MORE

WHEN I FIRST LANDED IN LIVERPOOL, I WENT UPON A SPREE,
 ME HARD-EARNED CASH, I SPENT IT FAST, GOT AS DRUNK AS I COULD BE,
 AN' WHEN ME MONEY WAS ALL GONE, TWAS THEN I WANTED MORE,
 BUT A MAN MUST BE BLIND FOR TO MAKE UP HIS MIND
 TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE.

ONCE MORE, ME BOYS, ONCE MORE,
 TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE,
 A MAN MUST BE BLIND FOR TO MAKE UP HIS MIND
 TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE.

THAT NIGHT I SLEPT WITH ANGELINE, TOO DRUNK TO ROLL IN BED,
 ME CLOTHES WAS NEW AN' ME MONEY WUZ TOO; NEXT MORN WITH THEM SHE FLED,
 AN' AS I ROLLED A-DOWN THE STREET, THE WHORES THEY ALL DID ROAR;
 THERE GOES JACK RATCLIFFE, POOR SAILOR BOY,
 WHO MUST GO TO SEA ONCE MORE.

REPEAT CHORUS, ADDING LAST LINE OF EACH VERSE

NOW AS I WUZ ROLLIN' DOWN THE STREET, I MET OL' SHANGHAI BROWN,
 I AXED HIM FOR TO TAKE ME IN; HE LOOKED AT ME WID A FROWN,
 SEZ HE, "LAST TIME YIZ WAS PAID OFF WID ME YE CHALKED NO SCORE,
 BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AN' GIVE AN ADVANCE AN' I'LL SEND YE
 TO SEA ONCE MORE."

HE SHIPPED ME ABOARD A WHALIN' SHIP BOUND FOR THE ARCTIC SEAS,
 WHERE THE COLD WINDS BLOW AN' THERE'S ICE AN' SNOW AN' JAMAICKY RUM
 DO FREEZE,
 I CAN'T STAY HERE, I HAVE NO GEAR, AN' I'VE SPENT ALL ME MONEY ASHORE,
 TWAS THEN THAT I SAID THAT I WISHED I WUZ DEAD, SO I'D GO
 TO SEA NO MORE.

SOMETIMES WE CAUGHT THEM BOWHEADS, BOYS, SOME DAYS WE DID CATCH NONE,
 WID A TWENTY-FOOT OAR STUCK IN YER PAW, WE PULLED THE WHOLE DAY LONG,
 AN' WHEN THE NIGHT IT CAME ALONG AN' YE DOZED UPON YER OAR,
 YER BACK SO WEAK, YIZ NEVER COULD SEEK A BERTH AT SEA NO MORE.

COME ALL YE BOLD SEAFARIN' MEN AND LISTEN TO ME SONG,
 WHEN YIZ COME OFF THEM DAMN LONG TRIPS I'LL TELL YIZ WHAT GOES WRONG,
 TAKE MY ADVICE, DON'T DRINK STRONG DRINK, NOR GO SLEEPIN' WITH ANY
 OLD WHORE,
 BUT GET MARRIED LADS, AN' HAVE ALL NIGHT IN, AN' GO TO SEA NO MORE!

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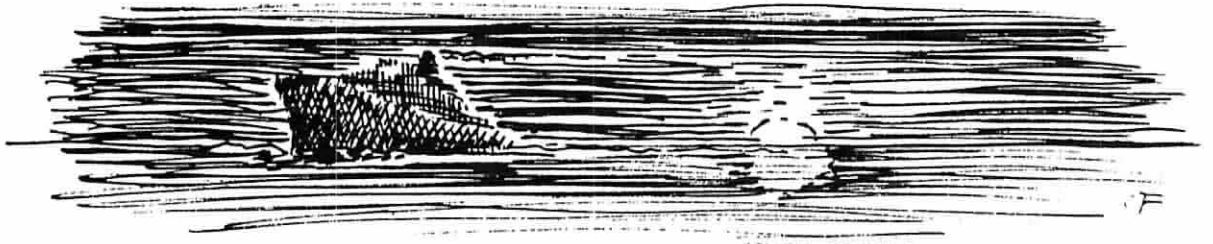
GREY FUNNEL LINE

DON'T MIND THE WINDS, OR THE ROLLING SEA,
THE WEARY NIGHTS NEVER TROUBLE ME,
BUT THE HARDEST TIME IN A SAILOR'S DAY
IS TO WATCH THE SUN AS IT SLIPS AWAY.

JUST ONE MORE DAY,
ON THE GREY FUNNEL LINE.

OH, THE FINEST SHIP THAT SAILS THE SEA,
IS STILL A PRISON FOR THE LIKES OF ME,
BUT GIVE ME WINGS LIKE NOAH'S DOVE,
AND I'LL FLY ON THEM TO THE ONE I LOVE.

OH, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAS FREE
LIKE A FLOATING SPAR ON THE ROLLING SEA,
BUT NOW THAT SPAR HAS WASHED ASHORE,
IT COMES TO REST AT MY TRUE LOVE'S DOOR.



EVERY TIME I GAZE BEHIND THE SCREWS,
HOW I LONG TO BE IN ST. PETER'S SHOES,
THEN I'LL WALK ON DOWN THAT SILVERY LANE
AND I'LL TAKE MY REAL LOVE IN MY ARMS AGAIN.

OH LORD, IF DREAMS WERE ONLY REAL,
THEN I'D PUT MY HANDS ON THAT WOODEN WHEEL,
AND WITH ALL MY HEART I'D TURN HER 'ROUND,
AND I'D TELL THE BOYS THAT WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

SO I'LL PASS THE TIME LIKE SOME MACHINE
UNTIL BLUE WATERS THEY DO TURN TO GREEN,
THEN I'LL DANCE ON DOWN THAT WALK ASHORE,
AND I'D SAIL THE GREY FUNNEL LINE NO MORE.

HANDSOME CABIN BOY

'TIS OF A HANDSOME FEMALE, AS YOU WILL UNDERSTAND,
HER MIND WAS BENT ON RAMBLING ONTO A FOREIGN LAND,
SHE DRESSED HERSELF IN SAILOR'S CLOTHES, OR SO IT DOES APPEAR,
AND SHE SIGNED ON WITH OUR CAPTAIN TO SERVE HIM FOR A YEAR.

NOW THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE, SHE BEING ONBOARD, SHE SEEM-ED IN GREAT JOY,
TO THINK HER HUSBAND HAD ENGAGED SUCH A HANDSOME CABIN BOY,
AND NOW AND THEN SHE'D SLIP HIM A KISS, FOR WITH HIM SHE'D LIKE
TO TOY,
BUT IT WAS THE CAPTAIN FOUND OUT THE SECRET OF THE HANDSOME CABIN
BOY.

