

TAVERN SEA SHANTIES



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All For Me Grog

**Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander**

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather

Where is me shirt, my noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather

Where is me wife, me noggin' noggin' wife?
She's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well her front is all worn out and her tail is knocked about
And I think she's looking out for better weather.

Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and now the sheets are all tore
And the springs are looking out for better weather.

Barrett's Privateers

Oh the year was seventeen seventy eight

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!

A letter of marque came from the King

To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

God Damn them all! I was told

We'd cruise the seas for American gold

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears

Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier

The last of Barrett's privateers.

Oh Elcid Barrett cried the town,

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!

For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who

Would make for him the Antelope's crew,

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!

She'd a list to 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 ninety-one days to Montego Bay,

Pumping like madmen all the way.

On the ninety-sixth 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 in the beam and loose in the stays,

But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length we stood two cables away.

Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din,

But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side.

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,

And the maintruck carried off both me legs.

So here I lay in my twenty-third year.

It's been six years since we sailed away,

And I just made Halifax yesterday.

Blow the man down

Come all you young fellows who follow the sea

Wey hey, blow the man down

And pray pay attention and listen to me

Gimme some time to blow the man down

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down

Wey hey, blow the man down

Blow him right back into Liverpool town

Gimme some time to blow the man down

I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong

Wey hey, blow the man down

If you buy me a drink, then I'll sing you a song

Gimme some time to blow the man down

There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all

Wey hey, blow the man down

They all ship for sailors on board the Black Ball

Gimme some time to blow the man down

You'll see those poor devils how they will all scoot

Wey hey, blow the man down

Assisted along by the toe of a boot...

Gimme some time to blow the man down

It's starboard and larboard on deck they will sprawl

Wey hey, blow the man down

For kickin' Jack Williams commands the Black Ball

Gimme some time to blow the man down

As soon as you're clear over old Mersey Bar,

Wey hey, blow the man down

The mate knocks you down with the end of a spar.

Gimme some time to blow the man down

And as soon as the packet is well out to sea,

Wey hey, blow the man down

Then it's cruel, hard usage of every degree.

Gimme some time to blow the man down

So I'll give you fair warning before we belay

Wey hey, blow the man down

Don't ever take heed of what chantymen say

Gimme some time to blow the man down

Bold Riley

Oh the rain it rains all day long

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley

And the northern wind, it blows so strong

Bold Riley O has gone away...

Goodbye my sweetheart, goodbye my dear O

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley

Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear O

Bold Riley O has gone away

The anchor is weighed and the rags we've all set...

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley

Them Liverpool judies we'll never forget...

Bold Riley O has gone away...

Well come on Mary, don't look glum...

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley

Come white-stocking day you'll be drinkin' rum...

Bold Riley O has gone away...

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay...

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley

Get bending, my lads, it's a hell of a way...

Bold Riley O has gone away...

Bonnie ship the diamond

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

And it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail!
For the bonny ship the Diamond, goes a-hunting for the whale!

Along the quays of Peterhead, the lasses stand around,
 Their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running down.
 Now don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind,
 For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.

And it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail!
For the bonny ship the Diamond, goes a-hunting for the whale!

Here's health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
 Here's a health to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame.
 We wear the trousers of the white, the jackets of the blue,
 When we return to Peterhead, we'll have sweethearts anew

And it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail!
For the bonny ship the Diamond, goes a-hunting for the whale!

Oh, it'll be bright both day and night when the whaling lads come home,
 In a ship that's full of oil, my boys, and money to our name.
 We'll make the cradles all to rock and the blankets for to tear,
 And every lass in Peterhead sing, "Hushabye, my dear."

And it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail!
For the bonny ship the Diamond, goes a-hunting for the whale!

Bully in the Alley

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way-hey, hey-hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down in shinbone al!

Sally is the girl that I love dearly
Way-hey, hey-hey, bully in the alley
Sally is the girl that I spliced dearly
Bully down in shinbone al!

For seven long years I courted little Sally
Way-hey, hey-hey, bully in the alley
But all she did was dilly and dally
Bully down in shinbone al!

I'm gonna leave my Sal and go out a-sailing
Way-hey, hey-hey, bully in the alley
Gonna leave my gal and go out a-whaling
Bully down in shinbone al!

