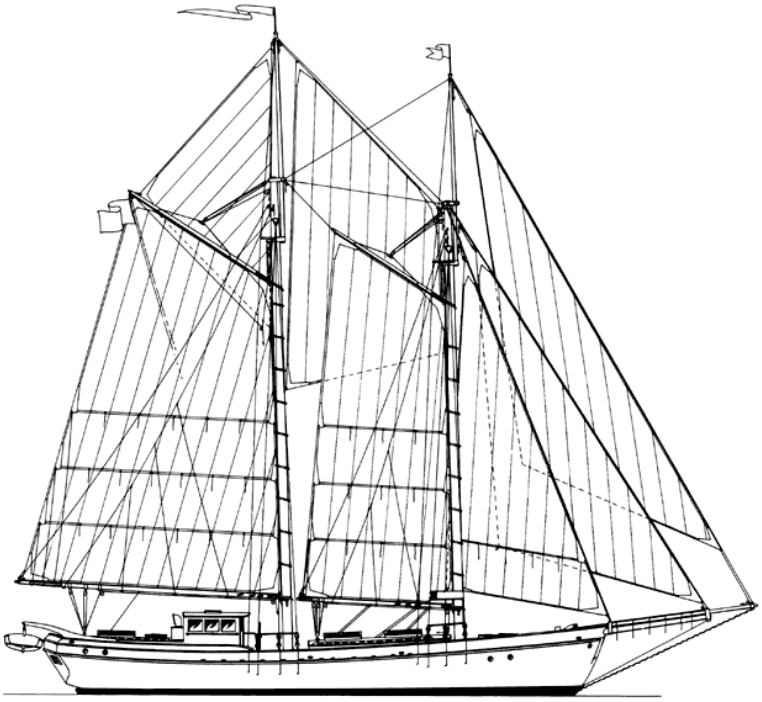
Sailor's Songs XXVI

Chanteys, Drinking Songs, and others heard at
Schooner Gatherings

You are hereby requested to gather at the Norfolk Boat Club
(432 W Freemason St, Norfolk, VA)
Saturday, Oct. 17 at 8pm for a
Sailors' Evening and Sea Chantey Sing-along.



2025 Edition

"...I soon got used to this singing, for the sailors never touched a rope without it. Sometimes, when no one happened to strike up, and the pulling, whatever it might be, did not seem to be getting forward very well, the mate would always say, 'Come men, can't any of you sing? Sing now and raise the dead.' And then some one of them would begin, and if every man's arms were as much relieved as mine by the song, and he could pull as much better as I did, with such a cheering accompaniment, I am sure the song was well worth the breath expended on it. It is a great thing in a sailor to know how to sing well, for he gets a great name by it from the officers, and a good deal of popularity among his shipmates. Some sea captains, before shipping a man, always ask him whether he can sing out at a rope."

-Herman Melville, Redburn, chapter 9 (1849)

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

-John Masefield (1878-1967)

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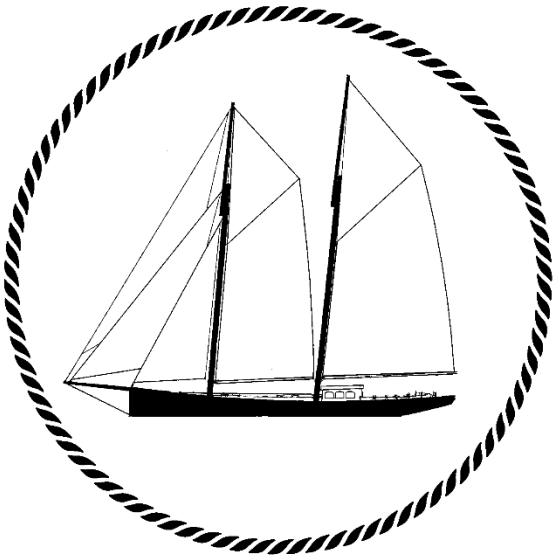


All For Me Grog

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

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

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

{add your own verses! There are no shortage of verses possible and the song can go on most o' the night!}

Now 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 I'm full of pains and aches
And I think I'll have to go away off yonder.
[Chorus]

Alt. Choruses:
Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
Now I've spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
Well, I spent all me loot in a house of ill repute
And I think I'll have to go back there tomorrow.