HER CHEEKS WERE RED AND ROSY, HER HAIR HUNG DOWN IN CURLS,
THE SAILORS OFTEN LAUGHED AND SAID, "HE LOOKS JUST LIKE A GIRL."
BUT EATING OF THE CAPTAIN'S BISCUITS, HER COLOR SOON DESTROYED,
AND THE WAIST DID SWELL ON PRETTY NELL, THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

'T WAS IN THE BAY OF BISCAYNE THAT OUR GALLANT SHIP DID PLOW,
ONE NIGHT AMONG THE SAILORS CAME A FEARFUL SCURRYIN' ROUND,
THEY TUMBLED FROM THEIR HAMMOCKS, THEIR SLEEP IT DID DESTROY,
AND THEY CURSED ABOUT THE GROANING OF THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

THEN IT'S DOCTOR, OH DEAR DOCTOR, THE CABIN BOY THEN CRIED,
MY TIME IS COME, I AM UNDONE, AND I MUST SURELY DIE,
THE DOCTOR CAME A-RUNNING, THEN LAUGHING AT THE FUN,
TO THINK A SAILOR LAD SHOULD HAVE A DAUGHTER OR A SON.

NOW THE SAILORS, WHEN THEY HEARD THE NEWS, THEY CAME TO STAND AND
STARE,
THE CHILD BELONGED TO NONE OF THEM, THEY SOLEMNLY DID SWEAR,
THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE SHE LOOKS AT HIM AND SAYS I WISH YOU GREAT JOY,
FOR IT WAS EITHER YOU OR I BETRAYED THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

SO EACH MAN THERE TOOK A TOT OF RUM AND DRANK TO SUCCESS OF TRADE,
AND LIKEWISE TO THE CABINBOY WHO WAS NEITHER MAN NOR MAID,
HERE'S HOPING THE WARS NEVER COME AGAIN, US SAILORS TO DESTROY,
AND HERE'S HOPING FOR A JOLLY LOT MORE LIKE THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

72

ISLE AU HAUTE LULLABYE (HAY LEDGE SONG)
- CONTEMPORARY -

IF I COULD GIVE YOU THREE THINGS,
I WOULD GIVE YOU THESE:
SONG AND LAUGHTER AND A WOODEN HOME
IN THE SHINING SEAS.

*When you see old Isle au Haute
Rising in the dawn,
You will play in yellow fields
In the morning sun.*

SLEEP WHERE THE WIND IS WARM
AND THE MOON IS HIGH,
GIVE SADNESS TO THE STARS,
SORROW TO THE SKY.

DO YOU HEAR WHAT THE SAILS ARE SAYING,
IN THE WIND'S DARK SONG?
GIVE SADNESS TO THE WIND
BLOWN ALEE AND GONE.

SLEEP NOW, THE MOON IS HIGH
AND THE WIND BLOWS COLD,
FOR YOU ARE SAD AND YOUNG
AND THE SEA IS OLD.

IF I COULD GIVE YOU THREE THINGS,
I WOULD GIVE YOU THESE:
SONG AND LAUGHTER AND A WOODEN HOME
IN THE SHINING SEAS.



Jack Alone (New York Girls)

YOU 'PRENTICE LADS AND SEAMEN BOLD COME LISTEN TO ME SONG;
AND I'LL TELL YOU HOW I MET ME FATE WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG.
'T WAS ON THE DAY I CAME FROM SEA, A FLASH GIRL I DID MEET,
SHE KINDLY ASKED ME TO A DANCE - 'T WAS UP ON PETER STREET,
SOME GIRLS PASSED BY ALONG THE WAY, THESE WORDS TO ME DID SAY,
"WELL, WELL, OLD CHAP, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR CAP IF YOU SHOULD STEER THAT WAY."

*And away, you santy
My dear Annie,
Oh, you New York girls
Can't you dance the polka?*

AND WHEN WE REACHED THE BAR ROOM, BOYS, THE LIQUOR WAS BROUGHT IN,
AND EVERY MAN WALTZED ROUND THE ROOM AS THE DANCIN' DID BEGIN.
WHEN THE DANCIN' IT WAS OVER, WE STRAIGHT TO BED DID GO,
AND LITTLE DID I EVER THINK SHE'D PROVE ME OVERTHROW.

Chorus

WHEN I CAME TO ME SENSES, OH, NOTHING COULD I SPY
BUT A LADIES SKIRT AND APRON THERE ON THE BED LIE.
ME WATCH AND COAT AND 80 POUNDS WITH ME FANCY ONE HAD FLED,
AND THERE WAS I JACK ALL ALONE, STARK NAKED IN THE BED.

Chorus

NOW EVERYTHING WAS SILENT, THE HOUR WAS 12 O'CLOCK,
SO I PUT THE SKIRT AND APRON ON AND HAULED OUT FOR THE DOCK.
ME SHIPMATES SAW ME COME ON BOARD AND THESE WORDS TO ME DID SAY...
"WELL, WELL, OLD CHAP, YOU'VE LOST YOUR CAP SINCE LAST YOU WENT AWAY,
IS THIS THE NEW SPRING FASHION, THE LADIES WEAR ON SHORE?
WHERE IS THE SHOP THAT SELLS IT, HAVE THEY GOT ANY MORE?"

Chorus

THE OLD MAN SAID, "WELL, JACK, ME BOY, I'M SURF YOU COULD HAVE FOUND
A BETTER SUIT THAN THAT BY FAR TO BUY FOR EIGHTY POUNDS."
"SURE, I COULD BUY A BETTER SUIT IF I'D ONLY HAD THE CHANCE,
BUT I MET A GIRL ON PETER STREET AND SHE TOOK ME TO A DANCE.
I DANCED TO MY DESTRUCTION; GOT STRIPPED FROM HEAD TO FEET,
SO I SWORE AN OATH I'D GO NO MORE TO A DANCE ON PETER STREET!"

Chorus

*And away, you santy,
My dear honey,
Oh, you New York girls,
You love us for our money!*

74

Leaving of Liverpool

FAREWELL TO PRINCES' LANDING STAGE,
RIVER MERSEY FARE THEE WELL,
I AM BOUND FOR CALIFOR-NI-AY,
A PLACE I KNOW RIGHT WELL.

*So fare thee well, my own true love,
For when I return, united we will be,
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darlin' when I think of thee.*

I'M BOUND TO CALIFORNIA,
BY WAY OF OL' CAPE HORN,
AND I BET THAT I WILL CURSE THE DAY
AND THE HOUR THAT I WAS BORN.

I HAVE SHIPPED ON A YANKEE SAILING SHIP,
DAVY CROCKETT IS HER NAME,
AND BURGESS IS THE CAPTAIN OF HER,
AND THEY SAY THAT SHE'S A FLOATING SHAME.

