

The Albany Shantymen

Official Songbook

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THE ALBANY IMMIGRANTS (F)

AH, WE SAILED FROM CORK ON A WINDY DAY WITH A DARK AND CLOUDY SKY
OUR FRIENDS WERE STANDING ON THE QUAY, THE WOMEN STOOD AND CRIED
BUT WE WERE YOUNG AND OUT FOR FUN AND THE RICHES WE COULD FIND
SO LIFT YOUR GLASS AND DRINK A TOAST TO THE GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND

**OH PENNY DEAR DRINK UP YOUR BEER WE'RE LEAVING IN THE MORN
ON BOARD A SHIP THE CASTLEMAINE FOR AUSTRALIA ROUND THE HORN
OH PENNY DEAR DRINK UP YOUR BEER WE'RE LEAVING IN THE MORN
ON BOARD A SHIP THE CASTLEMAINE FOR WEST AUSTRALIA ROUND THE HORN**

AH ME BROTHER WAS A SAILORMAN ON BOARD THE BLACK BALL LINE
HE JUMPED HIS SHIP IN ALBANY AND NOW HE'S DOING FINE
THE LETTER LADS HE WROTE TO US SAYS COME AND JOIN ME HERE
SO WE'RE OFF TO ALBANY IN THE MORN WITHOUT A DOUBT OR FEAR
CHORUS

JACK HAS A FARM NEAR ALBANY WITH LIVESTOCK BY THE SCORE
HE SAYS THE TREES NEAR TOUCH THE SKY, KING KARRIS SO WE'RE TOLD
AND SAILING SHIPS ARRIVE EACH DAY WITH DIGGERS OFF FOR GOLD
AND A HUNDRED WHALES ARE PLAINLY SEEN A FROLICKING IN THE SOUND
CHORUS

AND NOW WE'RE UNDER WAY ME BOYS THE SHIP'S BELL LOUDLY SOUNDS
THE QUAY IS NOW WELL OUT OF SIGHT AND WE ARE SEAWARD BOUND
AND AS WE'RE ROUNDING PASSAGE WEST THE GOOD SHIP GIVES FULL SAIL
AND A PARTING GLANCE TO ERIN'S ISLE FROM THE ROLLING SHIP DECK RAIL
CHORUS

AH, THEY SAILED FROM CORK ON A WINDY DAY WITH A DARK AND CLOUDY SKY
THEIR FRIENDS WERE STANDING ON THE QUAY, THE WOMEN STOOD AND CRIED
'CAUSE THEY WERE YOUNG ENOUGH FOR FUN AND THE RICHES THEY COULD FIND
OH LIFT YOUR GLASS AND DRINK A TOAST TO THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND
CHORUS X 2

ALBANY SHANTYMEN (G)

By Barry Longworth

CHORUS

OH WE ARE THE ALBANY SHANTYMEN
AND WE SING SONGS FROM WAY BACK WHEN
SHIPS HAD SAILS AND MEN WERE MEN
WE'RE THE FAMOUS ALBANY SHANTYMEN

CAPTAIN GRIZ HIS ANCHOR WEIGHED AND VOYAGED TO THIS LAND
MADE HIS FIRST PRIORITY TO JOIN A SHANTY BAND
BUT ALAS TO HIS DISMAY, NOT ONE COULD BE FOUND
SO HE BRIBED, CAJOLED AND BEGGED THIS MOTLEY CREW AROUND
CHORUS

GRENVILLE WAS A SEX PISTOL, IN A FORMER LIFE
ON THE RUN FROM CANADA, KRISS FOUND A BRAND NEW WIFE
MAL'S A SENIOR CITIZEN WHO JOINED US JUST IN TIME
MATT GOT HIS GUTS TIED IN KNOTS AND NOW HE'S DOING FINE,
CHORUS

JOHN HE RUNS A BOARDING HOUSE FOR SCOTTISH REFUGEES
HE BANGS HIS DRUM TA TA TUM TA TUM AND SIPS ON CUPS OF TEA
BARRY IS A GRUMPY SOD, HE'LL TELL IT TO YOU PLAIN
ROGER HAS A VOICE THAT SOARS AND A MIND THAT'S DOWN THE DRAIN
CHORUS

CRISPIN IS A HISTORY BUFF, THE TURNKEY FOR THE GAOL
ALBY VAN IS A MOUNTAIN OF A MAN, WHO LOVES TO TELL A TALE
MARTIN HAS A BOOMING VOICE, THE ENVY OF US ALL
MARCEL'S NAME IS MINEE, BUT WE HEAR HE'S NOT THAT SMALL.
CHORUS

ANDREW HAS THE DANCING SKILLS THAT WOW EM EVERY TIME
GRIZZ KNOWS HOW TO PLAY THE ROOM WITH JOKES AND SILLY LINES
BRUCE'S FINGER PICKING SKILLS ARE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE LAND
ALONG WITH MANDOLIN AND DRUMS HE LEADS THE BACKING BAND
CHORUS

YOU MAY THINK THAT WE'RE AT HOME CLIMBING UP THE MAST,
BUT YOU'LL FIND THAT MOST OF US GET SEA-SICK IN THE BATH
YOU MAY FIND US AT THE EARL, ON A TUESDAY NIGHT
STIRRING UP THE PUBLICAN AND GIVING FOLKS A FRIGHT
CHORUS

ALL FOR ME GROG (G)

CHORUS

AND IT'S ALL FOR ME GROG, ME JOLLY, JOLLY GROG
ALL FOR MY BEER AND TOBACCO
WELL, I SPENT ALL ME TIN WITH THE LASSES DRINKIN' GIN
FAR ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN I MUST WANDER

I'M SICK IN THE HEAD AND I HAVEN'T BEEN TO BED
SINCE FIRST I CAME ASHORE WITH ME PLUNDER
I'VE SEEN CENTIPEDES AND SNAKES AND ME HEAD IS FULL OF ACHES
AND I HAVE TO TAKE A PATH FOR WAY OUT YONDER

CHORUS

WHERE ARE ME BOOTS, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' BOOTS
THEY'RE ALL GONE FOR BEER AND TOBACCO
SEE THE SOLES ARE ALL WORN OUT, AND THE TOES ARE KICKED ABOUT
AND THE HEELS WERE LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER

CHORUS

WHERE IS ME SHIRT, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' SHIRT
IT'S ALL GONE FOR BEER AND TOBACCO
YOU SEE THE SLEEVES WERE ALL WORN OUT AND THE COLLAR BEEN TORN ABOUT
AND THE TAIL WAS LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER

CHORUS

WHERE IS ME BED, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' BED
IT'S ALL GONE FOR BEER AND TOBACCO
YOU SEE I SOLD IT TO THE GIRLS AND THE SHEETS THEY ARE IN TWIRLS
AND THE SPRINGS ARE LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER

CHORUS

WHERE IS ME WIFE, ME NOGGIN', NOGGIN' WIFE
SHE'S ALL GONE FOR BEER AND TOBACCO
YOU SEE HER FRONT IS ALL WORN OUT AND HER HUMOUR KICKED ABOUT
AND I'M SURE SHE'S LOOKIN' OUT FOR BETTER WEATHER

CHORUS X2

THE AMITY (D)

By Gary Greenwald

A TOWN THEY MADE THOSE AMITYMEN
A TOWN THAT SET THEM FREE
A TOWN THEY MADE THOSE AMITYMEN
A TOWN CALLED ALBANY
A TOWN THEY MADE THOSE AMITYMEN
A TOWN THAT SET THEM FREE
A TOWN THEY MADE THOSE AMITYMEN
A TOWN CALLED ALBANY

FROM NEW BRUNSWICK CANADA
BORN IN THE ICY FREEZE
A BLUFF LITTLE SQUARE RIGGED SAILING BRIG
SHE'S STIFF AND WEATHERLY
WITH TOUGH OLD BONES OF HACKMATAK
SHE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC SEAS
PLOUGHING THROUGH THE OCEAN TROUGHS
SHE'S BOUND FOR ALBANY

CHORUS

FROM SCOTLAND TO TASMANIA
A NEW WORLD THERE TO SEE
THE ROARING FORTIES, THE BLAZING SUN
SHE'S STIFF AND WEATHERLY
THEN OFF TO WEST AUSTRALIA
SET OFF THE OLD BARKEY
IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIX
SAILED INTO ALBANY

CHORUS

MAJOR LOCKYERS CONVICT CREW
MCCABE, DINEEN, MAGEE
SHUTTLEWORTH, KEARNEY, CRAFTSMEN ALL
SHE'S STIFF AND WEATHERLY
FOR FIVE DAYS THEY UNLOADED HER
SALT PORK, HARD TACK, SPLIT PEAS
RIFLES, TIMBER, TOOLS AND TENTS
AND FOUNDED ALBANY

CHORUS

AWAY, SANTY ANO (D^m)

FROM BOSTON TOWN WE'RE BOUND AWAY
HEAVE AWEIGH (HEAVE AWEIGH!) SANTY ANO.
AROUND CAPE HORN TO FRISCO BAY,
WE'RE BOUND FOR CALIFORNI-O.

CHORUS
SO HEAVE HER UP AND AWAY WE'LL GO,
HEAVE AWEIGH (HEAVE AWEIGH!) SANTY ANO.
HEAVE HER UP AND AWAY WE'LL GO,
WE'RE BOUND FOR CALIFORNI-O.

SHE'S A FAST CLIPPER SHIP AND A BULLY CREW,
A DOWN-EAST YANKEE FOR HER CAPTAIN, TOO.

CHORUS

BACK IN THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE,
THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES,

CHORUS

WHEN I LEAVE SHIP I'LL SETTLE DOWN
I'LL MARRY A GIRL NAMED SALLY BROWN

CHORUS

THERE'S PLENTY OF GOLD, SO I'VE BEEN TOLD,
PLENTY OF GOLD SO I'VE BEEN TOLD

CHORUS X 2

BANKS OF SICILY (D)

(AKA THE 110TH HIGHLAND DIVISION'S FAREWELL TO SICILY)

THE PIPER IS READY TO GET ON HIS WAY
HE WON'T COME AROUND FOR HIS VINO TODAY
THE SKY O'ER MESSINA IS HEAVY AND GREY
AND ALL OF THE SOLDIERS ARE WEARY

CHORUS

**FAREWELL YE BANKS O' SICILY
FARE YE WELL YER VALLEY AND SHAW
THERE'S NOT A SCOT WILL MOURN THE LOSS O' YE
ALL OF THE SOLDIERS ARE WEARY**

THEN DOON THE STAIR AND LINE THE WATERSIDE
WAIT YOUR TURN THE FERRY'S AWA
THEN DOON THE STAIR AND LINE THE WATERSIDE
ALL OF THE SOLDIERS ARE WEARY

CHORUS

THE DRUMMER IS POLISHED, THE DRUMMER IS BRAW
HE CANNAE BE SEEN FOR HIS WEBBIN AWA
HE'S BEEZED HIMSEL' UP FOR A PHOTY AND A'
TAE LEAVE WI' HIS LOLA HIS DEARIE

CHORUS

THEN TUNE THE PIPES AND DRUB THE TENOR DRUM
LEAVE YOUR KIT THIS SIDE O' THE WA'
THEN TUNE THE PIPES AND DRUB THE TENOR DRUM
ALL OF THE SOLDIERS ARE WEARY

CHORUS

(LAST LINE X3)

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS (C)

OH THE YEAR WAS 1778 – **HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW**
A LETTER OF MARQUE CAME FROM THE KING – TO THE SCUMMIEST VESSEL I'D EVER
SEEN
GOD DAMN THEM ALL

CHORUS
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 EL CID BARRATT, CRIED THE TOWN
FOR TWENTY BRAVE MEN, ALL FISHERMEN WHO – WOULD MAKE FOR HIM THE
ANTELOPE CREW -

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY WE PUT TO SEA
WE WERE NINETY ONE DAYS TO MONTEGO BAY – PUMPING LIKE MAD MEN ALL THE
WAY

CHORUS

ON THE NINETY SIXTH DAY WE SAILED AWAY
WHEN A BLOODY GREAT YANKEE HOVE IN SIGHT - WITH OUR CRACKED FOUR
POUNDERS WE MADE TO FIGHT

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

THEN AT LAST WE STOOD TWO CABLES AWAY
OUR CRACKED FOUR POUNDERS MADE AN AWFUL DIN – BUT WITH ONE FAT BALL THE
YANK STOVE US IN

CHORUS

THE ANTELOPE SHOOK AND PITCHED ON HER SIDE
BARRATT WAS SMASHED LIKE A BOWL OF EGGS – AND THE MAINTRUCK CARRIED OFF
BOTH M'LEGS

CHORUS

SO HERE I LAY IN ME TWENTY-THIRD YEAR
IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS SINCE WE SAILED AWAY – AND I JUST MADE HALIFAX YESTERDAY
CHORUS

BASTARD DRUNKEN WHALERS (E^m)

Lyrics by Gary Greenwald

IN THE YEAR OF 42

AN IRISH SHIP HOVE INTO VIEW

ON PADDY'S DAY ARRIVED THE CREW

HERE COME THE DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS

WAY HEY AND UP SHE RISES

WAY HEY AND UP SHE RISES

WAY HEY AND UP SHE RISES

BASTARD DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS

DRUNKEN WHALERS ROAMED THE TOWN

DRINKING RUM TILL THE SUN WENT DOWN

SPENDING TILL THEIR LAST HALF CROWN

HERE COME THE DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS

SOLID DRINKING THREE DAYS STRAIGHT

THE IRISH SAINT TO CELEBRATE

CAPTAINS DRUNK SO'S THE FIRST MATE

HERE COME THE DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS

POLICE WERE CALLED TO TAKE CONTROL

THROW THE DRUNKS INTO THE HOLE

LOCK THEM UP WITHOUT PAROLE

HERE COME THE DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS

THERE WERE RIOTS IN THE STREETS

TO THE WIND THEY WERE THREE SHEETS

TOO STUBBORN DRUNK TO ADMIT DEFEAT

HERE COME THE DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS

IT TOOK WOMEN TO RESTORE ORDER

WITH OYSTER STEW FOR THE MARAUDERS

BIG FULL BELLIES PREVENTED SLAUGHTER

NO MORE DRUNKEN WHALERS

CHORUS X 4

THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE (UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES) (D)

By John Henderson

HALFWAY THRU THE VOYAGE THE FIRST MATE HE DID SAY
THE MEN ARE ALL A WONDERIN' WHEN WILL THEY GET THEIR PAY?
THE CAPTAIN OFF THE HANDLE FLEW AND TOLD THE MATE TO TELL THE CREW
THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES

CHORUS

**O WHAT'S A CREW TO DO WHEN THEY'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE?
AND THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES.**

THE RATIONS THEY WERE MEASLY AND THE CREW ALL WANTED MORE
THE FIRST MATE ASKED THE CAPTAIN TO BREAK OUT THE SHIP'S STORES
THE CAPTAIN HE JUST SHRUGGED AND SAID THAT THEY SHOULD EAT THEIR SHOES
INSTEAD
AND THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES

CHORUS

THE CREW HAD BEEN AWAKE ALL NIGHT WORKING UP THE YARD
THE FIRST MATE TOLD THE CAPTAIN, YOU'RE PUSHING THEM TOO HARD
THE CAPTAIN LAUGHED AND TOLD THE MATE THAT THEY SHOULD WORK AT TWICE THE
RATE
AND THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES

CHORUS

O CAPTAIN YOU CAN'T DO THIS THE FIRST MATE DID RETORT
IF YOU FLOG THE CREW THEN YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN COURT
SAID THE CAPTAIN, CALL THE MAGISTRATE BUT I THINK YOU'LL FIND HE'S MY BEST
MATE
AND THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL MORALE IMPROVES

CHORUS

WHEN THEY FOUND OUT ALL THE GROG HAD GONE THE CREW HAD HAD ENOUGH
THEY OVERWHELMED THE CAPTAIN AND GRABBED HIM BY THE SCRUFF
THE OLD BOY BEGGED TO SAVE HIS SKIN BUT THE CREW HAD OTHER PLANS FOR HIM
AND THE CAPTAIN TOOK A BEATING AND THEN MORALE IMPROVED

CHORUS X2

BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN (D)

THERE IS A PUB IN THIS OLD TOWN,
THAT'S BEEN RENOWNED FOR MILES AROUND
THE ONLY THING THAT LETS IT DOWN IS
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

THE BEER IS COLD, THE FIRE IS WARM
IT'S THE PLACE TO BE IN A SOUTH COAST STORM
BUT IF YOU SING YOU'RE MET WITH SCORN BY
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

THE BAR MAY FILL, THE TILL MAY RING
WHEN THE SHANTYMEN DECIDE TO SING
YOU'LL GET NO THANKS, HIS TONGUE WILL STING, IT'S
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

NOONE'S EVER SEEN HIM SMILE
MOANS AND GROANS ARE MORE HIS STYLE
SUCKING LEMONS ALL THE WHILE, IT'S
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

HE CUT HIS TEETH IN A GREASY SPOON
BOSSING TEENAGERS AROUND THE ROOM
WHAT SHOULD BE FUN TURNS INTO GLOOM, WITH
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

IF YOU'VE A DOUR PERSONALITY
THERE'S COLD DARK PLACES FOR YOU TO BE
BUT NOT IN THE SERVICE INDUSTRY, LIKE
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

HE COULD WORK UNDERGROUND IN A MINE
OR BELOW THE DECKS ON THE SALTY BRINE
WHERE HIS TALENTS WOULD REALLY SHINE, HE'S
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

SO IF YOU'RE FEELING GLAD AND GAY
THE ANTIDOTES A WALK AWAY
JUST STEP RIGHT IN AND SPEND THE DAY, WITH
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN
BILL THE GRUMPY BARMAN

(Repeat last verse)

BILLY O'SHEA (D)

OH, WE ALL GOT DRUNK IN DUBLIN CITY
FALL DOWN, ME BILLY
WE ALL GOT DRUNK AND OH, WHAT A PITY
FALL DOWN, BILLY O'SHEA

CHORUS:
FALL DOWN, FALL DOWN
FALL DOWN, ME BILLY
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AMERICAY
FALL DOWN, BILLY O'SHEA

WE ALL GOT DRUNK ON THE ROGERSON'S QUAY
AND WHEN WE AWOKE WE WERE ALL AT SEA
CHORUS

OH, WE'RE NOT SAILORS, CAPTAIN DREW
AND WE'RE NOT HAPPY TO WORK FOR YOU
CHORUS

THE CAPTAIN SAID, "I'VE A CURE FOR THAT"
"AND HERE FOR A START IS A DOSE OF THE CAT"
CHORUS

HE SENT HIM UP TO THE TOP MAST YARD
WHEN HE HIT THE DECK, WELL, HE HIT IT HARD
CHORUS

WE WRAPPED HIM UP IN A CANVAS SAIL
AND WE LOWERED HIM GENTLY O'ER THE RAIL
CHORUS

OVER THE SIDE AND DOWN HE GOES
HE'S GONE TO DAVY JONES WITH A STITCH THROUGH HIS NOSE
CHORUS

FAREWELL, FAREWELL, FAREWELL, ME BILLY
FOR I AM BOUND FOR AMERICAY
FAREWELL BILLY O'SHEA
FAREWELL, FAREWELL, FAREWELL, ME BILLY
FOR I AM BOUND FOR AMERICAY
FAREWELL BILLY O'SHEA

BLACK JACK (D^m)

By Grenville Brown/ Bruce Beamish

JACK ANDERSON WAS A WHALER, FROM AMERICA HE CAME
HE SAILED HIS SHIP TO WEST AUSTRALIA, FOR SEALSKINS WEALTH AND FAME
HIS SHIP WAS CALLED THE VIGILANT, AND IN KING GEORGES SOUND SHE SUNK
THE CREW ASHORE IN THE GENERAL STORE THEY ALL GOT ROARING DRUNK
CHORUS

**NOW BLACK JACK YOU'RE ON THE RUN
WITH THE DEVIL AT YOUR BACK
AUSTRALIAS ONLY PIRATE
A VIOLENT MANIAC**

A FIGHT BROKE OUT, A SAILOR DIED, AND JACK ANDERSON GOT THE BLAME
SO WITH HIS CREW HE STOLE A SHIP AND A PIRATE HE BECAME
TEN YEARS IN THE BAY OF ISLES, THEY'D PLUNDER AND THEY'D RAID
ROBBING FROM THE SHIPS THAT PLIED THAT HARD FOUGHT SOUTHERN TRADE
CHORUS

DOT NEWELL LOVED THAT PIRATE, AND SHE SWORE SHE'D BE HIS BRIDE
LEFT HER HOME AND FAMILY TO BE AT BLACK JACKS SIDE
THEY CAMPED ON MIDDLE ISLAND, THEY LIVED THE PIRATE LIFE
DRUNKEN FIGHT AND SQUALOR, RUM MISERY AND STRIFE
CHORUS

JACK ANDERSON WAS A TYRANT, HE TREATED HIS CREW HARD
IF YOU DISOBEYED HIM WOULD YOU'D BE SWINGING FROM THE YARD
SO THE CREW THEY MUTINIED AND SENT HIM TO HIS REST
FOUR AND TWENTY LAUGHING MEN DANCING ON THE DEAD MANS CHEST
CHORUS

TO THIS DAY ON A STORMY NIGHT
BLACK JACK, SO IT'S SAID
CAN BE SEEN IN ALBANY RISING FROM THE DEAD
HE WALKS A GHOSTLY PATH TO DORETHEA'S SIDE
A HUNDRED YEARS TOO LATE, I FEAR, TO SAVE HIS MORTAL HIDE
CHORUS X2

**NOW BLACK JACK YOU'VE GONE TO HELL
WITH THE DEVIL ON YOUR BACK
YOU WERE AUSTRALIAS ONLY PIRATE
A VIOLENT MANIAC**

BLOOD RED ROSES (G)

OUR BOOTS AND CLOTHES ARE ALL IN PAWN
GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN
IT'S FLAMIN' DRAFTY 'ROUND CAPE HORN
GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN

CHORUS
OH, YOU PINKS AND POSIES
GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN

MY DEAR OLD MOTHER SAID TO ME,
MY DEAREST SON, COME HOME FROM SEA.
CHORUS

IT'S 'ROUND CAPE HORN WE ALL MUST GO
'ROUND CAPE HORN IN THE FROST AND SNOW.
CHORUS

YOU'VE GOT YOUR ADVANCE, AND TO SEA YOU'LL GO
TO CHASE THEM WHALES THROUGH THE FROST AND SNOW.
CHORUS

IT'S 'ROUND CAPE HORN YOU'VE GOT TO GO,
FOR THAT IS WHERE THEM WHALEFISH BLOW.
CHORUS

IT'S GROWL YOU MAY, BUT GO YOU MUST,
IF YOU GROWL TOO MUCH YOUR HEAD THEY'LL BUST.
CHORUS

JUST ONE MORE PULL AND THAT WILL DO
FOR WE'RE THE BOYS TO KICK HER THROUGH.
CHORUS

BLOW THE MAN DOWN (C)

COME ALL YOU YOUNG FELLOWS WHO FOLLOW THE SEA (TO ME!)
WEY HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN
AND PRAY PAY ATTENTION AND LISTEN TO ME
GIMME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I'M A DEEP WATER SAILOR JUST IN FROM HONG KONG (TO ME!)
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

CHORUS
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

THERE'S TINKERS AND TAILORS AND SOLDIERS AND ALL (TO ME!)
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
CHORUS

IT'S STARBOARD AND LARBOARD ON DECK THEY WILL SPRAWL (TO ME!)
WEY HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN
FOR KICKIN' JACK WILLIAMS COMMANDS THE BLACK BALL
GIMME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

LAY AFT NOW, YA LUBBERS, LAY AFT NOW I SAY (TO ME!)
WEY HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN
I'LL NONE OF YER DODGES ON MY SHIP TODAY
GIMME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN
CHORUS

[VERSE 7]
SO I'LL GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING BEFORE WE BELAY (TO ME!)
WEY HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN
DON'T EVER TAKE HEED OF WHAT CHANTYMEN SAY
GIMME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN
CHORUS

BOLD RILEY (C)

OH THE RAIN IT RAINS ALL THE DAY LONG
BOLD RILEY-O, BOLD RILEY
AND THE NORTHERN WIND IT BLOWS SO STRONG
BOLD RILEY-O HAS GONE AWAY

CHORUS
GOODBYE MY SWEETHEART, GOODBYE MY DEAR-O
BOLD RILEY-O, BOLD RILEY
GOODBYE MY DARLING, GOODBYE MY DEAR-O
BOLD RILEY-O HAS GONE AWAY

OUR ANCHORS WEIGHED AND OUR RAGS ARE WELL SET
AND THOSE LIVERPOOL GIRLS WE'LL NEVER FORGET

CHORUS

WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND FOR THE BENGAL BAY
GET BENDING ME LADS IT'S A HELL OF A WAY

CHORUS

WELL COME ON, MARY, DON'T LOOK GLUM
COME WHITE-STOCKING DAY YOU'LL BE DRINKING RUM

CHORUS X2

BOUND TO AUSTRALIA

OH, I'M LEAVING OLD ENGLAND, THE LAND THAT I LOVE
AND I'M BOUND FAR AWAY 'CROSS THE SEA
OH, I'M BOUND TO AUSTRALIA, THE LAND OF THE FREE
WHERE THERE'LL BE A WELCOME FOR ME.

CHORUS:

**SO COME FILL UP YOUR GLASS, AYE AND DRINK WHAT YOU PLEASE
FOR WHATEVER'S THE DAMAGE I'LL PAY
AND BE EASY AND FREE, WHILE YOU'RE DRINKING WITH ME
I'M A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY**

WHEN I GET ME ON BOARD TO THE SOUTH'ARD TO GO,
SHE'LL BE LOOKING SO TRIM AND SO FINE
WHEN I GET ME ABOARD, WITH ME GUNS AND MY SNORT,
FROM THE DOCKSIDE THEY'LL CAST OFF EACH LINE.

CHORUS:

I'LL BE TOWED DOWN THE CHANNEL, WITH OUR BOYS ALL SO TIGHT,
WAVE A HEARTY GOODBYE TO THE SHORE
AND WE'LL DRINK A LAST DROP TO OUR COUNTRY'S GREEN LAND
AND THE MORROW WE'LL CURSE OUR HEADS SORE

CHORUS:

WE'LL BEAT PAST THE USHANT AND THEN DOWN THE BAY
WHERE THE WEST WINDS THEY BLOW GOOD AND STRONG
AND WE'LL SOON HIT THEM TRADES, BOYS, AND THEN MAKE GOOD TIME
TO THE SOUTH'ARD WE'LL THEN ROLL ALONG.

CHORUS:

WE'LL THEN PASS CAPE LOOIN, ALL SHIPSHAPE AND TRIM,
THEN HEAD UP FOR ADELAIDE PORT
AND OFF SEMAPHORE ROADS WE WILL THERE DROP OUR HOOK
AND ASHORE, BOYS, WE'LL HEAD FOR SOME SPORT

CHORUS:

WHEN I'VE WORKED IN AUSTRALIA FOR TWENTY LONG YEARS,
FOR 'TIS THEN THAT I'LL HEAD HOMEWARD BOUND
WITH A NICE LITTLE FORTUNE TUCKED UNDER ME WING,
BY A STEAMSHIP I'LL TRAVEL, I'M BOUND

CHORUS:

**SO COME FILL UP YOUR GLASS, AYE AND DRINK WHAT YOU PLEASE
FOR WHATEVER'S THE DAMAGE I'LL PAY
AND BE EASY AND FREE, WHILE YOU'RE DRINKING WITH ME
I'M A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY**

BULLY IN THE ALLEY (F)

CHORUS

HELP ME BOB, I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY,
WEY HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY.
HELP ME BOB, I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY,
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL.

SALLY IS A GIRL IN SHINBONE ALLEY

WEY HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY

SALLY IS A GIRL, WHO I SPLICED NEARLY
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL.

CHORUS

I FOUND MYSELF OUT ON THE SEA-0

I FOUND MYSELF WITH TIME SO FREE-0

CHORUS

I WALTZED UP TO THE WHITE STAR INN-0

I KICKED THE DOOR AND WALKED RIGHT IN-0

CHORUS

I WALKED UP TO THE BAR-ROOM COUNTER

AND THERE I MET OLD GREASY ANNIE

CHORUS

I BOUGHT HER RUM AND I BOUGHT HER GIN-0

I BOUGHT HER WINE BOTH WHITE AND RED-0

CHORUS

AND WHEN I'D SPENT UP ALL ME DIN-0

OFF TO BED WE BOTH DID CREEP-0

CHORUS

WE ROUGH AND TUMBLED ALL NIGHT LONG-0

DAWN DID BREAK, TH-E COCK DID CROW-0

CHORUS

I LEFT MY GIRL TO GO A-SAILING

I LEFT MY SAL TO GO A-WHALING

CHORUS

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAYING

ONE MORE PULL AND WE'RE BELAYING

CHORUS X 2

CAPTAIN KIDD (F)

**MY NAME IS CAPTAIN KIDD AS I SAILED AS I SAILED
OH MY NAME IS CAPTAIN KIDD AS I SAILED
MY NAME IS CAPTAIN KIDD AND GOD'S LAWS I DID FORBID
AND MOST WICKEDLY I DID AS I SAILED**

MY FATHER TAUGHT ME WELL TO SHUN THE GATES OF HELL
BUT AGAINST HIM I REBELLED AS I SAILED
HE SHOVED A BIBLE IN MY HAND BUT I LEFT IT IN THE SAND
AS I PULLED AWAY FROM LAND AS I SAILED

CHORUS

I MURDERED WILLIAM MOORE AND I LEFT HIM IN HIS GORE
TWENTY LEAGUES AWAY FROM SHORE AS I SAILED
AND BEING CRUELLER STILL, THE GUNNER I DID KILL
OH HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD DID SPILL AS I SAILED

CHORUS

I WAS SICK AND NIGH TO DEATH AND I VOWED AT EVERY BREATH
TO WALK IN WISDOM'S PATH AS I SAILED
BUT MY REPENTANCE LASTED NOT AND MY VOWS I SOON FORGOT
DAMNATION IS MY LOT AS I SAILED

CHORUS

TO THE EXECUTION DOCK, LAY MY HEAD UPON THE BLOCK
THE LAWS NO MORE I'LL MOCK AS I SAILED
SO TAKE WARNING HERE AND HEED TO SHUN BAD COMPANY
OR YOU'LL WIND UP JUST LIKE ME AS I SAILED

**MY NAME IS CAPTAIN KIDD AS I SAILED AS I SAILED
MY NAME IS CAPTAIN KIDD AS I SAILED
MY NAME IS CAPTAIN KIDD AND GOD'S LAWS I DID FORBID
AND MOST WICKEDLY I DID AS I SAILED
AND MOST WICKEDLY I DID AS I SAILED**

CAPTAIN STUBBS

By Jack Davies

**COME MY LADS AND HEAR THIS TALE, IT'S A SAGA OF THE SEA
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS, WHALING MEN WERE WE
OUT ON THE DEEP SOUTHERN SEA**

STUBBSY WAS A WHALING MAN, A WHALING MAN WAS HE
HE MADE HIS LIVING SHOOTING WHALES WAY SOUTH OF ALBANY
IF THINGS WENT WRONG, HE CURSED HIS CREW, AND HE CURSED THE WHALES
BENEATH

A VERY HARD MAN WAS CAPTAIN STUBBS, WITH THE SOFTEST PART HIS TEETH
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS, THE SOFTEST PART HIS TEETH

SOME DAYS IF GALES WERE BLOWING HARD, AND THE SEA OUTSIDE TOO ROUGH
THEY'D ALL BE IN THE ROYAL GEORGE, A MOTLEY CREW- AND TOUGH
AROUND THE BAR THROUGH NOISE AND SMOKE, THEY'D GIVE A ROARING CHEER
WHEN STUBBSY SHOUTED FOR THE MOB, DOUBLE RUM CHASED DOWN WITH BEER
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS, DOUBLE RUM CHASED DOWN WITH BEER.

IT HAPPENED ON ONE STORMY DAY SO CLOSE HE COULDN'T FAIL
A BIG SPERM BULL WAS IN THE SIGHTS, A MONSTER OF A WHALE
BUT AS HE FIRED, HE STEPPED ACROSS FAST RUNNING FORERUNNER LINE
IT BURNT HIS LEG OFF BELOW THE KNEE AND TOSSED IT INTO THE BRINE
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS AND TOSSED IT INTO THE BRINE.

SPOTTER PILOT NAMED JOHN BELL HE RISKED HIS LIFE THAT DAY
SNATCHED STUBBSY FROM MOST CERTAIN DEATH WAY OUT FROM FRENCHMAN BAY
HE TRIED THREE TIMES TO LIFT HER CLEAR THAT LAST AND DESPERATE TRY
THE FLOAT PLANE SMASHED ITS WAY THROUGH WAVES AND SCREAMED INTO THE SKY
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS AND SCREAMED INTO THE SKY

STUBBS WENT BACK WITH A WOODEN LEG TO STAND BEHIND HIS GUN
FOUR THOUSAND PLUS HIS TALLY STOOD BUT NOW HIS WHALING'S DONE
EVERY STORY HAS AN END THIS TALE OF MEN AND SEA
WITH CAPTAIN STUBBS AND HIS DRUNKEN-COOK ALL MEN FROM ALBANY
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS, ALL MEN FROM ALBANY

HE CURSED HIS STUMP AND HIS DRUNKEN COOK AND HE CURSED THE WHALES
BENEATH
A VERY HARD MAN WAS CAPTAIN STUBBS WITH THE SOFTEST PART HIS TEETH
THE WHALES CAME BACK BECAUSE THE HARPOON'S GONE IT'S THE END OF BLOOD
AND PAIN
AND THEY TRUST ONCE MORE THESE WARM BLOOD FRIENDS AND THE SEA IS FREE
AGAIN
THE DEEP SEA IS FREE ONCE AGAIN
WITH A HEY HO THERE SHE BLOWS, AND THE SEA IS FREE AGAIN.