A-Roving (the Maid of Amsterdam)

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Mark well what I do say!
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
An' she was mistress of her trade,
I'll go no more a-ro-o-vin' with you fair maid.

Chorus:
A-rovin', a-rovin',
Since rovin's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-rovin',
With you fair maid.

I met this fair maid after dark,
Mark well what I do say!
I met this fair maid after dark,
An' took her to her favorite park.
I'll go no more a-ro-o-vin' with you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk, …
An' we had such a lovin' talk. … *[Chorus]*

I put me arm around her waist, …
She says, "Young man, yer in great haste!" … *[Chorus]*

I put me hand upon her knee, …
She says, "Young man, yer rather free!" … *[Chorus]*

I put me hand upon her thigh, …
She says, "Young man, yer rather high!" … *[Chorus]*

I kissed the girl then turned away …
She says, "Young man, you'd better stay!"… *[Chorus]*

<u>Away Rio</u>

So man the good capstan, and run her around, *Away, Rio!*
We'll haul up the anchor from out in the sound,
Chorus:
For we're bound for the Rio Grande,
And it's away, Rio! Away, Rio!
So fare-thee-well, my pretty young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Come heave up the anchor, let's get it aweigh, *Away, Rio!*
It's got a firm grip, so heave steady, I say, *[Chorus]*

Heave with a will, and heave long and heave strong, *Away, Rio!*
Oh, sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good song, *[Chorus]*

Heave round, and heave round, we've not got all day, *Away, Rio!*
Heave one more pawl, then 'vast heaving, belay! *[Chorus]*

The chain's up and down, now the bosun did say, *Away, Rio*!
Heave up to the hawse-hole, the anchor's aweigh, *[Chorus]*

O, the anchor is weighed, and the sails they are set, *Away, Rio!*
The girls that we're leaving we'll never forget, *[Chorus]*

So goodbye to Ellen and sweet Georgia Brown, *Away Rio!*
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown, *[Chorus]*

Our ship went a-sailing out over the bar, *Away Rio!*
They pointed her bow to the bright southern stars, *[Chorus]*

The Bean Verses:

It's white beans for breakfast and black beans for lunch, *Away, Rio!*
For we are a proud vegetarian bunch. *[Chorus]*

It's bean soup for supper and bean dip for snack, *Away, Rio!*
If you don't eat them now they will keep coming back. *[Chorus]*

It's green beans in summer and red beans in fall, *Away, Rio!*
I dream of the day they'll be no beans at all. *[Chorus]*

<u>Ballad of Captain Briggs</u>

by Al Roper

A mountain man, he left the hills,
He sought the stormy seas,
He built an ark of strongest steel
Her masts the tallest trees.
Her crew comes on as boys and girls
and goes ashore as men (and women)
When you work with Captain Briggs my boys,
Everybody wins.

He dreams of crystal waters
And crabs and fish galore
And not a trace of garbage
To wash up on the shore.
He loves the bays and rivers,
He knows the tides and winds,
When you sail with Captain Briggs my boys,
Everybody wins.

The maestro of all revelry,
He parties with the best.
He charms the pretty ladies
And teases all the rest.
Regattas, beer, and oysters---
Then do it all again
When you play with Captain Briggs my boys,
Everybody wins.

A shot of rum to wake you up
And then the day begins
With bloodies up at Reggie's
And kegs to make you grin
Some Yukon Jack to go to bed
And wash away your sins
When you drink with Captain Briggs my boys,
Nobody wins.