'TIS ME SECOND PASSAGE WITH OL' BURGESS,
AND I THINK I KNOWS HIM WELL.
IF A MAN'S A SAILOR, HE CAN GET ALONG,
BUT IF NOT, HE'S SURE IN HELL.

OH, THE SUN IS ON THE HARBOUR, LOVE,
AND I WISH I COULD REMAIN,
FOR I KNOW IT WILL BE A LONG, LONG TIME,
BEFORE I SEE YOU AGAIN.

SHE WENT DOWN LAST OCTOBER IN A POURIN', DRIVIN' RAIN;
THE SKIPPER, HE'D BEEN DRINKIN', THE MATE HE FELT NO PAIN;
WE FETCHED ON THREE MILE ROCK, AND SHE WAS DEALT HER MORTAL BLOW;
THE MARY ELLEN CARTER SETTLED LOW.

THERE WAS JUST US FIVE ABOARD HER WHEN SHE FINALLY WAS AWASH;
WE'D WORKED LIKE HELL TO SAVE HER, ALL HEEDLESS OF THE COST;
AND THE GROAN SHE GAVE AS SHE WENT DOWN, IT CAUSED US TO COMPLAIN,
THAT THE MARY ELLEN CARTER'D RISE AGAIN.

*Rise again, rise again;
That her name would not be lost to the knowledge of men;
Those who loved her best, and were with her to the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.*

WELL, THE OWNERS WROTE HER OFF, NOT A NICKEL THEY WOULD SPEND,
"SHE GAVE TWENTY YEARS OF SERVICE, BOYS, BEFORE HER SORRY END;
INSURANCE PAID THE LOSS TO US, SO LET HER REST BELOW."
THEY SMILED AT US, AND SAID WE HAD TO GO.

BUT WE TALKED OF HER ALL WINTER, SOMETIMES AROUND THE CLOCK,
SHE'D BE WORTH A QUARTER MILLION A-FLOATIN' AT THE DOCK.
AND WITH EVERY JAR THAT HIT THE BAR, WE SWORE WE WOULD REMAIN
TO SEE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN.

Chorus

ALL SPRING NOW, WE'VE BEEN WITH HER, ON A BARGE LENT BY A FRIEND;
THREE DIVES A DAY IN A HARD-HAT SUIT, TWICE I'VE HAD THE BENDS,
THANK GOD IT'S ONLY SIXTY FEET, AND THE CURRENTS THERE ARE SLOW,
OR I'D NEVER HAVE THE STRENGTH TO GO BELOW.

BUT WE'VE PATCHED HER RENTS AND STOPPED HER VENTS, DOGGED HATCHES,
PORTHOLES DOWN;
PUT CABLES TO HER FORE AND AFT, AND GIRDED HER AROUND;
TOMORROW NOON WE'LL HIT THE AIR, AND THEN TAKE UP THE STRAIN
AND WATCH THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN.

Chorus

'CAUSE WE COULD NOT LEAVE HER THERE, YOU SEE, TO CRUMBLE INTO SCALE;
SHE'D SAVED OUR LIVES SO MANY TIMES, LIVIN' THROUGH THE GALE;
AND THE LAUGHIN', DRUNKEN RATS WHO'D LEFT HER TO A SORRY GRAVE,
THEY WON'T BE LAUGHIN' IN ANOTHER DAY.

AND YOU, TO WHOM ADVERSITY HAS DEALT THE FINAL BLOW,
WITH SMILIN' BASTARDS LYIN' TO YA EVERYWHERE YOU GO;
TURN TO AND PUT OUT ALL YOUR STRENGTH OF ARM AND HEART AND BRAIN
AND LIKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN.

*Rise again, rise again,
Though your heart, it be broke, and your life about to end;
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend,
Like the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.*

(Repeat)

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ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

'TIS A ROUGH, TOUGH LIFE OF TOIL AN' STRIFE, WE WHALE-MEN UNDERGO,
WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN THE GALE IS DONE, HOW HARD THE WINDS DO BLOW,
WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND, 'TIS A DAMN FINE SOUND, WITH A GOOD SHIP TAUT AN' FREE,
& WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN WE DRINK OUR RUM, WITH THE GIRLS OF OLD MAU-EE.

*Rolling down to old Mau-ee, me boys,
Rolling down to old Mau-ee,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Mau-ee!*

ONCE MORE WE SAIL WITH A NORTHERLY GALE THROUGH THE ICE AN' SLEET AN' RAIN,
AN' THEM COCONUT FRONDS IN THEM TROPIC LANDS, OH, WE SOON SHALL SEE AGAIN,
SIX HELLISH MONTHS HAVE PASSED AWAY IN THE COLD KAMCHATKA SEA,
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI.

WE'LL HAVE THE LEAD WHERE OLD DIAMOND HEAD LOOMS UP ON OL' WAHOO,
OUR MASTS AND YARDS ARE SHEATHED WITH ICE AN' OUR DECKS ARE HID FROM VIEW,
THE HORRID ICE OF THE SEA-CUT TILES THAT DECK THE ARCTIC SEA,
ARE MILES BEHIND IN THE FROZEN WIND SINCE WE STEERED FOR OLD MAUI.

HOW SOFT THE BREEZE OF THE TROPIC SEAS NOW THE ICE IS FAR ASTERN,
AN' THEM NATIVE MAIDS IN THEM ISLAND GLADES ARE A-WAITIN' OUR RETURN,
THEIR BIG BLACK EYES EVEN NOW LOOK OUT, HOPING SOME FINE DAY TO SEE
OUR BAGGY SAILS RUNNIN' 'FORE THE GALES, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI.

AN' NOW WE SAIL WITH A FAVORABLE GALE TOWARDS OUR ISLAND HOME,
OUR MAINYARD SPRUNG, ALL WHALING DONE, AN' WE AIN'T GOT FAR TO ROAM.
OUR STUNS'L BOOMS ARE CARRIED AWAY, WHAT CARE WE FOR THAT SOUND?
A LIVIN' GALE IS AFTER US, THANK GOD WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

AN' NOW WE'RE ANCHORED IN THE BAY WITH THE KANAKAS ALL AROUND.
WITH CHANTS AND SOFT "ALOHA OES," THEY GREET US HOMEWARD BOUND,
AN' NOW ASHORE WE'LL HAVE GOOD FUN, WE'LL PAINT THEM BEACHES RED,
AWAKIN' IN THE ARMS OF AN ISLAND MAID, WITH A BIG FAT ACHIN' HEAD!

SAUCY SAILOR

COME ME OWN ONE, COME ME FAIR ONE,
COME NOW UNTO ME,
COULD YOU FANCY A POOR SAILOR LAD,
WHO HAS JUST COME FROM SEA?