CATALPA (D)

A NOBLE WHALE SHIP AND COMMANDER
CALLED THE CATALPA, THEY SAY
CAME OUT TO WESTERN AUSTRALIA
AND TOOK SIX POOR FENIANS AWAY

CHORUS:
SO COME ALL YOU SCREW WARDERS AND JAILERS
REMEMBER PERTH REGATTA DAY
TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF YOUR FENIANS
OR THE YANKEES WILL STEAL THEM AWAY

SEVEN LONG YEARS HAD THEY SERVED HERE
AND SEVEN LONG MORE HAD TO STAY
FOR DEFENDING THEIR COUNTRY OLD IRELAND
FOR THAT THEY WERE BANISHED AWAY

YOU KEPT THEM IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA
TILL THEIR HAIR BEGAN TO TURN GREY
WHEN A YANK FROM THE STATES OF AMERICA
CAME OUT HERE AND STOLE THEM AWAY

CHORUS

NOW ALL THE PERTH BOATS WERE A-RACING
AND MAKING SHORT TACKS FOR THE SPOT
BUT THE YANKEE SHE TACKED INTO FREMANTLE
AND TOOK THE BEST PRIZE OF THE LOT

THE GEORGETTE ARMED WITH BOLD WARRIORS
WENT OUT THE POOR YANKS TO ARREST
BUT SHE HOISTED HER STAR-SPANGLED BANNER
SAYING YOU'LL NOT BOARD ME I GUESS

CHORUS
SO REMEMBER SIX FENIANS COLONIALS
AND SING O'ER THESE VERSES WITH SKILL
AND REMEMBER THE YANKEE THAT STOLE THEM
AND THE HOME THAT THEY LEFT ON THE HILL

NOW THEY'VE LANDED SAFE IN AMERICA
AND THERE WILL BE ABLE TO CRY
HOIST UP THE GREEN FLAG AND SHAMROCK
HURRAH FOR OLD IRELAND WE'LL DIE

CHORUS X 2

CHES STUBBS RESCUE

By Gary Greenwald

IT WAS THE TWENTY SECOND OF OCTOBER', IN THE YEAR OF NINETEEN SIXTY-FIVE
THAT FATEFUL DAY, THEY WILL FOREVER TALK OF THE DAY THAT HEROES KEPT A MAN ALIVE

CHORUS

AND WE WON'T SEE MEN OF THEIR LIKE AGAIN

HEROES AT SEA

HEROES AT SEA

AND WE WON'T SEE MEN OF THEIR LIKE AGAIN

HEROES AT SEA

HEROES AT SEA

THE SEAS GLASS CALM, LIGHTS SHINING ON THE WATER, ALL HOPING FOR A PERFECT ALBANY DAY
THE NORTHEAST WIND BEGAN A BLOWING STRONGER, THE SWELL GOT UP BUT NOTHING OUT THE WAY

CHORUS

AND WHALES WERE SEEN, THE SHIPS WENT CHASING AFTER, THE SEAS GREW ROUGH AND CHES
STUBBS TOOK HIS AIM

THE HARPOON MISSED BUT THEN HIS NEXT SHOT WENT HOME, TWO MORE BOUNCED OFF, POOR CHES
WAS NOT TO BLAME

CHORUS

SHIP DIPPED HER BOW, GUN DECK AWASH WITH WATER, THE HARPOON ROPE GOT WASHED UNDER HIS
FEET

CHES FIRED HIS GUN, HIS FOOT INSIDE THE BIGHT NOW, YANKED ON HIS BACK HIS HEAD THE DECK DID
MEET

CHORUS

WHEN HE CAME TO, HE SAW HIS LEG WAS MISSING, CALLED FOR ROPE TO MAKE A TOURNIQUET
AMID HIS SWEARING AND HIS CRIES OF ANGUISH, HE TOLD THE CREW TO MAKE FOR ALBANY

CHORUS

BUT PADDY HART KNEW HE WOULD NEVER MAKE IT, AND ALF LAWRENCE CALLED IN THE FLOATING
PLANE

ALF USED A BOARD TO ROW THE RUBBER LIFE RAFT, AS PADDY SWAM TO PUSH IT FROM THE CHEYNES
CHORUS

ALF AND JOHN BELL DRAGGED CHES ONTO THE AIRCRAFT, BUT THE SMALL PLANE COULD NOT GET OFF
THE SEA

HE COULD NOT SWIM, BUT ALF JUMPED IN THE WATER, SHARKS AND DROWNING HAD BRAVED ALF AND
PADDY

CHORUS

INTO THE WIND, SHIPS STEAMED WHILE PUMPING BILGES, THROWING OIL TO TRY TO CALM THE WAVES
A ROLLER HIT, STARBOARD WING IN THE WATER, THEN THEY BROKE FREE, FLYING A LIFE TO SAVE

CHORUS

THROUGH ROUGH WEATHER, JOHN FLEW THE TINY AIRCRAFT, RISKING HIS LIFE, HE BATTLED THROUGH
THE SKY

AT EMU POINT, LANDED THE WOUNDED SAILOR, AN AMBULANCE WAS READY STANDING BY

CHICKEN ON A RAFT (E^m)

SKIPPER'S IN THE WARDROOM DRINKING GIN
HEY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT
I DON'T MIND KNOCKING BUT I AIN'T GOING IN
HEY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT
JIMMY'S LAUGHING LIKE A DRAIN
HEY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT
BEEN LOOKING AT COMIC CUTS AGAIN
HEY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT

HEY, CHICKEN ON A RAFT ON A MONDAY MORNING
OH WHAT A TERRIBLE SIGHT TO SEE
THE DABTOES FORWARD AND THE DUSTMEN AFT
SITTING THERE PICKING AT A CHICKEN ON A RAFT
HEY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT
OY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT
HEY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT
OY-OH, CHICKEN ON A RAFT

THEY GAVE ME THE MIDDLE AND THE FORENOON TOO
NOW I'M PULLING IN THE WHALER'S CREW
SEAGULL WHEELING OVERHEAD
I OUGHT TO BE FLOGGING IN A FEATHER BED

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

AN AMAZON GIRL LIVES IN DUMFRIES
SHE ONLY HAS KIDS IN TWOS AND THREES
HER SISTER LIVES IN MARYHILL
SHE SAYS SHE WON'T BUT I THINK SHE WILL

WELL I HAD A LITTLE GIRL IN DONNY B
AND DID SHE MAKE A FOOL OF ME
HER HEART WAS LIKE A PUSSEY'S SHOWER
FROM HOT TO COLD IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR

THE DAY OF THE CLIPPER

YOU CAN SEE THE SQUARES OF CANVAS DANCING OVER THE HORIZON
YOU CAN HEAR THE SHANTY WAILING TO THE HEAVING OF THE MEN
YOU CAN FEEL THE SEAS UP TO YOUR KNEES AND YOU KNOW THE SEA IS RISING
AND YOU KNOW THE CLIPPER'S DAY HAS COME AGAIN,
TO THE MEN ON HIGH, THE BOSSON'S CRY COMMANDS A KILLING STRAIN,
TILL EVERY MOTHER'S SON BEGINS TO PRAY,
WITH A HEARTY SHOUT, SHE COMES ABOUT AS SHE HEADS INTO THE RAIN,
AND THE SHIP HAS NEVER SEEN A BETTER DAY

CHORUS:

**SAILING SHIPS AND SAILING MEN WILL SAIL THE OPEN WATERS
WHERE THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THE WIND INSIDE THE MAIN
SO ALL YOU LOVING MOTHERS KEEP YOUR EYES UPON YOUR DAUGHTERS
FOR THE SAILS WILL MEND THEIR TATTERS AND THE MASTS WILL RISE AGAIN**

WOODEN BEAMS AND HUMAN DREAMS ARE ALL THAT MAKES HER GO
AND THE MAGIC OF THE WIND UPON HER SAILS
WE'D RATHER FIGHT THE WEATHER THAN THE FISHES DOWN BELOW
GOD HELP US IF THE RIGGING EVER FAILS
AS THE TIMBER CREAKS, THE CAPTAIN SPEAKS ABOVE THE VESSEL'S GROAN
'TIL EVERY SOUL ON BOARD CAN HEAR THE CALL
IT'S NOTHING BUT THE SINGING OF THE SHIP INSIDE HER BONES
AND THIS IS WHEN SHE LIKE IT BEST OF ALL

CHORUS:

WHERE THE CURRENT GOES, THE CLIPPER'S NOSE IS PLOUGHING FIELDS OF GREEN
WHERE FORTUNE TAKES THE CREWS, WE WISH THEM WELL
WHERE MEN COULD BE WHEN LOST AT SEA IS SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN
THE REGIONS OF A HEAVEN AND A HELL
THEY'RE SAILING EASTERN HARBOURS AND THE CALIFORNIA SHORES
IF YOU SET YOUR MIND TO SEE THEM THEN YOU CAN
AS YOU COUNT EACH MAST GO SAILING PAST YOU PROUDER THAN BEFORE
THEN YOU'LL KNOW THE CLIPPER'S DAY HAS COME AGAIN

CHORUS: X 2

**SAILING SHIPS AND SAILING MEN WILL SAIL THE OPEN WATERS
WHERE THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THE WIND INSIDE THE MAIN
SO ALL YOU LOVING MOTHERS KEEP YOUR EYES UPON YOUR DAUGHTERS
FOR THE SAILS WILL MEND THEIR TATTERS AND THE MASTS WILL RISE AGAIN**

REPEAT THE LAST 2 LINES - AFTER 2ND CHORUS

THE DIAMOND (D^m)

THE DIAMOND IS A SHIP ME LADS
FOR THE DAVIES STRAITS SHE'S BOUND
THE QUAY IT IS ALL GARNISHED
WITH BONNY LASSES ROUND
CAP'N THOMPSON GIVES THE ORDERS
TO SAIL THE OCEAN WIDE
TO THE SUN THAT NEVER SETS ME BOYS
NOR DARKNESS DIMS THE SKIES

CHORUS

**SO IT'S CHEER UP ME LADS
LET YOUR HEARTS NEVER FAIL
FOR THE BONNY SHIP THE DIAMOND
GOES A-FISHING FOR THE WHALE.**

ALL ON THE QUAYS AT PETERHEAD
THE LASSIES STAND AROUND
WITH THEIR WOOL SHAWLS PULLED ABOUT THEM
AND THE SALT TEARS RUNNING DOWN
WEEP NO MORE MY BONNY LASS
FOR YOU'LL BE LEFT BEHIND
FOR THE ROSE WILL BLOOM ON GREENLANDS ICE
BEFORE WE CHANGE OUR MIND.

CHORUS

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE RESOLUTION,
LIKEWISE THE ELIZA SWAN
HERE'S THE HEALTH TO THE RATTLER OF MONTROSE
AND THE DIAMOND SHIP OF FAME
WE'LL WEAR THE TROUSERS OF THE WHITE
THE JACKET'S O'THE BLUE
WHEN WE RETURN TO PETERHEAD
WE'LL HAVE SWEETHEARTS ANEW

CHORUS

IT'LL BE BRIGHT BOTH DAY AND NIGHT
WHEN THE GREENLAND LADS COME HOME
WITH A SHIP THAT'S FULL OF OIL AND MONEY TO OUR NAME
WE'LL MAKE THE CRADLES ALL TO ROCK
THE BLANKETS FOR TO TEAR
AND EVERY LASS IN PETERHEAD SINGS HUSH-A-BYE MY DEAR

CHORUS x3

THE DOCK GIRLS (C)

By Mal Hatwell

WE'RE LEAVIN' THE DOCKS WHERE WE HAD SUCH A TIME LADS,
WE HAD SUCH A TIME WITH THE GIRLS AND THE BEER!
IT'S BACK TO SEA ON THIS WORM-EATEN SCHOONER
ANOTHER SIX MONTHS AND WE'LL ALL BE BACK HERE.

**OHHH... THEM DOCK GIRLS ALL LOVE US, AND LOVE US THEY DO!
FOR A SAILOR'S THE LIGHT OF THEIR LIFE.
OH THEY'LL LOVE US AND LEAVE 'US, 'COS THAT'S WHAT THEY DO!
FOR ALL OF THEM KNOW THEY'D NOT MAKE US A WIFE!**

SO CLIMB UP ALOFT, WE MUST MOVE THIS OLD TUB LADS
GET UP ALOFT AND BE SETTIN' THEM SAILS.
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE WAY TO OUR NEXT PORT O' CALL
LET'S GET THIS OLD SHIP OUT A'FIGHTIN' THEM GALES.

CHORUS

WHEN NEXT WE'RE IN PORT AND THE SAILIN' IS DONE LADS
THEY ALL WILL BE THERE IN A CROWD ON THE PIER.
ALL BIG AND BUXTOME AND BLOWIN' US KISSES
'N CHUCKLIN' ALOUD THAT WE'RE BUYIN' THE BEER.

CHORUS

AND WHEN WE GET PAID, WE'LL BE CHASIN' THEM GIRLS LADS
TO SOME DIM OLD TAVERN DOWN SOME DOCKSIDE LANE.
WAKE UP NEXT MORNIN' STARK NAKED AND BEATEN
LIMP HOME TO THE SHIP – OR BE FOUND IN A DRAIN.

CHORUS

THEN UP IN THE FOC'SLE WE'LL SWILL DOWN YOUR GROG LADS
AND SING OF THE NIGHTS THAT WE SPENT IN THEIR ARMS.
FORGET ALL THE TIME AND THE MONEY WE'VE WASTED
SOON AS THEY TURN ON A FEW OF THEIR CHARMS.

**OHHH... THEM DOCK GIRLS ALL LOVE US, AND LOVE US THEY DO!
FOR A SAILOR'S THE LIGHT OF THEIR LIFE.
OH THEY'LL LOVE US AND LEAVE US, 'COS THAT'S WHAT THEY DO!
FOR ALL OF THEM KNOW THEY'D NOT MAKE US A WIFE!**

DONEGAL DANNY (D)

I REMEMBER THE NIGHT THAT HE CAME IN FROM THE WINTRY COLD AND THE DAMP A
GIANT OF A MAN IN AN OILSKIN COAT AND A BUNDLE THAT TOLD HE WAS A TRAMP
HE STOOD AT THE BAR AND CALLED FOR A PINT THEN HE TURNED AND GAZED AT THE
FIRE

ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS TO BE SAFE AND DRY IS MY ONE AND ONLY DESIRE

**SO HERE'S TO THOSE THAT ARE DEAD AND GONE,
THE FRIENDS THAT I LOVED DEAR,
AND HERE'S TO YOU AND I'LL BID YOU ADIEU,
SAYING, 'DONEGAL DANNY'S BEEN HERE, ME BOYS,
DONEGAL DANNY'S BEEN HERE.'**

IN A VOICE THAT WAS HUSHED AND LOW HE SAID, LISTEN I'LL TELL YOU A TALE
HOW A MAN OF THE SEA'S NOW A MAN OF THE ROAD AND NEVER MORE WILL SET SAIL.
I FISHED OUT OF HOWTH AND KILLYBEGS, ARDGLASS AND BALTIMORE,
CRUEL SEA HAS BEATEN ME AND I'LL END ME DAYS ON THE SHORE.

CHORUS

ONE FATEFUL NIGHT IN THE WIND AND RAIN WE SAILED FROM KILLYBEGS TOWN
THERE WERE FIVE OF US FROM DONEGAL AND ONE FROM COUNTY DOWN,
WE WERE FISHERMEN WHO WORKED THE SEA AND NEVER COUNTED THE COST
I NEVER THOUGHT WHEN THAT NIGHT WAS GONE THAT MY FINE FRIENDS WOULD ALL
BE LOST.

CHORUS

WELL THE STORM IT BROKE AND IT DROVE OUR BOAT ON THE ROCKS ABOUT TEN
MILES FROM SHORE,
AS WE FOUGHT THE TIDE, WE HOPED INSIDE TO SEE OUR HOMES ONCE MORE,
BUT WE HIT A ROCK THAT HOLED THE BOW AND WE ALL KNEW SHE'D GO DOWN,
SO WE JUMPED RIGHT INTO THE ICY SEA AND PRAYED TO GOD THAT WE WOULDN'T
DROWN.

BUT THE RAGING SEA WAS RISING STILL AS WE STRUCK OUT FOR THE LAND
AND SHE TRIED WITH ALL HER CRUELTY TO CLAIM THAT GALLANT BAND.
BY ST. JOHN'S POINT IN THE EARLY DAWN I DRAGGED MYSELF TO THE SHORE
AND CURSED THE SEA FOR WHAT SHE'D DONE AND VOWED TO SAIL HER NEVERMORE.

CHORUS

EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT I'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD, TRAVELLING AND TRYING TO
FORGET

THAT AWFUL NIGHT I LOST ALL MY FRIENDS, I SEE THEIR FACES YET;
AND OF'N AT NIGHT WHEN THE SEA IS UP AND THE WIND IS TEARING AT MY SKIN,
I HEAR THE CRIES OF THOSE DROWNING MEN FLOATING OVER ON THE WIND.

CHORUS X 2

DONKEY RIDING (D)

CHORUS;

**WAY HEY AND A WAY WE GO DONKEY RIDING DONKEY RIDING,
WAY HEY AND AWAY WE GO RIDING ON A DONKEY.**

WAS YOU EVER IN QUEBEC LAUNCHING TIMBER ON THE DECK ,
WHERE YA BREAK A BLEEDING NECK **RIDING ON A DONKEY.**

CHORUS;

WAS YOU EVER ROUND CAPE HORN WHERE THE WEATHERS NEVER WARM,
WISH TO GOD YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN **RIDING ON A DONKEY.**

CHORUS;

WAS YOU EVER IN MIRAMICHI WHERE THEY YOU TIE UP TO A TREE,
HAVE A GIRL SIT ON YOUR KNEE **RIDING ON A DONKEY.**

CHORUS;

WAS YOU EVER IN FORTUNE BAY HEAR THE GIRLS ALL SHOUT HURRAY, HERE
COMES DAD WITH DEAD MONTHS PAY **RIDING ON A DONKEY.**

CHORUS;

WAS YOU EVER IN FREDERICTON SEEING THE KING HE DOES COME DOWN,
SEE THE KING IN HIS GOLDEN CROWN **RIDING ON A DONKEY.**

CHORUS; X2

A DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD (E^m)

WE'LL BE ALRIGHT, IF THE WIND IS IN OUR SAILS (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS:
(AND] WE'LL ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

WE'LL BE ALRIGHT, IF WE MAKE IT ROUND THE HORN (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS

AND A DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS

AND A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS

AND A PINT ON THE HOUSE WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS

AND A ROLL IN THE CLOVER WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS

AND A DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM (X 3)
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND

CHORUS X 2

ELIZA LEE (F#^m)

THE SMARTEST CLIPPER YOU CAN FIND
HO-WAY, HO, ARE YOU 'MOST DONE?
IS THE MARGARET EVANS OF THE BLUE STAR LINE
CLEAR AWAY THE TRACK AN' LET THE BULLGINE RUN!

CHORUS;
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!

AH WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND FOR NEW YORK TOWN
THEM BOWERY GIRLS WE'LL WALTZ AROUND
CHORUS

AWAKE 'ER SHAKE 'ER AFORE WE'RE DONE
AWAKE THAT GIRL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON
CHORUS

WELL WE STOWED OUR FREIGHT AT THE WEST CREEK PIER
IT'S HOME TO LIVERPOOL THEN WE'LL STEER
CHORUS

OH HEAVE A PAWL OH BEAR A HAND
JUST ONE MORE PULL AND MAKE HER STAND
CHORUS

O, AND WHEN WE'RE BACK IN LIVERPOOL TOWN
WE'LL STAND YA'S WHISKEYS ALL AROUND!
CHORUS

OH THE MARGARET EVANS OF THE BLUE STAR LINE
SHE'S NEVER A DAY BEHIND THE TIME
CHORUS

THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER (D)

OH THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER
IS THE KING OF RIVERS ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH
OH THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER
IS THE KING OF RIVERS ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH

CHORUS:
SOMEBODY OH SOMEBODY OH
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH
SOMEBODY OH, SOMEBODY OH
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH

THE ESSEQUIBO BO-SUN
IS THE KING OF BO-SUNS ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH
CHORUS

THE ESSEQUIBO SAILOR
IS THE KING OF SAILORS ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH
CHORUS

THE ESSEQUIBO CAPTAIN
IS THE KING OF CAPTAINS ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH
CHORUS

THE ESSEQUIBO JUDY
IS THE QUEEN OF JUDIES ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH
CHORUS

THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER
IS THE KING OF RIVERS ALL
BUDDY TA NA NA WE ARE SOMEBODY OH

CHORUS x2

EXCURSION AROUND THE BAY (G)

WELL, IT WAS ON THIS MONDAY MORNING AND THE DAY BE CALM AND FINE
TO THE HARBOUR GRACE EXCURSION WITH THE BOYS TO HAVE A TIME
AND JUST BEFORE THE SAILOR TOOK THE GANGWAY FROM THE PIER
I SAW SOME FELLA HAUL ME WIFE ABOARD AS A VOLUNTEER

CHORUS

OH ME, OH MY, I HEARD ME OLD WIFE CRY
OH ME, OH MY, I THINK I'M GONNA DIE
OH ME, OH MY, I HEARD ME OLD WIFE SAY
"I WISH I'D NEVER TAKEN THIS EXCURSION AROUND THE BAY"

WE HAD THREE HUNDRED SOULS ABOARD OH WHAT A SPLENDID SIGHT
DRESSED ALL IN REGIMENTAL TO MAKE OUR SPIRITS BRIGHT
AND MESELF BEING IN THE DOUBLE WHEN A FUNNY THINGS THEY'D SAY
THEY CHOKE THEMSELVES FROM LAUGHING WHEN THEY'D SEE US IN THE BAY

CHORUS

MY WIFE SHE GOT NO BETTER SHE TURNED A SICKLY GREEN
I FED HER CAKE AND CANDY FAT PORK AND KEROSENE
CASTOR OIL AND WHISKEY I RUBBED PURE OIL ON HER FACE
AND I SAID SHE'LL BE A DANDY WHEN WE REACHES HARBOUR GRACE

CHORUS

MY WIFE SHE GOT NO BETTER MY WIFE ME DARLING DEAR
THE SCREECHES FROM HER TROLLEY YOU COULD HEAR IN CARBONEAR
I TRIED EVERY PLACE TRIED EVERY STORE AND SHOP
TO GET HER SOMETHING FOR A CURE OR TAKE HER TO THE HOP

CHORUS

SHE DIED BELOW THE BRANDIES AS WE WERE COMIN' BACK
WE BURIED HER IN THE OCEAN WRAPPED UP IN A UNION JACK
SO NOW I AM A SINGLE MAN IN SEARCH OF A PRETTY FACE
AND THE WOMAN THAT SAYS SHE'LL HAVE ME I'M OFF FOR HARBOUR GRACE

OH ME, OH MY, I HEARD ME OLD WIFE CRY
OH ME, OH MY, I THINK I'M GONNA DIE
OH ME, OH MY, I HEARD ME OLD WIFE SAY
"I WISH I'D NEVER TAKEN THIS EXCURSION AROUND THE BAY"
HEY!

THE FANNY NICHOLSON (D)

By Mal Hatwell

**TO A WHALER BRAVE THAT MET HER FATE WE'LL RAISE A GLASS - HEY YO!!
IN FRENCHMAN BAY SHE'LL SPEND HER DAYS, NO MORE TO SEA SHE'LL GO.
SO TO THE FANNY NICHOLSON WE'LL RAISE A GLASS - YO HEY!!
SHE LAYS HER HEAD ON THE SOFT SEA BED BY THE SHORES OF FRENCHMAN BAY.**

IN COUNTY DURHAM SHE WAS BUILT IN EIGHTEEN FIFTY FIVE,
SHE SAILED THE SEAS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, KEPT ALL HER CREW ALIVE.
THEN SHE WAS SOLD IN SYDNEY TOWN, A WHALER FOR TO BE,
A' HUNTIN' WHALES FROM HOBART TOWN TO THE COAST OF ALBANY.

CHORUS

A WHALE IT BIT A BOAT IN TWO, A SAILOR LOST HIS LIFE
AN OMEN BAD THE CREW ALL SAID, THE SHIP WOULD FILL WITH STRIFE
OLD DAVEY JONES HE'D CLAIMED HIS FIRST, THE NEXT WOULD BE THE SHIP
BEFORE THEY'D FINISHED SAILIN' OUT UPON THIS WHALIN TRIP.

CHORUS

THEN HUNTIN' OUT OF ALBANY, WITH A WHALE SHE DID COLLIDE.
HER SKIPPER WILLIAM GAFFIN YELLED "BOYS LASH IT FIRM 'LONGSIDE!"
THEN INTO FRENCHMAN'S BAY SHE SAILED, THE WHALE TO RENDER DOWN,
AND STORE THE PRECIOUS OIL BELOW, TO SAIL TO HOBART TOWN.

CHORUS

THEY LAID HER ANCHORS OFF GOODE BEACH FROM WHERE TO FLENSSE THE WHALE.
MIDNIGHT SHE BROKE HER MOORINGS IN A WILD SOUTH-EASTERN GALE.
SHE RAN AGROUND AND SMASHED APART, HER CREW ALL SET TO SEA,
IN THREE WHALE BOATS 'CROSS KING GEORGE SOUND THEY TRIED FOR ALBANY.

CHORUS

TWO BOATS MADE SHORE ON RABBIT ISLE, AND ONE MADE ALBANY,
ALL MEN WERE SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE IN A WILD AND RAGING SEA.
SHE WAS BROKE UP, HER FITTINGS STRIPPED AND SOLD IN HOBART TOWN.
IN FRENCHMAN BAY HER BROKEN BONES BY THE SHORE THEY SETTLED DOWN....

**TO A WHALER BRAVE THAT MET HER FATE WE'LL RAISE A GLASS - HEY YO!!
YOU'LL FIND HER BONES WITH DAVEY JONES, NO MORE TO SEA SHE'LL GO.
SO GOODBYE, FANNY NICHOLSON WE'LL RAISE A GLASS YO HEY!!
SHE LAYS HER HEAD ON THE SOFT SEA BED BY THE SHORES OF FRENCHMAN BAY.
YO HEY!!**

FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA (G)

CHORUS:

**FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA, THE SEA BOUND COAST,
LET YOUR MOUNTAINS DARK AND DREARY BE.
FOR WHEN I'M FAR AWAY ON THE BRINY OCEANS TOSSED,
WILL YOU EVER HEAVE A SIGH OR A WISH FOR ME?**

THE SUN WAS SETTING IN THE WEST
THE BIRDS WERE SINGING FROM EVERY TREE.
ALL NATURE SEEMED INCLINED TO REST
BUT STILL THERE WAS NO REST FOR ME.

CHORUS

I GRIEVE TO LEAVE MY NATIVE LAND,
I GRIEVE TO LEAVE MY COMRADES ALL,
AND MY PARENTS WHOM I LOVE SO DEAR,
AND THE BONNIE, BONNIE LASSIE THAT I DO ADORE.

CHORUS

THE DRUMS DO BEAT, THE WARS DO ALARM,
THE CAPTAIN CALLS, AND I MUST OBEY.
SO FAREWELL, FAREWELL TO MY NOVA SCOTIA'S CHARMS,
FOR IT'S EARLY IN THE MORNING AND I'M FAR, FAR AWAY.

CHORUS

I HAVE THREE BROTHERS THEY ARE AT REST,
THEIR ARMS ARE FOLDED ON THEIR CHEST.
BUT A POOR SIMPLE SAILOR BOY JUST LIKE ME,
MUST BE TOSSED AND TURNED IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

CHORUS X 2

FIDDLERS GREEN (C)

AS I ROVED BY THE DOCKSIDE ONE EVENING SO FAIR
TO VIEW THE SALT WATERS AND TAKE THE SEA AIR
I HEARD AN OLD FISHERMAN SINGING A SONG
OH, TAKE ME AWAY BOYS ME TIME IS NOT LONG

CHORUS

**WRAP ME UP IN ME OILSKIN AND JUMPER
NO MORE ON THE DOCKS I'LL BE SEEN
JUST TELL ME OLD SHIPMATES, I'M TAKIN' A TRIP MATES
AND I'LL SEE YOU SOMEDAY ON FIDDLERS GREEN**

NOW FIDDLER'S GREEN IS A PLACE I'VE HEARD TELL
WHERE THE FISHERMEN GO IF THEY DON'T GO TO HELL
WHERE THE WEATHER IS FAIR AND THE DOLPHINS DO PLAY
AND THE COLD COAST OF GREENLAND IS FAR, FAR AWAY

WHERE THE SKIES ARE ALL CLEAR AND THER'S NEVER A GALE
AND THE FISH JUMP ON BOARD WITH ONE SWISH O' THEIR TAIL
WHERE YOU LIE AT YOUR LEISURE, THER'S NO WORK TO DO
AND THE SKIPPER'S BELOW MAKIN' TEA FOR THE CREW

NOW WHEN YOU'RE IN DOCK AND THE LONG TRIP IS THROUGH
THER'S PUBS AND THER'S CLUBS AND THER'S LASSIES THER TOO
AND THE GIRLS ARE ALL PRETTY AND THE BEER IS ALL FREE
AND THER'S BOTTLES OF RUM GROWIN' ON EVERY TREE.

NOW I DON'T WANT A HARP NOR A HALO, NOT ME
JUST GIVE ME A BREEZE AND A GOOD ROLLING SEA
I'LL PLAY ME OLD SQUEEZE-BOX AS WE SAIL ALONG
WITH THE WIND IN THE RIGGIN' TO SING ME A SONG

Chorus X 2

FISH IN THE SEA (E^m)

COME ALL YOU YOUNG SAILOR MEN, LISTEN TO ME
I'LL SING YOU A SONG OF THE FISH IN THE SEA:

CHORUS

**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

CHORUS

THEN UP JUMPS THE SHARK WITH HIS NINE ROWS OF TEETH
SAYING, "YOU EAT THE DOUGH BOYS, AND I'LL EAT THE BEEF!"

CHORUS

UP JUMPS THE WHALE, THE LARGEST OF ALL
"IF YOU WANT ANY WIND, WELL, I'LL BLOW YE A SQUALL!"

CHORUS

THE FLENSING KNIFE (D^m)

By Gary Greenwald

CHORUS

**CAN YOU DANCE CAN YOU DANCE WITH A FLENSING KNIFE
WITH THE SHARKS WITH THE SHARKS WOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE**

I WORK WITH A PRAYER AND A KNIFE AND A SPADE
SOUTHERN OCEANS WHERE I PLY MY TRADE
LAST MAN SLIPPED IN TO THE BRINE
I STEPPED UP AND THE JOB WAS MINE

CHORUS

NO ONE FIGHTS FOR MY PLACE TO TAKE
A DEAD MAN WALKING FOR PITY SAKE
EVERYWHERE IN THE DARK RED SEA
WHITE SHARKS STARE DEAD EYES AT ME

CHORUS

THE WHALING BARKIES BEST PAID MAN
IS HOW I'M KNOWN IN FREDERICKS TOWN
BUT MONEY ISN'T ALL THERE IS
WHEN YOU'VE A WIFE AND COUPLE OF KIDS

CHORUS

JUST THREE PLANKS TWIXT ME AND THEY
LEVIATHANS SKIN MY JOB TO FLAY
CUTTING IN I SWEAT AND TOIL
ALL TO MAKE THE SWEET WHALE OIL

CHORUS

ON BORROWED TIME, I MUST ENDURE
THERE'S JUST ONE THING OF WHICH I'M SURE
ALL MEN MUST DIE INCLUDING ME
BUT UNTIL THE ANGELS SET ME FREE

**I WILL DANCE I WILL DANCE WITH A FLENSING KNIFE
WITH THE SHARKS WITH THE SHARKS I WILL RISK MY LIFE**

FOREFATHERS (A^m)

By Gary Greenwald

**MY FOREFATHERS THEY SAILED THE SEA, ADVENTURERS BOTH WILD AND FREE,
HARD MEN THEY WERE ITS PLAIN TO SEE, I WONDER WHAT THEY'D MAKE OF ME,
I WONDER WHAT THEY'D MAKE OF ME, I WONDER WHAT THEY'D MAKE OF ME**

TO HARD WORK THEY WERE NOT STRANGERS, LIVING LIFE IN CONSTANT DANGERS,
CLIMBING ROPES TO REEF THE SALES, DRIVING RAIN AND HOWLING GALES,
CALLOUSED HANDS MUSCLES TAUGHT, SEASONED MEN AFRAID OF NAUGHT

CHORUS

MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED US BY, TO TALL SHIPS WE SAID GOODBYE,
NO LONGER MAPS WITH HERE BE MONSTERS, NO MORE UNDISCOVERED WATERS,
GONE OAK VESSELS SALES UNFURLED, FORGOTTEN WAYS TO SEE THE WORLD

CHORUS

ROLLING YEARS BROUGHT MANY'A CHANGE; T'THOSE DEAD MEN OUR WORLD LOOKS
STRANGE,

SITTING DOWN TO EARN YOUR WAGES, LOSING YEARS IN OFFICE CAGES,
TIED TO DESKS STARING AT SCREENS, HAVE WE NOW LOST WHAT FREEDOM MEANS

CHORUS

BRIDGE

*AND YET THE SAME BLOOD FILLS MY VEINS, MY FATHER'S FATHERS NATURE CHAINED,
STRAINS AGAINST THESE BONDS UNSEEN, I YEARN TO BE AS WILD AND FREE,
TO FEEL THE SHIP RACE THROUGH THE BRINE, DESIRE PASSED THROUGH MY
BLOODLINE,*

FROM DEATHS GREAT HALLS THEY CALL TO ME, BECOME THE MAN LIVE ON THE SEA

CHORUS

SO NOW MY CHOICE ITS FOR ME MADE, TO LIVE MY LIFE BOLD UNAFRAID,
TO FIND ADVENTURE WHERE I CAN, REDISCOVER THE INNER MAN,
I SOLD MY HOUSE AND BOUGHT A BOAT, MY WORLD, MY HEART, MY SOUL AFLOAT

CHORUS X 2

FOUR HOURS

COME ME BOYS AND HEAVE WITH ME
LET'S GET OFF THIS CURSED SEA
LET'S BE HOME TO LOVERS AND WIVES
AND LEAVE BEHIND THESE FOUR HOUR LIVES

CHORUS

FOUR HOURS

WORKIN' ON THE SWELL

FOUR HOURS

SLOGGIN' IN THE RAIN

FOUR HOURS

WORKIN' TO THE BELL

THEN FOUR HOURS

'TIL IT STARTS AGAIN

COME ME BOYS AND HEAVE WITH ME
THE WIND'S MY FRIEND AND MY ENEMY
IT CARRIES ME HOME, BUT IT MUST BE TAMED
EVERYTHING LOST OR EVERYTHING GAINED

CHORUS

COME ME BOYS AND HEAVE WITH ME
GOT SCABROUS HANDS AND BLOODY KNEES
BUT WHEN THE BELL TOLLS, I'LL GO BELOW
MY HANDS WILL CALLOUS, AND MY STRENGTH WILL GROW

CHORUS

COME ME BOYS AND HEAVE AWAY
SOAKED AND HEAVY HEAVING UNDER THE SPRAY
WILL I EVER SHED THIS SALT ON MY BROW?
BETTER THE DUST FROM UNDER MY PLOW

CHORUS

WHEN I'M BACK IN BRISTOL TOWN
I'LL BUY MY LOVE A SILKEN GOWN
WE'LL LIE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS AND REST
UNTIL THAT BELL SOUNDS IN MY CHEST

FOUR HOURS

WORKIN' ON THE SWELL

CHORUS

FOUR HOURS

HAULIN' ON THE SHEETS

FOUR HOURS

KEEPIN' OUR FEET

FOUR HOURS

WRAP ME IN THE SHROUD

AND FOUR HOURS

LAY ME IN THE GROUND

FRANKIE'S TRADE

OLD HORN TO ALL ATLANTIC SAID: **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
"NOW WHERE DID FRANKIE LEARN HIS TRADE?
FOR HE RAN ME DOWN WITH A THREE-REEF MAINS'LE." **ALL ROUND THE HORN!**

ATLANTIC ANSWERED: "NOT FROM ME! **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
YOU'D BETTER ASK THE COLD NORTH SEA,
FOR HE RAN ME DOWN UNDER ALL PLAIN CANVAS." **ALL ROUND THE HORN!**

THE NORTH SEA ANSWERED: "HE'S MY MAN, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
FOR HE CAME TO ME WHEN HE BEGAN--
IT'S FRANKIE DRAKE IN AN OPEN COASTER. **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"I CAUGHT HIM YOUNG AND I USED HIM SORE, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
SO YOU NEVER SHALL STARTLE FRANKIE MORE,
WITHOUT CAPSIZING EARTH AND HER WATERS. **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"I DID NOT FAVOUR HIM AT ALL, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
I MADE HIM PULL AND I MADE HIM HAUL--
AND STAND HIS TRICK WITH THE COMMON SAILORS. **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"I FROZE HIM STIFF AND I FOGGED HIM BLIND, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
AND KICKED HIM HOME WITH HIS ROAD TO FIND
BY WHAT HE COULD SEE OF A THREE-DAY SNOW-STORM. **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"I LEARNED HIM HIS TRADE O' WINTER NIGHTS, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
'TWIXT MARDYK FORT AND DUNKIRK LIGHTS
ON A FIVE-KNOT TIDE WITH THE FORTS A-FIRING. **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"BEFORE HIS BEARD BEGAN TO SHOOT, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
I SHOWED HIM THE LENGTH OF THE SPANIARD'S FOOT--
AND I RECKON HE CLAPPED THE BOOT ON IT LATER. **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"IF THERE'S A RISK WHICH YOU CAN MAKE **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
THAT'S WORSE THAN HE WAS USED TO TAKE
NIGH EVERY WEEK IN THE WAY OF HIS BUSINESS; **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"IF THERE'S A TRICK THAT YOU CAN TRY **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
WHICH HE HASN'T MET IN TIME GONE BY,
NOT ONCE OR TWICE, BUT TEN TIMES OVER; **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**

"IF YOU CAN TEACH HIM AUGHT THAT'S NEW, **A-HAY O! TO ME O!**
I'LL GIVE YOU BRUGES AND NIEWPORT TOO,
AND THE TEN TALL CHURCHES THAT STAND BETWEEN 'EM." **ALL ROUND THE SANDS!**
SO STORM ALONG, MY GALLANT CAPTAINS! **ALL ROUND THE HORN!**

THE GALS OF CHILE (E)

TO CHILE'S COAST WE ARE BOUND AWAY,
T 'ME HEAVE-HO! HANG 'ER HILO!
TO CHILE'S COAST WE ARE BOUND AWAY
WE'LL DANCE AND ALL DRINK PISCO!
WE ARE BOUND AWAY AT THE BREAK O' DAY
WHERE THEM LITTLE SPANISH GIRLS ARE SO BRIGHT 'N GAY

CHORUS

T 'ME HEAVE HO HANG 'ER HILO!
SING OLAY FOR THEM CHILE GALS!