<u>The Ballad of Captain Kidd</u>

Chorus:
Oh my name was Captain Kidd - As I sailed, as I sailed
Oh my name was Captain Kidd - As I sailed
Oh my name was Captain Kidd,
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
And I pulled away from land. - *As I sailed*

Oh I murdered William Moore,
And left him in his gore,
Not forty leagues from shore. - *As I sailed*
And being crueler still,
the gunner I did kill
All his precious blood did spill. - *As I sailed*

[Chorus]

I was sick and nigh to death,
And I vowed at every breath,
For to walk in wisdom's path. - *As I sailed*
My repentance lasted not,
And my vows I soon forgot,
Oh! Damnation is my just lot! - *As I sailed*

For, I spied three ships from Spain,
And looted them for gain,
And most of them I slain. - *As I sailed*
And I spied three ships from France,
To them I did advance,
And I took them all by chance! - *As I sailed*

[Chorus]

Overtaken now at last,
  And into prison cast,
And sentence being past. - *I must die*
Farewell the raging main,
  Oh! Turkey, France, and Spain,
I shall never see again - *I must die*

Now to Execution Dock,
  Lay my head upon the block,
And no more God's Laws 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*

[Chorus]

Baltimore Shanty

And he kissed her on the face,
And the crew began to roar.
Oh, oh, up she goes, We're bound for Baltimore.

And he kissed her on the nose,
And the crew began to roar
Oh, oh, up she goes, We're bound for Baltimore.

Chorus:
No more, no more,
We go to sea no more,
As soon we reach the town tonight
We're leaving for the shore.

And he kissed her on the lips,
And the crew began to roar.
Oh, oh, up she goes, We're bound for Baltimore.

And he kissed her on the neck,
And the crew began to roar,
Oh, oh, up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore...

[Chorus]

And he kissed her on the bosom,
And the crew began to roar.
Oh, oh, up she goes, We're bound for Baltimore

And he kissed her on the mmm-mm,
And the crew began to roar
Oh, oh, up she goes, We're bound for Baltimore

[Chorus x2]

Barrett's Privateers

Oh, the year was 1778,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
A letter of marque came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

Chorus:
God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns -- shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew
[Chorus]

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags
[Chorus]

On the King's birthday we put to sea,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
[Chorus]

On the 96th day we sailed again,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our crack four pounders we made to fight

[Chorus]

The Yankee lay low down with gold,
  How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days
[Chorus]

Then at length we stood two cables away,
  How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Our crack 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,
  How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs
[Chorus]

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
  How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday
[Chorus]

Bell Bottom Trousers

There once was a waitress from the Prince George Hotel
Her mistress was a lady, her master was a swell
They knew she was a simple girl and lately from the farm
And they watched her very carefully to keep her from all harm

Chorus:
Singing a bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue,
Let him climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

The 42nd Fusiliers came marching into town
And with them came a complement of rapists of renown
They busted every maidenhead that came within their spell
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel *[Chorus]*

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales Hussars
They piled into a whorehouse they packed along the bars
Every maid and mistress and wife before them fell
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel *[Chorus]*

One day came a sailor, just an ordinary bloke
A bulging at the trousers, a heart of solid oak
At sea without a woman for seven years or more
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for *[Chorus]*

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
And speaking to her gently as if he meant no harm
He asked her to come to bed just so to keep him warm *[Chorus]*

He lifted up the blanket and a moment there he lie
He was on her, he was in her, in a twinkling of an eye
He was out again, and in again, and plowing up a storm
And the only word she said to him was "I hope you're keeping warm" *[Chorus]*

Early in the morning the sailor he arose
Saying here's a 2-pound note my dear for the damage I have caused
If you have a daughter bounce her on your knee
If you have a son send the bastard out to sea! *[Chorus]*

Now she sits beside a dock with a baby on her knee
Waiting for a sailing ship coming a-home from sea
Waiting for the jolly tars in Navy uniform
All she wants to do my boys is keep the Navy warm! *[Chorus]*

Billy O'Shea

Oh, we all got drunk in Dublin City, *Haul down me Billies,*
We all got drunk in Dublin City, *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
Chorus:
Haul down, Haul down,
Haul down me Billies,
Haul down, Haul down by Dublin City,
Haul down Billy O'Shea.