YOUR ARE RAGGED, LOVE, AND YOU'RE DIRTY, LOVE,
AND YOUR CLOTHES SMELL MUCH OF TAR,
SO BEGONE YOU SAUCY SAILOR LAD,
SO BEGONE YOU JACK TAR.

IF I AM RAGGED, LOVE, AND I'M DIRTY LOVE,
AND ME CLOTHES SMELL MUCH OF TAR,
I HAVE SILVER IN ME POCKET, LOVE,
AND GOLD IN GREAT STORE.

AND WHEN SHE HEARD HIM SAY SO,
ON A BENDED KNEE SHE FELL,
"I WILL MARRY MY DEAR HENRY,
FOR I LOVE THE SAILOR LAD SO WELL."

WELL, DO YOU THINK THAT I AM FOOLISH, LOVE,
DO YOU THINK THAT I AM MAD?
FOR TO WED WITH A POOR COUNTRY GIRL,
WHERE NO FORTUNE'S TO BE HAD.

I WILL CROSS THE BRINY OCEAN,
I WILL WHISTLE AND SING,
AND SINCE YOU HAVE REFUSED THE OFFER LOVE,
SOME OTHER GIRL SHALL WEAR THE RING.

I AM FROLICSOME, AND I AM EASY, LOVE,
GOOD-TEMPERED AND FREE,
AND I DON'T GIVE A SINGLE PIN, ME BOYS,
WHAT THE WORLD THINKS OF ME.

SHOALS OF HERRING

OH, IT WAS A FINE AND PLEASANT DAY,
OUT OF YARMOUTH HARBOR I WAS FARING,
AS A CABIN BOY ON A SAILING LUGGER,
FOR TO GO AND HUNT THE SHOALS OF HERRING.

OH, THE WORK WAS HARD AND THE HOURS WERE LONG,
AND THE TREATMENT SURE, IT TOOK SOME BEARING,
THERE WAS LITTLE KINDNESS AND THE KICKS WERE MANY,
AS WE HUNTED FOR THE SHOALS OF HERRING.

OH, WE FISHED THE SWARTH AND THE BROKEN BANK,
I WAS COOK AND I'D A QUARTER-SHARING,
AND I USED TO SLEEP, STANDING ON ME FEET
AND I'D DREAM ABOUT THE SHOALS OF HERRING.

OH, WE LEFT THE HOME GROUNDS IN THE MONTH OF JUNE,
AND TO CANNY SHIELS WE SOON WAS BEARING,
WITH A HUNDRED CRAN OF THE SILVER DARLINGS,
THAT WE'D TAKEN FROM THE SHOALS OF HERRING.

NOW YOU'RE UP ON DECK, YOU'RE A FISHERMAN,
YOU CAN SWEAR AND SHOW A MANLY BEARING,
TAKE YOUR TURN ON WATCH WITH THE OTHER FELLOWS,
WHILE YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR THE SHOALS OF HERRING.

IN THE STORMY SEAS AND THE LIVING GALES,
JUST TO EARN YOUR DAILY BREAD YOU'RE DARING,
FROM THE DOVER STRAITS TO THE FAROE ISLANDS,
AS YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE SHOALS OF HERRING.

OH, I EARNED ME KEEP AND I PAID ME WAY,
AND I EARNED THE GEAR THAT I WAS WEARING,
SAILED A MILLION MILES, CAUGHT TEN-MILLION FISHES,
WE WERE SAILING AFTER SHOALS OF HERRING.

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Threescore and Ten

METHINKS I SEE A HOST OF CRAFT, SPREADING THEIR SAILS ALEE,
AS DOWN THE HUMBER THEY DO GLIDE, ALL BOUND FOR THE NORTHERN SEA,
METHINKS I SEE ON EACH SMALL CRAFT A CREW WITH HEARTS SO BRAVE,
GOING OUT TO EARN THEIR DAILY BREAD UPON THE RESTLESS WAVE.

*It's threescore and ten, boys and men, were lost from
Grimsby Town,
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough, many hundreds more
were drowned,
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing-smacks
as well,
They long did fight that bitter night, their battle with
the swell.*

METHINKS I SEE THEM YET AGAIN AS THEY LEAVE THIS LAND BEHIND,
CASTING THEIR NETS INTO THE SEA, THE HERRING SHOALS TO FIND,
METHINKS I SEE THEM YET AGAIN, AND THEY ON BOARD ALL RIGHT,
WITH THEIR NETS HOVE IN AND THEIR DECKS CLEANED UP, AND THEIR
SIDELIGHTS BURNING BRIGHT.

METHINKS I HEAR THE CAPTAIN SAY, MY LADS, WE'LL SHORTEN SAIL,
FOR THE SKY TO ALL APPEARANCES LOOKS LIKE APPROACHING GALE,
METHINKS I SEE THEM YET AGAIN AND THE MIDNIGHT HOUR WAS PAST,
THEIR LITTLE CRAFT A-BATTLING THERE ALL WITH THE ICY BLAST.

OCTOBER'S NIGHT BROUGHT SUCH A SIGHT, 'T WAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE,
THERE WAS MASTS AND YARDS AND BROKEN SPARS COME A-DRIVING INTO SHORE,
THERE WAS MANY A HEART OF SORROW, THERE WAS MANY A HEART SO BRAVE,
THERE WAS MANY A FINE AND HEARTY LAD TO FIND A WATERY GRAVE.

THE WAYS OF MAN ARE PASSING STRANGE:
HE BUYS HIS FREEDOM AND HE COUNTS HIS CHANGE,
THEN HE LETS THE WIND HIS DAYS ARRANGE,
AND HE CALLS THE TIDE HIS MASTER.

*Oh, the days, oh, the days,
Oh, the fine long summer days,
The fish come rolling in the bays,
And he swore he'd never leave me.*

BUT THE DAYS GROW SHORT AND THE YEAR GETS OLD,
AND THE FISH WON'T STAY WHERE THE WATER'S COLD,
AND IF THEY'RE GOING TO FILL THE HOLD,
THEY'VE GOT TO GO OFFSHORE TO FIND THEM.

Chorus

SO THEY GO OUTSIDE ON THE RAVING DEEP
AND THEY PRAY THE LORD THEIR SOUL TO KEEP,
BUT THE WAVES WILL ROLL THEM ALL TO SLEEP
AND THE TIDE WILL BE THEIR MASTER.

*Oh, the tide, oh, the tide,
Oh, you dark and you bitter tide,
If I can't have him by my side,
I guess I'll have to leave him.*

I GAVE YOU ONE, I GAVE YOU TWO,
THE BEST THAT ROTTEN OLD TUB WOULD DO,
YOU WON'T BE HAPPY TILL I GIVE YOU THREE,
BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF YOU'LL GET ME.