AN' WHEN WE GET TO VALIPO
AN' WHEN WE GET TO VALIPO
DANCE THE GALS UP THE STREET WITH A ROLL-N-GO
GRAB 'EM ROUND THE MIDDLE AN' WE WON'T LET GO.

CHORUS

THEM GALS O' CHILE ARE HARD TO BEAT,
THEM GALS O' CHILE ARE HARD TO BEAT,
FROM TRUCK TO KEEL THEY ARE TRIM AN' SWEET,
THEY'RE ALL A-PULLIN' ON THE OLD MAIN SHEET,

CHORUS

THEM SENORITAS THEY ARE SMART AND GAY
THEM SENORITAS THEY ARE SMART AND GAY
THEY DANCE AN' DRINK TILL THE BREAK O' DAY
THEN CLEAN YE OUT AN BLOW YER PAY

CHORUS

ROSITA, ANNA, AND CARMEN TOO
ROSITA, ANNA, AND CARMEN TOO
THEY'LL GREET YER WITH A HULLABALOO
AN' SOON YE'LL KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO

CHORUS

THEM 'OL SENORAS AS WE KNOW WELL
THEM 'OL SENORAS AS WE KNOW WELL
THEY'RE RED HOT DEVILS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF HELL
AN' YE'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE FOR TO RING A CHILE BELLE

CHORUS x2

GENERAL TAYLOR

WELL GENERAL TAYLOR GAINED THE DAY
WALK HIM ALONG, JOHN, CARRY HIM ALONG
WELL GENERAL TAYLOR HE GAINED THE DAY
CARRY HIM TO HIS BURY'N GROUND

CHORUS
TELL ME WAY, HEY, YOU STORMY
WALK HIM ALONG, JOHN, CARRY HIM ALONG
TELL ME WAY, HEY, YOU STORMY
CARRY HIM TO HIS BURY'N GROUND

WE'LL DIG HIS GRAVE WITH A SILVER SPADE
HIS SHROUD OF THE FINEST SILK WILL BE MADE
CHORUS

WE'LL LOWER HIM DOWN ON A GOLDEN CHAIN
ON EVERY INCH WE'LL CARVE HIS NAME
CHORUS]

GENERAL TAYLOR HE'S ALL THE GO
HE'S GONE WHERE THE STORMY WINDS WON'T BLOW
CHORUS

GENERAL TAYLOR HE'S DEAD AND HE'S GONE
WELL GENERAL TAYLOR HE'S LONG DEAD AND GONE
CHORUS x2

GHOST SHIP (A^m)

By Gary Greenwald

CHORUS

GHOST SHIP GHOST SHIP

BONES BLEACHED WHITE ON A GHOST SHIP

GHOST SHIP GHOST SHIP

SERVING TIME ON A GHOST SHIP

'T WAS A STORMY RAINSWEPT NIGHT
ON THE SHIPWRECK COAST
AN OLD MAN SHELTERED FROM THE STORM
AND TOLD US OF A GHOST

HARKEN ALL YOU YOUNG MEN NOW
THE TALE I TELL IS TRUE
MARK MY WORDS CAREFUL NOW
OR THE NEXT GHOST COULD BE YOU

CHORUS

NONE OF US FORESAW THE STORM
IT HIT US HARD AND FAST
THE DAMAGE WAS ALREADY DONE
AND SOME HAD BREATHED THEIR LAST

RUN AFORE IT, CAPTAIN SAID
THATS THE COURSE TO LAY
TOO SOON WE HEARD BREAKERS NOISE
WE KNEW NOT WHERE AWAY

CHORUS

WITH FIRST LIGHT WE SAW OUR DOOM
A LEE SHAW FULL OF WRECKS
DISMASTED HULLS SMASHED ON THE ROCKS
AND GHOSTS UPON THEIR DECKS

DEATH HAD JOINED US IN THE CREW
WE FELT HIS ICY HAND
HEADING FOR THE JAGGED ROCKS
THE REAPER IN COMMAND

CHORUS

SO MY GHOST NOW HAUNTS THESE SHORES
LADS ENJOY YOUR BEERS
TAKE GOOD CARE ON THE SHIPWRECK COAST
AND WITH THAT HE DISAPPEARED

SO WHEN YOUR DRINKING IN THE EARL
AND OUTSIDE BLOWS A GALE
LOOK OUT FOR GHOSTLY MARINERS
SUPPING WILSONS ALE

THE GHOSTS OF TRAITORS ISLAND (D^m – E^m)

Lyrics by Gary Greenwald

IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE, THE BATAVIA DID SET SAIL
HER HOLD WITH TREASURE HEAVY LAID, HERE BEGAN HER TRAGIC TALE
IN THE GREED OF MEN THERE LAY HER DOOM, THE LURE OF GOLD TOO STRONG
A MUTINY THOSE MEN DID PLAN, THE COURSE THEY STEERED HER WRONG

ON THE ABROLHOS ISLAND CHAIN SHE WRECKED, NEVER MORE TO SAIL AGAIN
COMMODORE PELSAERT, HIS SKIPPER AND CREW, ON THE SHORE THEY LEFT THEIR
MEN

AN EVIL MAN NOW TOOK COMMAND OF THE SHIPWRECKED STRANDED CREW
NO HOPE THEY HAD OF RESCUE NOW AND THEIR DESPERATION GREW

NOW CORNELIUS A TYRANT WAS HIS NATURE CLEVER AND CRUEL
HE TRICKED THE SOLDIERS STRANDING THEM THEN MERCILESS WAS HIS RULE
FOR SPORT HE MURDERED RAPED AND MAIMED A MONSTER AND A BRUTE
ALL THOSE TOO WEAK TO FIGHT WERE KILLED HIS POWER ABSOLUTE

BUT THE SOLDIERY THEY HAD NOT DIED FOR SUSTENANCE THEY FOUND
AND THEIR NUMBERS SWELLED BY ESCAPING MEN HIS PLANS THEY DID CONFOUND
FOR THEY PREPARED NOW PIKES AND CLUBS AN ATTACK THEY KNEW HE'D MAKE
LET CORNELIUS AND HIS MEN COME THEIR LIVES THEN TO FORSAKE

WAVE AFTER WAVE OF ATTACKS REPELLED THE SOLDIERS DID HOLD FAST
THEIR BRAVE YOUNG LEADER SERGEANT HAYES SPIED HELP HAD COME AT LAST
ON THE HORIZON DID APPEAR THE RESCUE SHIP SARDAAM
'T WAS COMMODORE PELSAERT HAD RETURNED AND THE MUTINEERS WERE DAMNED

CORNELIUS AND HIS MEN WERE TRIED THE HORRORS OF HIS REIGN TOLD
THE MURDER RAPE AND CRUELTY ALL FOR THE LOVE OF GOLD
HIS GRASPING HANDS THEY WERE CUT OFF THEN BY HIS NECK HE STRETCHED
THE INNOCENTS' CREW AND PASSENGERS ALL WERE THEN TO SAFETY FETCHED

IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY NINE THE BATAVIA DID SET SAIL
HER MAIDEN VOYAGE CURSED AND DOOMED HERE ENDS HER SORRY TALE
ON TRAITORS ISLAND BLOOD WAS SPILLED OFF WEST AUSTRALIA'S COAST
ON QUIET NIGHTS IN A WESTERLY WIND YOU STILL CAN HEAR THEIR GHOSTS

THE GOAT SONG (G)

By Bruce and Matthew Beamish

WE WERE FIFTEEN DAYS FROM KINGSTON, WHEN THE LIVESTOCK GOT AWAY
THE COOK WAS LIKELY IN HIS CUPS, AND HE LEFT THE GATE ASTRAY
THE ROOSTER'S IN THE GALLEY, AND THE PIG, THE CAPTAIN'S BED
BUT THE BLOODY HORNY BILLY GOAT, IS TWIXT US AND THE HEAD

CHORUS

**THERE'S A GOAT IN THE HEAD, BOYS, A BLOODY BILLY GOAT!
HE'S BLEATIN' AND HE'S PAWIN', AS OUR BACK TEETH START TO FLOAT
THERE'S A GOAT IN THE HEAD, BOYS, WITH HORNS AND BEARDED THROAT
HE'S MOCKIN' ME, I NEED TO PEE, THAT BLOODY BILLY GOAT!**

A SEAMAN TRIED TO TEST HIS LUCK, WITH BLADDER FIT TO BURST
HE TRIED TO STARE OLD BILLY DOWN, BUT HIS BLADDER GAVE OUT FIRST
THE CAPTAIN TRIED TO SEND HIS MATE, TO TAKE THE CREATURE DOWN
BUT HIS SECOND'S NAVY PANTS OF BLUE, RETURNED A NAVY BROWN!

CHORUS

THE BOSUN HE WAS ALL FED UP, OF JIGGIN ON THE SPOT
HE SIDLED UP THE LEEWARD RAIL, AND FOUND HIMSELF A SLOT
HE DROPPED HIS TROU AND SQUATTED DOWN, THE BOW IT HIT A WAVE
WE DROPPED THE ANCHOR, SENT THE BOAT, OUR BOSUN JUST TO SAVE

CHORUS

THE COOK HE'D FED THE COXSWAIN FROM, HIS VERY RIPEST STEW
A DES'PRATE MAN EYED BILLY UP, AND KNEW JUST WHAT TO DO
HE TOOK THE COWARD'S PATH THAT DAY, AND SQUATTED O' THE STERN
JUST AT THE TIME THE BOSUN, HAD DECIDED TO RETURN

CHORUS

THE CAPTAIN'S PATIENCE WEARING THIN, HE FETCHED A BLUNDERBUSS
HE LOADED IT WITH GRAPESHOT, AN' WITH A MIGHTY CUSS
THE FLINT IT FELL, THE DRAGON BARKED, WE THOUGHT THE GOAT WAS DEAD
BUT THE BLOODY BEAST HAD LEFT AWAY: THE SHOT DESTROYED THE HEAD!

CHORUS

THE TALE WAS SAD, THAT FATEFUL DAY, THE FIRE TOOK THE BOAT
WE COULDN'T SEEM TO PUT IT OUT, BECAUSE OF ONE OLD GOAT
AND ONCE OLD BILLY WAS AFLAME, WE ALL JUMPED IN THE SEA
A SMALLISH MERCY, I SUPPOSE, I NO LONGER NEED A PEE!

CHORUS

GO TO SEA NO MORE (E^m)

WHEN FIRST I LANDED IN LIVERPOOL, I WENT UPON A SPREE
ME MONEY ALAS I SPENT IT FAST, GOT DRUNK AS DRUNK COULD BE
AND WHEN THAT ME MONEY WAS ALL GONE, 'T WAS THEN I WANTED MORE
BUT A MAN MUST BE BLIND TO MAKE UP HIS MIND TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE

**ONCE MORE, BOYS, ONCE MORE, GO TO SEA ONCE MORE
BUT A MAN MUST BE BLIND TO MAKE UP HIS MIND TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE**

I SPENT THE NIGHT WITH ANGELINE TOO DRUNK TO ROLL IN BED
ME WATCH WAS NEW AND ME MONEY TOO, IN THE MORNING WITH THEM SHE FLED
AND AS I WALKED THE STREETS ABOUT, THE WHORES THEY ALL DID ROAR
THERE GOES JACK SPRATT, THE POOR SAILORLAD, HE MUST GO TO SEA ONCE MORE

**ONCE MORE, BOYS, ONCE MORE, GO TO SEA ONCE MORE
THERE GOES JACK SPRATT, THE POOR SAILORLAD, HE MUST GO TO SEA ONCE MORE**

AND AS I WALKED THE STREETS ABOUT, I MET WITH THE RAPPER BROWN
I ASKED HIM FOR TO TAKE ME ON AND HE LOOKED AT ME WITH A FROWN
HE SAID LAST TIME YOU WAS PAID OFF WITH ME YOU COULD NO SCORE
BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE AND I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVANCE AND I'LL SEND YOU TO SEE
ONCE MORE

**ONCE MORE, BOYS, ONCE MORE, SEND YOU TO SEA ONCE MORE
I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE AND I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVANCE AND I'LL SEND YOU TO SEE
ONCE MORE**

HE SHIPPED ME ON BOARD OF A WHALING SHIP BOUND FOR THE ARCTIC SEAS
WHERE THE COLD WINDS BLOW THROUGH THE FROST AND SNOW AND JAMAICA RUM
WOULD FREEZE
BUT WORSE TO BEAR, I'D NO HARD WEATHER GEAR FOR I'D SPENT ALL MONEY ON
SHORE
'T WAS THEN THAT I WISHED THAT I WAS DEAD AND COULD GO TO SEA NO MORE

**NO MORE, BOYS, NO MORE, GO TO SEA NO MORE
'T WAS THEN THAT I WISHED THAT I WAS DEAD AND COULD GO TO SEA NO MORE**

SO COME ALL YOU BOLD SEAFARING MEN, WHO LISTEN TO ME SONG
WHEN YOU COME OFF THEM LONG TRIPS, I'LL HAVE YOU NOT GO WRONG
TAKE MY ADVICE, DRINK NO STRONG DRINK, DON'T GO SLEEPING WITH THEM WHORES
GET MARRIED INSTEAD AND SPEND ALL NIGHT IN BED AND GO TO SEA NO MORE

**NO MORE, BOYS, NO MORE, GO TO SEA NO MORE
GET MARRIED INSTEAD AND SPEND ALL NIGHT IN BED AND GO TO SEA NO MORE**

GRÁINNE MHAOL, QUEEN OF PIRATES

DAUGHTER OF THE DÚN
TERROR OF THE WEST
SAILED THE COASTS OF IRELAND
WITH O'MALLEY ON HER CREST

SAILORS ON THE BLUE
SHAKIN' IN THEIR COTS
FEELIN' THE FOREBODING OF
THE TERROR THAT SHE WROUGHT

REFRAIN

HUP THE HULL AND AWAY WE GO
STOCK THE GALLEY O'GOLD
WHACK THE DIVIL THE GALES HE BLOW
WE'LL BATTER HIM UP IN THE HOLD

DANCE ALONG ON THE WATERLINE
SPEED US OVER THE WAVES
BACK TO BACK ON THE BORDERLINES
TO NEVER SHUT UP & BEHAVE

CHORUS

GRÁINNE MHAOL
QUEEN OF THE PIRATES
SHE SET SAIL
ON THE RAGING SEA
GRÁINNE MHAOL
THE GLEAM OF THE IRISH
SPUN HER TALES
ON THE OCEAN FREE

NEVER TO BE CAUGHT
TANGLED ON THE ROPES
HACKED AWAY THE LENGTHY LOCKS
IN ORDER TO ELOPE

SHE WOULD LOSE NO FIGHT
SHE WOULD TAKE NO SHITE
STOLE THE NOBLE OFFSPRING
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
EFRAIN

CHORUS

BANRÍON NA FARRAIGE
CRÓGA AGUS TRÉAN
AG TAISTEAL AR NA DTONNTA
CAILÍN AG TROID DI FÉIN

TRANSLATION:

*(QUEEN OF THE SEA
STRONG & POWERFUL
TRAVELLING ON THE WAVES
A GIRL FIGHTING FOR HERSELF)*

TABHAIR FAOI NA BREATAINE
ÉIST LEIS A BÉIC
SCRÍOS NA BÁID LEATROMACH
AG COSAINT AR AN RÍOCHT

TRANSLATION:

*(CHARGE TOWARDS THE BRITISH
LISTEN TO HER YELL
SMASH THE OPPRESSIVE SHIPS
DEFENDING THE KINGDOM)*

**NEVER TO FALL!!!
A REBEL IN ALL!!!**

GRÁINNE MHAOL
QUEEN OF THE PIRATES
SHE SET SAIL
ON THE RAGING SEA
GRÁINNE MHAOL
THE GLEAM OF THE IRISH
SPUN HER TALES
ON THE OCEAN FREE

GUNS AND DRUMS (E^m)

TWAS ON THE ROAD TO SWEET ATHEY **HA'RO HA'RO**
TWAS ON THE ROAD TO SWEET ATHEY **HA'RO HA'RO**
TWAS ON THE ROAD TO SWEET ATHEY,
A STICK IN ME HAND AND A TEAR IN ME EYE,
A DOLEFUL DAMSEL I HEARD CRY,
JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'.

WIT' YOUR GUNS AN' DRUMS AN' DRUMS AN' GUNS HA'RO HA'RO,
WIT' YOUR GUNS AN' DRUMS AN' DRUMS AN' GUNS HA'RO HA'RO,
WIT' YOUR GUNS AN' DRUMS AN' DRUMS AN' GUNS
THE ENEMY NEARLY SLEW YA'
DARLIN' DEAR YOU LOOK SO QUEER
JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'

WHERE ARE THE EYES THAT LOOKED SO MILD **HA'RO HA'RO,**
WHERE ARE THE EYES THAT LOOKED SO MILD **HA'RO HA'RO,**
WHERE ARE THE EYES THAT LOOKED SO MILD,
WHEN MY POOR HEART YOU FIRST BEGUILED
WHY DID YOU RUN FROM ME AND THE CHILD
JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'.

CHORUS

WHERE ARE THE LEGS WITH WHICH YOU RUN **HA'RO HA'RO**
WHERE ARE THE LEGS WITH WHICH YOU RUN **HA'RO HA'RO**
WHERE ARE THE LEGS WITH WHICH YOU RUN WHEN FIRST YOU WENT TO CARRY A GUN
INDEED YOUR DANCIN DAYS ARE DONE

JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'.

CHORUS

YA' HAV'NT AN ARM YA' HAV'NT A LEG **HA'RO HA'RO,**
YA' HAV'NT AN ARM YA' HAV'NT A LEG **HA'RO HA'RO,**
YA' HAV'NT AN ARM YA' HAV'NT A LEG
YA' STUMP AROUND ON YOUR OLD WOODED PEG
YOU 'LL HAVE TO BE PUT WITH THE BOWL TO BEG
JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'.

CHORUS

I'M HAPPY FOR TO SEE YA' HOME **HA'RO HA'RO,**
I'M HAPPY FOR TO SEE YA' HOME **HA'RO HA'RO,**
I'M HAPPY FOR TO SEE YA' HOME,
FROM THE ISLAND OF CEYLON
SO LOW IN FLESH SO HIGH IN BONE,
JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'.

CHORUS

THEY'RE ROLLING OUT THE GUNS AGAIN, HA'RO HA'RO
THEY'RE ROLLING OUT THE GUNS AGAIN, HA'RO HA'RO
THEY'RE ROLLING OUT THE GUNS AGAIN BUT THEY NEVER WILL TAKE OUR SONS AGAIN
THEY NEVER WILL TAKE OUR SONS AGAIN
JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YA'

HANGING JOHNNY

THEY CALL ME HANGING JOHNNY,
AWAY, BOYS, AWAY!
THEY SAY I HANG FOR MONEY!
SO HANG, BOYS, HANG!

THEY SAY I HANGED MY MOTHER,
MY SISTERS AND MY BROTHERS

THEY SAY I HANGED MY GRANNY,
I'D HANG THE HOLY FAMILY

THEY SAY I HUNG A COPPER,
I GAVE HIM THE LONG DROPPER

I'D HANG THE MATES AND SKIPPERS,
I'D HANG 'EM BY THEIR FLIPPERS

A ROPE, A BEAM, A LADDER,
I'LL HANG YE ALL TOGETHER

HANG 'EM FROM THE YARDARM,
HANG THE SEA AND BUY A PIGFARM

THEY SAY I HANG FOR MONEY,
I HANG BECAUSE IT'S FUNNY

I'D HANG TO MAKE THINGS JOLLY,
I'D HANG ALL WRONG AND FOLLY

WE ALL WILL HANG TOGETHER,
IT'S ALL FOR BETTER WEATHER,

THEY CALL ME HANGING JOHNNY,
AIN'T NEVER HANGED NOBODY

HAUL AWAY JOE (G)

NOW WHEN I WAS A LITTLE LAD ME MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME,
WAY HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY TOGETHER
THAT IF I DIDN'T KISS THE GIRLS ME LIPS'D ALL GO MOULDY.
WAY HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE

I SAILED THE SEAS FOR MANY A YEAR NOT KNOWING WHAT I WAS MISSING
THEN I SET ME SAILS AFORE THE GALES AN' STARTED OUT A-KISSING.

CHORUS

WAY HO WE'LL HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY TOGETHER,
WAY HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE,
WAY HO WE'LL HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL FOR BETTER WEATHER,
WAY HAUL AWAY, WE'LL HAUL AWAY JOE.

WELL KNOW ME LADS I'VE KISSED SOME GIRLS AND SQUEEZED 'EM O-SO BOLDLY
BUT NOW I FIND ITS NOT ME LIPS THAT STARTED TO GO MOULDY

ONCE I HAD A FREO GIRL BUT SHE WAS OH SO LAZY,
THEN I HAD AN ALBANY GIRL SHE NEARLY DROVE ME CRAZY.

CHORUS

CALL YOURSELF A SECOND MATE YOU CANNOT TIE A BOWLINE,
YOU CANNOT EVEN KEEP YOUR FEET WHEN THE PACKET SHE'S A-ROLLIN'.

THE DOC IS I THE GALLEY NOW A-MAKIN' DUFF SO HANDY,
THE CAPTAIN'S IN HIS CABIN, A-DRINKIN' RUM AND BRANDY.

CHORUS

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN, HE CAME FROM DECENT PEOPLE,
HE BUILT A CHURCH IN DUBLIN TOWN AND ON IT PUT A STEEPLE.

FROM IRELAND HE DROVE THE SNAKES, THEN DRANK UP ALL THE WHISKY,
THIS MADE HIM DANCE AN' SING AN' JIG, HE FELT SO FINE AN' FRISKY.

CHORUS

ONCE I HAD A SCOLDING WIFE SHE WASN'T VERY CIVIL
SO OFF WE WENT TO COUNSELING AND NOW WE'RE ON THE LEVEL

KING LOUIS WAS THE KING OF FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION,
KING LOUIS GOT HIS HEAD CUT OFF AN' SPILLED HIS CONSTITUTION.

CHORUS x2

HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE (D)

CHORUS

HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, HAUL AWAY TODAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, WE'RE HERE TO MAKE YOUR PAY
NEVER MIND THE WEATHER BOYS, HAUL AWAY TODAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, GET CRACKING ON YOUR WAY

GOD HAS LAID HIS TABLE OUT, WE ALL KNOW WHERE WE SIT
THE CAPTAIN'S IN THE CARVER CHAIR, THE FIRST MATE'S AT HIS HIP
THE BOSUN'S BY THE FIRESIDE, THE SURGEON'S TUCKED UP WARM
AND WE'RE ALL ON THE UPPER DECK FIGHTING THROUGH THE STORM

CHORUS

KITTY'S IN THE MARKETPLACE, MAUDE IS IN THE TOWN
WHEN WE GET TO PORT AGAIN, WE'LL DANCE THEM LADIES 'ROUND
WHEN WE'VE HAD OUR FUN ASHORE, OUR MONEY SPENT WITH GLEE
WE'LL PACK OUR BAGS, BE OFF AGAIN, ONCE MORE ON THE SEA

CHORUS

ME MOTHER OFTEN TOLD ME, WHEN I WAS JUST A LAD
NEVER GO TO SEA, ME BOY, YOU'LL END UP OLD AND SAD
YOU'LL SPEND YOUR LIFE UPON A SHIP, SO LITTLE ON THE SHORE
A GYPSY OF THE WAVES, ME LAD, DON'T GO TO SEA NO MORE

CHORUS

I WENT ON BOARD A-THINKING THAT I WOULD SEE THE WORLD
RICHES AN' GOOD FORTUNE, ALL WOULD BE UNFURLED
BUT MANY YEARS OF SAILING 'AS TAUGHT ONE THING TO ME
ALL MEN ARE BORN EQUAL, 'CEPT SCURVY DOGS LIKE ME

HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, HAUL AWAY TODAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, WE'RE HERE TO MAKE YOUR PAY
NEVER MIND THE WEATHER BOYS, HAUL AWAY TODAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, GET CRACKING ON YOUR WAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, HAUL AWAY TODAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, WE'RE HERE TO MAKE YOUR PAY
NEVER MIND THE WEATHER BOYS, HAUL AWAY TODAY
HAUL AWAY THE BOWLINE BOYS, THE OLD MAN SAID "BELAY!"

HEAVE AWAY (G)

COME GET YOUR DUDS IN ORDER 'CUZ WE'RE BOUND TO CROSS THE WATER
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
COME GET YOUR DUDS IN ORDER 'CUZ WE'RE BOUND TO LEAVE TOMORROW
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

CHORUS

SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR SPAIN
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FOR FREDRICK'S TOWN WHERE ALL THE GIRLS ARE DANCING
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

I WROTE ME LOVE A LETTER, I WAS ON THE JENNY LIND
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
I WROTE ME LOVE A LETTER AND I SIGNED IT WITH A RING
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

CHORUS

SO IT'S FAREWELL NANCY DARLING, 'CUZ IT'S NOW I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
YOU PROMISED THAT YOU'D MARRY ME, BUT HOW YOU DID DECEIVE ME
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

CHORUS

THERE'S LOTS OF GIRLS AROUND THE PORTS ALL LOOKIN' FOR A SAILOR
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
COS WE'RE MUCH MORE EXCITIN' THAN A TINKER OR A TAILOR
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

CHORUS

I'LL FIND MYSELF A PRETTY GIRL AND I WILL NEVER GRIEVE HER
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
THEN MAYBE WE WILL MARRY AND I VOW I'LL NEVER LEAVE HER
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, SOMETIMES WE'RE BOUND FOR SPAIN
HEAVE AWAY, ME JOLLIES, HEAVE AWAY
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FOR FREDRICK'S TOWN WHERE ALL THE GIRLS ARE DANCING
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY
HEAVE AWAY ME JOLLY BOYS, WE'RE ALL BOUND AWAY

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE COMPANY

KIND FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS, COME JOIN ME IN RHYME
COME LIFT UP YOUR VOICES IN CHORUS WITH MINE
COME LIFT UP YOUR VOICES ALL GRIEF TO REFRAIN
FOR WE MAY OR MIGHT NEVER ALL MEET HERE AGAIN

CHORUS

**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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

HIGH BARBAREE (D^m)

THERE WERE TWO LOFTY SHIPS FROM OLD ENGLAND CAME

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW, AND SO SAILED WE!

ONE WAS THE PRINCE OF LUTHER AND THE OTHER THE PRINCE OF WALES,
DOWN ALONG THE COAST OF HIGH BARBAREE.

“ALOFT THERE ALOFT!” OUR BULLY BOSUN CRIED

“LOOK AHEAD, LOOK ASTERN, LOOK TO WEATHER AND A-LEE!”

“THERE’S NAUGHT UPON THE STERN, SIR, THERE’S NAUGHT UPON THE LEE!”

“BUT THERE’S A LOFTY SHIP TO WIND’ARD, SAILING FAST AND FREE”.

“OH, HAIL HER, OH, HAIL HER!” OUR GALLANT CAPTAIN CRIED,

“ARE YOU A MAN-O-WAR OR A PRIVATEER?” CRIED HE.

“I’M NOT A MAN-O-WAR, NOR A PRIVATEER”, SAID HE,

“BUT I’M A SALT SEA PIRATE, A-LOOKING FOR ME FEE”.

OH! ‘T WAS BROADSIDE TO BROADSIDE A LONG TIME WE LAY,

UNTIL THE PRINCE OF LUTHER SHOT THE PIRATE’S MASTS AWAY.

“OH, MERCY! OH, MERCY!” THOSE PIRATES THEN DID CRY,

THE MERCY THAT WE SHOWED THEM WAS TO SINK THEM IN THE SEA.

HOG-EYE MAN (G^m)

OH, HAND ME DOWN MY RIDING CANE,
I'M OFF TO MEET MY SALLY JANE.

CHORUS

AND A HOG-EYE!

**RAILROAD NAVVY WITH HIS HOG-EYE,
STEADY ON A JIG WITH A HOG-EYE, OH,
SHE WANTS THE HOG-EYE MAN!**

OH, THE HOG-EYE MAN IS THE MAN FOR ME,
SAILIN' DOWN FROM O'ER THE SEA.

CHORUS

OH, HE CAME TO THE SHACK WHERE SALLY DID DWELL,
HE KNOCKED ON HER DOOR AND HE RUNG HER BELL.

CHORUS

OH, SALLY'S IN THE GARDEN PICKIN' UP PEAS
WITH HER LONG YELLER HAIR HANGIN' DOWN TO HER KNEES.

CHORUS

OH, WHO'S BEEN HERE SINCE I BEEN GONE,
RAILROAD NAVVY WITH HIS SEA-BOOTS ON.

CHORUS

IF I CATCH HIM HERE WITH SALLY ONCE MORE,
I'LL SLING ME HOOK, GO TO SEA ONCE MORE.

CHORUS

OH, SALLY'S IN THE GARDEN SIFTING SAND,
HER HOG-EYE MAN SITTIN' HAND IN HAND.

CHORUS

OH, SALLY'S IN THE KITCHEN, PUNCHIN' DUFF,
THE CHEEKS OF HER ARSE GO CHUFF, CHUFF, CHUFF!

CHORUS

OH, I WON'T WEAR A HOG-EYE, DAMNED IF I DO,
GOT JIGGERS IN HIS FEET AND HE CAN'T WEAR SHOES.

CHORUS

OH, THE HOG-EYE MAN IS THE MAN FOR ME,
HE IS BLIND AND HE CANNOT SEE.

CHORUS

OH, A HOG-EYE SHIP AND A HOG-EYE CREW,
A HOG-EYE MATE AND A SKIPPER TOO.

CHORUS

HOLD THE MAN DOWN (D)

I SET TO SEA AS A COUNTRY LAD TO MAKE A DREAM COME TRUE.
A FULL BLOWN WIND TOOK HER HARD ASTERN THAT BLEW FROM TIMBUKTU.
WE WENT DOWN LIKE AN ANCHOR CHAIN I THOUGHT THAT WE WOULD DROWN.
SWAM BELLY UP AND PRAYED LIKE HELL - WELL YOU CAN'T HOLD A GOOD MAN DOWN.

*I ROWED LIKE BILLY-O, MADE THE SCILLY-O'S, ENDED UP IN THE ROSE AND CROWN.
DRANK THE NIGHT AWAY, SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY, WHEN WE WENT DOWN.*

NOW WE ARE

WAY-YO! CAN'T BLOW THE MAN DOWN

WAY-YO! CAN'T BLOW THE MAN DOWN

**HEY-YO! CAN'T HOLD THE MAN, HOLD THE MAN DOWN BOYS,
HOLD THIS MAN DOWN.**

T'WAS DEVILS TORMENT, TACK AND RUM THAT KEPT THE FEAR AT BAY
BUT A NAVY SAIL ON THE STARBOARD BOW WAS GETTING IN OUR WAY
OUR BROADSIDE RAINED LIKE A FIRE FROM HELL, WE MADE THE BEGGARS PAY
BUT WE DID NOT SEE THE GIANT WAVE THAT TOOK OUR KEEL AWAY.

*SO IN THE DRINK WE GO, SINK OR SWIMMI-O, DAVY JONES TRIES TO TAKE US DOWN.
WRECKAGE DRIFT AWAY, SOGGY CASTAWAY, RUNNING AGROUND.*

NOW WE ARE

WAY-YO! CAN'T BLOW THE MAN (*BLOW THE MAN*) DOWN

WAY-YO! CAN'T BLOW THE MAN DOWN

**HEY-YO! CAN'T HOLD THE MAN HOLD THE MAN DOWN BOYS
HOLD THIS MAN DOWN.**

I LANDED ON A DESERT ISLE AND STOWED ABOARD A SAIL.
MADE A LIFE AS A CABIN BOY UNTIL WE HIT THE WHALE.

WAY-YO! CAN'T BLOW THE MAN (*BLOW THE MAN*) DOWN

WAY-YO! CAN'T BLOW THE MAN DOWN

**HEY-YO! CAN'T HOLD THE MAN HOLD THE MAN DOWN BOYS
HOLD THIS MAN DOWN. REPEAT 3 TIMES**

FINISH: HOLD THIS MAN DOWN HOLD THIS MAN DOWN... HOLD THIS MAN DOWN,,,

HOLY GROUND (D)

FARE THEE WELL MY LOVELY DINAH, A THOUSAND TIMES ADIEU
WE ARE BOUND AWAY FROM THE HOLY GROUND, AND THE GIRLS WE LOVE SO TRUE
WE'LL SAIL THE SALT SEAS OVER, AND WE'LL RETURN ONCE MORE
AND STILL I LIVE IN HOPE TO SEE THE HOLY GROUND ONCE MORE

CHORUS

FINE GIRL YOU ARE
YOU'RE THE GIRL THAT I ADORE
AND STILL I LIVE IN HOPE TO SEE
THE HOLY GROUND ONCE MORE

NOW WHEN WE'RE OUT A-SAILING, AND YOU ARE FAR BEHIND
FINE LETTERS WILL I WRITE TO YOU, WITH THE SECRETS OF MY MIND
THE SECRETS OF MY MIND MY GIRL, YOU'RE THE GIRL THAT I ADORE
AND STILL I LIVE IN HOPE TO SEE. THE HOLY GROUND ONCE MORE

CHORUS

OH NOW THE STORM IS RAGING, AND WE ARE FAR FROM SHORE
THE POOR OLD SHIP SHE'S SINKING FAST, AND THE RIGGINGS THEY ARE TORE
THE NIGHT IS DARK AND DREARY, WE CAN SCARCELY SEE THE MOON
BUT STILL I LIVE IN HOPE TO SEE THE HOLY GROUND ONCE MORE

CHORUS

ITS NOW THE STORM IS OVER, AND WE ARE SAFE ON SHORE
WE'LL DRINK A TOAST TO THE HOLY GROUND, AND THE GIRLS THAT WE ADORE
WE DRINK STRONG ALE AND PORTER, AND MAKE THE TAP ROOM ROAR
AND WHEN OUR MONEY IS ALL SPENT, WE'LL GO TO SEA ONCE MORE

CHORUS

FINE GIRL YOU ARE
YOU'RE THE GIRL THAT I ADORE
AND WHEN OUR MONEY IS ALL SPENT
WE'LL GO TO SEA ONCE MORE

FINE - GIRL - YOU - ARE !