I ever get back, I'll marry little Sally
Way-hey, hey-hey, bully in the alley
Have six kids and live in Shin-bone Alley
Bully down in shinbone al!

Chemical Workers Song

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

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

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

Well, I've worked among the spinners, and I breathe the oily smoke
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke
I've stood knee deep in cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn
Been workin' rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach turn

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

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

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

Dead horse

A poor old man came riding by
And we say so! And we know so!
O, a poor old man came riding by
O, poor old man!

Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."
And we say so! And we know so!
And if he dies, we'll tan his hide
O, poor old man!

And if he don't, I'll ride him again
And we say so! And we know so!
And I'll ride him, 'til the Lord knows when
O, poor old man!

O, he's dead as a nail in the lamp room door
And we say so! And we know so!
And he won't come worrying us no more
O, poor old man!

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails
And we say so! And we know so!
And the iron of his shoes to make deck nails
O, poor old man!

We'll drop him down with a long, long roll
And we say so! And we know so!
Where the sharks will have his body and the devil take his soul.
O, poor old man!

Drunken Sailor

What will we do with the drunken sailor?

What will we do with the drunken sailor?

What will we do with the drunken sailor?

Earl-y in the morning

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Earl-y in the morning

Put him in a longboat till he's sober

Put him in a longboat till he's sober

Put him in a longboat till he's sober

Earl-y in the morning

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Earl-y in the morning

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him

Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him

Earl-y in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter

Shave two inches off his peg leg

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

Eliza Lee

Oh, the smartest packet you can find,

Ho-way-ho, are you 'most done?

She's the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line

Clear away the track and let the bullgine run!

To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting gun

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

With Liza Lee all on my knee

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

O, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

With Galway shale and Liverpool beer

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

Ah, and when we're out in New York Town

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

We'll dance them Bowery girls around!

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

Oh! the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

She's never a day behind her time!

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

O, and when we're back in Liverpool town

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

Ah, when I was a young man, in my prime

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

I'd knock them Scouse girls two at a time

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

Oh, one more pull and that will do!

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

For we're the boys to kick her through!

Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!

Fire Marengo

Lift him up and carry him along

Fire Marengo, fire away!

Put him down where he belong

Fire Marengo, fire away!

Ease him down and let him lay,

Fire Marengo, fire away!

Screw him in and there he'll stay.

Fire Marengo, fire away!

Stow him in his hole below,

Say he must and then he'll go.

When I get back to Liverpool town

I'll drop a line to little Sally Brown

Oh, Sally, she's a pretty little craft,

Hot shot to the fore and a rounded aft.

Screw the cotton, screw him down.

Let's get the hell away from Hilo Town.

Lift him up and carry him along

Put him down where he belong

Fish in the sea

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

**And it's windy weather boys, stormy weather, boys
When the wind blows we're all together, boys
Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow
Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes.**

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail

Up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth
Saying, 'You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef'

Up jumps the lobster with his heavy claws
Bites the main boom right off by the jaws

Up jumps the halibut, lies flat on the deck
He says, 'Mister Captain, don't step on my neck'

Up jumps the herring, the king of the sea
Saying, 'All other fishes, now you follow me'

Up jumps the codfish with his chuckle-head
He runs out up forward and throws out the lead

Up jumps the whale... the largest of all
'If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall'

General Taylor

General Taylor gained the day!

Walk him along, John, Carry him along

General Taylor's dead and gone

Carry him to his burying ground

To me way, hey, Stormy

Walk him along John, carry him along

To me way, hey, Stormy

Carry him to his burying ground

We dug his grave with a silver spade

Walk him along John, carry him along

His shroud of finest silk is made

Carry him to his burying ground

We lowered him down on a silver chain

Walk him along John, carry him along

On every link we'll carve his name

Carry him to his burying ground

Oh I wish I was old Stormy's son

Walk him along John, carry him along

I'd build a ship ten thousand tons

Carry him to his burying ground

I'd load her down with ale and rum

Walk him along John, carry him along

And every shellback should have some

Carry him to his burying ground

General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along John, carry him along

When Santamaria ran away

Carry him to his burying ground

General Taylor died long ago

Walk him along John, carry him along

Upon the plains of Mexico

Carry him to his burying ground

Good Morning Ladies All

We are outward bound for Kingston town

With a heave-o, haul!