*Oh, the tide, oh, the tide,
Oh, you dark and you bitter tide,
If I can't have him by my side,
The water's welcome to him.*

OH LORD, I KNOW THAT THE DAY WILL COME,
WHEN ONE LESS BOAT COMES SLOGGING HOME,
I DON'T MIND KNOWING THAT HE'LL BE THE ONE,
BUT I CAN'T SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE PRAYING.

I GAVE YOU ONE, I GAVE YOU TWO,
THE BEST THAT POOR OLD BOAT COULD DO.
YOU'D HAVE IT ALL BEFORE YOU'RE THROUGH.
WELL, I'VE GOT NO MORE TO GIVE HIM.

Chorus

THE WAYS OF MAN ARE PASSING STRANGE,
HE BUYS HIS FREEDOM AND HE COUNTS HIS CHANGE,
THEN HE LETS THE WIND HIS DAYS ARRANGE,
AND HE CALLS THE TIDE HIS MASTER.

All For Me Grog

*And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,
All for me beer and tobacco,
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinkin' gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.*

WHERE ARE ME BOOTS, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' BOOTS,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, THE SOLES ARE ALL WORN OUT AND THE HEELS ARE KICKED ABOUT
AND ME TOES ARE LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WHERE IS ME SHIRT, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' SHIRT,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, THE ELBOWS ARE WORN OUT, AND THE COLLAR'S BEAT ABOUT
AND THE TAILS ARE LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WHERE ARE ME PANTS, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' PANTS,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, THE FRONT IS ALL WORN OUT AND THE KNEES ARE KICKED ABOUT,
AND ME ARSE IS HANGIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WHERE IS ME HAT, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' HAT,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, THE CROWN IS ALL WORN OUT AND THE BRIM IS BEAT ABOUT,
AND ME HEAD IS LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WHERE IS ME BED, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' BED,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, I LENT IT TO A WHORE, NOW THE MATTRESS IS ALL TORE,
AND THEM SPRINGS IS HANGIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WHERE IS ME WENCH, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' WENCH,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, HER FRONT IS ALL WORN OUT AND HER LIPS IS BEAT ABOUT,
AND HER ARSE IS LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER.

WHERE IS ME LAD, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' LAD,
All gone for beer and tobacco,
WELL, HIS MONEY IS ALL SPENT, AND HIS COURAGE UP AND WENT,
NOW I THINK I'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER SAILOR.":

I'VE A PAIN IN ME HEAD, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN TO BED,
SINCE I FIRST CAME ASHORE WITH ME PLUNDER,
I'VE SEEN CENTIPEDES AND SNAKES AND I'M FULL OF PAINS AND ACHES,
SO I GUESS I'LL TAKE ANOTHER TRIP WAY OUT YONDER.

(": AN ORIGINAL VERSE COURTESY OF MARIIDE, DEANNA & SHAUNA)

The Barley Mow

HERE'S GOOD LUCK TO THE PINT-POT, GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW,
 JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO THE PINT-POT, GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW;
 HERE'S THE PINT-POT, HALF-A-PINT, JILL-POT, HALF-A-JILL
 QUARTER-JILL, NIPPERKIN, AND A BROWN BOWL,
 HERE'S GOOD LUCK, GOOD LUCK, GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW.

HERE'S GOOD LUCK TO THE QUART-POT, GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW,
 JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO THE QUART-POT, GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW,
 HERE'S THE QUART-POT, PINT-POT, HALF-A-PINT, JILL-POT, HALF-A-JILL,
 QUARTER-JILL, NIPPERKIN AND A BROWN BOWL,
 HERE'S GOOD LUCK, GOOD LUCK, GOOD LUCK TO THE BARLEY MOW.

HERE'S GOOD LUCK TO THE HALF-GALLON...
 " GALLON...
 " HALF-BARREL...
 " BARREL...
 " LANDLORD...
 " LANDLADY...
 " DAUGHTER...
 " BREWER...
 " DRAYER...
 " SLAVIE...
 " COMPANY...

Boozin'

AND WHAT ARE THE JOYS OF A SINGLE YOUNG MAN?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

AND WHAT IS HE DOING WHENEVER HE CAN?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

YOU MAY THINK I'M WRONG AND YOU MAY THINK I'M RIGHT,
I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE, I KNOW YOU CAN FIGHT,
BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE DOING TONIGHT?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

*Boozin', boozin', just you and I,
Boozin', boozin', when we are dry,
Some do it openly, some on the sly,
But we all are bloody well boozin'.*

AND WHAT ARE THE JOYS OF A POOR MARRIED MAN?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

AND WHAT IS HE DOING WHENEVER HE CAN?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

HE COMES HOME AT NIGHT AND HE GIVES HIS WIFE ALL,
THEN GOES OUT SHOPPING, PAYS MANY A CALL,
BUT WHAT BRINGS HIM HOME HANGING ONTO THE WALL?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

AND WHAT DOES THE SALVATION ARMY RUN DOWN?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

AND WHAT ARE THEY DAMNING IN EVERY TOWN?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

THEY STAND ON STREET CORNERS, THEY RANT AND THEY SHOUT,
THEY SHOUT ABOUT THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT,
BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE ALL OUT?

Why, boozin', bloody well boozin'.

BRING US IN GOOD ALE

BRING US IN NO BROWN BREAD, FOR THAT IS MADE OF BRAN,
NOR BRING US IN NO WHITE BREAD, FOR THEREIN IS NO GAIN.

BUT BRING US IN GOOD ALE, GOOD ALE,
AND BRING US IN GOOD ALE,
FOR OUR BLESSED LADY'S SAKE,
BRING US IN GOOD ALE.

BRING US IN NO BEEF, FOR THERE ARE MANY BONES,
BUT BRING US IN GOOD ALE, FOR THAT GOETH DOWN AT ONCE.

BRING US IN NO MUTTON, FOR THAT IS SELDOM LEAN,
NOR BRING US IN NO TRIPES, FOR THEY ARE SELDOM CLEAN.

BRING US IN NO EGGS, FOR THERE ARE MANY SHELLS,
BUT BRING US IN GOOD ALE, AND BRING US NOTHING ELSE.

BRING US IN NO CAPON'S FLESH, FOR THAT IS OFTEN DEAR,
AND BRING US IN NO DUCKS, FLESH THAT SLOBBER IN THE MIRE.

FATHOM THE BOWL

COME ALL YE BOLD FELLOWS THAT HAVE TO THIS PLACE COME,
AND WE'LL SING IN THE PRAISE OF GOOD BRANDY & RUM,
LET'S LIFT UP OUR GLASSES, GOOD CHEER IS OUR GOAL,
BRING IN THE PUNCH LADLE, WE'LL FATHOM THE BOWL.