HOME BOYS HOME

AH WELL, WHO WOULDN'T BE A SAILOR LAD A 'SAILIN' ON THE MAIN
TO GAIN THE GOOD – WILL OF HIS CA-PTAIN'S GOOD NAME
HE CAME ASHORE ONE EVENING FOR TO BE
AND THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF ME OWN TRUE LOVE AND ME

CHORUS

AND IT'S HOME, BOYS, HOME
HOME I'D LIKE TO BE, HOME FOR A WHILE IN ME OWN COMPANY
WHERE THE OAK AND THE ASH AND THE BONNY ROWAN TREE
ARE ALL A-GROWIN' GREENER IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

CHORUS

WELL I ASKED HER FOR A CANDLE FOR TO LIGHT ME UP TO BED
AND LIKEWISE FOR A HANDKERCHIEF TO TIE AROUND ME HEAD
SHE TENDED TO ME NEEDS LIKE A YOUNG MAID OUGHT TO DO
SO THEN I SAYS TO HER: "NOW WON'T YOU LEAP IN WITH ME TOO?"

CHORUS

WELL SHE JUMPED INTO BED, MAKING NO ALARM
THINKING A YOUNG SAILOR LAD COULD DO TO HER NO HARM
WELL I HUGGED HER AND I KISSED HER THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG
TILL SHE WISHED THE SHORT NIGHT HAD BEEN SEVEN YEARS LONG

CHORUS

WELL, EARLY NEXT MORNING THE SAILOR LAD AROSE
AND INTO MARY'S APRON THREW A HANDFUL OF GOLD
SAYING, "TAKE THIS, ME DEAR, FOR THE MISCHIEF THAT I'VE DONE
FOR TONIGHT I FEAR I'VE LEFT YOU WITH A DAUGHTER OR A SON"

CHORUS

WELL, IF IT BE A GIRL CHILD, SEND HER OUT TO NURSE
WITH GOLD IN HER POCKET AND WITH SILVER IN HER PURSE
AND IF IT BE A BOY CHILD HE'LL WEAR THE JACKET BLUE
AND GO CLIMBING UP THE RIGGING LIKE HIS DADDY USED TO DO

CHORUS

OH COME ALL OF YOU FAIR MAIDENS, A WARNING TAKE BY ME
AND NEVER LET A SAILOR LAD AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE
FOR I TRUSTED ONE AND HE BEGUILLED ME
HE LEFT ME WITH A PAIR OF TWINS TO DANGLE ON ME KNEE

CHORUS

HOME FROM THE SEA (C)

ON A COLD WINTERS NIGHT, WITH THE STORM AT ITS HEIGHT,
THE LIFEBOAT ANSWERED THE CALL,
THEY PITCHED AND THEY TOSSED, TILL THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE LOST,
AS WE WATCHED FROM THE HARBOUR WALL,
THOUGH THE NIGHT WAS PITCH BLACK, THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK,
FOR SOMEONE WAS WATCHING UP THERE,
BUT EACH VOLUNTEER, HAD TO LIVE WITH HIS FEAR,
AS THEY JOINED IN A SILENT PRAYER.

**AND CARRY US HOME, HOME, HOME FROM THE SEA
ANGELS OF MERCY ANSWER OUR PLEA,
AND CARRY US HOME, HOME, HOME FROM THE SEA,
CARRY US SAFELY HOME FROM THE SEA.**

AS THEY BATTLED THEIR WAY, PAST THE MOUTH OF THE BAY,
IT WAS BLOWING LIKE NEVER BEFORE,
AS THEY GALLANTLY FOUGHT, EVERY ONE OF THEM THOUGHT
OF LOVED ONES BACK ON THE SHORE,
THEN A FLICKER OF LIGHT, AND THEY KNEW THEY WERE RIGHT,
THERE SHE WAS ON THE CREST OF A WAVE,
SHE'S AN OLD FISHING BOAT, AND SHE'S BARELY AFLOAT,
PLEASE GOD THERE ARE SOULS WE CAN SAVE,

CHORUS

AND BACK IN THE TOWN, IN A STREET THAT RUNS DOWN,
TO THE SEA AND THE HARBOUR WALL,
THEY GATHERED IN PAIRS, AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS,
TO WAIT FOR THE RADIO CALL,
AND JUST BEFORE DAWN, WHEN ALL HOPE HAD GONE,
CAME A HUSH AND A FARAWAY SOUND,
T'WAS THE COX'N HE ROARED, "ALL SURVIVORS ON BOARD",
THANK GOD WE ARE HOMEWARD BOUND,

**TO CARRY THEM HOME, HOME, HOME FROM THE SEA,
ANGELS OF MERCY ANSWER OUR PLEA,
AND CARRY THEM HOME, HOME, HOME FROM THE SEA,
CARRY THEM SAFELY HOME, HOME FROM THE SEA.**

HOMeward BOUND (G)

WELL WE SET SAIL FROM JAMAICA WITH A BELLY FULL OF SPICE
OUR HEADS WAS FILLED WITH THE BLOOD WE'D SPILLED AND OUR BEDS WAS FILLED
WITH LICE
WE WERE THREE AND FORTY SAILORS WITH NOT A WOMAN TO BE FOUND
BUT THE CABIN BOY WAS A HANDSOME LAD AND HE NEVER WORE A FROWN

CHORUS

**HEAVE AWAY ME BOYS AND DON'T LOOK BACK
THOUGH THE WAVES ARE CRASHING DOWN
WHEN I HEAR YOUR BONES BEND AND CRACK
I'LL KNOW WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND**

WE WERE TEN DAYS OUT OF KINGSTON WITH A HUNDRED MORE TO GO
WHEN THE THUNDER CRASHED AND THE LIGHTNING FLASHED AND A GALE BEGAN TO
BLOW
THE BOSUN'S FEARS WERE GROWING WHEN THE SHIP JUST UP AND DIED
SAID THE CAPTAIN I'LL KISS EVERY MAN IF WE REACH THE OTHER SIDE

CHORUS

WHEN THE STORM WAS FAR BEHIND US THERE WERE THREE MEN LEFT ALIVE
THE GOOD CAPTAIN, ME AND TO MAKE US THREE THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY
AND WHEN WE SAILED INTO THE HARBOUR WE WERE MET BY FORTY WIVES
BUT TO MY RELIEF WE CONSOLED THEIR GRIEF WITH A LOAD OF FUCKING LIES

CHORUS X 2

HOPETOUN HEY YA (D^m)

By Gary Greenwald

SEEKING ADVENTURE TO SEA I DID ROAM HEY YA HEY YA
THE MIGHTY GREAT OCEAN BECAME MY NEW HOME HEY YA HEY YA
MY HANDS RED RAW WITH A HAULING ON ROPES HEY YA HEY YA
HARD WORK BAD PAY KILLED OFF ALL OF MY HOPES HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

**HEAVE, HAUL STAMP AND GO
BLOODY HARD WORK IS ALL YOU KNOW
DIG, LIFT, SWING THAT AXE
DAYLIGHTS BURNING I CAN'T RELAX
HEY YA HEY YA
HEH YA HEY YA**

A MAN FOUND GOLD IN THE KUNDIN CREEK HEY YA HEY YA
I LEFT THE SHIP MY FORTUNE TO SEEK HEY YA HEY YA
BROKE MY BACK PANNING DAWN TILL DUSK HEY YA HEY YA
NEVER DID FIND ANY SWEET GOLD DUST HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

GOT A JOB ON THE JETTY JUST TO BUY SOME FOOD HEY YA HEY YA
SWEATING ALL DAY FOR NO GRATITUDE HEY YA HEY YA
BUILDING OUT THE QUAY TO TAKE MORE SHIPS HEY YA HEY YA
JUST MEANS BIGGER STUFF FOR ME TO LIFT HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

SO I GOT ME A JOB LAYING TRACK FOR THE TRAIN HEY YA HEY YA
WRECKING MY BODY WITH ALL THE STRAIN HEY YA HEY YA
HACKING THROUGH BUSH AND WADING THROUGH BOG HEY YA HEY YA
PAID BUGGER ALL AN WORKING LIKE A DOG HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

WENT A DIGGING FOR COPPER IN THE RAVENSTHORPE MINE HEY YA HEY YA
BREATHING IN DIRT LIVING BORROWED TIME HEY YA HEY YA
CAN'T TELL EVEN WHEN IT'S NIGHT OR DAY HEY YA HEY YA
RISKING MY LIFE FOR TERRIBLE PAY HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

FOUND MYSELF A JOB FARMING ON THE LAND HEY YA HEY YA
FELLING TREES, DIGGING ROOTS, ALL DONE BY HAND HEY YA HEY YA
SCRATCHING THIN SOIL UNDER A BAKING SUN HEY YA HEY YA
OLD BEFORE MY TIME, JUST ABOUT DONE HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

THEN IN THE YEAR OF TWENTY NINE HEY YA HEY YA
DEPRESSION HIT HOPETOUN AND CLOSED THE MINE HEY YA HEY YA
SHIPS STOPPED COMING AND FARMS EMPTY HEY YA HEY YA
STARVATION TOOK WHAT WAS LEFT OF ME HEY YA HEY YA

CHORUS

HOIST UP THE THING (D)

FRESH OUT OF COLLEGE WITH GRADES STRAIGHT FROM HELL
I BROWSED FOR A TRADE AT WHICH I COULD EXCEL
AN AD FOR A SHIP IN NEED OF SOME MANNING
MEN, SAILS, AND PURPOSE, BUT LACKING A CAPTAIN
WHAT LUCK, SAYS I, TO FIND SUCH GOOD FORTUNE
A FEW WHITE LIES LATER, I RAN DOWN THE PIER
BOUGHT ME A COAT AND A CUTLASS OR TWO
JUMPED ON THE DECK, AND I YELLED AT THE CREW

CHORUS

**HOIST UP THE THING! BATTEN DOWN THE WHATSIT!
WHAT'S THAT THING SPINNING? SOMEBODY SHOULD STOP IT!
TURN HARD TO PORT! (THAT'S NOT PORT?) NOW I'VE GOT IT!
TRUST ME, I'M IN CONTROL!**

I CAN'T SING THE SHANTIES, IT HAS TO BE SAID
AND ALL OF THAT GROG JUST GOES RIGHT TO MY HEAD
WHALE MEAT IS GROSS, AND I MISS A GIRL'S LAUGH
FIVE WEEKS AT SEA, EVEN DAVE SEEMS A CATCH!

CHORUS

WE'VE HIT ICY WATERS, NO LAND TO BE SEEN
THE FOOD'S GETTING LOW, AND THE BEER HAS GONE GREEN
THERE'S MURMURS OF DISCONTENT UNDER THE DECK
IF I DON'T ACT FAST, IT COULD BE MY NECK!
SO PULL UP THE CHARTS AND THOSE WEIRD GOLD MACHINES
I SEE WHAT IT SAYS, BUT NO CLUE WHAT IT MEANS!
JUST PULL ON SOME LEVERS AND YANK ON SOME CHAINS
FEIGN A BAD BACK TIL' WE'VE LANDED AGAIN

CHORUS X 4

I NEVER KNEW HER NAME (D)

By Mal Hatwell

I SAILED AWAY A CABIN BOY, WHEN I WAS JUST FIFTEEN
OVERSEAS TO FOREIGN LANDS, PLACES I'D NEVER BEEN.
I MET A LOT OF PRETTY GIRLS, I LOVED AND LEFT BEHIND.
NOW THEY ARE ALL LIKE SHADOWS, ON THE OCEANS OF MY MIND.

CHORUS

**THOUGH, AS THE MEMORIES FADE AWAY, THERE'S ONE THAT WILL REMAIN.
I LOVED A GIRL IN ALBANY, - THOUGH I NEVER KNEW HER NAME.**

THOUGH ONE GIRL PALED THE SUNLIGHT, HER DEEP BROWN SPARKLING EYES,
SHONE LIKE TWO BRIGHT DIAMONDS, UP AGAINST THE DAY'S BLUE SKIES
AND LOOSELY, ON HER SHOULDERS, ALL SMOOTH AND BROWN AND BARE,
CASCADED DOWN THE TRESSES, OF HER SOFT AND FLAXEN HAIR.

CHORUS

THAT DAY WILL LAST FOREVER, HOW WE LOVED, WITHOUT A CARE.
UNTIL THE GOLDEN RAYS OF DAWN CREPT THROUGH THE WARM SALT AIR.
ALL SHE KNEW ABOUT ME WAS THAT FROM THE SEA I CAME.
AND DEEP INSIDE, THE HARBOUR CALLED, AND I WENT BACK AGAIN

CHORUS

I WED A GIRL FROM NORFOLK, THREE CHILDREN WE DID HOLD.
NOW I TELL THEIR CHILDREN, 'BOUT THE SAILING DAYS OF OLD.
I TELL THEM HOW WE PLIED THE TRADES, AND SAILED AROUND THE HORN.
AND HOW A HALF OUR CREW WE LOST, IN A RAGING NORTH SEA STORM.

CHORUS

MY DARLING WIFE, SHE SOFTLY, PASSED AWAY FROM ME LAST SPRING
MY CHILDREN THEY NOW CARE FOR ME, WITH LOVE AND EVERYTHING.
AND IF MY CHILDREN ASK ME, I MIGHT TELL THEM WITHOUT SHAME,
HOW I LOVED A GIRL IN ALBANY, - BUT I NEVER KNEW HER NAME.

CHORUS

ICY ACRES (G)

FARE YE WELL, YE ICY ACRES
FARE YE WELL, YE WHALING GROUNDS
FARE YE WELL, YE BANKS OF GREENLAND
WEARY WHALERS HOMEWARD BOUND

HOMeward BREEZES ROUND US BLOSSOM
WHERE THE OAK AND THE APPLE GROWS
GOD FORGOT THE GREEN IN GREENLAND
HE MADE THE FLOWERS OF ICE AND SNOW

CHORUS
FARE YE WELL, YE ICY ACRES
FARE YE WELL, YE WHALING GROUNDS
FARE YE WELL, YE BANKS OF GREENLAND
WEARY WHALERS HOMEWARD BOUND

HOME WHERE GRASSES LACE THE WILLOW
WHERE THE RIVER'S RUNNING FREE
AND THE WATERS SWEETLY FLOWING
TURNS TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA
CHORUS

SIX LONG MONTHS WE'VE BEEN A-HUNTING
THROUGH A HELL OF FROZEN FLAME
NOW OUR HEARTS LIKE SAILS ARE BILLOWING
AS WE TURN FOR HOME AGAIN

CHORUS X 2:

Finishing with:

WEARY WHALERS
HOMeward BOUND

IRISH ROVER (A)

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIX
WE SET SAIL FROM THE SWEET COBH OF CORK
WE WERE SAILING AWAY WITH A CARGO OF BRICKS
FOR THE GRAND CITY HALL IN NEW YORK
'T WAS AN ELEGANT CRAFT, SHE WAS RIGGED FORE AND AFT
AND HOW THE WILD WIND DROVE HER
SHE COULD STAND A GREAT BLAST IN HER TWENTY SEVEN MASTS
AND WE CALLED HER THE IRISH ROVER

CHORUS

**WE HAD ONE MILLION BAGS OF THE BEST SLIGO RAGS
WE HAD TWO MILLION BARRELS OF STONES
WE HAD THREE MILLION SIDES OF OLD BLIND HORSES HIDES
WE HAD FOUR MILLION BARRELS OF BONES
WE HAD FIVE MILLION HOGS, SIX MILLION DOGS
WE HAD SEVEN MILLION BARRELS OF PORTER
WE HAD EIGHT MILLION BALES OF OLD NANNY GOAT TAILS
IN THE HOLD OF THE IRISH ROVER**

THERE WAS BARNEY MCGEE FROM THE BANKS OF THE LEE
THERE WAS HOGAN FROM COUNTY TYRONE
THERE WAS JOHNNY MCGUIRK WHO WAS SCARED STIFF OF WORK
AND A CHAP FROM WESTMEATH CALLED MALONE
THERE WAS SLUGGER O'TOOLE WHO WAS DRUNK AS A RULE
AND FIGHTING BILL TRACY FROM DOVER
AND YOUR MAN MICK MCCANN FROM THE BANKS OF THE BANN

CHORUS

WE HAD SAILED SEVEN YEARS WHEN THE MEASELS BROKE OUT
AND OUR SHIP LOST IT'S WAY IN THE FOG
THEN THE WHOLE OF THE CREW WAS REDUCED DOWN TO TWO
JUST MYSELF AND THE CAPTAIN'S OLD DOG
THE SHIP STRUCK A ROCK, LORD WHAT A SHOCK
THE BOAT, IT WAS FLIPPED RIGHT OVER
TURNED NINE TIMES AROUND AND THE POOR OLD DOG WAS DROWNED
I'M THE LAST OF THE IRISH ROVER

CHORUS

JAKY'S GIN (C)

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I WAS LEAD ASTRAY
I MET WITH A BODY DOWN IN LOGY BAY
WE WENT OUT IN A WEATHER, WE WORE OUT OUR SHOES
AND UP KINGSWAY ROAD FOR A DRINK OR TWO

CHORUS

DRINK 'ER UP BOYS ITS WELL AFTER TEN!
DRINK 'ER UP BOYS ITS WELL AFTER TEN!

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT THE PINKY IS FINE
OTHERS WILL SWEAR BY A DROP OF MOONSHINE
BUT AS FOR MYSELF I'M A BOTTLE OF EACH
MIXED IN WITH A GALLON OF DIPPER OR SCREECH

CHORUS

IT'S THE OLD SHAVIN' LOTION THATS MADE ME THIS WAY
SWEETER THAN PEPSI AND STRONGER THAN TEA
AND WHEN IN THE EVENING WHEN WE'RE FEELING FINE
WE'LL STOP INTO JAKY'S FOR ICON AND SHINE

CHORUS

ITS THE OLD SHAVIN' LOTION THATS MADE ME THIS WAY
SWEETER THAN PEPSI AND STRONGER THAN TEA
AND WHEN IN THE MORNING WHEN I'M FEELING ROUGH
I CURSE OL' JAKY WHO SOLD ME THIS STUFF

CHORUS

JAMAICA FAREWELL (C)

DOWN THE WAY
WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE GAY
AND THE SUN SHINES DAILY ON THE MOUNTAINTOP
I TOOK A TRIP ON A SAILING SHIP
AND WHEN I REACHED JAMAICA I MADE A STOP

CHORUS

**BUT I'M SAD TO SAY I'M ON MY WAY
WON'T BE BACK FOR MANY A DAY
MY HEART IS DOWN
MY HEAD IS TURNING AROUND
I HAD TO LEAVE A PRETTY GIRL IN KINGSTON TOWN**

DOWN AT THE MARKET YOU CAN HEAR
LADIES CRY OUT WHILE ON THEIR HEADS THEY BEAR
ACKEE, RICE, SALTFISH ARE NICE
AND THE RUM IS FINE ANY TIME OF YEAR

CHORUS

SOUNDS OF LAUGHTER EVERYWHERE
AND THE DANCING GIRLS SWING TO AND FRO
I MUST DECLARE MY HEART IS THERE
THOUGH I'VE BEEN FROM MAINE TO MEXICO

CHORUS

DOWN THE WAY
WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE GAY
AND THE SUN SHINES DAILY ON THE MOUNTAINTOP
I TOOK A TRIP ON A SAILING SHIP
AND WHEN I REACHED JAMAICA I MADE A STOP

CHORUS x2

IT'S JUST ANOTHER GALE (G)

By Mal Hatwell

THEY SAILED TO WHERE THE SUN DID SET, THERE WAS NO LAND IN SIGHT
THE WEATHER'S FAIR, OLD BOB'S ALOFT, THEY ROLL INTO THE NIGHT
THOUGH THEIR SHIP'S AN OLD ONE, SHE'S SAILED CALM SEAS AND ROUGH
ONE AND ALL THEY'RE HARDY MEN, FOR YEARS THEY'VE DONE IT TOUGH

**UP THE RATLIN'S, UP WE GO, TAKE CARE ME BOYS! THE CALL.
TREAD THE FOOT-ROPES ! REEF THE ROYALS! ITS JUST ANOTHER SQUALL.
WE'VE SEEN THE BEST OF THESE ME BOYS, AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE
SO TAKE NO NOTICE, DO YOUR JOB, ITS JUST ANOTHER GALE....**

THE DAWN IS JUST THREE HOURS AWAY, AND ROUGH THEIR SHIP DOES RIDE
THE WATCH THEY ONLY SEE JET BLACK, THERE ARE NO STARS TO GUIDE
THE STORM IT STRIKES AS IF FROM HELL, THE OCEAN TURNS TO FOAM
AVAST! AVAST! GOES OUT THE CRY, THE MEN ALL THINK OF HOME

CHORUS

RIGGING SCREAMS AND TIMBERS CREAK, SPRAY CUTS LIKE A WHETTED KNIFE
ACROSS THE DECKS THE SEAS RUN GREEN, THEY FIGHT TO SAVE THEIR LIFE
THERE'S BREAKS AHEAD! THE LOOKOUT CRIES! HARD PORT HELM AND WE'LL CLEAR
THE HELMSMAN DOESN'T HEAR THE CRY, AHEAD THE SHIP DOES STEER...

CHORUS

THEN LIFTED ON A MIGHTY SWELL, THEY SEE THE REEF AHEAD
AND ON THEY FORGE AT BREAKNECK SPEED, MY GOD! THEY CRY, WE'RE DEAD
THE SHIP SHE RUNS UPON THE REEF, CREW SWEEPED OFF IN THE SWELL
THEY WENT BELOW TO DAVY JONES, YOU STILL CAN HEAR THEM YELL

**UP THE RATLIN'S, UP YOU GO, TAKE CARE ME BOYS! THE CALL.
TREAD THE FOOT-ROPES ! REEF THE ROYALS! IT'S JUST ANOTHER SQUALL
WE'VE SEEN THE BEST OF THESE ME BOYS, AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE
SO TAKE NO NOTICE, DO YOUR JOB
TAKE NO NOTICE, DO YOUR JOB
TAKE NO NOTICE, DO YOUR JOB
IT'S JUST ANOTHER GALE....**

THE JOHN B'S SAILS

WE COME ON THE SLOOP JOHN B.,
MY GRANDFATHER AND ME,
AROUND NASSAU TOWN WE DID ROAM.
DRINKING ALL NIGHT,
GOT INTO A FIGHT,
WELL, I FEEL SO BREAK UP,
I WANT TO GO HOME.

CHORUS

SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B'S SAILS,
SEE HOW THE MAINSAIL SETS,
CALL FOR THE CAPTAIN ASHORE,
LET ME GO HOME,
LET ME GO HOME,
I WANT TO GO HOME, (YEAH YEAH)
WELL, I FEEL SO BREAK UP,
I WANT TO GO HOME.

THE FIRST MATE, HE GOT DRUNK,
AND BROKE UP THE PEOPLE'S TRUNK,
THE CONSTABLE HAD TO COME AND TAKE HIM AWAY.
SHERIFF JOHN STONE,
WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? (YEAH YEAH)
WELL, I FEEL SO BREAK UP,
I WANT TO GO HOME.

CHORUS

THE POOR COOK HE CAUGHT THE FITS,
AND THREW AWAY ALL MY GRITS,
AND THEN HE TOOK AND HE ATE UP ALL OF MY CORN.
I WANNA GO HOME,
WHY DON'T THEY LET ME GO HOME? (YEAH YEAH)
OH, THIS IS THE WORST TRIP SINCE I'VE BEEN BORN.

CHORUS

WE SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE SLOOP JOHN B.,
ALL OF MY MATES AND ME.
THEN WE WENT ASHORE AND WAVED IT AWAY,
I'M SO GLAD I GOT HOME,
OH, I'LL NEVER MORE ROAM.
I DON'T FEEL SO BREAK UP,
I FINALLY GOT HOME.

CHORUS

JOHN KANAKA

I HEARD, I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY, HEY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
TODAY IS A HOLIDAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
TURA YAY, OH, TURA YAY,
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,

WE'LL WORK TOMORROW, BUT NOT TODAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
WE'LL WORK TOMORROW, BUT NOT TODAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
TURA YAY, OH, TURA YAY,
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,

WE'RE BOUT AWAY FROM FRISKO BAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
WE'RE BOUT AWAY THE BREAK OF DAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
TURA YAY, OH, TURA YAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,

HAL AWAY, OH HAL AWAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
OH HAL AWAY AND EARN YOUR PAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY,
TURA YAY, OH, TURA YAY
JOHN KANAKA KANAKA TURA YAY.

JOLI ROUGE (A^m)

FROM FRANCE WE GET THE BRANDY
FROM MARTINIQUE THE RUM
SWEET RED CABERNET
FROM ITALY DOES COME
BUT THE FAIREST OF 'EM ALL, ME BOYS
THE ONE TO BEAT THE DAY
IS MADE FROM APPLES
UP THE MIGHTY SAGUENAY

SO, FOLLOW ME LADS
'CAUSE THIS 'AIN'T NO GROG OR ALE
ONE PINT DOWN YOU'LL BE SWINGIN' IN THE GALE
FIVE PINTS BULLY, YOU'LL BE SHAKIN' IN YOUR SHOES
WE'RE HALF-SEAS OVER ON THE JOLI ROUGE

SHE'S CALLED THE DREADNOUGHT CIDER
SHE'S PROPER AND SHE'S FINE
AND WHEN THE DAY IS OVER
SURE, I WISH THAT SHE WERE MINE
OR IN THE DARK OF WINTER, OR ON A SUMMER'S EVE
ONE HAND GIVETH AND THE OTHER DOTH RECEIVE

SO TURN YOUR SAILS OVER
AND BRING HER HARD TO PORT
FIND THAT LITTLE STAR AND FLY
STRAIGHT INTO THE NORTH
THE WILD SUN UPON YOUR BACK
THE WIND A-BLOWING FREE
YOU'RE ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER BOYS
TO OLD CHICOUTIMI

SO YOU CAN HAVE A MAGNERS
AND POUR IT OVER ICE
OR YOU CAN HAVE A STRONGBOW
IF IT'S SADNESS THAT YOU LIKE
OR JOIN US UP THE RIVER
AND WE'LL SET YOUR HEART AGLOW
AND HOW YOU'LL FEEL
WHEN THE REAL CIDER STARTS TO FLOW

JOLLY ROLLY DINKY DI (D)

By Barry Longworth

TWO WEEKS OFF AND AWAY WE GO
WITH A JOLLY ROLLY DINKY DI
LEAVE THE SEALERS CAMP WE KNOW
WITH A JOLLY ROLLY DINKY DI

CHORUS

SO ROW ME LADS, DIG DEEP ME LADS
PULL HARD ME LADS, NO SLEEP ME LADS
WE'LL MAKE LANDFALL BY OPENING TIME
WITH A JOLLY ROLLY DINKY DI

WE'LL EAT LIKE KINGS AND DANCE LIKE FOOLS
TAUNT THE COPPERS AND BREAK THE RULES
CHORUS

WE'LL ROUSE A RABBLE, WE'LL SING AND SHOUT
WITH WHISKEY, BRANDY, ALE AND STOUT
CHORUS

ALBANY GIRLS THEY LOOK SO FINE
I'LL HAVE YOURS AND YOU'LL HAVE MINE
CHORUS

AND WHEN WE'RE DONE THEY'LL WAVE GOODBYE
WITH OUR MONEY IN THEIR POCKETS AND A TEAR IN THEIR EYE
CHORUS

THEN BACK TO THE ISLANDS WE WILL ROW
BACK TO THE WORTHIES AND THE SEAL CLUBS BLOW
CHORUS

SO ROW ME LADS, DIG DEEP ME LADS
PULL HARD ME LADS, NO SLEEP ME LADS
WE'LL MAKE LANDFALL BY OPENING TIME
WITH A JOLLY ROLLY DINKY D
I

THE JOLLY ROSIE PIPKIN

By Mal Hatwell

IN LIVERPOOL THERE'S A CRAFT BEEN MOORED FOR ONE AND TWENTY YEARS
AND AT THE MENTION OF HER NAME ALL SAILORS GIVE THREE CHEERS

REFRAIN

**SHE WAS BUILT FOR THE BRAVE THE CREWS ALL SAY
THE WEAK CAN NEVER BOARD HER**

SHE'S NAY A BARQUE, NOR CLIPPER, NOR A NORTH SEA WHALER BOLD
BUT MORE A COAL HULK RUN AGROUND THAT'S GETTING PRETTY OLD

CHORUS

**HER BEAM IS WIDE AND HER DECK IS TOUGH
SHE WILL SMOOTH YOUR RIDE WHEN THE SWELL GETS ROUGH
THOUGH ONCE ABOARD IS ONCE ENOUGH
SHE'S THE JOLLY ROSIE PIPKIN**

EVERY SHIP THAT BIRTHS ME LADS THEIR CREW CHECKS HER FREEBOARD
THEN AFTER DRINKIN' HALF THE NIGHT THEY WANT TO TAKE HER SEAWARD

REFRAIN

THEY BRING ALONG THEIR DITTY BAGS WITH MONEY THEY'VE BEEN HIDIN'
AND HOPE THAT WHEN THEY DISEMBARK THERE'S SOMETHING LEFT TO TIDE 'EM

CHORUS

HER FIGUREHEAD'S NOT A PRETTY SIGHT THAT FILLS YOU WITH DESIRE
THOUGH YOU NEVER LOOK AT A MANTLE WHEN YOU'RE STOKIN' UP A FIRE

REFRAIN

HER PORT SIDE LAMP IS ALWAYS LIT FOR NIGHTTIME NAVIGATION
HELPS DRUNKEN SAILORS GET ABOARD AND FIND THEIR WORKIN' STATION

CHORUS

WHEN YOU REACH HER FORE DECK LADS, YOU'LL FIND NO TIME FOR SLUMPIN'
NO BOSUN THERE TO MAKE YOU WORK YOU DRAW YOUR OWN TRICKS PUMPIN'

REFRAIN

SO SCRAMBLE UP HER RATLINES BULLIES CAST HER SHEETS ALOFT
THEN LEAP UP ON HER POOP DECK JUST TO CHECK HER HELM IS SOFT

CHORUS

OH STORE YOUR CARGO FORE OR AFT ONCE YOU'RE ABOARD AND JIGGIN'
OR FLICK IT UP HER MAIN YARD ARMS OR HANG IT FROM HER RIGGIN'

REFRAIN

HER BOLLARDS RISE LIKE A MOUNTAIN RANGE UP FROM HER GRUBBY DECKS
JUST NAVIGATE AROUND THEM LADS, DON'T TRIP AND BREAK YOUR NECKS

CHORUS

AND LAD AT NIGHT TAKE CARE ON DECK, SHE HAS A MIGHTY HOLD
AND MANY GOOD MEN LAY THERE LOST I'VE HEARD THE STORIES TOLD

REFRAIN

THEN WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED ON YOUR WATCH, YOUR JOURNEY'S AT AN END
YOU SHOULDN'T NEED THAT ONE MORE PULL YOUR JOB IS DONE MY FRIEND !

JOLLY ROVING TAR (G)

WELL HERE WE ARE WE'RE BACK AGAIN SAFE UPON THE SHORE
IN BELFAST TOWN WE'D LIKE TO STAY AND GO TO SEA NO MORE
WE'LL GO INTO A PUBLIC HOUSE AND DRINK TILL WE'RE CONTENT
FOR THE LASSIES THEY WILL LOVE US TILL OUR MONEY IS ALL SPENT

CHORUS

**SO PASS THE FLOWIN' BOWL BOYS THERE'S WHISKY IN THE JAR
AND WE'LL DRINK TO ALL THE LASSIES AT THE JOLLY ROVING TAR
SO PASS THE FLOWIN' BOWL BOYS THERE'S WHISKY IN THE JAR
AND WE'LL DRINK TO ALL THE LASSIES AT THE JOLLY ROVING TAR**

OH JOHNNY DID YA MISS ME WHEN THE NIGHTS WERE LONG AND COLD
OR DID YOU FIND ANOTHER LOVE IN YOUR ARMS TO HOLD
SAYS HE "I THOUGHT OF ONLY YOU WHILE ON THE SEA AFAR
SO COME UP THE STAIRS AND CUDDLE WITH YOUR JOLLY ROVING TAR"

CHORUS

WELL IN EACH OTHERS ARMS THEY RODE TILL THE BREAK OF DAY
WHEN THE SAILOR ROSE AND SAID "FAREWELL I MUST BE ON ME WAY"
"AH DON'T YA LEAVE ME JOHNNY LAD, I THOUGHT YOU'D MARRY ME"
"SAYS HE "I CAN'T GET MARRIED FOR I'M MARRIED TO THE SEA!"

CHORUS

WELL COME ON YOU BUDDY LASSIES NOW, A WARNING TAKE BY ME
NEVER TRUST AN IRISHMAN AN INCH ABOVE YOUR KNEE
HE'LL TEASE YOU AND HE'LL PLEASE YOU BUT WHEN HE'S HAD HIS FUN
HE'LL LEAVE YOU IN THE MORNING WITH A DAUGHTER OR A SON

CHORUS

(X3)

KNOCK 'EM DOWN (G)

By Mal Hatwell

WE WERE ALL SHANGHAIED FROM A DOCKSIDE BAR
KNOCK 'EM DOWN AND ROLL 'EM BOYS
KNOCKED OUT COLD WITH A DAMNED GREAT SPAR
YAH! KNOCK 'EM DOWN AND ROLL 'EM
WOKE UP SORE ON THIS CREAKING TUB
KNOCK 'EM DOWN AND ROLL 'EM BOYS
TO DAMNED HARD WORK AND ROTTEN GRUB
YAH! KNOCK 'EM DOWN AND ROLL 'EM

I'M DAMNED FED UP WITH THIS SEAMAN'S LIFE.
WISH I WAS HOME WITH MY SWEET YOUNG WIFE.
BY NOW SHE'LL HAVE SOME OTHER JACK,
ROLLIN' WARM IN OUR WEDDING SACK.