And we'll heave the old wheel round and round

Good morning ladies all!

And when we get to Kingston town

With a heave-o, haul!

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

Good morning ladies all!

Them girls down south are free and gay

With a heave-o, haul!

With them we'll spend our hard-earned pay

Good morning ladies all!

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

With a heave-o, haul!

And soon we'll be back on the homeward run

Good morning ladies all!

And when we get to Bristol town

With a heave-o, haul!

For the very last time we'll waltz around

Good morning ladies all!

With Poll and Meg and Sally too

With a heave-o, haul!

We'll drink and dance with a hullabaloo

Good morning ladies all!

So a long goodbye to all you dears

With a heave-o, haul!

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

Good morning ladies all!

Haul Away Joe

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

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I did not kiss the gals, me lips would go all mouldy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather,

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

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

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

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

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Oh the cook is in the galley, making duff so handy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

The captain's in his cabin drinkin' wine and brandy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Ya call yourself a "Second Mate", ya cann'e tie a bowline

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

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

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away, we'll haul away together

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Haul on the Bowline

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here's a health to the company

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

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

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
 For her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
 There's a smile on her countenance as she sits on my knee
 There's no man in this wide world as happy as me

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

Our ship lies at anchor, she's ready to dock
 I wish her safe landing, without any shock
 If ever I should meet you by land or by sea
 I will always remember your kindness to me

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

Hi-Ho Come Roll Me Over

Why don't you blow

High-O! Come roll me over

Why don't you blow

High-O! Come roll me over

One man to strike the bell

High-O! Come roll me over

One man to strike the bell

High-O! Come roll me over

Two men to man the wheel

High-O! Come roll me over

Two men to man the wheel

High-O! Come roll me over

Three men, to gallant braces

High-O! Come roll me over

Three men, to gallant braces

High-O! Come roll me over

Four men to furl t'garns'ls

High-O! Come roll me over

Four men to furl t'garns'ls

High-O! Come roll me over

Five men to bunt-a-bo

High-O! Come roll me over

Five men to bunt-a-bo

High-O! Come roll me over

High Barbaree

Look ahead, look astern, look the weather in the lee

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

I see a wreck to the windward and a lofty ship to lee

Sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary

O are you a pirate or a man-o-war? cried we

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

O no! I'm not a pirate but a man-o-war, cried he

Sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary

We'll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

For we have got some letters to be carried home by you

Sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary

For broadside, for broadside they fought all on the main

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away

Sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary

For quarters! For quarters! the saucy pirates cried

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in the tide

Sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary

With cutlass and gun, O we fought for hours three

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

The ship it was their coffin and their grave it was the sea

Sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary

Last shanty

Well me father often told me when I was just a lad
 A sailor's life is very hard, the food is always bad
 But now I've joined the navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war
 And now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor any more

**Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
 If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
 Just get your civvies ready for another run-ashore
 A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore**

Well the killick of our mess he says we had it soft
 It wasn't like that in his day when we were up aloft
 We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
 Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

They gave us an engine that first went up and down
 Then with more technology the engine went around
 We know our steam and diesels but what's a mainyard for?
 A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore

They gave us an Aldiss Lamp so we could do it right
 They gave us a radio, we signalled day and night
 We know our codes and cyphers but what's a sema for?
 A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot
 And now we've got an extra one because they stopped The Tot
 So we'll put on our civvy-clothes find a pub ashore
 A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before

**Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
 If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
 Just get your civvies ready for another run-ashore
 A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore
 A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore
 A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore**

Leave Her, Johnny

I thought I heard the old man say

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

It's a long hard pull to the next pay day

And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her

For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow

And it's time for us to leave her

Oh the wind was foul and the sea ran high

She shipped it green and none went by

Oh the times was hard and the wages low

And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

And the captain was bad but the mate was worse

He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse

Oh a dollar a day is a shellback's pay

To pump all night and haul all day

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim

And heave the hungry packet in

And now it's time to say goodbye

For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her

For the voyage is done and the winds do blow

And it's time for us to leave her

Liverpool Judies

From Liverpool to Frisco a-rovin' I went
 For to stay in that country was my good intent
 But drinkin' strong whiskey like other damn fools
 Oh, I soon got transported back to Liverpool, singin'