St. Patrick was a Roman sailor, *Haul down me Billies,*
He had a Pater and a Mater, *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
He sailed around by the Gloucester Diamond, *Haul down me Billies,*
And he drove the snakes all out of Ireland. *Haul down Billy O'Shea*
[Chorus]

I'll sing you a song of the Blackball Line, boys, *Haul down me Billies,*
That's the line where I wasted me prime, boys, *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
There was tinkers and tailors and bakers all, boys, *Haul down me Billies,*
They shipped as A.B.s on the Blackball Line, boy. *Haul down Billy O'Shea*
[Chorus]

Just take a trip to Liverpool, boys, *Haul down me Billies,*
Liverpool that packet school, boys, *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
Yankee sailors you'll see there, boys, *Haul down me Billies,*
With their red-topped boots and short-cut hair, boys. *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
[Chorus]

September Jim was the mate from Hell, boys, *Haul down me Billies,*
with fists of iron and feet as well, boys, *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
Its "Foretop halyards!" he does roar, boys, *Haul down me Billies,*
And, "Lay aloft Mick, ye a son of a 'ore!", boys. *Haul down Billy O'Shea.*
[Chorus x2]

<u>The Black Baller (Blow the man down)</u>

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me, way hey, blow the man down
Blow the man down back to Liverpool town,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea,
To me way hey, blow the man down,
I'll sing you a song if you'll listen to me,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong,...
Give me some grog, I'll sing you my song,....

'Twas on a Black Baller I first served my time,...
And on that Black Baller I wasted my prime, ...

'Tis when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,....
Th'sights in th' fo' cas'le is funny t' see

With the tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,...
That ship for prime seaman on board a Black Ball....

'Tis when a Black Baller gets clear of the land,.....
Our Boatswain then gives us the word of command.....

"Lay aft," is the cry, "to the break of the Poop!".....
"Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot!".....

Pay attention to order, now you one and all, ...
For right there above you flies the Black Ball....

It's "fore-topsail halyards", th' Mate he will roar, ...
Oh, lay along smartly, you son of a whore! .....

'Tis larboard and starboard on the deck you will sprawl,....
For "Kicking Jack" Williams commands the Black Ball....

Blood Red Roses

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down
It's mighty drafty 'round Cape Horn
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

But it's round Cape Horn that we must go
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down
For that is where them whalefish blow
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

My dear old mother wrote to me
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down
Oh, son, dear son come home from sea
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

Now one more pull and that will do
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down
And we're the boys to pull her through
  Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

Bonny Ship the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship, me lads, for the Davis Strait we're bound
The quay it is all garnished with bonnie lasses 'round;
Captain Thompson gives the orders to sail the ocean wide
O and the sun it never sets, me lads, nor darkness dims the sky

Chorus:
For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale
For it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail
For the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale

Along the quay of Peterhead, the lasses stand around
With shawls all pulled around them and their salt tears runnin' down;
Well don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you'll be left behind
For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change our mind
[Chorus]

Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan
Three cheers for the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame;
We wear the trousers of the white and jackets of the blue
When we get back to Peterhead, we'll have sweethearts anew
[Chorus]

It will be bright both day and night when Greenland lads come hame
Our ship full up with oil, me lads, and money to our name;
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear
And every lass in Peterhead sing: "Hushabye, my dear"
[Chorus]
[Chorus]

<u>Bully in the Alley</u>

Chorus:
So help me Bob I'm bully in the alley.
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Help me Bob I'm bully in the alley.
Bully down in Shinbone Al.

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly,
  Way, hey, bully in the alley
Sally is a girl that I spliced nearly,
  Bully down in Shinbone Al
[Chorus]

For seven long years I courted Sally,
  Way, hey, bully in the alley
All she did was shilly-shally,
  Bully down in Shinbone Al
[Chorus]

I left Sal and I went a-sailing.
  Way, hey, bully in the alley
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling,
  Bully down in Shinbone Al
[Chorus]

I'll leave Sal and I'll become a sailor,
  Way, hey, bully in the alley
I'll leave Sal and ship aboard a whaler.
  Bully down in Shinbone Al
[Chorus]

I'll come back and I'll marry Sally,
  Way, hey, bully in the alley
We'll have kids and count them by the tally.
  Bully down in Shinbone Al
[Chorus]

<u>Cape Cod Girls</u>

Cape Cod girls ain't got no combs, *heave away, haul away*
They combs their hair with codfish bones, *and we're bound away for Australia*