THE FIRST MATE'S ALWAYS ROLLIN' DRUNK
AND HE PASSES WIND LIKE A STINKIN' SKUNK
HIS SEA CHEST REEKS OF RUM AND GROG
AND HE CROAKS OUT ORDERS LIKE A FROG
CHORUS

'BOUT THE GIRLS OUR COX'N DOESN'T CARE
HE SHOWS HIS WARES FROM A TAVERN CHAIR
THE GIRLS ALL SHRIEK WITH PURE DELIGHT
AND TAKE HIM WITH THEM FOR THE NIGHT.
CHORUS

OUR CAPTAIN, THOUGH HE'S SELDOM SEEN
STROLLS ON THE DECK IN SUITS SO CLEAN
OUR PANTS THEY STINK FROM LACK OF SOAP
AND WE LASH THEM UP WITH WORN OUT ROPE
CHORUS

THREE YEARS ABOARD THIS LOUSY TUB
WHEN WE DOCK HOME, I'LL BUY A PUB
ME SHIPMATES I'LL LET DRINK FOR FREE
WHEN THEY COME HOME SAFELY FROM THE SEA!
CHORUS

I'M DAMNED FED UP WITH THIS SEAMAN'S LIFE.
WISH I WAS HOME WITH MY SWEET YOUNG WIFE.
BY NOW SHE'LL HAVE SOME OTHER JACK
(COUNT 1,2)
YAH! KNOCK 'EM DOWN AND ROLL 'EM!

THE LAST SHANTY (F)

WELL ME FATHER OFTEN TOLD ME WHEN I WAS JUST A LAD
A SAILOR'S LIFE WAS VERY HARD, THE FOOD WAS ALWAYS BAD
BUT NOW I'VE JOINED THE NAVY, I'M ABOARD A MAN-O-WAR
AND NOW I'VE FOUND A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR ANY MORE

CHORUS

**DON'T HAUL ON THE ROPE, DON'T CLIMB UP THE MAST
IF YOU SEE A SAILING SHIP IT MIGHT BE YOUR LAST
JUST GET YOUR CIVIES READY FOR ANOTHER RUN ASHORE
A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR, AIN'T A SAILOR ANYMORE**

WELL THE KILLOCK OF OUR MESS HE SAYS WE'VE HAD IT SOFT
IT WASN'T LIKE THIS IN HIS DAY WHEN HE WAS UP ALOFT
WE LIKE OUR BUNKS AND SLEEPING BAGS, BUT WHAT'S A HAMMOCK FOR?
SWINGING FROM THE DECKHEAD, OR LYING ON THE FLOOR?

CHORUS

WELL THEY GAVE US AN ENGINE THAT FIRST WENT UP AND DOWN
THEN WITH MORE TECHNOLOGY THE ENGINE WENT AROUND
WE KNOW OUR STEAM AND DIESEL BUT WHAT'S A MAINYARD FOR?
A STOKER AIN'T A STOKER WITH A SHOVEL ANYMORE.

CHORUS

WELL THEY GAVE US ALDISS LAMP SO WE COULD DO IT RIGHT
THEY GAVE US A RADIO, WE SIGNED DAY AND NIGHT
WE KNOW OUR CODES AND CYPHERS BUT WHAT'S A SEMAPHORE?
A BUNTING-TOSSER DOESN'T TOSS THE BUNTING ANYMORE

CHORUS

TWO CANS OF BEER A DAY AND THAT'S YOUR BLEEDING LOT
NOW WE GET AN EXTRA ONE BECAUSE THEY'VE STOPPED THE TOT
SO WE'LL PUT ON OUR CIVIE CLOTHES AND FIND A PUB ASHORE
A SAILOR'S STILL A SAILOR JUST LIKE HE WAS BEFORE

CHORUS

LEAVE HER JOHNNY (C)

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY
LEAVE HER JOHNNY LEAVE HER,
TOMORROW YOU WILL GET YOUR PAY
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

CHORUS

OH LEAVE HER JOHNNY LEAVE HER,
OH LEAVE HER JOHNNY LEAVE HER,
FOR THE VOYAGE IS DONE, AND THE WINDS DON'T BLOW,
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

THE WIND DID BLOW AND THE SEAS RAN HIGH
SHE SHIPPED IT GREEN AND NONE WENT BY

CHORUS

I HATE TO SAIL ON THIS ROTTEN TUB
NO BOOZE ALLOWED AND ROTTEN GRUB

CHORUS

WE WORK BY ROTE FOR WANT OF MORE
BUT NOW WE'RE DONE AND WE'LL GO ONSHORE

CHORUS

OH LEAVE HER JOHNNY LEAVE HER,
OH LEAVE HER JOHNNY LEAVE HER,
FOR THE NIGHT IS O'ER, AND WE'RE READY FOR SHORE,
IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL (C)

FARE THEE WELL THE PRINCES LANDING STAGE,
RIVER, MERSEY FARE THEE WELL,
FOR I'M BOUND FOR CAL-IF-ORN-I-A(Y)
A PLACE THAT I KNOW RIGHT WELL

CHORUS

**SO FARE THEE WELL MY OWN TRUE LOVE,
WHEN I RETURN UNITED WE WILL BE,
IT'S NOT THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL THAT GRIEVES ME,
BUT ME DARLING WHEN I THINK OF THEE**

YES I'M BOUND FOR CAL-IF-ORN-I-A(Y),
BY WAY OF THE STORMY CAPE HORN,
BUT YOU KNOW I'LL WRITE TO YOU A LETTER MY LOVE,
WHEN I AM HOMEWARD BOUND

CHORUS ~ MUSICAL VERSE ~ CHORUS

I HAVE SHIPPED ON A YANKEE CLIPPER SHIP,
DAVY CROCKETT IS HER NAME,
AND HER CAPTAINS NAME IT IS BURGESS,
AND THEY SAY SHE'S A FLOATING SHAME.

CHORUS

ITS ME SECOND TRIP WITH BURGESS IN THE CROCKETT,
AND I RECKON I KNOW HIM WELL,
IF A MAN IS A SAILOR THEN HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT,
BUT IF NOT THEN HE'S SURE IN HELL.

CHORUS

OH THE TUG IS WAITING AT THE PIERHEAD
TO TAKE US DOWN THE STREAM
OUR SAILS ARE LOOSE AND THE ANCHOR IS STOWED
SO FARE THEE WELL AGAIN

CHORUS

FARE THEE WELL TO LOWER FREDERICK STREET,
ANSON TERRACE AND OLD PARK LANE,
FOR I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG LONG TIME,
BEFORE I SEE YOU AGAIN.

CHORUS X 2

THE LIFEBOAT MONA (A^m)

**REMEMBER DECEMBER '59
THE HOWLING WIND AND THE DRIVING RAIN
REMEMBER THE GALLANT MEN WHO DROWNED
ON THE LIFEBOAT MONA, WAS HER NAME**

THE WIND DID BLOW AND THE SEA ROSE UP
BEAT THE LAND WITH MIGHTY WAVES
AT St ANDREW'S BAY, THE LIGHTSHIP FOUGHT
THE SEA UNTIL HER MOORINGS GAVE
THE CAPTAIN, SIGNALLED TO THE SHORE
WE MUST HAVE HELP, OR WE'LL GO DOWN
FROM BROUGHTY FERRY AT 2am
THEY SENT THE LIFEBOAT, MONA OUT

CHORUS

EIGHT MEN FORMED THAT GALLANT CREW
THEY SET THEIR BOAT, AGAINST THE MAIN
THE WIND SO HARD, AND THE SEA SO ROUGH
THEY NEVER SEE LAND OR HOME AGAIN
THE HOURS WENT BY, AND THE MONA CALLED
THE WIND BLOWS HARD, AND THE SEA RUNS HIGH,
IN THE MORNING ON CARNOUSTIE BEACH
THE MONA, AND HER CREW DID LIE

CHORUS

FIVE LAY DROWNED IN THE CABIN THERE
TWO WERE WASHED UPON THE SHORE
EIGHT MEN DIED WHEN THE BOAT CAPSIZED
AND THE EIGHTH IS LOST FOR EVERMORE

CHORUS 2

**REMEMBER DECEMBER '59
THE HOWLING WIND AND THE DRIVING RAIN
THE MEN WHO LEAVE, THE LAND BEHIND
AND THE MEN WHO'LL NEVER SEE LAND AGAIN**

REPEAT CHORUS 2

THE LIFEBOAT PRAYER (D)

THOSE WHO VENTURE ON THE SEA
TO PLY THEIR TRADE UPON THE DEEP
THEY SAIL WITHIN FATES COUNTENANCE
AND PRAY THEIR GENTLE LIVES TO KEEP

CHORUS

**AND SHOULD I BE BESET BY GALE
LET ME NOT DRINK THE BITTEREST CUP
YET IF THE WIND AND WAVE PREVAIL
LET NOT THE DEEP SWALLOW ME UP
LET NOT THE DEEP SWALLOW ME UP**

WHEN THE CALL FOR RESCUE COMES
FROM THOSE ON PERIL ON THIS DAY
NO MATTER HOW THE STORM MAY ROAR
WE CANNOT TURN OUR HEADS AWAY

CHORUS

WE MUST GO WHERE WE ARE CALLED
THROUGH WIND AND RAIN THROUGH WAVE AND FOAM
TIS NOT FOR GLORY NOR FOR GOLD
WE BRING POOR SAILORS SAFELY HOME

CHORUS

WE ARE BUT LEAVES BEFORE THE WIND
WE ARE BUT MEN IN LOVE WITH LIFE
WE ARE AFRAID AS ANY MAN
TO VENTURE AGAINST THE OCEANS STRIFE

CHORUS

**AND SHOULD I BE BESET BY GALE
LET ME NOT DRINK THE BITTEREST CUP
YET IF THE WIND AND WAVE PREVAIL
LET NOT THE DEEP SWALLOW ME UP
LET NOT THE DEEP SWALLOW ME UP
LET NOT THE DEEP SWALLOW ME UP**

LONDON JULIES

CHORUS

JULIANA JULIANA OH WHERE DO YOU GO, (SOLO)

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

JULIANA JULIANA OH WHERE DO YOU GO, (DUO)

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

UP ALOFT UP ALOFT THIS YARD MUST GO,

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

UP ALOFT UP ALOFT THIS YARD MUST GO,

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

CHORUS

AND AROUND CAPE HORN THERE'S ICE AND SNOW,

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

BUT AROUND CAPE HORN WE ALL MUST GO

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

CHORUS

AND THE MATE IS A'BAWLIN' DOWN BELOW

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

SO HEAVE AWAY LASH UP AND STOW

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

CHORUS

JULIANA JULIANA OH WHERE DO YOU GO, (QUARTET)

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

JULIANA JULIANA OH WHERE DO YOU GO, (QUARTET)

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

JULIANA JULIANA OH WHERE DO YOU GO, (QUARTET)

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

JULIANA JULIANA OH WHERE DO YOU GO, (QUARTET)

AH HA ME LONDON JULIES

LOWLANDS AWAY (C)

I DREAMED A DREAM THE OTHER NIGHT,
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
I DREAMED A DREAM THE OTHER NIGHT,
LOWLANDS AWAY.

I DREAMED MY LOVE CAME IN MY SLEEP,
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
HER CHEEKS WERE WET; HER EYES DID WEEP.
LOWLANDS AWAY.

SHE CAME TO ME AS MY BEST BRIDE
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
ALL DRESSED IN WHITE LIKE SOME FAIR BRIDE.
LOWLANDS AWAY.

AND BRAVELY IN HER BOSOM FAIR,
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
A RED, RED ROSE, DID MY LOVE WEAR.
LOWLANDS AWAY.

NO SOUND SHE MADE - NO WORD SHE SAID,
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
AND THEN I KNEW MY LOVE WAS DEAD.
LOWLANDS AWAY.

I BOUND HER WREATH AROUND MY HEAD
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
FOR NOW I KNEW MY LOVE WAS DEAD
LOWLANDS AWAY.

AND THEN AWOKE TO HEAR THE CRY,
LOWLANDS, LOWLANDS, AWAY, MY JOHN.
"OH, WATCH ON DECK, OH, WATCH AHOY!"
LOWLANDS AWAY.

MAGGIE MAY (C)

CHORUS

OH MAGGIE MAGGIE MAY THEY HAVE TAKEN YOU AWAY
AND YOU'LL NEVER CRUISE DOWN YORK STREET ANY MORE
FOR YOU ROBBED SO MANY SAILORS
AND THE CAPTAINS OF THE WHALERS,
YOU DIRTY NO GOOD ROBBIN' MAGGIE MAY

NOW GATHER ROUND YOU SAILOR BOYS AND LISTEN TO MY PLEA
AND WHEN YOU DO I KNOW YOU'LL PITY ME.
I WAS A BLOODY FOOL IN THE TOWN OF ALBANY
ON THE FIRST TIME THAT I CAME HOME FROM THE SEA

CHORUS

WE WERE ALL PAID OUT YOU SEE IN THE TOWN OF ALBANY
AND FIVE POUND TEN A MONTH WELL THAT WAS ME
WITH A POCKET FULL OF TIN, I WAS VERY SOON LOOKED IN
BY THAT GIRL THAT HAD THE NAME OF MAGGIE MAY

CHORUS

OH, I DO WELL REMBER THE FIRST TIME THAT I SAW HER
SHE WAS CRUSIN' THE TOWN JETTY AT THE TIME.
SHE'D A FIGURE QUITE DIVINE LIKE A FRIGATE OF THE LINE
AND ME BEING A SAILOR I TOOK CHASE

CHORUS

IN THE MORNING WHEN I WOKE, I WAS FLAT N' STONY BROKE,
NO JACKET, TROUSERS, WAISTCOAT COULD I SEE
WHEN I ASKED HER WHERE THEY WERE SHE SAID KIND AND DEAR SIR
YOU COULD TRY THE WHITE STAR PAWN SHOP NUMBER THREE

CHORUS

TO THE PAWN SHOP I DID GO BUT MY CLOTHES I DID NOT FIND
AND THE POLICEMEN CAME AND TOOK THAT GIRL AWAY
THE JUDGE HE GUILTY FOUND HER FOR ROBBIN' A HOMEWARD BOUNDER
AND PAID HER PASSAGE BACK TO BOTANY BAY

CHORUS

THE MANDALAY (D^m)

By Peter Dawson

ON THE GOOD SHIP MANDALAY, AROUND THE CAPES OF LEEUWIN
STOOD 12 GOOD MEN AND BRAVE, WITH STORMY SEAS A' BREWIN
SOU'WESTER HOWLING WINTER MONTHS THE COLD IS BITING THROUGH
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK WE BOLD, CRIED THE BITTER CREW

CHORUS

ARE YOU WITH ME LADS?

WE'LL NOT LIVE TO TELL THE TALE

ARE YOU WITH ME LADS

WE'LL SOON BE JOINING JONAH'S WHALE

BUT IF WE ALL PULL HARD AND STAND AS ONE WE'LL LIVE TO SEE THE DAY,

IF WE ALL PULL HARD AND STAND AS ONE WE'LL LIVE TO SEE THE DAY

THE IRON BARQUE THE "MANDALAY" WAS SAILING FOR THE SOUND
IN SEARCH OF ORDERS EMPTY NOW, A LOAD THERE TO BE FOUND
PROVISION FOR THE WHALERS, PROVISION FOR THE TOWN
PROVISION FOR THE SHIPS AHOY, TO WORK, WERE OCEAN BOUND

CHORUS

AND SO IT WAS THE TALES TELL THE MANDALAY RUSHED ON
ACROSS THE TEETH A SOUTHERN GALE, A LEE SHORE URGED THEM ON
THEY RAN FOR SHELTER CHATHAM ISLAND, TONNESON MADE THE CALL
WE'LL LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY, YOU BRAVE MEN ONE AND ALL

CHORUS

THEY RAN AGROUND TWO HUNDRED OUT, WITH WAVES AS TALL AS TREES
THE EMPTY HOLD WAS FILLING FAST, THE SAILORS ON THEIR KNEES
THEN ABLE SEAMAN KNUTSON CALLED I'LL SWIM A ROPE TO SHORE
BUT THE BIG SEA SOON ENTANGLED HIM, AND HE COULD DO NO MORE

CHORUS

T'WAS THEN FRANK WARD STEPPED UP AND THREW HIMSELF INTO THE BAY
HE SAVED POOR KNUTSON AND THE ROPE AND THE CREW OF THE MANDALAY
AS ONE BY ONE THE SAILORS CRAWLED ACROSS THE BOILING SEA
TILL ALL TWELVE STOOD ON A LONELY BEACH WHERE THE SKIPPER CRIED T'ME

CHORUS

ARE YOU WITH ME LADS?

YES WE'LL LIVE TO TELL THE TALE

ARE YOU WITH ME LADS

WE'LL NOT BE JOINING JONAH'S WHALE

IF WE ALL PULL HARD AND STAND AS ONE WE'LL LIVE TO SEE THE DAY,

IF WE ALL PULL HARD AND STAND AS ONE WE'LL LIVE TO SEE THE DAY

THE OCEAN CLAIMED THE BOAT THAT DAY BUT NOT THE MEN ABOARD
THEY STOOD TOGETHER SAFE AS ONE ALL MEN SAFE ASHORE
THE NEW MOON SMILED BEHIND THE CLOUDS AS TWELVE MEN STOOD TO TELL
OF THE DAY THAT MADE MEN OF THEM ALL, ON THE DAY THAT NO MAN FELL

CHORUS X2

THE MARY ELLEN CARTER (G)

SHE WENT DOWN LAST OCTOBER IN A POURING DRIVING RAIN
THE SKIPPER, HE'D BEEN DRINKING AND THE MATE, HE FELT NO PAIN
TOO CLOSE TO THREE MILE ROCK AND SHE WAS DEALT HER MORTAL BLOW
AND THE MARY ELLEN CARTER SETTLED LOW

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

CHORUS 1:

RISE AGAIN, RISE AGAIN

THAT HER NAME NOT BE LOST TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF MEN

FOR THOSE WHO LOVED HER BEST AND WERE WITH HER 'TILL THE END

WE'LL MAKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN

THE OWNERS WROTE HER OFF, NOT A NICKEL WOULD BE SPENT
SHE GAVE TWENTY YEARS OF SERVICE, BOYS, THEN MET HER SORRY END
BUT INSURANCE PAID THE LOSS TO US, SO LET HER REST BELOW
THEN THEY LAUGHED AT US AND SAID WE HAD TO GO

BUT WE TALKED OF HER ALL WINTER, SOME DAYS AROUND THE CLOCK
SHE'S WORTH A QUARTER MILLION, AFLOAT AND AT THE DOCK
AND WITH EVERY JAR THAT HIT THE BAR, WE SWORE WE WOULD REMAIN
AND MAKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN

CHORUS 1

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

BUT WE PATCHED HER RENTS, STOPPED HER VENTS, DOGGED HATCH AND PORTHOLE DOWN
RAN CABLES TO HER, 'FORE AND AFT AND GIRDED HER AROUND
TOMORROW, NOON, WE HIT THE AIR AND THEN TAKE UP THE STRAIN
AND WATCH THE MARY ELLEN CARTER RISE AGAIN

CHORUS 1

FOR WE COULDN'T LEAVE HER THERE, YOU SEE, TO CRUMBLE INTO SCALE
SHE'D SAVED OUR LIVES SO MANY TIMES, LIVING THROUGH THE GALE
AND THE LAUGHING, DRUNKEN RATS WHO LEFT HER TO A SALTY GRAVE
THEY WON'T BE LAUGHING IN ANOTHER DAY

AND YOU, TO WHOM ADVERSITY HAS DEALT THE FINAL BLOW
WITH SMILING BASTARDS LYING TO YOU EVERYWHERE YOU GO
TURN TO, AND PUT OUT ALL YOUR STRENGTH OF ARM AND HEART AND BRAIN
AND LIKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER, RISE AGAIN

CHORUS 2:

RISE AGAIN, RISE AGAIN

THOUGH YOUR HEART MAY BE BROKEN AND LIFE ABOUT TO END

NO MATTER WHAT YOU'VE LOST, BE IT A HOME, A LOVE, A FRIEND

LIKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER, RISE AGAIN

CHORUS 1

REPEAT: LIKE THE MARY ELLEN CARTER, RISE AGAIN

THE MELBOURNE SHANTY

By Matthew Beamish

THE WATCH BELL SOUNDIN' FROM ME PHONE IT FILLS ME HEART WITH DREAD
I ROLL OUT OF ME HAMMOCK, BOYS, EXCEPT THAT IT'S ME BED
I KNOT A SHEEP SHANK IN ME TIE AND NEAR TAKE OFF ME HEAD
AND WHERE THE PORTHOLES SHOULD BE THERE'S A CITY VIEW INSTEAD

CHORUS:

**I SHOULD'VE BEEN A SAILOR, BOYS, AND SAILED ACROSS THE SEA
I'D DRINK ME RUM AND EAT ME PORK AND SUFFER DYSENTERY
I'M TYPIN' COPY AT ME DESK INSTEAD OF BEIN' FREE
SCREW THE BOSS, I'M OFF ME BOYS, A SAILOR'S LIFE FOR ME!**

I TOOK A CUE FROM CAPT'N HOOK AND BOUGHT M'SELF A CLOCK
I TOOK IT TO THE MELBOURNE ZOO AND FED IT TO A CROC
BUT SOME BUGGER CAUGHT ME NOW I'M SITTIN' IN THE DOCK
BEIN' PUBLICLY DEFENDED BY A WANKER IN A FROCK

CHORUS:

**I SHOULD'VE BEEN A SAILOR, BOYS, AND SAILED ACROSS THE SEA
I'D QUAFF ME BEER AND SLEEP WITH RATS WITH RICKETS IN ME KNEE
I'M COOLIN' OFF ME HEELS IN GAOL INSTEAD OF BEIN' FREE
STUFF THE LAW, I'M OFF ME BOYS, A SAILOR'S LIFE FOR ME!**

I TOOK M'SELF DOWN TO TH' DOCKS, A LATTE IN ME HAND
TO FIND M'SELF A CAPTAIN LET ME JOIN HIS MERRY BAND
I PULL M' GREATCOAT ROUND ME SO THAT THEY CAN SEE TH' BRAND
I HOPE THE BASTARDS LIKE IT, IT COST ME NEAR A GRAND

CHORUS:

**I SHOULD'VE BEEN A SAILOR BOYS, AND SAILED ACROSS THE SEA
I COULD'VE PUT UP WITH THE WAVES AND RAMPANT BUGGERY
I'M DRINKIN' COFFEE AT THE DOCKS INSTEAD OF BEIN' FREE
CRAM YOUR JOB, I'M OFF ME BOYS, A SAILORS LIFE FOR ME**

THE BLASTED DECK KEEPS SWAYIN' I'M ABOUT TO LOSE ME LUNCH
AND HAULIN' ON THE ROPES HAS GOT ME WALKIN' WITH A HUNCH
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M ON THIS SHIP I COULD BE HAVIN' BRUNCH
TRIED TO TELL THE CAPTAIN BUT HE DROPPED ME WITH A PUNCH

CHORUS:

**I'LL NEVER BE A SAILOR BOYS, AND SAIL ACROSS THE SEA
WOULD RATHER WATCH THE DOCUMENTARIES ON THE ABC
I'M SIPPIN' JUICE THE HOSPITAL PROVIDED TO ME FREE
TAKE YOUR SHIP AND SHOVE IT, THE HIPSTER LIFE FOR ME.**

THE MEN OF THE CHEYNES (G)

By Matthew Beamish

THE COLD WIND BLASTING ACROSS THE PIER

WE'RE BOUND WHERE LEVIATHAN PLAYS

AT FOUR IN THE MORN FOR THE SOUND WE'LL STEER

IN THE HUNT FOR THE SWEET WHALE OIL

CHORUS

AND WE WAIT FOR THE CRIES

THEN WE GO WHERE THE SPOTTER-PLANE FLIES

AND WE POINT OUR BOW TO THE SOUTHERN SEA

WE'RE THE HARD-BITTEN MEN OF THE CHEYNES

WHEN THE SUN'S O'HEAD WE'RE WELL AT SEA

AND PADDY'S GOT MORE WORK FOR ME

CHORUS

MICKEY SPOTS THEM FROM THE SKY

WITH A DIP OF THE WING AND THE RADIO CRY

CHORUS

PADDY HAULS HER HARD AWAY

WE'LL CHASE THAT POD NEAR HALF A DAY

CHORUS

"COMING UP, TWO LENGTHS AWAY"

PADDY'S AT THE GUN TODAY

CHORUS

A ROAR OF FLAME AND THE HARPOON'S HIT

"FAST FISH!" THEY CRY AND THE ENGINES QUIT

CHORUS

TWO MORE WE'LL TAKE IN THE SOUTHERN SEA

THEN WE'LL HAUL THEM BACK TO ALBANY

CHORUS

WE'LL SHAVE THE SISTERS TO THE PIER

LAST ONE BACK WILL BUY THE BEER

CHORUS x2

MINGULAY BOAT SONG (G)

HEEL YO HO, BOYS, LET HER GO, BOYS
SWING HER HEAD ROUND AND ALL TOGETHER
HEEL YO HO, BOYS, LET HER GO, BOYS
SAILING HOMEWARD TO MINGULAY

WHAT CARE WE THOUGH WHITE THE MINCH IS
WHAT CARE WE BOYS FOR WIND OR WEATHER
WHEN WE KNOW THAT EVERY INCH IS
SAILING HOMEWARD TO MINGULAY

CHORUS

WIVES ARE GATHERED ON THE SHORE LINE*
GAZING SEAWARD SINCE BREAK OF DAYLIGHT
GUIDE HER HOMEWARD AND WE'LL ANCHOR
E'ER THE SUN SETS ON MINGULAY

CHORUS

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

CHORUS X2

MOLASSES

THE AFRICAN MAN CUTS THE SUGAR CANE,
OH MOLASSES
HE WORKS IN THE SUN AND HE WORKS IN THE RAIN.
OH MOLASSES RUM
THEN HE LOADS IT UP ON A WOODEN SHIP,
SENDS IT OFF ON A NORTHERN TRIP.
SINGING OH MOLASSES, OH MOLASSES RUM.

CHORUS
SINGING OH MOLASSES, OLD NEW ENGLAND TEA.
YOU KILLED MY GRANDPA, KILLED MY PA.
AND YOU SURE AS HELL ARE A KILLIN' ME.
OH MOLASSES, OH MOLASSES RUM.

WHEN THEY FOUGHT THE WAR FOR THE COLONIES;
THEY FOUGHT IT OVER NEW ENGLAND TEA.
WHEN OLD KING GEORGE PUT A TAX ON IT,
THE COLONIES NEARLY TOOK A FIT.
CHORUS

IN THE TIME OF THE NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN WAR;
MOLASSES SITTING ON THE BOSTON SHORE.
WHEN THEY PUMPED IT IN IT WAS TWELVE DEGREES,
A LONG COLD NIGHT IN A BOSTON FREEZE.
CHORUS

IN THE MORNING IT WAS FORTY-TWO
MOLASSES VAT SPLIT CLEAN IN TWO.
TWO MILLION GALLONS COVERED THE BAY
TWENTY-ONE DROWNED IN THE FLOOD THAT DAY
CHORUS

MY GRANDPA, HE DIED CUTTIN' CANE.
MY DAD WENT DOWN IN THE GREAT BROWN RAIN.
BUT I WON'T GO IN A POOL OF BLOOD,
I WON'T DROWN IN A BLACKSTRAP FLOOD;
STILL I'LL GO DOWN TO MOLASSES, OH MOLASSES RUM.

CHORUSx2

MOLLYMAUK

OH THE SOUTHERN OCEAN IS A LONELY PLACE
WHERE THE STORMS ARE MANY AND THE SHELTER'S SCARCE
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN
OVER TROUBLED WATER IN THE RESTLESS SKY
YOU CAN SEE THOSE MOLLYMAUKS RISE AND DIVE
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN

CHORUS

WON'T YOU RIDE THE WIND AND GO, WHITE SEABIRD
RIDE THE WIND AND GO, MOLLYMAWK
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING
DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN

SEE THE MOLLYMAWK GLIDE ON HIS BIG WHITE WINGS
AND LORD, WHAT A LONELY SONG HE SINGS
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN
HE'S GOT NO COMPASS AND HE'S GOT NO GEAR
AND NON-ONE CAN TELL YOU WHERE THE MOLLYMAUKS STEER
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN

CHORUS

HE'S THE GHOST OF A SAILOR SO I'VE HEARD SAY
WHO'S BODY SANK, AND SOUL FLEW AWAY
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN
AND 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

CHORUS

WHEN I GET TOO OLD AND CAN SAIL NO MORE
SET ME A DRIFT FAR WAY FROM SHORE
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN
YOU CAN CAST ME LOOSE AND SET ME FREE
AND I'LL KEEP THAT BIG BIRD COMPANY
DOWN UPON THE SOUTHERN OCEAN SAILING, DOWN BELOW CAPE HORN

CHORUS 2X

MY SON JOHN (D^m)

MY SON JOHN WAS TALL AND SLIM
HE HAD A LEG FOR EVERY LIMB
BUT NOW HE'S GOT NO LEGS AT ALL
FOR HE RAN A RACE WITH A CANNONBALL

**TO ME ROO DUN DAR, FALLA RIDDLE DAR
WHACK FALLA RIDDLE, TO ME ROO DUM DAR.**

OH WERE YOU DEAF, WERE YOU BLIND
WHEN YOU LEFT YOUR TWO FINE LEGS BEHIND
OR WAS IT SAILING ON THE SEA
LOST YOUR TWO FINE LEGS RIGHT DOWN TO THE KNEE
CHORUS

OH I WAS NOT DEAF, I WAS NOT BLIND
WHEN I LEFT MY TWO FINE LEGS BEHIND
NOR WAS IT SAILING ON THE SEA,
LOST MY TWO FINE LEGS RIGHT DOWN TO THE KNEE
CHORUS

NOW I HAVE STUMPS INSTEAD OF LEGS
I SHUFFLE AROUND, NOT FIT TO BEG
THE CHIPPY MADE SOME PEGS FOR ME
BUT THEY'RE TOO SHORT, AS YOU CAN SEE
CHORUS

FOR NOW I'M SHORT, AND NOW I'M ROUND
AND I LIVE MY LIFE TOO NEAR THE GROUND
BUT 'FORTUNE' PLAYS HIS TRICK ON THIEVES
FOR I WAS KNOWN AS 'LOFTY' GRIEVES
CHORUS

FOR I WAS TALL, I WAS SLIM
AND I HAD A LEG FOR EVERY LIMB,
BUT NOW I'VE GOT NO LEGS AT ALL,
THEY WERE BOTH SHOT AWAY BY A CANNONBALL.

CHORUS X 2

**TO ME ROO DUN DAR, FALLA RIDDLE DAR
WHACK FALLA RIDDLE, TO ME ROO DUM DAR.**

NEW YORK GIRLS (THE POLKA) (A)

AS I ROLLED DOWN TO NEW YORK TOWN A WOMAN I DID MEET
SHE ASKED ME BACK TO HER PLACE WHERE SHE LIVED ON BLEEKER STREET

**AND AWAY SANTY, MY DEAR ANNIE
OH YOU NEW YORK GIRLS, CAN YOU DANCE THE POLKA?**

AND WHEN WE GOT TO BLEEKER STREET WE STOPPED AT NUMBER FOUR
HER MOTHER AND HER SISTER CAME TO GREET US AT THE DOOR

CHORUS

WHEN WE GOT INSIDE THE HOUSE, THE DRINK WAS HANDED ROUND
THE LIQUOR CAME SO STRONG AND QUICK, MY HEAD WENT ROUND AND ROUND

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS

WHEN I AWOKE NEXT MORNING, I HAD AN ACHING HEAD
I FOUND MYSELF STARK NAKED AND ALL ALONE IN BED.

CHORUS

MY GOLD WATCH AND MY MONEY AND MY LADY FRIEND WERE GONE
AND THERE WAS I WITHOUT A STITCH OR CENT TO CALL MY OWN

CHORUS

SO LOOK OUT ALL YOU SAILORS AND WATCH YOUR STEP ON SHORE
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE UP EARLY TO BE SMARTER THAN A WHORE
YOUR HARD-EARNED CASH WILL DISAPPEAR YOUR HAT AND BOOTS ASWELL
THOSE NEW YORK GIRLS ARE TOUGHER THAN THE OTHER SIDE OF HELL

CHORUS X2

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS X2

NORTHWEST PASSAGE (C)

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 THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO THE SEA

WESTWARD FROM THE DAVIS STRAIT, 'TIS THERE WAS SAID TO LIE
THE SEA ROUTE TO THE ORIENT FOR WHICH SO MANY DIED
SEEKING GOLD AND GLORY, LEAVING WEATHERED BROKEN BONES
AND A LONG FORGOTTEN LONELY CAIRN OF STONES

CHORUS

THREE CENTURIES THEREAFTER I TAKE PASSAGE OVER LAND
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 PLAINS

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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
CHORUS X 2

OLD BILLY RILEY (D)

OLD BILLY RILEY, MISTER BILLY RILEY
OLD BILLY RILEY-O
OLD BILLY RILEY, MISTER BILLY RILEY
OLD BILLY RILEY-O

OLD BILLY RILEY, HE WAS THE BOARDING MASTER.
OLD BILLY RILEY, HE WAS THE BOARDING MASTER.

OLD BILLY RILEY, SHIPPED ABOARD A DROUGER
OLD BILLY RILEY, SHIPPED ABOARD A DROUGER.

OLD BILLY RILEY WED THE SKIPPERS DAUGHTER
OLD BILLY RILEY WED THE SKIPPERS DAUGHTER.

MRS. RILEY DIDN'T LIKE THE SAILORS.
MRS. RILEY DIDN'T LIKE THE SAILORS.

MRS. RILEY HAD A LOVELY DAUGHTER
MRS. RILEY HAD A LOVELY DAUGHTER

MISSY RILEY PRETTY MISSY RILEY
MISSY RILEY PRETTY MISSY RILEY

OLD BILLY RILEY, BOUND FOR ANTIGUIA
OLD BILLY RILEY, BOUND FOR ANTIGUIA

OLD BILLY RILEY, MISTER BILLY RILEY
OLD BILLY RILEY, MISTER BILLY RILEY

THE OLD DUN COW (D^m)

SOME FRIENDS AND I IN A PUBLIC HOUSE WAS PLAYING A GAME OF CHANCE ONE NIGHT

WHEN INTO THE PUB THE BARMAN RAN HIS FACE ALL CHALKY WHITE.

"WHAT'S UP", SAYS BROWN, "HAVE YOU SEEN A GHOST, OR HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR AUNT MARIAH?"

"O ME AUNT MARIAH BE BUGGERED!" SAYS HE, "THE BLOODY PUB'S ON FIRE!"

"OH WELL," SAYS BROWN, "WHAT A BIT OF LUCK. EVERYBODY FOLLOW ME.

AND IT'S DOWN TO THE CELLAR, IF THE FIRE'S NOT THERE THEN WE'LL HAVE A GRAND OLD SPREE."

SO WE WENT ON DOWN AFTER GOOD OLD BROWN THE BOOZE WE COULD NOT MISS AND WE HADN'T BEEN THERE TEN MINUTES OR MORE TILL WE WERE ALL HALF-PISSED.

CHORUS

AND THERE WAS BROWN UPSIDE DOWN LAPPIN' UP THE WHISKY OFF THE FLOOR.

"BOOZE, BOOZE!" THE FIREMEN CRIED AS THEY CAME KNOCKIN' ON THE DOOR

OH DON'T LET 'EM IN TILL IT'S ALL DRUNK UP AND SOMEBODY SHOUTED MACINTYRE!