Roll, roll, roll bullies, roll Them Liverpool judies have got us in tow

A smart Yankee packet lies out in the bay
 A-waitin' a fair wind to get under way
 With all of her sailors so sick and so sore
 They'd drunk all their whiskey and can't get no more, singin'

Oh, here comes the mate in a hell of a stew
 He's lookin' for work for us sailors to do
 Oh, it's 'Fore tops! halyards!' he loudly does roar
 And it's lay aloft Paddy, ye son-o'-a-whore, singin'

One night of Cape Horn I shall never forget
 'Tis oft-times I sighs when I think of it yet
 She was divin' bows under with her sailors all wet
 Find more lyrics at
 She was doin' twelve knots wid her mainskys! set, singin'

And now we've arrived in the Bramley Moor Dock
 And all them flash judies on the pierhead do flock
 The barrel's run dry and our five quid advance
 And I guess it's high time for to git up and dance, that is

Here's a health to the Captain wherever he may be
 A bucko on land and a bully at sea
 But as for the first mate, the dirty ol' brute
 We hope when he dies straight to hell he'll skyhoot, singin'

Lowlands Away

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
My love she came, all dressed in white
Lowlands away

I dreamed my love came in my sleep
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep

She came to me at my bedside
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
All dressed in white, like some fair bride

And bravely in her bosom fair
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
A red, red rose, my love did wear
Lowlands away

She made no sound, no word she said
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
And then I knew my love was dead
Lowlands away

Then I awoke to hear the cry
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
Oh watch on deck, oh, watch ahoy
Lowlands away

Well my old mother, she wrote to me
Lowlands, lowlands away, me John
She wrote to me, come home from sea
Lowlands away

Mingulay Boat Song

**Heel y'ho, boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round, into the weather
Heel y'ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay**

What care we tho' white the Minch is?
What care we for wind and weather?
When we know that every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting, by the pier head
gazing seaward, from the heather
Bring her round, boys, then we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

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

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holding bairns a-crying
They'll return, though, when the sun sets
They'll return to Mingulay

Mollymauk

Oh, the southern ocean is a lonely place
The storms are many and the shelter's scarce

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

Over troubled waters under restless skies
You'll see those mollymauk rise and dive

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

**Won't you ride the wind and go, white seabird
Ride the wind and go, mollymauk
Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

Now the mollymauk glides on them great, white wings
And lord, what a lonesome song he sings

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

He's got no compass and he's got no gear
Nobody knows where the mollymauk steers

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

He's the ghost of a sailor, some I've heard say
His body had sank and his soul flew away

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

He's got no haven and he's got no home
Bound evermore to wheel and roam

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

When I gets too old and can sail no more
Set me adrift far away from shore

**own upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

You can cut me loose, you can set me free
I'll keep that big bird company

**Down upon the southern ocean, sailing
Down below Cape Horn**

Northwest Passage

**Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so wide and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea**

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

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

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

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

Old Maui

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
 We whalermen undergo
 And we won't give a damn when the gales are done
 How hard the winds did blow
 We're homeward bound from the Arctic Grounds
 With a good ship taut and free
 And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
 With the girls of Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the arctic grounds
Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale
 Through the ice, and wind, and rain
 Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores
 We soon shall see again
 For six hellish months we passed away
 On the cold Kamchatka sea
 But now we're bound from the Arctic Grounds
 Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with the Northerly gale
 Towards our Island home
 Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung
 And we ain't got far to roam
 Our stans'l booms is carried away
 What care we for that sound
 A living gale is after us
 Thank God we're homeward bound

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

Paddy lay back

'Twas a cold an' dreary mornin' in December
 Well, all of me money it was spent
 Where it went to, Lord, I barely can't remember
 So down to the shippin' office went

Paddy, lay back (Paddy, lay back)
Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a paw!
All around ship stations, boys, be handy
For we're bound for Valparaiso 'round the Horn

Ah, that day there was a great demand for sailors
 For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France
 So I shipped aboard a Limey barque the Hotspur
 An' got paralytic drunk on me advance

I woke up in the morning sick an' sore
 An' knew I was outward bound again
 When I heard a voice a-bawlin' at the door
 'Lay aft, men, and answer to your name!'