*We'll fathom the bowl, we'll fathom the bowl,
Bring in the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl.*

FROM FRANCE WE DO GET BRANDY AND FROM JAMAICA COMES RUM,
SWEET ORANGES & LEMONS FROM PORTUGAL COME,
BUT STOUT, BEER & CIDER ARE ENGLAND'S CONTROL,
BRING IN THE PUNCH LADLE, WE'LL FATHOM THE BOWL.

OH, MY WIFE SHE DO DISTURB ME AS I LIE AT MY EASE,
SHE DOES AS SHE LIKES AND SHE SAYS AS SHE PLEASE,
MY WIFE SHE'S THE DEVIL, SHE'S BLACK AS THE COAL,
BRING IN THE PUNCH LADLE, WE'LL FATHOM THE BOWL.

OH, MY FATHER HE DO LIE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA,
NO STONE AT HIS HEAD, BUT WHAT MATTERS TO HE,
HERE'S A GALLON OF STRONG CIDER, HIS DEATH TO CONSOLE,
BRING IN THE PUNCH LADLE, WE'LL FATHOM THE BOWL.

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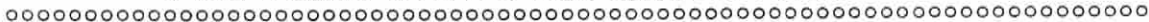
HERE'S A HEALTH

KIND FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS, COME JOIN ME IN RHYME,
COME LIFT UP YOUR GLASSES IN CHORUS WITH MINE,
COME DRINK AND BE MERRY, FROM GRIEF WE'LL REFRAIN,
FOR WE KNOW NOT WHEN WE SHALL ALL MEET AGAIN!

SO HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY, & ONE TO MY LASS,
WE'LL DRINK & BE MERRY ALL OUT OF ONE GLASS;
WE'LL DRINK & BE MERRY, FROM GRIEF WE'LL REFRAIN,
FOR WE KNOW NOT WHEN WE SHALL ALL MEET AGAIN.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE FAIR LASS THAT I LOVE SO WELL,
HER SPIRIT AND BEAUTY, THERE'S NONE CAN EXCELL,
SHE SMILES ON MY COUNTENANCE AS SHE SITS ON MY KNEE,
AND THERE'S NO ONE ON EARTH WHO'S AS HAPPY AS ME.

MY SHIP LIES IN HARBOUR AND SHE'S READY TO DOCK,
AND I WISH HER SAFE LANDING WITHOUT ANY SHOCK,
AND IF I SHOULD LEAVE YOU BY LAND OR BY SEA,
I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR KINDNESS TO ME.



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I'M A ROVER & SELDOM SOBER

I'M A ROVER & SELDOM SOBER,
I'M A ROVER O' HIGH DEGREE,
IT'S WHEN I'M DRINKIN', I'M ALWAYS THINKIN',
HOW TO GAIN MY LOVE'S COMPANY.

THOUGH THE NIGHT BE AS DARK AS DUNGEON,
NO' A STAR TO BE SEEN ABOVE,
I WILL BE GUIDED WITHOUT A STUMBLE,
INTO THE AIRMS O' MY AIN TRUE LOVE.

HE STEPPIT UP TO HER BEDROOM WINDOW,
KNEELIN' GENTLY UPON A STONE,
HE RAPPIT AT HER BEDROOM-WINDOW:
"DARLIN' DEAR, DO YOU LIE ALONE?"

SHE RAISED HER HEID ON HER SNAW-WHITE
PILLOW,
WI' HER AIRMS ABOUT HER BREAST,
"WHA' IS THAT AT MY BEDROOM-WINDOW,
DISTURBIN' ME AT MY LANG NIGHT'S
REST?"

"IT'S ONLY ME, YOUR AIN TRUE LOVER;
OPEN THE DOOR AND LET ME IN,
FOR I HAE COME ON A LANG JOURNEY,
AND I'M NEAR DRENCHED TO THE SKIN."

SHE OPENED THE DOOR WI' THE GREATEST
PLEASURE,
SHE OPENED THE DOOR AND SHE LET HIM
IN,
THEY BAITH SHOOK HANDS AND EMBRACED
EACH OTHER,
UNTIL THE MORNIN' THEY LAY AS ONE.

THE COCKS WERE CRAWIN', THE BIRDS
WERE WHISTLIN',
THE BURNS THEY RAN FREE ABUNE THE
BRAE,
"REMEMBER, LASS, I'M A PLOUGHMAN
LADDIE,
AND THE FAIRMER I MUST OBEY."

"NO, MY LASS, I MUST GANG AN' LEAVE
THEE,
AND THOUGH THE HILLS THEY ARE HIGH
ABOVE,
I WILL CLIMB THEM WI' GREATER PLEASURE,
SINCE I BEEN IN THE AIRMS O' MY LOVE."

THE INNOCENT HARE

SPORTSMEN AROUSE, THE MORNING IS CLEAR,
 THE LARKS ARE SINGING ALL IN THE AIR.
 SPORTSMEN AROUSE, THE MORNING IS CLEAR,
 THE LARKS ARE SINGING ALL IN THE AIR.
 GO AND TELL YOUR SWEET LOVER THE HOUNDS ARE OUT,
 GO AND TELL YOUR SWEET LOVER THE HOUNDS ARE OUT,
 SADDLE YOUR HORSES, YOUR HARNESS PREPARE,
 WE'LL AWAY TO SOME COVER TO SEEK FOR SOME HARE.

WE SEARCHED THE WOODS, THE GROVES ALL ROUND,
 THE TRIAL BEING OVER, THE GAME IS FOUND.
 WE SEARCHED THE WOODS, THE GROVES ALL ROUND,
 THE TRIAL BEING OVER, THE GAME IS FOUND.
 THEN OFF SHE SPRINGS, THROUGH BRAKE SHE FLIES,
 THEN OFF SHE SPRINGS, THROUGH BRAKE SHE FLIES,
 FOLLOW, FOLLOW, THE MUSICAL HORN,
 SING: FOLLOW, HARK FORWARD, THE INNOCENT HARE.

OUR HUNTSMAN BLOWS HIS JOYFUL SOUND,
 TALLY-HO, MY BOYS, ALL OVER THE DOWNS,
 OUR HUNTSMAN BLOWS HIS JOYFUL SOUND,
 TALLY-HO, MY BOYS, ALL OVER THE DOWNS,
 FROM THE WOODS TO THE VALLEYS SEE HOW SHE CREEPS
 FROM THE WOODS TO THE VALLEYS SEE HOW SHE CREEPS.
 FOLLOW, FOLLOW, THE MUSICAL HORN,
 SING: FOLLOW, HARK FORWARD, THE INNOCENT HARE.