AND WE ALL GOT BLUE-BLIND PARALYTIC DRUNK WHEN THE OLD DUN COW CAUGHT FIRE.

THEN, SMITH WALKED OVER TO THE PORT WINE TUB AND GAVE IT JUST A FEW HARD KNOCKS

STARTED TAKIN' OFF HIS PANTALOONS, LIKEWISE HIS SHOES AND SOCKS.

"HOLD ON, " SAYS BROWN, "THAT AIN'T ALLOWED. YA CANNOT DO THAT THING IN HERE.

DON'T GO WASHIN' YOUR TROTTERS IN THE PORT WINE TUB WHEN WE'VE GOT CARLTON* BEER."

CHORUS

AND THEN THERE CAME A MIGHTY CRASH. HALF THE BLOODY ROOF GAVE WAY.

WE WERE ALMOST DROWNED BY THE FIREMEN'S HOSE BUT STILL WE WERE GONNA STAY.

SO WE GOT SOME TACKS AND SOME OLD WET SACKS AND WE NAILED OURSELVES INSIDE

AND WE SAT THERE DRINKING THE FINEST RUM TILL WE WERE BLEARY-EYED.

CHORUS

LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE FIRE WAS OUT WE CAME UP FROM THE CELLAR BELOW.

OUR PUB WAS BURNED. OUR BOOZE WAS DRUNK. OUR HEADS WAS HANGING LOW.

"OH LOOK", SAYS BROWN WITH A LOOK QUITE QUEER, SOMETHING SEEMED TO RAISE HIS IRE.

"NOW WE GOTTA GET DOWN TO MURPHY'S PUB, IT CLOSES ON THE HOUR!"

CHORUS X2

(LAST LINE X2 - BIG FINISH)

*OR WILSONS OR EMU ETC ETC

ONE MORE DAY <G>

ONLY ONE MORE DAY, ME JONNIE, **ONE MORE DAY,**
OH ROCK AND ROLL ME OVER, ONE MORE DAY

DON'T YOU HEAR THE OLD MAN GROWLIN' JONNIE,
ONE MORE DAY
DON'T YOU HEAR THE MATE A HOWLIN'
ONE MORE DAY

CHORUS:
ONLY ONE MORE DAY, ME JONNIE, ONE MORE DAY,
OH ROCK AND ROLL ME OVER, ONE MORE DAY

DON'T YOU HEAR THE CAPSTAN CALLIN' JONNIE,
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE PILOT CALLIN'

CHORUS:

ONLY ONE MORE DAY A HAULIN' JONNIE
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE GIRLS A CALLIN'
CHORUS:

ONLY ONE MORE DAY ME JONNIE,
AND YER PAY DAY'S NEARLY DUE JONNIE
CHORUS:

SO IT'S HEAVE AND SIGHT THE ANCHOR JONNIE,
FOR WE'RE CLOSE ABOUT OUR PORT JONNIE
CHORUS:

THEN PUT ON YER LONG TAIL BLUES ME JONNIE,
MAKE YER PORT AND TAKE YER MONEY JONNIE
CHORUS:

FOR WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND TODAY ME JONNIE,
AND WE'LL LEAVE HER WITHOUT SORROW JONNIE
CHORUS:

SO IT'S PACK YER PACK TODAY ME JONNIE,
AND WE'LL LEAVE HER WHERE SHE LIES JONNIE
CHORUS:

ONE MORE PULL

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOU'VE SEEN HER
COULD HAVE BEEN THREE YEARS OR MORE.
WILL SHE BE WAITING WHEN WE DOCK, BOYS
OR LIKE THE OTHERS WILL SHE BE GONE?

CHORUS

IT'S ONE MORE PULL BOYS, THAT'LL DO BOYS
SOON WE'LL DRAW ALONGSIDE.
HOIST HER UPWARDS, SWING HER INBOARD
FOR THE JOURNEY'S NEARLY DONE.

WELL YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY SMART, BOY
DRESSED UP IN YOUR NUMBER ONES
YOU'VE SCROUNGED A NEW BLADE FROM THE PURSER
TO TAKE THE BUM-FLUFF FROM OFF YOUR CHIN.

CHORUS

WHEN WE'VE FIXED THOSE BOW AND STERN LINES
AND YOU'VE SCUTTLED DOWN THE GANGWAY
IF SHE'S WAITING THERE, JUST KISS HER
TURN AROUND, GIVE US A SMILE.

CHORUS

WELL, WE TOO WILL GO ASHORE SOON
(GET DRUNK IN THE CLUBS AND BARS,)
THEN STAGGER HOMEWARD, POCKETS EMPTY
LIKE SO MANY NIGHTS BEFORE.

CHORUS

WELL A MAN MAY TAKE A WIFE, BOY
AND A MAN MAY TAKE A MISTRESS,
BUT A SAILOR HAS HIS SHIP, BOYS
AND HIS MISTRESS IT IS THE SEA.

CHORUS X 2

FOR THE JOURNEY NOW IS DONE.

ONE YEAR SIX WEEKS ONE DAY (C)

By Mal Hatwell

WE'VE BEEN AWAY FROM HOME
ONE YEAR SIX WEEKS ONE DAY
A LONG TIME ON THE FOAM
ONE YEAR SIX WEEKS ONE DAY
WE'VE HAD IT PRETTY ROUGH
ONE YEAR SIX WEEKS ONE DAY
WE ALL HAVE DONE IT TOUGH
ONE YEAR SIX WEEKS ONE DAY
SOON WE'LL BE HEADING BACK ME BOYS
TO THE DOCKS THAT WE CALL HOME

AND IF IT'S SAFELY WE GET BACK
THEN NO MORE WILL WE ROAM
THEN NO MORE WILL WE ROAM ME BOYS
THEN NO MORE WILL WE ROAM
AND IF IT'S SAFELY WE GET BACK
THEN NO MORE WILL WE ROAM

TO MANY PORTS WE'VE BEEN
AND MANY SIGHTS WE'VE SEEN
FROM CHINA 'CROSS TO SPAIN
PINANG AND BACK AGAIN
SOON WE'LL BE HEADING BACK ME BOYS
TO THE DOCKS THAT WE CALL HOME
CHORUS

IN TAVERNS HAD OUR FUN
OUR MONEY WE'VE ALL DONE
WITH MAIDS IN EVERY PORT
WE'VE LOVED AND HAD OUR SPORT
SOON WE'LL BE HEADING BACK ME BOYS
TO THE DOCKS THAT WE CALL HOME
CHORUS

SOMEDAY WE'LL HEAD BACK DOWN
STEER SOUTH FOR FREDRICKSTOWN
WE'LL DOCK IN FRENCHMANS BAY
AND THAT IS WHERE WE'LL STAY
SOON WE'LL BE HEADING BACK ME BOYS
TO THE DOCKS THAT WE CALL HOME
CHORUS

ORÓ 'SÉ DO BHEATHA 'BHAILE

OH-ROE SHAY DUH VAH-HA WALL-YA,
OH-ROE SHAY DUH VAH-HA WALL-YA,
OH-ROE SHAY DUH VAH-HA WALL-YAAA,
AH-NISH AIR HAWKT UN TAUW-REE!

CHORUS

OH-ROE SHAY DUH VAH-HA WALL-YA,
OH-ROE SHAY DUH VAH-HA WALL-YA,
OH-ROE SHAY DUH VAH-HA WALL-YAAA,
AH-NISH AIR HAWKT UN TAUW-REE!

ISHAY DUH IVAH-HA UH IVAHN BAH ILAYN-VAR,
IB-AY AIR IGRACK TOO IVEH EENN IGAY-VIN,
IDO-OO-EEV IRAH-EE ISHAY-LIVE IMARE-LAWCHK...
ISS ITOO DEAL-TAH ILESH NAH IGAH-ILIVE!

CHORUS

TAH IGRAN-YAH IWAIL EGG ICHAWKT AR ISAUL-YAH
IOH-GULEE IAR-MUH ILAY MAHR IGARD-UH
IGAYL EE-AD IFAYN ISS NEE IGAHL NAH ISPAHN-EE...
ISS ICUR-FEE(D) SHEE-ID IROO-IG AIR IGAH-ILIVE!

CHORUS

AH IVEE LEH IREE NAH IVAIRT GUH IVECK-ANN
IMUN-UH MEEN B-IYO IN-UH IJEH-I(D)-OCK ISHAWKTAN
IGRAN-YAH IWAIL ISS IMEE-LEH IGAHSH-KEE...
EGG IFOE-GURT IFAHN AIR IGAH-ILIVE!

CHORUS x 2

OUR LAST GOODBYE (D)

By Roger Arnold

I'M LEAVING MY BRIDE WITH THIS LAST GOODBYE
LEAVING MY LOVED ONES FOR WAVES
SHE BEGGED ME TO STAY AS I'S PULLIN AWAY
KNOWIN' SHE'LL LIKE NOT SEE ME AGAIN

I'M LEAVING MY LAND NOT A PENNY IN HAND
FOR THE WHIP OF THE SEA, SALT AND SPRAY
THOUGH I WON'T BE AROUND ON THE STREETS OF OUR TOWN,
BUT I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT DAY

CHORUS

**THERE WAS FIRE IN HER EYES AS SHE BEGGED ME TO STAY
WITH THE WIND IN HER HAIR, THE LIGHT FADING AWAY
I KISSED HER FAREWELL, WITH A TEAR IN HER EYE
WE KNEW RIGHT AWAY IT-WAS-OUR LAST GOODBYE**

I'VE BEEN SAILING AWAY, FOR A YEAR AND A DAY
ACROSS OCEANS TO LANDS FAR AWAY
DO YOU STILL CRY MY NAME, DOES IT STILL BRING YOU PAIN?
THIS DISTANCE THAT I AM FROM THEE

ACROSS RIVERS SO WIDE, OCEANS AND TIDES
CROSS THE BREADTH OF THIS WILD-LIFE AT SEA
WITH NO END INSIGHT, I JUST DREAM YOUR EYES
STILL LONGING FOR MY COMPANY

CHORUS

IT'S BEEN TEN LONELY YEARS SINCE I LEFT HER IN TEARS
MY SWEET LADY A FAR CROSS THE WAVES
AND ON THIS STORMY NIGHT I'LL BE WITH HER DESPITE
HER PICTURE, MY MEMORY FADES

WITH THE BOAT SINKING FAST EVERY DRY BREATH MY LAST
AS I SINK THROUGH THE SEA, SALT AND SPRAY
AS I SWIG FROM THE JAR YOU DRAW NEARER FROM A-FAR
JUST A TASTE OF MY WHISKEY AWAY

CHORUS

THE OUTSIDE TRACK (D)

THERE WERE TEN OF US THERE ON THE MOONLIT QUAY,
AND ONE ON THE FOR'ARD HATCH;
NO STRAIGHTER MAN TO HIS MATES THAN HE
NO ONE COULD BE HIS MATCH
'TWILL BE LONG, OLD MAN, ERE OUR GLASSES CLINK,
'TWILL BE LONG ERE WE GRASP YOUR HAND!
AND WE DRAGGED HIM ASHORE FOR A FINAL DRINK
TILL THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD SEEMED GRAND.

CHORUS

**FOR THEY MARRY AND GO AS THE WORLD ROLLS BACK,
THEY MARRY AND VANISH AND DIE;
BUT THEIR SPIRIT SHALL LIVE ON THE OUTSIDE TRACK,
AS LONG AS THE YEARS GO BY.**

THE PORT-LIGHTS GLOWED IN THE MORNING MIST
THAT ROLLED FROM THE WATERS SO GREEN
AND OVER THE RAILING WE GRASPED HIS FIST
AS THE DARK TIDE CAME BETWEEN.
WE CHEERED THE CAPTAIN WE CHEERED THE CREW
AND OUR MATE TIMES OUT OF MIND;
WE CHEERED THE LAND HE WAS GOING TO
AND THE LAND HE WOULD LEAVE BEHIND

CHORUS

WE ROARED LANG SYNE AS A LAST FAREWELL
BUT MY HEART SEEMED OUT OF JOINT;
I WELL REMEMBER THE HUSH THAT FELL
WHEN THE STEAMER PASSED THE POINT.
WE DRIFTED HOME THROUGH THE PUBS AND BARS,
WE WERE TEN TIMES LESS BY ONE,
WHO SAILED OUT UNDER THE MORNING STARS
INTO THE RISING SUN.

CHORUS

AND ONE BY ONE, AND TWO BY TWO,
THEY'VE SAILED FROM THE QUAY SINCE THEN;
I HAVE SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE LAST I KNEW,
THE LAST OF THE CARELESS MEN.
AND I CAN'T BUT THINK THAT THE TIMES WE HAD
WERE THE BEST TIMES AFTER ALL,
AS I TURN ASIDE AND RAISE MY GLASS
AND DRINK TO THE BAR-ROOM WALL.

CHORUS

BUT I'LL TRY MY LUCK WITH AN ALBANY GIRL
AND THAT IS HOW I GOT HERE
SINGING SHANTIES WITH MY MATES IN THE EARL
WHILE DRINKING WILSON'S BEER.

CHORUS

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY (C)

THERE'S FORTY SHILLINGS ON THE DRUM
FOR THOSE WHO VOLUNTEER TO COME
TO 'LIST AND FIGHT THE FOE TODAY
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

CHORUS

**O'ER THE HILLS AND O'ER THE MAIN
THROUGH FLANDERS, PORTUGAL, AND SPAIN
KING GEORGE COMMANDS AND WE OBEY
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY**

WHEN DUTY CALLS ME I MUST GO
TO STAND AND FACE ANOTHER FOE
BUT PART OF ME WILL ALWAYS STRAY
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

CHORUS

IF I SHOULD FALL TO RISE NO MORE
AS MANY COMRADES DID BEFORE
THEN ASK THE FIFES AND DRUMS TO PLAY
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

CHORUS

[VERSE 4]

THEN FALL IN, LADS, BEHIND THE DRUM
WITH COLOURS BLAZING LIKE THE SUN
ALONG THE ROAD TO COME WHAT MAY
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

CHORUS X 3

PADDY LAY BACK

ONCE THERE WAS A GREAT DEMAND FOR SAILORS, **(FOR SAILORS)**
FOR THE COLONIES, FOR 'FRISCO AND FOR FRANCE. **(AND FOR FRANCE)**
SO I SIGNED ABOARD A LIMEY BARQUE, THE HOTSPUR, **(THE HOTSPUR)**
AN' GOT PARALYTIC DRUNK ON MY ADVANCE. **(VANCE-VANCE)**

CHORUS

PADDY LAY BACK, **(PADDY LAY BACK)**
TAKE IN THE SLACK, **(TAKE IN THE SLACK)**
TAKE A TURN AROUND THE CAPSTAN, HEAVE A PAWL. **(HEAVE A PAWL)**
'BOUT SHIP'S STATIONS, BOYS, BE HANDY **(BE HANDY!)**
WE'RE BOUND FOR VALIPARAISO 'ROUND THE HORN!

WELL 'TWAS ON THE QUARTERDECK WHERE I FIRST SAW THEM, **(A-SAW THEM)**
SUCH AN UGLY BUNCH YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, **(SEEN BEFORE)**
THE SKIPPER HAD SHIPPED A SHANGHAI'D CREW OF DUTCHMEN, **(OF DUTCHMEN)**
THEY MADE ME POOR OLD HEART FEEL SICK AND SORE. **(SORE SORE)**

NOW SOME OF THE OTHER SAILORS HAD BEEN DRINKING, **(BEEN DRINKING)**
AND I MYSELF WAS HEAVY ON THE BOOZE, **(ON THE BOOZE)**
AND I SAT UPON MY OLD SEA-CHEST A-THINKING, **(A-THINKING)**
TO TURN INTO MY BUNK AND TAKE A SNOOZE. **(SNOOZE SNOOZE)**

I ASKED THE MATE TO WHICH A-WATCH WAS MINE-O, **(MINE-O)**
SAYS HE, I'LL TELL YOU WHICH-A-WATCH-IS-WHICH, **(WHICH IS WHICH)**
SO HE BLEW ME DOWN AND KICKED ME IN THE STERN-O, **(THE STERN-O)**
CALLING ME A DIRTY LOUSY SON-OF-A-BITCH **(BITCH-BITCH)**

I QUICKLY MADE MY MIND UP I SHOULD JUMP HER, **(JUMP HER)**
LEAVE THE BEGGAR AND GET A JOB ASHORE, **(JOB ASHORE)**
SO I SWAM ACROSS THE BAY AND WENT AND LEFT HER, **(I LEFT HER)**
AND IN THE ENGLISH BAR I FOUND A WHORE **(WHORE WHORE)**

PADSTOWS FAREWELL

IT'S TIME TO GO NOW,
HAUL AWAY YOUR ANCHOR,
HAUL AWAY YOUR ANCHOR,
IT'S OUR SAILING TIME.

GET SOME SAIL UPON HER,
HAUL AWAY YOUR HALYARDS,
HAUL AWAY YOUR HALYARDS.
IT'S OUR SAILING TIME.

GET HER ON HER COURSE NOW,
HAUL AWAY YOUR FORESHEETS,
HAUL AWAY YOUR FORESHEETS,
IT'S OUR SAILING TIME.

WAVES ARE SURGING UNDER,
HAUL AWAY DOWN CHANNEL,
HAUL AWAY DOWN CHANNEL,
ON THE EVENING TIDE.

WHEN YOUR SAILING'S OVER,
HAUL AWAY FOR HEAVEN,
HAUL AWAY FOR HEAVEN,
GOD BE BY YOUR SIDE.

IT'S TIME TO GO NOW,
HAUL AWAY YOUR ANCHOR,
HAUL AWAY YOUR ANCHOR,
IT'S OUR SAILING TIME.

PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN (C)

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE CAPTAIN SAY,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN,
TOMORROW IS OUR SAILING DAY,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN
(PAY ME)

CHORUS

PAY ME . . PAY ME . .
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN . .
PAY ME OR GO TO JAIL . .
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN

AS SOON AS THE BOAT WAS CLEAR OF THE BAR,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN,
THE CAPTAIN KNOCKED ME DOWN WITH A SPAR,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN
(PAY ME)

CHORUS

IF I'D BEEN A RICH MAN'S SON,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN,
I'D SIT ON THE RIVER AND WATCH IT RUN,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN
(PAY ME)

CHORUS

WELL 40 NIGHTS, NIGHTS AT SEA
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN,
CAPTAIN WORKED EVERY LAST DOLLAR OUT OF ME,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN
(PAY ME)

CHORUS

I HEARD THE SAILORS DOWN BELOW ... SAY:
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN,
YOU DON'T PAY US AND THE SHIP DON'T GO,
PAY ME MY MONEY DOWN.
(PAY ME)

CHORUS X 2

PRETTY PARAMOUR

By Peter Dawson

THE SOARING SEAGULLS SAW IT FIRST, AND THEY HEADED FOR THE LAND
A COOLER BREEZE NOW TOUCHED MY FACE, AND I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND,
WHEN I SAY
BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES BOYS, MAKE SAFE THE FORWARD STOW
AS SURE AS MY NAME'S ONE EYED SAM, I SWEAR ITS BOUT TO BLOW

CHORUS

**SO SEEK SHELTER FROM THE STORM, AND SING SWEET LULLABIES
RAISE YOUR GLASSES TO THE MASTER, KEPT YOU SAFE FROM WINTER'S SKIES
TO THE SOUND AND PRINCESS HARBOR, YOU'LL FIND SHELTER FROM THE STORM
IN THE ARMS IF NOT THE PARLORS, OF YOUR PRETTY PARAMOUR**

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE SAFE TO BE, WE'RE STILL A FULL DAY OUT
WE'VE WORK TO DO AND THEN SOME MORE, BEFORE WE TOO CAN SHOUT
THAT WE'VE LIVED HELL HIGH ON WATER, THAT WE'VE SEEN THE OCEAN FLOOR
THAT WE'VE LIVED THROUGH WINTER'S TURBULENCE, ALONG THE SOUTHERN SHORE

CHORUS

YOU'VE HEARD THE LEGENDS FROM THE MEN, ALL GIANTS OF THE SEA
WHO TELL YOU THERE'S A HARBOR, THAT'S THE FINEST THAT THERE BE
IF YOU MAKE IT ROUND THE HEADLANDS, AND YOU SQUEEZE BETWEEN THE ISLES
THERE YOU'LL FIND THE PORT OF ALBANY, AND THE WARMTH OF YOUR WOMAN'S
WHILES

CHORUS

IT'S THERE THAT YOU'LL FIND COMFORT, IN BETWEEN THE GRANITE MOUNTS
WHERE YOU'LL SPEND THE NIGHTS REJOICING, SINGING SONGS OF YOUR ACCOUNTS
AND IT'S THERE YOU'LL FIND YOUR FAVOUR, IN THE ARMS OF STELLA SUE
AND YOU'LL NOT RETURN TO SEA AGAIN, UNTIL THE STORM IS THROUGH

CHORUS

PULL DOWN BELOW (E^m)

HE WENT TO CHURCH, HE WENT TO CHAPEL
PULL DOWN BELOW!
HE WENT TO CHURCH, HE WENT TO CHAPEL
PULL DOWN BELOW!

CHORUS
OH HIELAN' LADDIE
PULL DOWN BELOW
HIELAN' LADDIE, BONNIE LADDIE
PULL DOWN BELOW

SALLY LIVES ON AN OLD PLANTATION
SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF THE WILD GOOSE NATION
CHORUS

FOR SEVEN YEARS HE COURTED SALLY
AND ALL HE DID WAS DILLY-DALLY
CHORUS

HE BOUGHT NO GOWNS, HE BOUGHT NO LACES
DIDN'T TAKE HER OUT TO FANCY PLACES
CHORUS

SALLY BROWN SHE LOVED HIM DEARLY
HE HAD HER HEART SO VERY NEARLY
CHORUS

SALLY BROWN HE WOULDN'T MARRY
AND SHE NO LONGER CARES TO TARRY
CHORUS

THIS LADDIE NOW HE TOOK A NOTION
TO SAIL AWAY ACROSS THE OCEAN
CHORUS (x2)

PUMP SHANTY (D^m)

THE CAPTAINS DAUGHTER I SUPPOSE
COULD BE CALLED AN ENGLISH ROSE
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK WHEN I PROPOSE
THE POX TO ME SHE GAVE A DOSE.

**PUMP ME BOY'S PUMP HER DRY DOWN TO HELL AND UP TO THE SKY BEND YER BACK
AND BREAK YOUR BONES WE'RE JUST A THOUSAND-MILES FROM HOME.**

THIS ROSE WELL SHE DID PRICK ME SORE
I'D NEVER FELT SO BAD BEFORE
THANKS TO THE GIRL I DID ADORE
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER PUMP NO MORE

I CALLED THE DOCTOR RIGHT AWAY
TO FIND OUT WHAT HE HAD TO SAY
THAT'S TWO POUNDS TEN GET ON YOUR WAY
I'M SURE THE GIRL IS IN HIS PAY

THEY SAY LIFE HAS ITS UP'S AND DOWNS
THAT REALLY NOW IS QUITE PROFOUND
I'D LIKE TO PUSH THE CAPSTAN ROUND
BUT IT'S PUMP ME BOY'S BEFORE WE DROWN

THE OCEAN WE DO ALL ADORE
SO COME ON LAD'S LET'S PUMP SOME MORE
DON'T WORRY IF YOU'RE STIFF AND SORE
BUT I'M SURE WE'VE PUMPED THIS BIT BEFORE

OH, SOME TIME'S WHEN I'M IN ME BED
AND THINKING OF MY DAY AHEAD
I WISH THAT I COULD WAKE UP DEAD
BUT PUMPING'S ALL I GET INSTEAD

YES, HOW I WISH THAT I COULD DIE
THE SWINE WHO BUILT THIS TUB TO FIND
I'D BRING HIM BACK FROM WHERE HE FRIES
TO PUMP UNTIL THE BEGGARS DRY

IF NOAH USED HIM FOR HIS ARK
OH, WOULDN'T THAT HAVE BEN A LARK
FROM RISING SUN TO GETTING DARK
THE ANIMALS ARE HARD AT WORK.

THERE'S SO MUCH WATER DOWN BELOW
JUST HOW IT GOT THERE I DON'T KNOW
THE OLD MAN SAYS LET'S ROLL AND GO
BUT I THINK WE'RE BOUND FOR DAVY JONES.

THE RAMBLIN' ROVER (D)

CHORUS

THERE ARE SOBER MEN A-PLENTY AND DRUNKARDS BARELY TWENTY
THERE ARE MEN OF OVER NINETY WHO HAVE NEVER YET KISSED A GIRL
BUT GIVE ME A RAMBLING ROVER FROM ORKNEY DOWN TO DOVER
WE WILL SAIL THE SALT SEAS OVER AND TOGETHER WE'LL FACE THE WORLD

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SEEK ENJOYMENT OF MERCILESS EMPLOYMENT
THEIR AMBITION IS DEPLOYMENT SINCE THE MINUTE THEY LEFT THE SCHOOL
AND THEY SCRAPE AND SAVE AND PONDER WHILE THE REST GO OUT AND SQUANDER
SAIL THE WORLD AND ROVE AND WANDER FOR THEY'RE HAPPIER AS A RULE

CHORUS

I HAVE ROAMED THROUGH ALL THE NATIONS, TOOK DELIGHT IN ALL CREATION
I'VE ENJOYED A WEE SENSATION WHEN THE COMPANY DID PROVE KIND
AND WHEN PARTING WAS NO PLEASURE, I DRANK ANOTHER MEASURE
TO THE GOOD FRIENDS THAT WE TREASURE FOR THEY ALWAYS ARE ON OUR MINDS

CHORUS

IF YOU'RE BENT WITH ARTHRITIS AND YOUR BOWELS HAVE GOT COLITIS
YOU'VE GOT GALLOPING BOLLOCKITIS AND YOU'RE THINKING IT'S TIME YOU DIED
IF YOU'VE BEEN A MAN OF ACTION AND YOU'RE LYING THERE IN TRACTION
YOU CAN GAIN SOME SATISFACTION THINKIN' "JESUS, AT LEAST I TRIED"

CHORUS x2

RANDY DANDY OH! (C^{#m})

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

CHORUS

HEAVE A PAWL **AN HEAVE AWAY,**
WEIGH, HEY, ROLL AN' GO!
THE ANCHOR'S ON BOARD **AN' THE CABLE'S ALL STORED**
TO ME ROLLICKIN' RANDY DANDY OH!

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

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

SING GOODBYE TO SALLY AN' GOODBYE TO SUE,
FOR WE ARE THE BOY-OS WHO CAN KICK 'ER THROUGH
CHORUS

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

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

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

WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND FOR VALLIPO BAY,
GET CRACKIN', M' LADS, 'TIS A HELL O' A WAY!
CHORUS X 2

RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH! (B)

WE'RE MAKING MONEY WITH THIS SOUND
RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH
AND SOON WE'LL ALL BE HOMEWARD BOUND
RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH

CHORUS
RATTLE THEM LOUD AND STAMP AND GO
RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH
RATTLE THEM LOUD AND STAMP AND GO
RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH

IN THE HOLD THIS GEAR MUST GO
MASTER'S MATE HAS TOLD US SO
CHORUS

TIMMY WAS A SHANTYMAN
HE WAS ALWAYS ON THE OLD RANTAN
CHORUS

WHEN HE WAS YOUNG AND IN HIS PRIME
HE'D HAVE THEM FREQ GIRLS TWO AT A TIME
CHORUS

NOW HE'S GETTING OLD AND GREY
THEM GIRLS ALL LOOK THE OTHER WAY
CHORUS

I'VE GOT A GIRL IN CALLAO
GOING TO MAKE HER ROLL AND GO
CHORUS

WE'LL ALL HAVE A DRINK IN THE WINDHAM ARMS
THE BARMAID'LL SHOW US HER BEST CHARMS

ONE MORE RATTLE AND THEN BELAY
RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH
WE'VE RATTLED THIS GEAR ENOUGH TODAY
RATTLE THEM WINCHES OH

CHORUS X 2

RIO – GRANDE (A)

A SHIP WENT A-SAILING OUT OVER THE BAR,
AWAY FOR RIO!
THEY POINTED HER BOW TO THE SOUTHERN STAR,
AN' WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE,

CHORUS:
THEN AWAY BULLIES AWAY! AWAY FOR RIO!
SING FARE - YE - WELL ME PRETTY YOUNG GELS,
AN' WE'RE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

OH FARE WELL TO SALLY AN' FAREWELL TO SUE,
AND YOU ON THE PIERHEAD IT'S FAREWELL TO YOU,

CHORUS

YOU BOWERY LADIES WE'D HAVE YOU TO KNOW,
WE'RE BOUND TO THE SOUTH'ARD O! LORD LET US GO,

CHORUS

OH FARE YE WELL ALL YE LADIES O' TOWN,
WE'VE LEFT YE' ENOUGH FOR TO BUY A SILK GOWN,

CHORUS

WE'LL SELL OUR SALT COD FOR MOLASSES AN' RUM,
AN' GET BACK AGAIN FOR THANKSGIVIN' HAS COME,

CHORUS

OH MAN THE GOOD CAPST'N AN' RUN HER AROUND,
WE'LL HEAVE UP THE ANCHOR TO THIS BULLY SOUND,

CHORUS

THE CHAIN'S UP AN' DOWN NOW THE BOSUN DID SAY,
IT'S UP TO THE HAWSE-PIPE THE ANCHOR'S AWEIGH.

CHORUS X 2

THE RIVER DRIVER (C)

I WAS JUST THE AGE OF SIXTEEN WHEN I FIRST WENT ON THE DRIVE
AFTER SIX MONTHS' HARD LABOUR, AT HOME I DID ARRIVE
I COURTED WITH A PRETTY GIRL, T'WAS HER CAUSED ME TO ROAM
NOW I'M A RIVER DRIVER AND I'M FAR AWAY FROM HOME

CHORUS

I'LL EAT WHEN I AM HUNGRY AND I'LL DRINK WHEN I AM DRY
GET DRUNK WHENEVER I'M READY, GET SOBER BY AND BY
AND IF THIS RIVER DON'T DROWN ME, IT'S DOWN I'LL MEAN TO ROAM
FOR I'M A RIVER DRIVER AND I'M FAR AWAY FROM HOME

CHORUS

I'LL BUILD A LONESOME CASTLE UPON SOME MOUNTAIN HIGH
WHERE SHE CAN SIT AND VIEW ME AS I GO PASSING BY
WHERE SHE CAN SIT AND VIEW ME AS I GO MARCHING ON
FOR I'M A RIVER DRIVER AND I'M FAR AWAY FROM HOME

CHORUS

WHEN I AM OLD AND FEEBLE AND IN MY SICKNESS LIE
JUST WRAP ME UP IN A BLANKET AND LAY ME DOWN TO DIE
JUST GET A LITTLE BLUEBIRD TO SING FOR ME ALONE
FOR I'M A RIVER DRIVER AND I'M FAR AWAY FROM HOME

CHORUS x 2

REPEAT LAST LINE x2

ROCK DUNDER

By Peter Dawson

I HAD A DREAM ONE RAINY NIGHT BOUT I AND US ACROSS THE BIGHT
A THOUSAND LEAGUES AWAY FROM SIGHT ON A DARK AND STORMY SEA
THAT DROVE US ON AROUND THE CAPES AND WE KNEW FOR SURE THERE'D BE NO ESCAPE
THE CRASH OF WAVES AND THE ROAR OF WIND FORGIVE ME FATHER FOR I HAVE SINNED

CHORUS

**SAFETY LIES AHEAD THEY SAY
KING GEORGES SOUND ON ANY DAY
BE CAREFUL LEST YOU LOSE YOUR WAY
BEWARE THE CAPE ROCK DUNDER**

A FIERCE REARING SLAB OF DOOM THE STONE THAT'LL SEND US TO OUR TOMB
THE FEAR IT STRIKES SO CLOSE TO HOME NEAR SENDS ME TO MY KNEES
SITTING AT KING GEORGES MOUTH THE SWEETEST SOUND IN ALL THE SOUTH
BUT DEATH BECOMES THE SKIPPERS DOUBT ALL REST YE SOULS

CHORUS

WE'VE ALL HEARD TALES OF MEN AND BRAVE ALL LOST AT SEA WHERE NONE WERE SAVED
OF WIDOWS CRYING AT THEIR GRAVE AND OF CHILDREN WHO CRY TILL SLEEPING
HOW MANY MEN HAVE BEEN LOST BEFORE THEIR GRAVES WE'LL EVER SEE NO MORE
THEY'VE GONE TO SEE POSEIDON'S DOOR BENEATH THE WAVES

CHORUS

WITH CAPE VANCOUVER OF THE STARBOARD BOW WE'LL TAKE THE LEEWARD FROM THE
SOUTH
BUT WITH DRIVING WIND ACROSS THE MOUTH WE'LL BROADSIDE THE CAPE ROCK DUNDER
AND TWENTY HORSES MEN AND STOCK LIE BROKEN NOW UPON THE ROCK
NO HOMEWARD BOUND NO LOVING ARMS WE'VE COME TO GROUND

CHORUS

IN THE DISTANCE THE TWINKLING LIGHTS THE WARMTH OF HEARTH AND RUM AND FIGHTS
AND WOMEN WEEPING EVERY NIGHT IN FEAR THE CAPE ROCK DUNDER
BUT THE TEARS THAT SPLASH DOWN UPON MY FACE WAKE I THE DREAM FROM MY DISGRACE
AND AS I RISE I REALIZE I'VE BEEN PUNCHED OUT, KNOCKED UNDER

CHORUS

BEYOND THE ISLES OF BREAKSEA AND MICHAELMAS WE STAND THE BAR AND WE FIGHT AND
CUSS
AND WITH A PINT NOW SAFELY IN OUR HANDS THE STORIES ABOUND ROCK DUNDER
BOUT WHO IT WAS THAT BRAVED THE SEA ABOUT WHO IT WAS, NONE AS BRAVE AS ME
THE LEGEND OF THE BRAWLING CLASS NOW DAZED AND BLOODIED ON MY ARSE

CHORUS

ROLL ALABAMA ROLL

WHEN THE ALABAMA'S KEEL WAS LAID

ROLL ALABAMA ROLL

IT WAS LAID IN THE YARD OF JONATHAN LAIRD

OH! ROLL ALABAMA ROLL

IT WAS LAID IN THE YARD OF JONATHAN LAIRD

IT WAS LAID IN THE TOWN OF BIRKENHEAD

DOWN THE MERSEY WAY SHE ROLLED OUT THEN
AND LIVERPOOL FITTED HER WITH GUNS AND MEN

FROM THE WESTERN ISLES SHE THEN SAILED FORTH
TO DESTROY THE COMMERCE OF THE NORTH

TO CHERBOURG PORT SHE SAILED ONE DAY
TO TAKE HER COUNT OF PRIZE MONEY

MANY SAILOR LADS FORESAW THEIR DOOM
WHEN THE KEARSARGE APPEARED IN VIEW

THEN A BALL FROM A FORWARD PIVOT THAT DAY
SHOT THE ALABAMA'S STERN AWAY

OFF THE 3 MILE LIMIT IN '64
THE ALABAMA WOULD SAIL NO MORE

ROLL BOYS ROLL (C^m)

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!

DOWN TO TRINIDAD TO SEE SALLY BROWN BOYS!

SHE'S LOVELY ON THE FOREYARD, AN' SHE'S LOVELY DOWN BELOW BOYS!