'Twas on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em
 Such an ugly bunch I'd never seen before
 For the captain he had shipped a crew of Belgians
 An' it made me poor ol' heart feel sick an' sore

Ah, but Jimmy the crimp he knew a thing or two, sir
 An' soon he'd shipped me outward bound again
 On a Limey to the Chinchas for guano
 An' soon was I a-roarin' this refrain

Ah, so there I was-a once again at sea, boys
 The same ol' garbage over and over again
 So, won't you stamp the caps'n and make some noise, boys
 And join me all and singing the ol' sweet refrain

Randy Dandy-O

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way hey, roll and go

Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn

Rollickin' randy dandy-o

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way hey, roll and go

The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored

Rollickin' randy dandy-o

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks

Come breast the bars, bullies, heave her away

Soon we'll be rollin' er down through the Bay

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free

Let's get the gladrags on and drive 'er to sea

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay

Get crackin' my lads, it's a hell of a way

Roll the Old Chariot

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

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

Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
And we'll all hang on behind

Oh, we'd be alright if we make it around the horn

Well, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm

Roll, Boys, Roll (Sally Brown)

Sally Brown, she's the gal for me boys

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

Sally Brown she's the gal for me, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

It's down to Trinidad to see Sally Brown boys

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

Down to Trinidad to see Sally Brown boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

She's lovely on the foreyard, an' she's lovely downbelow boys

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

She's lovely 'cause she loves me, that's all I want to know boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Oh! Captain Baker, how do you store yer cargo

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

Some I stow for'ward, boys, an' some I stow aft'ward

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Forty fathoms or more below boys

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

There's forty fathoms or more below boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Oh, way high ya, an' up she rises

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

Way high ya, and the blocks is different sizes

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Oh, one more pull, don't ya hear the mate a-bawlin'?

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

Oh, one more pull, that's the end of all the hawlin'

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Sally Brown she's the gal for me boys

Roll Boys! Roll boys roll

Sally Brown she's the gal for me, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Rolling down the river

I once was a rigger and I worked like hell

Rolling up, rolling down

And now I'm a sailor with the OCL

And go rolling down the river

Rolling up, rolling down

We'll all get drunk in Tilbury town

Twenty-four hours we'll turn around

And go rolling down the river

Now the cargo comes in TEUs

That's a twenty-foot box, boys, full of booze

When first I saw a TEU

I wondered where they stored the crew

There's a Tilbury girl called Kettle Jane

Cause she's on the boil then she's off again

She's got a friend called Teapot Anne

When she's well-brewed she likes a man

Them Tilbury girls go round in pairs

You'll never catch them unawares

But at the dockyard gate when the work is done

You can pick them up boys one by one

Now we're the boys to kick her through

To hell with the channel and the TEUs

Running Down To Cuba

Running down to Cuba with a load of sugar

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba

Make her run you, lime juice squeezes

Running down to Cuba

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba

Running down to Cuba

O, I got a sister, she's nine feet tall

Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall

The captain, he will trim the sails

Winging the water over the rails

Give me a gal can dance Fandango

Round as a melon and sweet as a mango

Load this sugar and home-ward go

Mister mate, he told me so

Sammy's gone away

Sammy was the cabin boy aboard a man o'war

Sammy's gone away aboard a man o'war

Sammy was the cabin boy aboard a man o'war

Sammy's gone away aboard a man o'war'

Pretty work brave boys

Pretty work I say

Sammy's gone away aboard a man o'war

Sammy was a midshipman aboard a man o'war

Sammy learnt to semaphore aboard a man o'war

Sammy was the Bosun aboard a man o'war

Sammy was the Captain aboard a man o'war

Sammy was the Admiral aboard a man o'war

Santiano

Santiano gained a day

Away Santiano

Ah Santiano gained a day

All on the plains of Mexico

Mexico oh Mexico, away Santiano

Ah Mexico is a place I know

All on the plains of Mexico

In Nassau town I long to be

Away Santiano

Where a pirate lad can just be free

All on the plains of Mexico

Nassau girls aint got no combs

Away Santiano

They comb their hair with a kipper-back's bone

All on the plains of Mexico

Oh, times is hard and the wages low

Away Santiano

It's time for us to roll and go

All on the plains of Mexico

Just one more pull and that shall do

Away Santiano

Oh we're the boys to pull her through

All on the plains of Mexico

Shiny O

Captain, captain, you are a dandy

Way-ay-ay-ay, shiny-o

Captain, captain, you love your brandy

Way-ay-ay-ay, shiny-o

Ferryman, ferryman, won't you ferry me over

Way-ay-ay-ay, shiny-o

Won't you ferry me all the way to Dover

Way-ay-ay-ay, shiny-o

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

Captain, captain, how deep is the water?