ALL ALONG THE GREEN TURF SHE PANTS FOR BREATH,
 OUR HUNTSMAN HE SHOUTS OUT FOR DEATH,
 ALL ALONG THE GREEN TURF SHE PANTS FOR BREATH,
 OUR HUNTSMAN HE SHOUTS OUT FOR DEATH,
 RELOPE, RELOPE, RETIRING HARE,
 RELOPE, RELOPE, RETIRING HARE,
 FOLLOW, FOLLOW, THE MUSICAL HORN,
 SING: FOLLOW, HARK FORWARD, THE INNOCENT HARE.

THIS HARE HAS LED US A NOBLE RUN,
 SUCCESS TO SPORTSMEN EVERY ONE.
 THIS HARE HAS LED US A NOBLE RUN,
 SUCCESS TO SPORTSMEN EVERY ONE.
 SUCH A CHASE SHE HAS LED US FOR HOURS OR MORE,
 SUCH A CHASE SHE HAS LED US FOR HOURS OR MORE,
 WINE AND BEER WE'LL DRINK WITHOUT FEAR,
 WE'LL DRINK A SUCCESS TO THE INNOCENT HARE.

LANIGAN'S BALL

IN THE TOWN OF ATHY ONE JEREMY LANIGAN
BATTERED AWAY TILL HE HADN'T A POUND.
HIS FATHER DIED AND MADE HIM A MAN AGAIN
LEFT HIM A FARM AND TEN ACRES OF GROUND.
HE GAVE A GRAND PARTY FOR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS
WHO DIDN'T FORGET HIM WHEN COME TO THE WALL,
AND IF YOU'LL BUT LISTEN I'LL MAKE YOUR EYES GLISTEN
OF THE ROWS AND THE RUCTIONS OF LANIGAN'S BALL.

MYSELF TO BE SURE GOT FREE INVITATION,
FOR ALL THE NICE GIRLS AND BOYS I MIGHT ASK,
AND JUST IN A MINUTE BOTH FRIENDS AND RELATIONS
WERE DANCING 'ROUND MERRY AS BEES 'ROUND A CASK.
JUDY O'DALY THAT NICE LITTLE MILNER
SHE TIPPED ME A WINK FOR TO GIVE HER A CALL,
AND I SOON ARRIVED WITH PEGGY MCGILLIGAN
JUST IN TIME FOR LANIGAN'S BALL.

THERE WAS LASHINGS OF PUNCH AND WINE FOR THE LADIES,
POTATOES AND CAKES THERE WAS BACON AND TEA,
THERE WERE THE NOLANS, DOLANS, O'GRADYS
COURTING THE GIRLS AND DANCING AWAY.
SONGS THEY WENT 'ROUND AS PLENTY AS WATER,
"THE HARP THAT ONCE SOUNDED IN TARA'S OLD HALL",
"SWEET NELLY GRAY" AND "THE RAT-CATCHER'S DAUGHTER"
ALL SINGING TOGETHER AT LANIGAN'S BALL.

THEY WERE DOING ALL KINDS OF NONSENSICAL POLKAS
ALL 'ROUND THE ROOM IN A WHIRLIAGIG.
JULIA AND I WE BANISHED THEIR NONSENSE
AND TIPPED THEM THE TWIST OF A REEL AND A JIG.
OCH MAVRONE, HOW THE GIRLS GOT ALL MAD AT ME
DANCED TILL YOU'D THINK THE CEILING WOULD FALL.
FOR I SPENT THREE WEEKS AT BROOKS'S ACADEMY
LEARNING NEW STEPS FOR LANIGAN'S BALL.

THREE LONG WEEKS I SPENT UP IN DUBLIN,
 THREE LONG WEEKS TO LEARN NOTHING AT ALL,
 THREE LONG WEEKS I SPENT UP IN DUBLIN,
 LEARNING NEW STEPS FOR LANIGAN'S BALL.
 SHE STEPPED OUT AND I STEPPED IN AGAIN,
 I STEPPED OUT AND SHE STEPPED IN AGAIN,
 SHE STEPPED OUT AND I STEPPED IN AGAIN,
 LEARNING NEW STEPS FOR LANIGAN'S BALL.

BOYS WERE ALL MERRY THE GIRLS THEY WERE HEARTY
 AND DANCED ALL AROUND IN COUPLES AND GROUPS,
 TIL AN ACCIDENT HAPPENED, YOUNG TERENCE MCCARTHY
 PUT HIS RIGHT LEG THROUGH MISS FINNERTY'S HOOPS.
 POOR CREATURE FAINTED AND CRIED "MEELIA MURTHUR"
 CALLED FOR HER BROTHERS AND GATHERED THEM ALL,
 CARMODY SWORE THAT HE'D GO NO FURTHER
 TILL HE HAD SATISFACTION AT LANIGAN'S BALL.

IN THE MIDST OF THE ROW MISS KERRIGAN FAINTED
 HER CHEEKS AT THE SAME TIME AS RED AS A ROSE.
 SOME OF THE LADS DECLARED SHE WAS PAINTED
 SHE TOOK A SMALL DROP TOO MUCH, I SUPPOSE.
 HER SWEETHEART, NED MORGAN, SO POWERFUL AND ABLE
 WHEN HE SAW HIS FAIR COLLEEN STRETCHED OUT BY THE WALL,
 TORE THE LEFT LEG FROM UNDER THE TABLE
 AND SMASHED ALL THE CHANEYS AT LANIGAN'S BALL.

BOYS, OH BOYS, TWAS THEN THERE WAS RUCTIONS.
 MYSELF GOT A LICK FROM BIG PHELIM MCHUGH.
 I SOON REPLIED TO HIS INTRODUCTION
 AND KICKED UP A TERRIBLE HULLABALOO.
 OLD CASEY THE PIPER WAS NEAR BEING STRANGLERED,
 THEY SQUEEZED UP HIS PIPES, BELLOWS, CHANTERS AND ALL.
 THE GIRLS IN THEIR RIBBONS THEY GOT ALL ENTANGLED
 AND THAT PUT AN END TO LANIGAN'S BALL.

THREE LONG WEEKS I SPENT UP IN DUBLIN,
 THREE LONG WEEKS TO LEARN NOTHING AT ALL.
 THREE LONG WEEKS I SPENT UP IN DUBLIN,
 LEARNING NEW STEPS FOR LANIGAN'S BALL.
 SHE STEPPED OUT AND I STEPPED IN AGAIN,
 I STEPPED OUT AND SHE STEPPED IN AGAIN,
 SHE STEPPED OUT AND I STEPPED IN AGAIN,
 LEARNING NEW STEPS FOR LANIGAN'S BALL.

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MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN,
FIE, MAN, FIE!

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN,
WHO'S THE FOOL NOW?