SHE'S LOVELY 'CAUSE SHE LOVES ME, THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW BOYS!

OL' CAPTAIN BAKER, HOW DO YOU STORE YER CARGO

SOME I STOW FOR'WARD, BOYS, AN' SOME I STOW AFT'WARD

FOURTY FATHOMS OR MORE BELOW BOYS!

THERE'S FOURTY FATHOMS OR MORE BELOW BOYS

OH, WAY HIGH YA, AN' UP SHE RISES

WAY HIGH YA, AND THE BLOCKS IS DIFFERENT SIZES

OH, ONE MORE PULL, DON'T YA HEAR THE MATE A-BAWLIN?

OH, ONE MORE PULL, THAT'S THE END OF ALL THE HAWLIN'

SALLY BROWN SHE'S THE GAL FOR ME BOYS!

SALLY BROWN SHE'S THE GAL FOR ME, BOYS!

ROLL DOWN (C)

SWEET LADIES OF PLYMOUTH WE'RE SAYING GOODBYE

ROLL DOWN

WE'LL ROCK AND ROLL YOU AGAIN BY AND BY

WALK AROUND ME BRAVE BOYS AND ROLL DOWN

CHORUS

AND WE WILL **ROLL DOWN,**

WALK AROUND ME BRAVE BOYS AND ROLL DOWN

NOW THE ANCHORS ON BOARD AND THE SAILS ARE UNFURLED

AND WE'RE BOUND FOR TO TAKE HER HALF WAY ROUND THE WORLD

CHORUS

IN THE WIDE BAY OF BISCAY THE BIG SEAS RUN HIGH

THEM POOR SICKLY TRANSPORTS WILL WISH THEY COULD DIE

CHORUS

WHEN THE WILD COAST OF AFRICA IT DO DRAW NEAR

THEM POOR NERVOUS TRANSPORTS WILL TREMBLE WITH FEAR

CHORUS

WHEN THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE IT IS ROUNDED AT LAST

THEM POOR HOMESICK TRANSPORTS WILL LONG FOR THE PAST

CHORUS

IN THE COLD SOUTHERN OCEAN THOSE BIG WHALES DO SPOUT

THEM POOR SIMPLE TRANSPORTS WILL GOGGLE AND SHOUT

CHORUS

AND WHEN WE ARRIVE OFF AUSTRALIA'S STRAND

THOSE POOR LONESOME TRANSPORTS WILL LONG FOR THE LAND

CHORUS

AND WHEN WE SET SAIL FOR OLD ENG-ER-LANDS SHORE

THOSE POOR STRANDED TRANSPORTS WE'LL SEE 'EM NO MORE

CHORUS

SO SWEET LADIES OF PLYMOUTH WE'LL PAY ALL YOUR RENT

A'ROVING NO MORE 'TIL OUR MONEY IS SPENT

CHORUS

ROLL NORTHUMBRIA (B)

TWAS LATE 65 AT THE OLD WALLSY YARD
SHE WAS COMMISSIONED TO HAUL THE BLACK TAR
BUILT THE NORTHUMBRIA THERE ON THE BAR

ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL

FOR WHEN THE EGYPTIANS THEY CLOSED THE RED SEA
AND THE CALL CAME ON HIGH FROM THE POWERS THAT BE
T'BUILD A ROYAL MONSTER RIGHT DOWN ON THE QUAY

**ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL, ME BOYS,
ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL**

CHORUS

**AND IT'S ONE FOR THE HOT SUN ABOVE,
TWO FOR THE COUNTRY WE LOVE!**

AND IT'S THREE FOR THE FIRE THAT BURNS DOWN BELOW!

**ROLL ON NORTHUMBRIA
ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL**

CARPATHIA, VENGEANCE, CELESTIAL CALL
SHE WAS THE TANKER TO OUT-SIZE THEM ALL
FRO'THE BANKS OF THE MERSEY TO THE PORT OF HULAL

ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL

AND FAIR PRINCESS ANNE THREW A BOTTLE OF WINE
AND WATCHED AS THE GIANT SET DOWN IN THE TYNE
WHAT LAY AHEAD COULD NO MORTAL DIVINE

**ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL, ME BOYS,
ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL**

CHORUS

S'COME ALL YA GOOD WORKMEN, BEWARE THE COMMAND
THAT COMES DOWN ON HIGH FROM THE DESK OF A MAN
WHO'S NEVER HELD STEEL OR A TORCH IN HIS HANDS

ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL

FOR ATOP A WILD BREAKER, THE CRACKS IN HER FRAME
SPILLED HER BLACK GUTS ALL ACROSS THE WILD MAIN
AND SHE LIMPED AWAY THROUGH AN OCEAN OF FLAME

**ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL, ME BOYS,
ROLL, NORTHUMBRIA, ROLL**

CHORUS x 2

ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN (G)

AWAY DOWN SOUTH WHERE THE COCKS DO CROW
WAY DOWN IN FLORIDA
THEM GIRLS ALL DANCE TO THE OLD BANJO
AND WE'LL ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

CHORUS
ROLLIN', ROLLIN', ROLLIN' THE WHOLE WORLD 'ROUND
THAT FINE GAL OF MINE'S ON THE GEORGIA LINE
AND WE'LL ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

OH, WHAT CAN YOU DO IN TAMPA BAY?
WAY DOWN IN FLORIDA
BUT GIVE THEM WORKIN' GIRLS ALL YOUR PAY
AND WE'LL ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

CHORUS

THEM FREO GIRLS AIN'T GOT NO FRILLS
WAY DOWN IN FLORIDA
THEY'RE SKINNY AND TIGHT AS CATFISH GILLS
AND WE'LL ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

CHORUS

OH, WHY DO THE WOMEN ALL LOVE ME SO?
WAY DOWN IN FLORIDA
BECAUSE I DON'T TELL ALL I KNOW
AND WE'LL ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

CHORUS

OH, ONE MORE PULL AND THAT WILL DO
WAY DOWN IN FLORIDA
FOR WE'RE THE BOYS TO KICK HER THROUGH
AND WE'LL ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

CHORUS x2

ROLLIN' HOME TO ALBANY

By Mal Hatwell

OUR SHIP IS TALL HER CREW IS SMALL BUT WE'RE ALL SEASONED MEN
WE'VE DONE THIS TRIP A SCORE OF TIMES AND WILL A SCORE AGAIN.
SOU'EASTER 'S GOT HER GOING LADS JUST WATCH HER HEAVING BOW
IT'S FIFTEEN KNOTS SHE'S MAKIN' LADS WE COULD BE EARLY NOW

**YO WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, ROLLIN' HOME, WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME
YO WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, OUR VOYAGE SOON WILL END.
YO WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, ROLLIN' HOME, WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME
WITH A WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, TO ALBANY AGAIN.**

WE PLY DUE WEST, THE BIGHT TO CROSS, TO STARBOARD IS THE LAND
WHERE LIMESTONE CLIFFS RISE TO THE SKY IF IN A GIANT'S HAND.
THE SOUTHERN SWELLS THEY RISE AND BURST LIKE THUNDER ON THE SHORE
THEY LETS A WEARY SAILOR KNOW ITS HOME HE'S LOOKIN' FOR.

CHORUS.

SO REEF HER IN LADS. LET HER GO. THE DECK'S AWASH WITH FOAM
A FEW MORE DAYS OF SAILING AND WITH LUCK WE'LL ALL BE HOME
WE PRAY AS WE GO ROLLIN' ON THAT WE DON'T STRIKE A WHALE,
OR RUN BEFORE A GALE THAT RIPS THE CLEWS FROM EVERY SAIL.

CHORUS

THE MORROW ENTER BAY OF ISLES, DROP ESPERANCE STORES AND MAIL
THEN ANCHORS WEIGHED AND CATTED BOYS, TO ALBANY WE SAIL.
THE SOUTHERN OCEAN'S SWELLS WE'LL RIDE, ROCK DUNDER ON OUR LEE
IF IT'S STILL DARK THE BREAKSEA LIGHT'S THE NEXT THING THAT WE'LL SEE.

CHORUS

THEN INTO PRINCESS ROYAL WE'LL STEER, IN ALBANY WE'LL BE
ANOTHER TRIP WE'VE SAFELY DONE, WE'RE ALL HOME FROM THE SEA!
IN (ROYAL GEORGE) LADS, SPORT WITH GIRLS UNTIL WE'RE BROKE AND LAME
THEN LOADED WE'LL LEAVE ALBANY, N' EASTWARD STEER AGAIN.

CHORUS

**YO WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, ROLLIN' HOME, WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME
YO WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, TO ALBANY AGAIN.
YO WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, ROLLIN' HOME, WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME
WITH A WAY! HEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' HOME, TO ALBANY AGAIN.**

ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER (E^m)

OH! I ONCE WAS A RIGGER AND I WORKED LIKE HELL.
ROLLING UP. ROLLING DOWN.
BUT NOW I'M SAILING WITH THE OCL
AND GO ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER.

CHORUS
ROLLING UP. ROLLING DOWN.
WE'LL ALL GET DRUNK IN TILBURY TOWN
TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO TURN AROUND.
AND GO ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER.

WHEN FIRST I SAW A TEU.
I WONDERED WHERE THEY STOWED THE CREW
CHORUS

WELL CARGO COMES IN TEUS.
A 20 FOOT BOX, BOYS, FILLED WITH BOOZE.
CHORUS

THERE'S A TILBURY GIRL CALLED KETTLE JANE.
FIRST ON THE BOIL THEN OFF AGAIN.
CHORUS

SHE'S GOT A MATE CALLED TEAPOT ANNE.
SHE GETS WELL BREWED. SHE LIKES A MAN.
CHORUS

TILBURY GIRLS GO ROUND IN PAIRS,
YOU WON'T CATCH THEM UNAWARES.
CHORUS

DOWN ON THE DOCK-GATES WHERE THE WORK IS DONE,
YOU CAN PICK 'EM UP, ONE BY ONE.
CHORUS

WELL, WE'RE THE BOYS TO SEE HER THROUGH.
SO TO HELL THE CHANNEL AND THE TEU.
LET'S ROLL DOWN THE RIVER.
CHORUS x2

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI (E^m)

TIS A ROUGH TOUGH LIFE OF TOIL AND STRIFE WE WHALEMEN UNDERGO,
AND WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN THE GALE IS DONE HOW WELL THE WIND DOBLOW,
WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND TIS A DAMN FINE SOUND WITH A GOOD SHIP TAUT AND
FREE,
AND WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN WE DRINK OUR RUM WITH THE GIRLS, OF OLD MAUI

CHORUS

**ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI
WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI**

ONCE MORE WE SAIL WITH A NOR'LY GALE THRO' THE ICE AND SLEET AND RAIN,
AND THEM COCY' NUT FRONDS IN THEM TROPIC LANDS OH WE SOON SHALL SEE THEM
AGAIN,
SIX HELLISH MONTHS HAVE PASSED AWAY IN THE COLD KAMCHAKA SEA,
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI.

CHORUS

WE'LL HEAVE THE LEAD WHEN OLD DIAMOND HEAD LOOMS UP ON OLD WAHOO,
OUR MASTS AND YARDS ARE SHEATHED WITH ICE AND OUR DECKS ARE HID FROM
VIEW,
OH THE HOARED ISLES OF THE SEACUT TILES THAT DECK THE ARCTIC SEA,
ARE MILES BEHIND IN THE FROZEN WIND SINCE WE STEERED FOR OLD MAUI

CHORUS

HOW WARM THE BREEZE OF THE TROPIC SEAS NOW THE ICE IS FAR ASTERN,
AND THEM VAHINES IN THEM ISLAND GLADES ARE WAITING FOR OUR RETURN,
AND THEIR BIG BLACK EYES EVEN NOW LOOK OUT HOPING SOME FINE DAY TO SEE,
OUR BAGGY SAILS RUNNING 'FORE THE GALES ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

CHORUS

AND NOW WE SAIL WITH A FAVOURABLE GALE TOWARD OUR ISLAND HOME,
OUR MAINYARD SPRUNG ALL WHALING DONE AND WE 'AINT GOT FAR TO ROAM,
OUR STUN'S'L BOOMS ARE CARRIED AWAY WHAT CARE WE FOR THAT SOUND,
A LIVING GALE IS AFTER US THANK GOD WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND

CHORUS

AND NOW WE'RE ANCHORED IN THE BAY WITH THE KANAKAS ALL AROUND,
WITH CHANTS AND SOFT ALOHA 'AYE THEY GREET US HOMEWARD BOUND,
AND NOW ASHORE WE'LL HAVE GOOD FUN WE'LL PAINT THOSE BEACHES RED,
AWAKING IN THE ARMS OF A VAHINE, WITH A BIG FAT ACHING HEAD,

CHORUS X 2

**ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI
WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND,
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI**

ROW ME BULLY BOYS ROW (D)

CHORUS

AND IT'S ROW MY BULLY BOYS WE'RE IN A HURRY BOYS
WE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO
AND WE'LL SING AND WE'LL DANCE
AND BID FAREWELL TO FRANCE
AND IT'S ROW ME BULLY BOYS ROW

I'LL SING YOU A SONG, IT'S A SONG OF THE SEA
ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW
OH, I'LL SING YOU A SONG IF YOU'LL SING IT WITH ME
AND IT'S ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW

CHORUS

WHILE THE FIRST MATE IS PLATING THE CAPTAIN A BOARD
ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW
HE LOOKS LIKE A PEACOCK WITH PISTOLS AND SWORD
AND IT'S ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW

CHORUS

THE CAPTAIN LIKES WHISKEY, THE MATE, HE LIKES RUM
ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW
US SAILORS OF COURSE LIKE IT RIGHT UP THE BUM
AND IT'S ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW

CHORUS

WELL FAREWELL MY LOVE, IT IS TIME FOR TO ROAM
ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW
THE OL' BLUE PETERS ARE CALLING US HOME
AND IT'S ROW, ME BULLY BOYS, ROW

RUN WHALE, RUN WHALE (G)

By Adam Morris

WELL I MADE MY LIVING FOR MOST OF MY LIFE
LIVING ON THE EDGE OF A FLENSER'S KNIFE
HARVESTING THE SEA AS BEST AS I COULD
LIVING IN PUDDLES OF BLUBBER 'N' BLOOD
LIVING IN PUDDLES OF BLUBBER 'N' BLOOD

CHORUS

RUN WHALE, RUN WHALE
I'M THE MACHINE THAT'S FASTER THAN YOU
RUN WHALE, RUN WHALE
AIN'T NO TELLING WHAT A MAN - FOR MONEY - WILL DO

WE SET SAIL IN THE BLACKENED SEA
DELIVERING DEATH AND MISERY
WE'LL TAKE YOU OUT AND BUTCHER AND BOIL YOU
ALL FOR THE SAKE OF THE NATURAL OIL
ALL FOR THE SAKE OF THE NATURAL OIL, YOU
CHORUS

WE'LL MAKE OUR WAY TO SHORE
COVERED IN SWEAT AND SALT AND GORE
THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS WHILE WE COULD
MAKIN' MONEY IN PUDDLES OF BLUBBER 'N' BLOOD
MAKIN' MONEY IN PUDDLES OF BLUBBER 'N' BLOOD
CHORUS

WELL I'VE BEEN AT SEA FOR YEARS IT SEEMS
I LOST MY SPIRIT AND I LOST MY DREAMS
ALL I SEE FROM UNDER THIS HOOD
IS A LIFE I LOST IN BLUBBER 'N' BLOOD
IS A LIFE I LOST IN BLUBBER 'N' BLOOD

CHORUS X2

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.

CHORUS
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.
CHORUS

THE CAPTAIN HE WILL TRIM THE SAILS,
WINGING THE WATER OVER THE RAILS,
CHORUS

WE DRINK DARK RUN WITH WIND IN OUR SAILS,
WE FEAR NOT TEMPEST, SQUALL OR GALE.
CHORUS

GIVE ME A GAL CAN DANCE FANDANGO,
ROUND AS A MELON AND SWEET AS A MANGO,
CHORUS

GOODBYE LOVELIES WE ARE HOMEWARD BOUND,
A SAILOR'S PROMISE IS ALWAYS SOUND.
CHORUS

LOAD THIS SUGAR AND HOME-WARD GO,
MISTER MATE, HE TOLD ME SO,

CHORUS (REPEAT A COUPLE OF TIMES)

SAILING OVER THE DOGGER BANK (E^m)

SAILING OVER THE DOGGER BANK, WASN'T IT A TREAT
THE WIND A-BLOWING EAST NOR EAST, WE HAD TO GIVE HER SHEET.
YOU OUGHT TO SEE US RUNNING THE WIND A-BLOWING FREE,
A PASSAGE FROM THE DOGGER BANK TO GREAT GRIMSBY.

CHORUS

**SO WATCH HER, TWIG HER, SHE'S A PROPER JUBER-JUS,
GIVE HER A SHEET, LET HER RIP, WE'RE THE BOYS TO PULL HER THROUGH.
YOU OUGHT TO SEE US RUNNING THE WIND A-BLOWING FREE,
A PASSAGE FROM THE DOGGER BANK TO GREAT GRIMSBY.**

NOW OUR CAPTAIN HE'S A SHANGAROOSH HE LIKES A DROP OF GOOD ALE,
OUR MATE HE IS A ROAD-STONE INSPECTOR, HE'S BEEN SEEN IN MANY A JAIL.
OUR THIRD HAND HE'S A BUSH RANGER, HE COMES FROM THE AFRICAN ISLES,
AND TAKE A LOOK AT OUR OLD COOK, THE DIRTY BUGGER'S WILD.

CHORUS

SO WATCH HER, TWIG HER, AS DOWN THE STREET SHE CAME
HIGH HEELS AND PAINTED TOES, JENNY IS ON THE GAME;
JENNY IS ONE OF THEM FLASH GIRLS, CAN'T SHE CUT A SHINE?
SHE CAN DO THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE ON THE KNICKERBOCKER LINE.

CHORUS

**NOW, WE ARE THE BOYS TO MAKE A NOISE WHEN WE COME HOME FROM SEA,
WE GET RIGHT DRUNK, WE ROLL ON THE FLOOR, AND CAUSE A JUBILEE;
WE GET RIGHT DRUNK AND FULL OF BEER AND ROLL ALL OVER THE FLOOR,
AND WHEN OUR RENT IT IS ALL SPENT, WE'LL GO TO SEA FOR MORE.**

CHORUS x2

SAILORS DIE QUITE OFTEN (D)

By Mal Hatwell

CHORUS

OH SAILORS DIE QUITE OFTEN BUT ON BOARD THERE AIN'T NO COFFIN
SO WE LASH 'EM IN THEIR HAMMOCKS AND WE TAKE THEM TO THE LEE
OH US SAILORS DIE QUITE OFTEN BUT ON BOARD THERE AIN'T NO COFFIN
SO ALL SAFELY IN THEIR WRAPPIN'S WE JUST SLIP EM IN THE SEA

Michael: YOUNG BILLY BLAKE WAS REEFING WAY UP ON THE ROYAL YARD
THE SHIP SHE HEELED QUITE STRONGLY AND HE FELL DOWN RATHER HARD
WE GATHERED ROUND, THE FIRST MATE SPAKE, SAID BILLY LOOKED QUITE PALE
SO WE LASHED HIM IN HIS HAMMOCK AND WE SLIPPED HIM O'ER THE RAIL
WE SLIPPED HIM O'ER THE RAIL ME BOYS, WE SLIPPED HIM O'ER THE RAIL
CHORUS

Marcel: OLD CHARLIE KICKED A BLOCK ON WATCH WHILE SIPPIN' DOWN A CUPPA
HE ENDED WITH HIS HEAD STUCK HALFWAY THROUGH A LEEWARD SCUPPER
WE FISHED HIM OUT AND WIPED HIS FACE AND THEN ALL NEATLY TIED
WE JUST WRAPPED HIM IN HIS HAMMOCK AND WE POPPED HIM O'ER THE SIDE.
WE POPPED HIM O'ER THE SIDE ME BOYS, WE POPPED HIM O'ER THE SIDE
CHORUS

Barry: AN IRISHMAN CALLED FLANNIGAN ON MIDDLE WATCH WAS TRICKIN'
THE MIZZEN SHEET CAUGHT ROUND HIS FEET AND DOWN A HATCH DID FLICK HIM
WE SPRINKLED HIM WITH WHISKEY, PUT HIS SQUEEZE BOX BY HIS SIDE
CALLED IN ALL THE SAINTS OF ERIN AND WE SANK HIM WITH THE TIDE.
WE SANK HIM WITH THE TIDE ME BOYS, WE SANK HIM WITH THE TIDE
CHORUS

Kriss: THE WAVES WERE RUNNIN' GREEN LADS AND THE DECKS WERE LESS THAN CLEAR
A CARGO NET IT MADE ITSELF OLD JIMMIES FINAL CHEER
WE WRAPPED HIM WELL TO KEEP HIM WARM AND HAD A CUP O' TEA
THEN WE DRAGGED HIM DOWN AMIDSHIPS AND WE CHEERED AND SET HIM FREE.
WE CHEERED AND SET HIM FREE ME BOYS, WE CHEERED AND SET HIM FREE
CHORUS

John: A HUGE MAN WAS HARPOONER SVEN HE ALWAYS WORE A SCARF
GOT SNARED UP ON HIS HARPOON LINE AN' CUT HIM CLEAN IN HALF
WE PUT HIS BITS TOGETHER, IN HIS HAMMOCK, ROLLED EM TIGHT
AND ANOINTED HIM WITH WHALE OIL, AND WE PLONKED HIM IN THE BIGHT.
WE PLONKED HIM IN THE BIGHT ME BOYS, WE PLONKED HIM IN THE BIGHT
CHORUS

Andrew: A SALT PORK BONE IT GOT CAUGHT FIRMLY DOWN OUR BOSUN'S THROAT
AT FOUR BELLS HE JUST PASSED AWAY A BLEATIN' LIKE A GOAT
REMEMBERIN' HOW HE TREATED US WE LEFT HIS HAMMOCK SLACK
N' WE SMOTHERED HIM WITH GALLEY SCRAPS AND WE TOSSED HIM OFF THE BACK.
WE TOSSED HIM OFF THE BACK ME BOYS, WE TOSSED HIM OFF THE BACK
CHORUS

Mal: OH A'SAILIN' IS A FEARFUL LIFE AND ONE CAN HAVE MUCH SORROW
YOU MAKE A MAN A FRIEND ONE DAY AND SEE HIM OFF TOMORROW
WHEN I SHIP OUT SOME WEARY DAY ON LAND DON'T LOWER ME
I'D RATHER FEED THE FISHES THAN DAMNED EARTH WORMS DON'T YOU SEE
YEAH WE'D RATHER FEED THE FISHES THAN DAMNED EARTH WORMS DON'T YOU SEE
CHORUS X 2

SALLY BROWN (A)

OH, SALLY BROWN, SHE'S A NICE YOUNG LADY
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
AND WE ROLLED ALL NIGHT
AND WE ROLLED ALL DAY
SPEND OUR MONEY ON SALLY BROWN

OH, SALLY BROWN, SHE'S A RIPE TOMATO
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
WELL, SHE DRINKS DARK RUM
AND SHE CHEWS TOBACCO
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
AND WE ROLLED ALL NIGHT
AND WE ROLLED ALL DAY
SPEND OUR MONEY ON SALLY BROWN

WELL, HER FATHER LIKES A TARRY SAILOR
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
AND WE ROLLED ALL NIGHT
AND WE ROLLED ALL DAY
SPEND OUR MONEY ON SALLY BROWN

AH, SALLY BROWN, SHE LIKES A GOOD SCRUMPY
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
SHE LIKES A BIT OF RUMPY-PUMPY
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
AND WE ROLLED ALL NIGHT
AND WE ROLLED ALL DAY
SPEND OUR MONEY ON SALLY BROWN

OH, SALLY BROWN, SHE'S A NICE YOUNG LADY
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
YEAH, SALLY BROWN, SHE'S A FINE YOUNG LADY!
WAY, HAY, ROLL AND GO
AND WE ROLLED ALL NIGHT
AND WE ROLLED ALL DAY
SPEND OUR MONEY ON SALLY BROWN
AND WE ROLLED ALL NIGHT
AND WE ROLLED ALL DAY
SPEND OUR MONEY ON SALLY BROWN

SALLY MACLENNANE (D)

WELL JIMMY PLAYED HARMONICA IN THE PUB WHERE I WAS BORN
HE PLAYED IT FROM THE NIGHT TIME TO THE PEACEFUL EARLY MORN
HE SOOTHED THE SOULS OF PSYCHOS AND THE MEN WHO HAD THE HORN
AND THEY ALL LOOKED VERY HAPPY IN THE MORNING

NOW JIMMY DIDN'T LIKE HIS PLACE IN THIS WORLD OF OURS
WHERE THE ELEPHANT MAN BROKE STRONG MEN'S NECKS
WHEN HE'D HAD TOO MANY POWERS
SO SAD TO SEE THE GRIEVING OF THE PEOPLE THAT HE'S LEAVING
AND HE TOOK THE ROAD FOR GOD KNOWS IN THE MORNING

CHORUS

**WE WALKED HIM TO THE STATION IN THE RAIN
WE KISSED HIM AS WE PUT HIM ON THE TRAIN
AND WE SANG HIM A SONG OF TIMES LONG GONE
THOUGH WE KNEW THAT WE'D BE SEEING HIM AGAIN
(FAR AWAY) SAD TO SAY I MUST BE ON MY WAY
SO BUY ME BEER AND WHISKEY 'CAUSE I'M GOING FAR AWAY (FAR AWAY)
I'D LIKE TO THINK OF ME RETURNING WHEN I CAN
TO THE GREATEST LITTLE BOOZER AND TO SALLY MACLENNANE**

THE YEARS PASSED BY THE TIMES HAD CHANGED I GREW TO BE A MAN
I LEARNED TO LOVE THE VIRTUES OF SWEET SALLY MACLENNANE
I TOOK THE JEERS AND DRANK THE BEERS AND CRAWLED BACK HOME AT DAWN
AND ENDED UP A BARMAN IN THE MORNING

I PLAYED THE PUMP AND TOOK THE HUMP AND WATERED WHISKEY DOWN
I TALKED OF WHORES AND HORSES TO THE MEN WHO DRANK THE BROWN
I HEARD THEM SAY THAT JIMMY'S MAKING MONEY FAR AWAY
AND SOME PEOPLE LEFT FOR HEAVEN WITHOUT WARNING

CHORUS

WHEN JIMMY CAME BACK HOME HE WAS SURPRISED THAT THEY WERE GONE
HE ASKED ME ALL THE DETAILS OF THE TRAIN THAT THEY WENT ON
SOME PEOPLE THEY ARE SCARED TO CROAK BUT JIMMY DRANK UNTIL HE CHOKED
AND HE TOOK THE ROAD FOR HEAVEN IN THE MORNING

CHORUS

THE SCHOONER I'M ALONE (E^m)

WE WERE RUNNING DOWN THE COAST WITH A YANKEE ON OUR TAIL,
LOADED DOWN WITH RUM AND BLOWING EVERY YARD OF SAIL.
ST PIERRE AND MIQUELON, WE HAVE YOUR LIQUID GOLD
TO THE SUNNY GULF OF MEXICO WITH A THOUSAND BARRELS SOLD.

CHORUS

**AND THE BIG SEAS THEY WERE ROLLING, WE WERE LOADED DOWN WITH RUM,
WITH THE SCHOONER 'I'M ALONE' OUT OF LUNENBURG WE COME,
SO SEND YOUR FASTEST GUNBOAT TO CATCH US IF YOU CAN
WITH THE DEVIL IN OUR CORNER RUNNING RUM TO LOUISIANNE**

WE WERE GOOD HARD WORKING FISHERMEN WHEN PROHIBITION CAME
WITH THE SCHOONER 'I'M ALONE' WE MADE OUR BIT OF FAME
WE THREW AWAY OUR FISHING GEAR WITH THE MONEY ROLLING IN,
AMERICA WAS THIRSTY, GETTING TIRED OF BANGED UP GIN.

CHORUS

WE KEPT THE COASTGUARD BUSY, THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE
TO CATCH US WITH OUR CARGO, WE SHOWED THEM HOW TO DANCE.
BUT IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS, 2000 MILES FROM HOME
TWO CUTTERS FINALLY CAUGHT US AND THEY SANK THE 'I'M ALONE'.

NOW THE NOVA SCOTIA SCHOONERS AND THE MEN WHO RAN THE RUM
ARE NOT MUCH MORE THAN STORIES NOW AND THE DAYS OF GLORY DONE.
THE BOOTLEG MEN AND SAILORMEN ARE GHOSTS THAT COME AND GO
WHEN THE FOG ROLLS IN ON LUNENBURG YOU'LL HEAR THEM SING BELOW.

CHORUS

THE SEA TEMPEST (D^m)

(ALBANY SHANTYMEN VERSION 16 JULY 2017)

O'ER THE HORIZON A STORM IS LOOMING
AND THE WIND WHIPS UP THE SWELL
THERE'S NO LIGHT, THE SKY IS DOOMING
AND THE SEA'S IS BLACK AS HELL, SEA'S BLACK AS HELL

THOUGH ITS NOON IT SEEMS LIKE MIDNIGHT
AND THE DARKNESS BLINDS OUR EYES
DISTANT LIGHTNING FLASHES BRIGHTLY
THE HOUR OF DOOM IS DRAWING NIGH, DOOMS DRAWING NIGH

CRASHING WAVES THEY SHAKE OUR BONES
NATURE'S FURY OUR MASTS GROAN
RIGGING STRIPPED ITS NEARLY GONE
ALL AROUND US THE SEA BOILS FOAM, THE SEA BOILS FOAM

THUNDER CRASHES LIKE A CANON
BOW IS HAMMERED BY MASSIVE WAVES
WE CAN'T HEAR THE CAPTAIN SHOUTING
DAVY JONES IS CALLING OUR NAMES, HE CALLS OUR NAMES

HIGH AS MOUNTAINS WAVES SURROUND US
SKY AND SEA MERGED INTO ONE
THE ABYSS IT YAWNS BEFORE US
BECKONING ALL HOPE IS GONE, ALL HOPE IS GONE

CRUEL OCEAN AND ITS TEMPEST
THE FATE OF CREWS PERISHED AT SEA
ARE THEY TRAPPED WITH DAVY JONES
ARE THEIR SOULS NOW SAILING FREE, SOULS SAILING FREE

SEAS OF ALBANY (G)

By Roger Arnold

LISTEN TO ME TALE OF AN ENGLISH MAN SET TO BATTLE DESTINY
HIS LIFE WAS WRONG, COULD HE MAKE IT RIGHT IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY
FOR I GREW UP ROUGH IN LONDON TOWN, BUT I KEPT BAD COMPANY
WELL, THE MAGISTRATE, HE SENTENCED ME TO THE SEAS OF ALBANY

CHORUS

**YOU CAN TAKE MY FREEDOM AND BE DAMNED
THERE'S A NEW WORLD THERE FOR ME
WHERE A CONVICT MAN CAN BUILD A LIFE
IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY**

I WAS CHAINED BENEATH A WOODEN DECK PACKED WITH ANIMALS AND THIEVES
A THREE-MONTH JOURNEY UNDERTOOK TO THE SEAS OF ALBANY
AND FOR 10 LONG YEARS I FELT THE LASH HARD LABOUR IT WAS FOR ME
NOW MY TIMES ARE SPENT, I'M FREE TO ROAM IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY

CHORUS

SO, I CLIMBED A BOARD A WHALIN BRIG IN A POUNDING EASTERLY
AND WE SET A COURSE PAST THE GRANITE ISLE TO THE SEAS OF ALBANY
THE AIR WAS THICK WITH SMELL OF DEATH AS WE EMPTIED OUT THE SEAS
WELL, THE WHALE BLOOD TURNED WATERS RED IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY

CHORUS

WELL, THE STORM WINDS BLEW I STOOD AGASP AT A RAGING WRETCHED SEA
IT BEAT LIKE A DRUM AGAINST THE SHIP'S OLD HULL IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY
A KING WAVE CRASHED CROSS THE DECK IT CAST ME TO THE SEA
AND DASHED ME AGAINST THOSE SOUTHERN ROCKS IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY

CHORUS

SO, I SANK DOWN TO MY WATERY GRAVE WHERE THE FISHES COME TO FEED
THERE WAS NO MAN CARED TO MOURN MY SOUL IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY
THERE LIES A MAN WHO CROSSED THE GLOBE TO OUTRUN HIS DESTINY
NOW HE'S DOOMED TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THE SEAS OF ALBANY

CHORUS x 2

SHALLOW BROWN (D)

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
SHALLOW, O SHALLOW BROWN
JUST AS THE DAY WAS DAWNING
SHALLOW, O SHALLOW BROWN

YES, OUR PACKET LEAVES TOMORROW
SHALLOW, O SHALLOW BROWN
AND IT FILLS ME HEART WITH SORROW
SHALLOW, O SHALLOW BROWN

O ME WIFE AND BABY GRIEVE ME
SHALLOW, O SHALLOW BROWN
IT JUST BREAKS ME HEART TO LEAVE YE
SHALLOW, O SHALLOW BROWN

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

SHENANDOAH

OH SHENANDOAH I LONG TO SEE THEE

A - WAY YOU ROLLING RIVER

OH SHENANDOAH I LONG TO SEE THEE

FAR AWAY, I'M BOUND AWAY, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

OH SHENANDOAH, I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER

A - WAY YOU ROLLING RIVER

OH SHENANDOAH I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER

FAR AWAY, I'M BOUND AWAY, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

IT'S BEEN SEVEN LONG YEARS SINCE LAST I SEE THEE

A - WAY YOU ROLLING RIVER

OH SEVEN LONG YEARS SINCE LAST I SEE THEE

FAR AWAY, I'M BOUND AWAY, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

O SHENANDOAH I TOOK A NOTION

A - WAY YOU ROLLING RIVER

TO SAIL ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN

FAR AWAY, I'M BOUND AWAY, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

OH SHENANDOAH I'M BOUND TO LEAVE THEE

A - WAY YOU ROLLING RIVER

OH BUT SHENDOAH I'LL NOT DECEIVE THEE

FAR AWAY, I'M BOUND AWAY, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI

SHORES OF BOTANY BAY (D^m)

'THE GOOD SHIP RAGAMUFFIN'

CHORUS

**FAREWELL TO YOUR BRICKS AND MORTAR, FAREWELL TO YOUR DIRTY LIME
FAREWELL TO YOUR GANGERS AND GANG PLANKS, AND TO HELL WITH YOUR
OVERTIME,
FOR THE GOOD SHIP RAGAMUFFIN IS LYING AT THE QUAY
FOR TO TAKE OLD PAT WITH HIS SHOVEL ON HIS BACK TO THE SHORES OF BOTANY
BAY**

I'M ON ME WAY DOWN TO THE CAPE WHERE THE SHIP AT ANCHOR LAY,
TO COMMAND A BUNCH OF NAVVIES THEY ASKED ME TO ENGAGE,
I THOUGHT I'D STOP IN FOR A DRINK BEFORE I WENT AWAY
FOR TO TAKE A TRIP ON AN IMMIGRANT SHIP TO THE SHORES OF BOTANY BAY

CHORUS

THE BOSS COMES IN THIS MORNING AND SAYS NOW PAT YE KNOW,
IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR NAVVIES OUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO,
WELL SINCE HE DID INSULT ME I DEMANDED ALL ME PAY,
AND I TOLD HIM STRAIGHT I WAS GOING TO EMIGRATE TO THE SHORES OF BOTANY
BAY

CHORUS

AND WHEN I REACH AUSTRALIA, I WILL GO AND DIG FOR GOLD,
THERE'S PLENTY THERE FOR THE DIGGING OF, OR SO I HAVE BEEN TOLD
OR ELSE I'LL GO BACK TO ME TRADE AND A 100 BRICKS I'LL LAY
BECAUSE I LIVE FOR AN EIGHT HOUR SHIFT ON THE SHORES OF BOTANY BAY

CHORUS X 2

**FOR TO TAKE OLD PAT WITH HIS SHOVEL ON HIS BACK TO THE SHORES (1 ,2, 3, 4) OF
BOTANY BAY**

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME (A^m)

THERE WAS A SHIP THAT PUT TO SEA,
THE NAME OF THE SHIP WAS THE BILLY OF TEA
THE WINDS BLEW UP, HER BOW DIPPED DOWN,
O BLOW, MY BULLY BOYS, BLOW.