It measures one inch, six feet and a quarter

Captain, captain, I love your daughter

Captain, captain, I love your daughter

Shiny-o she is the captain's daughter

It's or her I'm sailing o'er the water

Rivers, rivers, rivers are a-rolling

Rivers are a-rolling and I can't get over

Captain, captain, you are a dandy

Captain, captain, you love your brandy

So early in the morning

Da mate was drunk and he went below
To take a swig at his bottle-o

So early in the morning the sailor likes his bottle-o

The bottle-o, the bottle-of-o
The sailor loves his bottle-o

So early in the morning the sailor likes his bottle-o

A bottle of rum, a bottle of gin
A bottle of Irish whiskey-o

Tobaccy-o, tobaccy-o
The sailor loves his 'baccy-o

A packet of shag, a packet of cut
A plug o' hard tobaccy-o

The lassies-o, the maidens-o
The sailor loves the judies-o

A lass from the 'pool, a girl from the Tyne
A chowlah so fine and dandy-o

A bully rough house, a bully rough house
The sailor like his rough house-o

A tread on me coat, and all hands in
A bully good rough and tumble-o

A sing-song-o, a sing-song-o
The sailor likes a sing-song-o

A drinking song, a song o' love
A ditty of seas and shipmates-o

South Australia

In South Australia I was born

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

Heave away you rolling kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

I shook her up and 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 we wallop around Cape Horn

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

I wish I was on Australia's strand

With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

Spanish Ladies

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

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

Then we hove our ship to with the wind at sou'west, boys
 We hove our ship to, for to take soundings clear
 Then we filled the main topsail and bore right away boys
 And straight up the Channel of old England did steer

So the first land we made it is called the Deadman
 Next Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and the Wight
 We sailed by Beachy, by Fairly and Dungeness
 And then bore away for the South Foreland Light

Now the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor
 All on the Downs that night for to meet
 Then stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
 Haul all your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly

Now let every man drink off his full bottle
 And let every man drink off a full bowl
 For we will be jolly and drown melancholy
 With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul

Stormalong John

Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone
Storm along boys. Storm along John
Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John

I dug his grave with a silver spade
Storm along boys. Storm along John
I dug his grave with a silver spade
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John

I lower'd him down with a golden chain
Storm along boys. Storm along John
I lower'd him down with a golden chain
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John

I carried him away to Montego Bay
Storm along boys. Storm along John
I carried him away to Montego Bay
Ah-ha, come along get along
Stormy along John

Suvala Bay

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

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

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

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

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

The Coasts of High Barbary

Look ahead, look-astern

Look the weather in the lee

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

I see a wreck to windward

And a lofty ship to lee

A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary

"O, are you a pirate

Or a man o' war?" cried we

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

"O no! I'm not a pirate

But a man-o-war," cried he

A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary

We'll back up our topsails

And heave vessel to

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

For we have got some letters

To be carried home by you

A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary

For broadside, for broadside

They fought all on the main

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

Until at last the frigate

Shot the pirate's mast away

A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary

With cutlass and gun

O we fought for hours three

Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we

The ship it was their coffin

And their grave it was the sea

A-sailing down along the coast of High Barbary

The Dead Horse

A poor old man came riding by
And we say so, and we know so
O, a poor old man came riding by
O, poor old man

Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."
And we say so, and we know so
And if he dies, we'll tan his hide
O, poor old man

And if he don't, I'll ride him again
And we say so, and we know so
And I'll ride him, 'til the Lord knows when
O, poor old man

O, he's dead as a nail in the lamp room door
And we say so, and we know so
And he won't come worrying us no more
O, poor old man