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN
FILL THOU THE CUP AND I THE CAN,
THOU HAST WELL DRUNKEN, MAN, WHO'S THE FOOL NOW?

I SAW THE MAN IN THE MOON
CLOUTING ON ST. PETER'S SHOON.

I SAW A HARE CHASE THE HOUND
FORTY MILES ABOVE THE GROUND.

I SAW A GOOSE RING A HOG,
SAW A SNAIL BITE A DOG.

I SAW A MOUSE CHASE A CAT
SAW THE CHEESE EAT THE RAT.

I SAW A FLEA HEAVE A TREE
TWENTY MILES OUT TO SEA.

I SAW A MAID MILK A BULL
AT EV'RY STROKE A BUCKETFUL.

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THE OLD DUNN COW

SOME FRIENDS AND I IN A PUBLIC HOUSE,
WERE PLAYING DOMINOES ONE NIGHT.
WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, IN THE POTMAN RAN
HIS FACE WAS ALL AFRIGHT.
"WHAT'S UP," SAYS BROWN, "HAVE YOU SEEN A GHOST,
HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR AUNT MARIAH?"
"OH, ME AUNT MARIAH BE BUGGERED!" SAYS HE,
"THIS BLEEDIN' PUB'S ON FIRE!"
"ON FIRE!" SAYS BROWN, "WHAT A BIT OF LUCK,
WHAT A BIT OF LUCK," SAYS HE.
"IT'S DOWN IN THE CELLAR, IF THE DOOR AIN'T LOCKED,
WE'LL HAVE A RARE OLD SPREE."
SO WE ALL WENT DOWN WITH GOOD OLD BROWN
AND THE BEER WE COULD NOT MISS.
AND WE HADN'T BEEN THERE TEN MINUTES OR MORE,
BEFORE WE ALL GOT PISSED!

OH, THERE WAS BROWN, UPSIDE DOWN,
MOPPIN' UP THE WHISKEY ON THE FLOOR.
IT'S BOOZE, BOOZE! THE FIREMEN CRIED
AS THEY CAME KNOCKIN' AT THE DOOR.
"OH, DON'T LET 'EM IN TILL IT'S ALL MOPPED UP!"
SOMEBODY SHOUTED, "MACINTYRE!"
AND WE ALL GOT BLUE-BLIND PARALYTIC DRUNK
WHEN THE OLD DUNN COW CAUGHT FIRE.

MCPHERSON RAN TO THE PORT WINE TUB,
GAVE IT JUST A FEW HARD KNOCKS,
HE STARTED TAKING OFF HIS PANTALOONS,
LIKEWISE HIS BOOTS AND SOCKS,
"HOLD ON," SAYS BROWN, "IF YOU WANT
TO WASH YOUR FEET,
WE'VE A BUCKET OF FOUR-ALE HERE.
DON'T BE PUTTIN' YOUR TROTTERS IN
THE PORT WINE TUB,
WHEN WE'VE GOT SOME OLD STALE BEER.

ALL OF A SUDDEN CAME AN AWFUL CRASH,
HALF THE BLOODY ROOF GAVE WAY.
WE WERE HALF-DROWNED BY THE FIREMEN'S
HOSE,
BUT STILL WE ALL WERE GAY.
SO WE GOT SOME SACKS AND SOME OLD TIN
TACKS,
AND WE BUNGED OURSELVES INSIDE,
AND WE SAT THERE DRINKIN' GOOD OL' SCOTCH
TILL WE WERE BLEARY-EYED.

THOUSANDS OR MORE

THE TIME PASSES OVER MORE CHEERFUL AND GAY,
SINCE WE'VE LEARNT A NEW ACT TO DRIVE SORROWS AWAY.
SORROWS AWAY, SORROWS AWAY, SORROWS AWAY,
SINCE WE'VE LEARNT A NEW ACT TO DRIVE SORROWS AWAY.

BRIGHT PHOEBE AWAKES SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY
WITH HER RED ROSY CHEEKS AND HER SPARKLING EYE.
SPARKLING EYE, SPARKLING EYE, SPARKLING EYE,
WITH HER RED ROSY CHEEKS AND HER SPARKLING EYE.

IF YOU ASK FOR MY CREDIT YOU'LL FIND I HAVE NONE.
WITH MY BOTTLE AND FRIEND YOU WILL FIND ME AT HOME.
FIND ME AT HOME, FIND ME AT HOME, FIND ME AT HOME,
WITH MY BOTTLE AND FRIEND YOU WILL FIND ME AT HOME.

ALTHOUGH I'M NOT RICH AND ALTHOUGH I'M NOT POOR,
I'M AS HAPPY AS THOSE THAT'S GOT THOUSANDS OR MORE.
THOUSANDS OR MORE, THOUSANDS OR MORE, THOUSANDS OR MORE,
I'M AS HAPPY AS THOSE THAT'S GOT THOUSANDS OR MORE.

WILD ROVER

I'VE BEEN A WILD ROVER FOR MANY'S THE YEAR,
AND I'VE SPENT ALL ME MONEY ON WHISKEY AND BEER,
BUT NOW I'M RETURNIN' WITH GOLD IN GREAT STORE,
AND I NEVER WILL PLAY THE WILD ROVER NO MORE!

AND IT'S NO, NAY, NEVER,
NO, NAY, NEVER, NO MORE,
WILL I PLAY THE WILD ROVER,
NO, NEVER, NO MORE!

I WENT TO AN ALE HOUSE I USED TO FREQUENT,
AND I TOLD THE LANDLADY ME MONEY WAS SPENT,
I ASKED HER FOR CREDIT, HER ANSWER WAS "NAY!
SUCH A CUSTOMER AS YOU I CAN GET ANY DAY!"

I REACHED IN ME POCKET, PRODUCED SOVEREIGNS BRIGHT,
AND THE LANDLADY'S EYES OPENED WIDE WITH DELIGHT.
SHE SAYS, "I HAVE WHISKEYS AND ALES OF THE BEST,
AND THE WORDS THAT I SPOKE, SIR, WERE ONLY IN JEST."

I'LL RETURN TO MY PARENTS, CONFESS WHAT I'VE DONE,
AND I'LL ASK THEM TO PARDON THEIR PRODIGAL SON.
AND IF THEY EMBRACE ME AS OFT TIMES BEFORE,
THEN I NEVER WILL PLAY THE WILD ROVER NO MORE.

IF I'D ALL THE MONEY I'D LEFT IN YOUR CARE,
I'D BUY ME A BIG HOUSE, MY FAMILY TO REAR.
I'D BUY ME A BIG HOUSE, CONSTRUCT ME A BARN,
AND I'D BUY ME A GREAT COAT TO KEEP MYSELF WARM.