CHORUS

**SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
AND BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM.
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUIN' IS DONE,
WE'LL TAKE OUR LEAVE AND GO.**

SHE HAD NOT BEEN TWO WEEKS FROM SHORE
WHEN DOWN ON HER A RIGHT WHALE BORE.
THE CAPTAIN CALLED ALL HANDS AND SWORE
HE'D TAKE THAT WHALE IN TOW.

CHORUS

BEFORE THE BOAT HAD HIT THE WATER
THE WHALE'S TAIL CAME UP AND CAUGHT HER.
ALL HANDS TO THE SIDE, HARPOONED AND FOUGHT HER
WHEN SHE DIVED DOWN BELOW.

CHORUS

NO LINE WAS CUT, NO WHALE WAS FREED;
THE CAPTAIN'S MIND WAS NOT OF GREED,
BUT HE BELONGED TO THE WHALEMAN'S CREED;
SHE TOOK THE SHIP IN TOW.

CHORUS

FOR FORTY DAYS, OR EVEN MORE,
THE LINE WENT SLACK, THEN TIGHT ONCE MORE.
ALL BOATS WERE LOST (THERE WERE ONLY FOUR)
BUT STILL THE WHALE DID GO.

CHORUS

AS FAR AS I KNOW, THE FIGHT'S STILL ON.
THE LINE'S NOT CUT AND THE WHALE'S NOT GONE.
THE WELLERMAN MAKES HIS REGULAR CALL
TO THE CAPTAIN, CREW, AND ALL.

CHORUS

SOUTH AUSTRALIA (C)

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

CHORUS
HAUL AWAY YOU ROLLING KING
HEAVE AWAY HAUL AWAY
HAUL AWAY OH HEAR ME SING,
WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNING FAIR
THERE I MET MISS NANCY BLAIR
CHORUS

THERE'S JUST ONE THING GRIEVES ME MIND
TO LEAVE MISS NANCY BLAIR BEHIND,
CHORUS

I RAM 'ER ALL NIGHT AND I RAM (CHASE) 'ER ALL DAY
I RAM 'ER BEFORE WE SAIL AWAY
CHORUS

SOUTH AUSTRALIAS MY HOMELAND
IT'S FULL OF DUST AND THIEVES AND SAND
CHORUS

I SHOOK HER UP AND I SHOOK HER DOWN,
I SHOOK HER ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND
CHORUS

ITS BACK AGAIN TO LIVERPOOL
WHERE I SPEND ME MONEY LIKE A BLOODY FOOL
CHORUS

AS YOU'RE LOLLING ROUND CAPE HORN
YOU'LL WISH TO GOD YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN

CHORUS X2

SPANISH LADIES (A^m)

FAREWELL AND ADIEU, TO YOU SPANISH LADIES
FAREWELL AND ADIEU, TO YOU LADIES OF SPAIN
FOR WE RECEIVED ORDERS FOR TO SAIL FOR OLD ENGLAND
BUT WE HOPE, VERY SOON, WE SHALL SEE YOU AGAIN

CHORUS

**WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR LIKE TRUE BRITISH SAILORS
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR ALONG THE SALT SEAS
UNTIL WE STRIKE SOUNDINGS IN THE CHANNEL OF OLD ENGLAND
FROM USHANT TO SCILLY IS 35 LEAGUES**

WE HOVE OUR SHIP TO, WITH THE WIND AT SOUTHWEST BOYS
WE HOVE OUR SHIP TO, OUR SOUNDINGS TO SEE
WE ROUNDED AND SOUNDED GOT 45 FATHOMS
WE SQUARED OUR MAIN YARD AND UP CHANNEL STEERED WE

CHORUS

THE NEXT LAND WE MADE WAS CALLED "THE DODMAN"
NEXT RAME HEAD OFF PLYMOUTH, OFF PORTLAND AND WIGHT
WE SAILED BY BEACHY, BY FAIRLIGHT AND DUNGENESS
'TILL WE CAME ABREAST OF THE SOUTH FORELAND LIGHT

CHORUS

THEN THE SIGNAL WAS MADE FOR THE GRAND FLEET TO ANCHOR
ALL IN THE DOWNS THAT NIGHT FOR TO LIE
THEN IT'S STAND BY YOUR STOPPERS, STEER CLEAR YOUR SHANK-PAINTERS
HAUL UP YOUR CLEW GARNETS, LET TACKS AND SHEET FLY

CHORUS

SO LET EVERY MAN TOSS OFF A FULL BUMPER
AND LET EVERY MAN DRINK OFF A FULL GLASS
WE'LL DRINK AND BE MERRY AND DROWN MELANCHOLY
SINGING, HERE'S A GOOD HEALTH TO EACH TRUE-HEARTED LASS

CHORUS

THE TEMPEST (F)

WE ARE ALL BORN FREE BUT FOREVER LIVE IN CHAINS
AND WE BATTLE TO 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

CHORUS

**SO ROW ROW YOU BASTARDS YOU NEVER CAN TELL
THROUGH WATER LIKE GLASS ABOVE A BRINEY HELL
SO ROW AND A-HOLLAR 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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS X 2

OR THE SEA SHE WILL BEST US, WE'LL NEVER SEE THE LAND

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY (C)

HO! FOR A BRAVE AND A GALLANT SHIP, AND A FAST AND FAVOURIN' BREEZE,
WITH A BULLY CREW AND A CAPTAIN TOO, TO CARRY ME O'ER THE SEAS,
TO CARRY ME O'ER THE SEAS, MY BOYS, TO MY TRUE LOVE FAR AWAY,
FOR SHE'S TAKEN A TRIP ON A GOVERNEMENT SHIP TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

CHORUS:

**SO BLOW YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO; A ROVING I WILL GO,
I'LL STAY NO MORE ON ENGLAND'S SHORE, TO HEAR THE MUSIC PLAY!
I'M OFF ON THE BOUNDING MAIN, AND I WON'T BE BACK AGAIN,
I'M ON THE MOVE TO MY OWN TRUE LOVE, TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.**

MY TRUE LOVE, SHE IS BEAUTIFUL, MY TRUE LOVE SHE IS YOUNG.
HER EYES ARE GREEN AS AN EMERALDS GLEAM, AND SILVERY SOUNDS HER TONGUE
AND SILVERY SOUNDS HER TONGUE, MY BOYS, BUT WHILE I SING THIS LAY,
SHE IS DOING THE GRAND IN A DISTANT LAND, TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

CHORUS

OH! IT WAS A DARK AND RAIN-SWEPT NIGHT WHEN I LAST DID SEE MY MEG,
SHE'D A GOVERNMENT BAND AROUND EACH HAND, AND ANOTHER ONE AROUND HER
LEG,
AND ANOTHER ONE AROUND HER LEG, MY BOYS, AS THE BIG SHIP LEFT THE BAY
"ADIEU" SAYS SHE, "REMEMBER ME, TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY."

CHORUS

OH! IF I WERE A BOSUN BOLD, OR A SAILOR WITHOUT FEAR,
I'D MAN A BOAT AND AWAY I'D FLOAT, AND STRAIGHT TO MY TRUE LOVE STEER,
AND STRAIGHT TO MY TRUE LOVE STEER, MY BOYS, WHERE THE DANCING DOLPHINS
PLAY,
AND THE WHALES AND THE SHARKS ARE HAVING THEIR LARKS, TEN THOUSAND MILES
AWAY.

CHORUS

THE SUN MAY SHINE THROUGH THE LONDON FOG, AND THE RIVER RUN QUITE CLEAR,
OR THE OCEANS' BRINE BE TURNED TO WINE, OR I FORGET MY BEER,
SAID I MAY FORGET MY BEER, MY BOYS, OR THE LANDLORD'S QUARTER-DAY.
BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET MY OWN TRUE LOVE, TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY!

CHORUS X2 WITH A STRONG, SNAPPY FINISH

TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM (E^m)

Terry Bennetts/Keith Lethbridge

GATHER ROUND MATES I'LL TELL YOU A TALE
IT'LL FAIR MAKE YOU WEEP, IT'LL FAIR MAKE YOU WAIL
ALL I OWNED HAS BEEN LOST, DONE SOME TIME IN JAIL
FROM TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM

NOW I DON'T BLAME THE LAWYERS I DON'T BLAME THE BANK
I DON'T BLAME INVESTMENTS THAT FLOUNDERED AND SANK
I CAN'T BLAME THE TEA OR THE WATER I DRANK
JUST TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM

CHORUS

**HEY HEY I'LL SAIL AWAY
PUT AN OCEAN BETWEEN ME AND MY YESTERDAYS
BUT AS SURE AS TOMORROW WILL WELCOME THE SUN
THERE'LL BE TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM**

I ONCE HAD A FORTUNE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT,
SILK SHEETS ON THE BED WITH MY LUCK RUNNING HOT
NOW REGRETS AND MEMORIES ARE ALL THAT I'VE GOT,
FROM TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM.

NO MORE CIGARS AT THE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB,
NO MORE DINING OUT ON THE FINEST OF GRUB,
DOWN TO A PENCIL THAT'S ONLY A STUB
AND TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM.

CHORUS

WHEN I HAD A FORTUNE, THE GIRLS HAD A PLAN:
"JUST TREAT HIM POLITELY AND TAKE WHAT YOU CAN".
NOW HERE I AM JUST A LONELY OLD MAN
FROM TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM.

WELL MAYBE I'LL PERISH OR MAYBE I'LL THRIVE,
MAYBE I'LL SURFACE OR MAYBE I'LL DIVE,
OR MAYBE I'M BETTER OFF DEAD THAN ALIVE,
WITH TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM.

**HEY HEY I'LL SAIL AWAY
PUT AN OCEAN BETWEEN ME AND MY YESTERDAYS
BUT AS SURE AS TOMORROW WILL WELCOME THE SUN
(REPEAT X 3)**

THERE'LL BE TOO MANY BOTTLES OF RUM

THE TRYPHENA'S EXTRA HAND

IN THE CLIPPER SHIP TRYPHENA SWINGING NOR'ARD FROM THE LINE
WITH THE TRADE WIND BLOWING STEADY AND HER FLYING KITES A SHINE,
FIVE AND SIXTY DAYS FROM ANJER - WITH HER FREIGHT OF FOOCHOU TEAS
THERE A SAILOR MAN LAY DYING AND THE WORDS HE SPOKE WERE THESE

MANY A YEAR I'VE KNOWED THIS PACKET- AND I'VE GOT TO KNOW HER WELL
AND I'VE NOT MUCH HOPE OF HEAVEN - AND I'VE NOT MUCH USE FOR HELL
BUT IF SO BE AS THEY'LL LET ME -BY THE GREAT HOOK BLOCK I'LL SWEAR
WHEN THE OLD TRYPHENA WANTS ME - DEAD AS LIVING I'LL BE THERE.

THERE'LL BE ONE MORE AT THE HALLIARDS - THERE'LL BE ONE MORE ON THE YARD
FISTING DOWN THOSE THUNDERING COURSES - WHEN THEY'RE FROSTED GOOD AND
HARD
ONE MORE TALLYIN' ON THE FORE-BRACE - WHEN HER WAIST'S NECK DEEP IN FOAM
ONE MORE HAND TO SWEAT THE TOPS'LS UP - AND SHEET T'GAN'SLS HOME

SO JUST OF THE WESTERN ISLANDS - WHEN HE SMELT THE LAND HE DIED
AND THEY LAID ABACK THE MAIN-YARD - AND THEY DROPPED HIM OVER SIDE
THEN THEY SQUARED AWAY FOR ENGLAND - PULLEY-HAULING WITH A WILL
BUT FOR ALL THEY THOUGHT THEY'D LEFT HIM THERE - HE SAILS ABOARD HER STILL.

AND THE CHAPS AS WAS HIS SHIPMATES - WENT THE WAY AS ALL CHAPS GO
AND THE FOLKS AS WAS HER OWNERS - SOLD THE OLD SHIP LONG AGO
BUT WHO-EVER OWNED OR SOLD HER - OR WHO-EVER WENT OR CAME
THE TRYPHENA'S EXTRA HAND HE SAILED - ABOARD HER JUST THE SAME.

AND HE NEVER SIGNED NO ARTICLES - AND HE NEVER DRAVED NO PAY
HE NEVER SCOFFED NO VITTLES,- BUT BY NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY
THOUGH YOU'D NEVER KNOW HIS COMING - NOR YOU'D NEVER SEE HIM GO
HE'D BE ALWAYS SOMEWHERE HANDY - WHEN ITS COMING ON TO BLOW.

AND HE'D STAND BY WHEEL AND LOOKOUT - AND YOU'D KIND OF FEEL HIM NEAR
KIND OF SEE HIM - AND NOT SEE HIM - KIND OF HEAR HIM AND NOT HEAR
AND THE FUNNY THING ABOUT IT - WAS YOU SOMEHOW COULDN'T SWEAR
THOUGH YOU KNEW IT SURE AS SHOOTING - WHEN THE EXTRA HAND WAS THERE

AND IN PORT WHEN ALL THE CHAPS HAD GONE ASHORE TO TAKE THEIR EASE
AND LEFT THE SHIP AS LONELY - AND AS QUIET AS YOU PLEASE
NOT A BLESSED SOUL ABOARD HER - BUT THE GALLEY CAT AND YOU
THEN YOU'D HEAR A SORT OF SOMETHING - MORE THAN ONCE I'VE HEARD IT TOO

LIKE A FELLER UP ALOFT THERE - PUTTERING ROUND AMONGST THE GEAR
SEIZING THERE ANOTHER RAT 'LIN - PUTTING ON A MOUSING HERE
AND RUM-TUMMING OLD TUNES OVER - SUCH AS SHELL-BACKS USED TO KNOW
IN THE GOOD OLD CHINA TEA-TRADE - MANY MANY'S THE YEAR AGO.
REPEAT THE LAST 2 LINES

WEST AUSTRALIAN SUN (Dm)

By Roger Arnold

WITH A TWIST OF AN EAR AND A POKE IN THE EYE, THE PICK OF A POCKET AND THE PROFIT OF A LIE
THE SLASH OF THE KNIFE 'GAINST THE CRACKIN' OF THE GUN, THREE THIEVES RUNNING IN COLD EAST
LONDON SUN

CORNERED IN AN ALLEYWAY, STUCK BEFORE THE LAW, SENTENCED TO THE COLONIES, DRAGGED TO
THE WHARFS

CHAINED BENEATH A DECK, NO PLACE TO RUN, THREE MEN SAILING TOWARD THE WEST AUSTRALIAN
SUN

**WITH A TWIST OF AN EAR AND A POKE IN THE EYE
WITH A TASTE OF A TEAR AND THE TRICK OF A LIE
SWISH OF A SPEAR AGAINST THE TRIGGER OF A GUN
THREE MEN SAILING TOWARD THE WEST AUSTRA-LI-AN SUN**

A CRACK OF THE LASH 'GAINST THE BEAT OF A DRUM, WHIPPING BURNT BACKS IN THE BLAZING SUN
THE STING OF THE BLISTER, A RUBBING 'GAINST A CHAIN, THE HEAT AND THE FLIES AND THE SWEAT
AND SEARING PAIN

HE SNATCHED AT A BISCUIT AND HE GRABBED AT A FEED, A PUNCH IN THE GUT THAT DROPPED HIM TO
HIS KNEES
HE NEVER MADE A SOUND AS THEY FLOGGED HIS BLOODY BACK, CUT TO THE BONE AS THE WHIP WENT
CRACK

**WITH A TWIST OF AN EAR AND A POKE IN THE EYE
WITH A TASTE OF A TEAR AND THE TRICK OF A LIE
SWISH OF A SPEAR AGAINST THE TRIGGER OF A GUN
THREE MEN RUNNING THROUGH THE WEST AUSTRA-LI-AN SUN**

A FILE ON A CHAIN AND A ROCK TO A HEAD, JAILER SCREAMING MURDER, A SQUEALING TILL HE'S DEAD
3 MEN RUNNING FROM THE BARREL OF A GUN, RUNNING LIKE HELL THROUGH THE WEST AUSTRALIAN
SUN

BUSH SCRATCH DEEP, AND THEIR CLOTHES ALL TORN, THE SOLES OF THEIR FEET ALL CUT AND WORN
TENDING BLOODY FEET IN THE RAGING SUN, ONE MAN FALLS FROM THE CRACK OF A DISTANT GUN

**WITH A TWIST OF AN EAR AND A POKE IN THE EYE
WITH A TASTE OF A TEAR AND THE TRICK OF A LIE
SWISH OF A SPEAR AGAINST THE TRIGGER OF A GUN
TWO MEN RUNNING THROUGH THE WEST AUSTRA-LI-AN SUN**

THE SWISH OF A SPEAR, NOWHERE TO HIDE, ONE MAN STAGGERS WITH A SPEAR IN HIS SIDE
RUNNING THROUGH THE BUSH WITH THE TERROR IN HIS EYES, LISTENING WITH HORROR AS HE HEARS
POOR MATES CRIES

THE DOG ON HIS SCENT AND A TRACKER ON HIS HIDE, DRAGGED HIM BACK TO THE TOWN BUSTED
BEATEN HALF ALIVE
HE NEVER SAID A WORD, AS THEY STRUNG HIM UP HIGH, THE OLD MEN CHEERED WHILE THE WOMEN
JUST STARED AND CRIED

**WITH A TWIST OF AN EAR AND A POKE IN THE EYE
WITH A TASTE OF A TEAR AND THE TRICK OF A LIE
SWISH OF A SPEAR AGAINST THE TRIGGER OF A GUN
ONE MAN HANGING IN THE WEST AUSTRA-LI-AN SUN**

(REPEAT LAST CHORUS)

THE WHALE (A^m)

DI DI DI DI DI DI DI DI

THEY SAILED FROM PORT ONE MORNING WHEN THE WEATHER IT WAS FAIR
A GENTLE BREEZE IT PUSHED THEM AND NO ONE GAVE A CARE
THEY SANG AND DANCED AND LAUGHED THAT NIGHT AND OPENED UP A KEG
THEY'RE OUT TO CATCH THE MONSTER WHALE THAT TOOK THE CAPTAIN'S LEG
DI DI DI DI DI DI DI DI

THE CAPTAIN SAID "A PIECE OF GOLD FOR HE WHO SEES MY WHALE"
SO, BEND YOUR BACKS AND ROW ME LADS I KNOW THAT WE WON'T FAIL
BEND YOUR BACKS AND ROW ME LADS AND TAKE ME TO ME WHALE.
TONIGHT, WE SING AND DANCE AND TOMORROW NIGHT WE SAIL.
WE SAIL INTO THE HARBOUR NO PROUDER MEN THERE'LL BE
WE'LL SHOW THEM ALL WE CAPTURED THE MONSTER FROM THE SEA
DI DI DI DI DI DI DI DI

THEY SAW THE WHALE ONE MORNING WHEN THE WEATHER IT WAS FAIR
THE MEN WERE WHITE AS GHOSTS, BUT THE CAPTAIN DIDN'T CARE
I'LL TAKE THIS WHALE MYSELF HE SAID THE WEAK CAN STAY BEHIND
THE STRONG CAN SHARE MY GLORY AND TONIGHT THEY'LL SHARE MY WINE
DI DI DI DI DI DI DI DI

THE WHALE IT CAME UP CLOSER IT WAS BIGGER THAN THE SKY
THEY-LOWERED DOWN THE LONGBOAT AND THEY HEARD THE CAPTAIN CRY
BEND YOUR BACKS AND ROW ME LADS AND TAKE ME TO ME WHALE.
TONIGHT, WE SING AND DANCE AND TOMORROW NIGHT WE SAIL.
WE SAIL INTO THE HARBOUR NO PROUDER MEN THERE'LL BE
WE'LL SHOW THEM ALL WE CAPTURED THE MONSTER FROM THE SEA
DI DI DI DI DI DI DI DI

THE WHALE IT CAME SO CLOSE THAT IT ALMOST TIPPED THE BOAT
THE CAPTAIN RAISED HIS SPEAR AND HE RAMMED IT DOWN ITS THROAT
THE WHALE IT GAVE A MOURNFUL' CRY AND LIFTED IT'S GREAT TAIL
AND BROUGHT IT DOWN A SMASHING EVERY BOAT WORSE THAN A GALE.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR (GRIZ)

A HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MEN
WENT BELOW TO SPEND THEIR DAYS IN DAVY JONESES' DEN
THE WHALE IT GOES ON LIVING BUT INSIDE IT WEARS A SCAR
AND IF YOU'RE EVER NEAR THAT PLACE, A VOICE CALLS FROM AFAR

BEND YOUR BACKS AND ROW ME LADS AND TAKE ME TO ME WHALE
TONIGHT, WE SING AND DANCE! AND TOMORROW NIGHT WE SAIL
WE SAIL INTO THE HARBOUR NO PROUDER MEN THERE'LL BE
WE'LL SHOW THEM ALL WE CAPTURED THE MONSTER FROM THE SEA
(REPEAT CHORUS)

DI DI DI DI DI DI DI DI

WHEN JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO (C)

WELL, I NEVER SEEN THE LIKE SINCE I BEEN BORN,
A RAILROAD NAVVY WITH HIS SEA BOOTS ON

CHORUS

WHEN JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, POOR OLD MAN OH, WAKE 'ER, OH, SHAKE 'ER,
OH WAKE THAT GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON WHEN JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO,
POOR OLD MAN

I MET A LITTLE GAL ACROSS THE SEA,
SHE'S A 'BADIAN BEAUTY AND SHE SAYS TO ME

CHORUS

WHO'S BEEN HERE SINCE I'VE BEEN GONE?
PRETTY LITTLE GAL WITH A JOSEY ON

CHORUS

WELL, MY WIFE DIED IN TENNESSEE,
AND THEY SENT HER JAWBONE BACK TO ME

CHORUS

SO, I HUNG THAT JAWBONE ON A FENCE
AND I AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' BUT THE JAWBONE SINCE

CHORUS

WELL, I NEVER SEEN THE LIKE SINCE I BEEN BORN
A RAILROAD NAVVY WITH HIS SEA BOOTS ON

WHERE AM I TO GO M'JOHNNIES (C)

WHERE AM I TO GO ME JOHNNIES, WHERE AM I TO GO?

TIMME WAY HEY HEY, HIGH ROLL AND GO,

HO WHERE AM I TO GO ME 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 IN THAT T'GALLANT YARD, THE GANS'L FOR TO STOW.

WAY UP ON THAT T'GALLANT YARD AND TAKE THAT GANS'L IN

WAY UP ON THAT T'GALLANT YARD THE RABBIT FOR TO SKIN

WHERE AM I TO GO ME JOHNNIES, WHERE AM I TO GO.

YOU'RE BOUND AWAY AROUND CAPE HORN, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE BOUND TO GO.

YOU'RE BOUND AWAY AROUND CAPE HORN ALL THROUGH THE ICE AN' SNOW

YOU'RE BOUND AWAY ME BULLY BOYS, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE BOUND TO GO.

YOU'RE BOUND TO BE A SAILORMAN, WHEN YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR TIME.

YOU'RE BOUND TO BE A SAILORMAN ALL IN THE BLACKBALL LINE

WHERE AM I TO GO ME JOHNNIES, WHERE AM I TO GO?

HO WHERE AM I TO GO ME JOHNNIES, OH WHERE AM I TO GO?

WHIP JAMBOREE (D^m)

NOW ME LADS BE OF GOOD CHEER
FOR THE IRISH COAST WILL SOON DRAW NEAR
IN A FEW DAYS MORE
WE'LL SIGHT CAPE CLEAR
COME AND GET YER OATS ME SON

CHORUS

**WHUP JAMBOREE, WHUP JAMBOREE
A LONG-TAILED SAILOR COME UP BEHIND
WHUP JAMBOREE, WHUP JAMBOREE
JONNY GET YER OATS, ME SON**

THE PILOT HE LOOKS OUT AHEAD
WITH A HAND IN THE CHAIN, HEAVING ON THE LEAD,
AND THE OLD MAN ROARS TO WAKE THE DEAD,
COME AND GET YER OATS, ME SON!

CHORUS

OH, NOW WE PASS THE LIZARD LIGHTS
AND THE START, ME BOYS, WILL HEAVE IN SIGHT.
SOON WE'RE ABREAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT,
COME AND GET YER OATS, ME SON!

CHORUS

OH, WHEN WE GET TO THE BLACKWELL DOCKS.
THEM PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS COME DOWN IN FLOCKS,
WITH THEIR SHORT-LEGGED DRAWERS AND LONG-TAILED FROCKS,
COME AND GET YER OATS, ME SON!

CHORUS

WHISKEY, JOHNNY (D)

WHISKEY IS THE LIFE OF MAN
WHISKEY, JOHNNY!
O, WHISKEY IS THE LIFE OF MAN
WHISKEY FOR MY JOHNNY O!

CHORUS
WHISKEY-O, JOHNNY-O
RISE HER UP FROM DOWN BELOW
WHISKEY, WHISKEY, WHISKEY-O
UP ALOFT THIS YARD MUST GO
RISE HER UP FROM DOWN BELOW
CHORUS

O, I DRINK WHISKEY WHEN I CAN
WHISKEY FROM AN OLD TIN CAN
CHORUS

WHISKEY GAVE ME A BROKEN NOSE!
WHISKEY MADE ME PAWN MY CLOTHES
CHORUS

WHISKEY DROVE ME AROUND CAPE HORN
IT WAS MANY A MONTH WHEN I WAS GONE
CHORUS

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY:
I'LL TREAT MY CREW IN A DECENT WAY
CHORUS

A SHOT OF WHISKEY FOR EVERYMAN
AND A BOTTLE FOR THE SHANTYMAN
CHORUS

THE WHITE SHARK OF ALBANY (D^m)

By Roger Arnold

FAST SPREADS THE NEWS THOUGH THE PRINCESS HARBOUR
FAST SPREADS THE NEWS THROUGH KING GEORGE SOUND
FEAR SPREADS FAST AS EVERY SAILOR
SPEAKS THE NEWS OF THE SHARK IN ALBANY TOWN

CHORUS

**SWIM MAN SWIM MAN SWIM A LITTLE FASTER
SWIM MAN SWIM MAN SLICE THROUGH THE SEA
SWIM MAN SWIM MAN HE'S SNAPPING AT YOUR HEELS BOY
FLEEING FROM THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA**

WHALE BOAT CHASES A WHALE IN THE HARBOUR
"WHALE AHEAD!" THE SPOTTER CRIES
SPEAR IN THE BACK OF THE WHALE AS SHE PASSES
HER BLOOD RUNS RED - SHARK SMELLS THE PRIZE

CHORUS

MAN CAUGHT FAST, ROPES TANGLIN' HIS LEGS AS HE'S
PULLED FROM THE DECK AS THE GREAT WHALE DIVES
SHARK IN THE WASH, SETS HER EYES ON THE MAN
AS HER GREAT FIN BREAKS, HIS SHIPMATE'S CRY

CHORUS

MAN IN THE WASH, SEE HIS LEGS THRASHING FASTER,
'GET ME TO THE BOAT', I HEAR HIM BEG
WHITE SHARK TURNS AND CHARGES HER PREY
YOU'D BETTER SWIM FAST OR I'LL STEAL THEM LEGS

CHORUS

CAST HIM A ROPE, BUT IT MISSED IT'S MARK
THREW ANOTHER TIME, AND HIS HANDS HELD STRONG
'PULL US IN BOYS, WON'T YOU HEAVE A LITTLE FASTER'
THE BEAST BIT DOWN, THEN HIS LEGS WERE GONE

CHORUS

FAST SPREADS THE NEWS THOUGH THE PRINCESS HARBOUR
FAST SPREADS THE NEWS THROUGH KING GEORGE SOUND
FEAR SPREADS FAST AS EVERY SAILOR
SPEAKS NEWS OF THE SHARK IN ALBANY TOWN

CHORUS (X2)

WILD ROVER (G)

I'VE BEEN A WILD ROVER FOR MANY A YEAR,
AND I SPENT ALL MY MONEY ON WHISKEY AND BEER,
BUT NOW I'VE RETURNED WITH GOLD IN GREAT STORE,
AND I NEVER WILL PLAY THE WILD ROVER NO MORE.

CHORUS

**AND IT'S NO, NAY, NEVER
NO, NAY, NEVER, NO MORE,
WILL I PLAY THE ROVER
NO NEVER, NO MORE.**

I WENT DOWN TO AN ALE HOUSE I USED TO FREQUENT,
AND I TOLD THE LANDLADY MY MONEY WAS SPENT.
I ASKED HER FOR CREDIT, BUT SHE ANSWERED ME "NAY.
SUCH CUSTOM LIKE YOURS I COULD HAVE ANY DAY."

CHORUS

I TOOK FROM MY POCKET TEN SOVEREIGNS BRIGHT,
AND THE LANDLADY'S EYES OPENED WIDE WITH DELIGHT,
SHE SAID, "I HAVE WHISKEYS AND WINES OF THE BEST,
AND I'LL TAKE YOU UPSTAIRS, AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE REST.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

WOOL FLEET CHORUS

FARE YOU WELL, YOU SYDNEY GIRLS, TIME FOR US TO GO!
THE PETER'S AT THE FORE TRUCK, AND FIVE THOUSAND BALES BELOW,
WE'VE A DOZEN SHELLBACKS 'FORRARD' AND A SKIPPER HARD AS NAILS,
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR OLD ENGLAND AND THE JANUARY SALES.

CHORUS

**RUNNING DOWN OUR EASTING'S, THROUGH THE SEA AND STORM,
THROUGH THE ROARING FORTIES, OUR CANVAS GETTING TORN:
THE OLD MAN HE'S A DRIVER, WON'T SPARE THE CREW OR SHIP,
THE RACE IS ON TO ENGLAND TO BE FIRST HOME WITH THE CLIP.**

SOON WE'LL LEAVE THE SNARES BEHIND, BLUSTEROUS AND STRONG,
UP'LL COME THE WESTERLY'S AND HUSTLE HER ALONG,
RUNNING LIKE A DRIVEN DEER THROUGH THE THUNDERING GALES,
RACING UNDER ROYALS FOR THE JANUARY SALES

CHORUS

OLD CAPE STIFF'LL DROP ASTERN, LIKE A BLINKING DREAM,
SLEET AND SNOW AND CRASHING SEAS, FOG AND ICE'LL SEEM,
SNORING THROUGH THE TROPICS WITH A TRADE THAT NEVER FAILS,
NORRARD ON A BOWLINE FOR THE JANUARY SALES

CHORUS

THEN THE GIRLS'LL GET HER TOWROPE, AND SHE'LL SMELL THE LAND AGAIN,
AND SHE'LL REEL THE KNOTS OFF STEADY AS A BLESSED RAILWAY TRAIN,
TILL SEVENTY DAYS FROM SYDNEY HEADS THE LIZARD LIGHT SHE HAILS,
FIRST TO THE CHANNEL FOR THE JANUARY SALES!

CHORUS...X 2

YANGTZE RIVER SHANTY

MY LOTUS LADY I'LL SEE NO MORE,
AWAY, BOYS, AWAY-O
SINCE I LEFT HER ON THE CHINA SHORE.
AWAY, BOYS, LIFT AND WALK AWAY.

CHORUS
AWAY, BOYS, AWAY-O
BLOW ME DOWN THAT YANGTSE RIVER
AWAY, BOYS, LIFT AND WALK AWAY.

WHEN WE FIRST MET SHE WAS LIKE A QUEEN,
PRETTIEST LITTLE THING THAT I'D EVER SEEN.
CHORUS

SHE'D FLASHING EYES AND LONG BLACK HAIR,
ALL I COULD DO WAS STAND AND STARE.
CHORUS

THE SWEETEST FLOWER, MY YANGTSE HONEY,
MY OWN GOOD GAL SHE SPENT MY MONEY.
CHORUS

I BOUGHT HER SILKS AND A GOLDEN COMB,
TROUBLE'S OVER NOW THE ANCHOR'S HOME.
CHORUS

I BLOWED MY SILVER FOR TO WIN HER,
NOW THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT THE DONKEY'S DINNER.
CHORUS

WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND, COOKIE'S IN THE GALLEY,
FAREWELL, YUNG MOON OF THE YANGTSE VALLEY.
CHORUS

YARMOUTH TOWN (A)

IN YARMOUTH TOWN THERE LIVED A MAN
HE KEPT A TAVERN BY THE SAND
THIS LANDLORD HAD A DAUGHTER FAIR
A POSH LITTLE THING WITH GOLDEN HAIR

CHORUS

**WELL WON'T YOU COME DOWN, WON'T YOU COME DOWN,
WON'T YOU COME DOWN TO YARMOUTH TOWN.**

NOW TO THIS TAVERN CAME A SAILOR MAN
HE ASKED THE DAUGHTER FOR HER HAND
"WHY SHOULD I MARRY YOU" SHE SAID
"I GET ALL I WANT WITHOUT BEING WED"

CHORUS

"BUT IF WITH ME YOU WANT TO LINGER
I'LL TIE A BIT OF STRING ALL AROUND MY FINGER
IF YOU PASS BY JUST PULL THE OLD STRING
AND I'LL COME DOWN AND I'LL LET YOU IN"

CHORUS

AT CLOSING TIME, THE SAILOR MAN
HE WENT TO THE TAVERN BY THE SAND
AND THEN HE WENT AND PULLED THE OLD STRING
AND SHE CAME DOWN AND SHE LET HIM IN

CHORUS

WELL, HE'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A SIGHT BEFORE
'COS THE STRING ROUND HER FINGER WAS ALL SHE WORE
AND WHEN HE WENT AND PULLED THE OLD STRING
SHE PULLED BACK THE BLANKETS AND SHE LET JACK IN

CHORUS

WELL, THE SAILOR STAYED THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH
AND EARLY IN THE MORNING WENT BACK TO HIS CREW
AND HE TOLD THEM ABOUT THE MAIDEN FAIR
A POSH LITTLE THING WITH GOLDEN HAIR

CHORUS

AND SO, THE STORY SOON GOT AROUND
AND THE VERY NEXT NIGHT IN YARMOUTH TOWN
THERE WAS FIFTEEN SAILORS PULLING ON THE STRING
AND SHE CAME DOWN AND SHE LET THEM ALL IN

CHORUS

NOW ALL YOU MEN THAT TO YARMOUTH DO GO
TO FIND A LITTLE THING WITH HER HAIR HANGING LOW
WELL, ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS PULL THE OLD STRING
AND SHE'LL COME DOWN AND LET YOU ALL IN

CHORUS X 2