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails
And we say so, and we know so
And the iron of his shoes to make deck nails
O, poor old man

We'll rope him down with a long long ro'
And we say so, and we know so
Where the sharks have his body and the devil takes his soul
O, poor old man

The Made Of Amsterdam

In Amsterdam there lived a maid

Mark well what I do say

In Amsterdam there lived a maid

And she was mistress of her trade

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

A roving, a roving

Since roving's been my ru-i-in

I'll go no more a roving

With you fair maid

I asked this maid to take a walk

Mark well what I do say

I asked this maid out for a walk

That we might have some private talk

I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid

Then a great big Dutchman rammed my bow

Mark well what I do say

For a great big Dutchman rammed my bow

And said "Young man, dees ees meine frau!"

I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid

Then take fair warning boys from me

Mark well what I do say

So take fair warning boys from me

With other men's wives, don't make too free

I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid

The Rio Grande

O say was you ever in Rio Grande?

A-weigh, you Rio

It's there that the river brings down golden sand

For we're bound for the Rio Grande

And away, boys, away

A-weigh, you Rio

It's fare-you-well my bonny young girls

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

It's fare well to you all the girls of the town

A-weigh, you Rio

You got our half-pay for to keep you around

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

She's a deep water ship and a deep water crew

A-weigh, you Rio

You can keep to the coast but we're damned if we do

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

We was sick of the beach when our money was gone

A-weigh, you Rio

And sign in this packet to drive her along

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

The Tempest

We are all born free but forever live in chains
And we battle through existence on and on
We'll take whatever comes to be while keeping hopeful melody
And we'll cruise through the darkness until the warmth of dawn

**So, row, row you bastards you never can tell
Through water like glass above a briney hell
So, row and a-holler come give her all you can
Or the sea she will best us, we'll never see the land**

We carry on the burden and we hide our grimace well
For the day will come for us to mutiny
But as long as we survive our hope and pride they can't deprive
And we'll carry on our melody to sing in harmony

So, row, row you bastards you never can tell
The ocean a tempest or the land a stormy hell
So, row a little harder 'til bloodied on the hand
Or the sea she will best us, we'll never see the land

We are wracked from the hardships
Exhausted by the years we can still escape this barren misery
But even with our shackled wrists we can fight our way through this
And we'll power all aboard the ship to total liberty

The Worst Old Ship

The worst old brig that ever did weigh
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day
And we're waitin' for the day, waitin' for the day
Waitin' for the day that we get our pay

She was built in Roman time
Held together with bits of twine
And we're waitin' for the day, waitin' for the day
Waitin' for the day that we get our pay

There's nothing in the galley, nothing in the hold
But the skipper's come aboard with a bag of gold

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak
You could hear the poor old timbers creak

We pumped our way round Lowestoff Ness
But the wind backed round to the west-sou'-west

Under the lighthouse at Cromer cliff
She's steering like a wagon with a wheel adrift

Into the Humber, up to the town
Pump you blighters, pump or drown

The coal was shot by a Keadby crew
But the bottom was rotten and it fell right through.

Wellermen

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

**Soon may the Wellerman come
 And bring us-sugar and tea and rum
 One day, when the tonguing is done
 We'll take our leave and go**

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

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

No line was cut; no whale was freed
 The captain's mind was not on greed
 He belonged to the whaleman's creed
 She took that ship in tow

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

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

Where Am I To Go M'Johnnies

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

To me, hey hey, high roll and go

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

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

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

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

You're bound away to Kingston town, that's where you're bound to go

Whiskey Johnny

Whiskey is the life of man

Whiskey, Johnny

O, whiskey is the life of man

Whiskey for my Johnny O

O, I drink whiskey when I can

Whiskey, Johnny

I drink it out of an old tin can

Whiskey for my Johnny O

Whiskey gave me a broken nose

Whiskey, Johnny

Whiskey made me pawn my clothes

Whiskey for my Johnny O

Whiskey drove me around Cape Horn

Whiskey, Johnny

It was many a month when I was gone

Whiskey for my Johnny O

I thought I heard the old man say

Whiskey, Johnny

I'll treat my crew in a decent way

Whiskey for my Johnny O

A glass of grog for every man

Whiskey, Johnny

And a bottle for the shanty Man

Whiskey for my Johnny O