Chorus
Heave her up me bully, bully boys, heave away, haul away
Oh, Heave her up and don'tcha make no noise
And were bound away for Australia

Cape Cod kids ain't got no sleds, *heave away , haul away*
They slide down hills on codfish heads, *and we're bound away for Australia*
[Chorus]

Cape Cod folks ain't got no ills, *heave away, haul; away*
Cape Cod doctors feed them codfish pills, *and we're bound away for Australia*
[Chorus]

Cape Cod cats ain't got no tails, *heave away, haul away*
They all blew off in nor'east gales, *and we're bound away for Australia*
[Chorus]

Cape Cod gals ain't got no frills, *heave away, haul away*
They're plain and skinny as codfish gills, *and we're bound away for Australia*
[Chorus]

Cape Cod women don't bake no pies, *heave away, haul away*
They feed their babies on codfish eyes, *and we're bound away for Australia*
[Chorus]

<u>Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate</u>

Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack

Chorus
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack
Don't forget your old shipmate, faldee raldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound, four years gone, or nigh, Jack
Was there ever chummies, now, such as you and I, Jack?
[Chorus]

We have worked the self-same gun, quarterdeck division
Sponger I and loader you, through the whole commission
[Chorus]

Oftentimes have we laid out, toil nor danger fearing
Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather earring
[Chorus]

When the middle watch was on, and the time went slow, boy
Who could choose a rousing stave, who like Jack or Joe, boy?
[Chorus]

There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul below now
Number seven starboard mess, misses Jack and Joe now
[Chorus]

But the best of friends must part, fair or foul the weather
Hand your flipper for a shake, now a drink together
[Chorus]
[Chorus]

<u>A Drop of Nelson's Blood</u>

Chorus:
So we'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind.

Why a drop of Nelsons blood wouldn't do us any harm,
A drop of Nelsons blood wouldn't do us any harm,
A drop of Nelsons blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.
[Chorus]

Why a quiet watch below wouldn't do us any harm……

A night on the shore wouldn't so us any harm……

A good featherbed wouldn't do us any harm……

Yes, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm……

Why a night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm……

Oh a race on the Bay wouldn't do us any harm……

(or the drinking verses…)

Oh a little mug of beer wouldn't do us any harm……

And a little drop of wine wouldn't do us any harm……

Oh a little slug of gin wouldn't do us any harm……

And a drop of Nelsons blood wouldn't do us any harm……

Eddystone Light

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
Out of this union there came three
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me!

Chorus:
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for the life on the rolling sea!

One night, as I was a-trimming the glim
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
I heard a voice cry out an "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, sitting on a buoy.
[Chorus]

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"
My mother then inquired of me.
One's on exhibit as a talking fish
The other was served in a chafing dish.
[Chorus]

Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair.
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there
But her voice came angrily out from the night
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"
[Chorus]

Eliza Lee

The smartest clipper you can find is
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
She's 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!

O, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
With Galway shale and Liverpool beer
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!
[Chorus]

Ah, and when we're out in New York Town
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
We'll dance them Bowery girls around!
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!
[Chorus]

Oh! the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
She's never a day behind her time!
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!
[Chorus]

O, and when we're back in Liverpool town
Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?
We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!
Clear away the track an' let the bullgine run!
[Chorus]

Farewell to Grog

Come, messmates, pass the bottle 'round
Our time is short, remember,
For our grog must stop, and our spirits drop,
On the first day of September.

Chorus:
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, (x3)
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Farewell old rye, 'tis a sad, sad word
But alas! it must be spoken,
The ruby cup must be given up,
And the demijohn be broken.
[Chorus]

Jack's happy days will soon be gone,
To return again, oh never!
For they've raised his pay five cents a day,
But stopped his grog forever.
[Chorus]

Yet memory oft' will backward turn,
And dwell with fondness partial,
On the days when gin was not a sin,
Nor cocktails brought courts-martial.
[Chorus]

All hands to splice the main brace, call,
But splice it now in sorrow
For the spirit-room key will be laid away
Forever, on tomorrow.
[Chorus]

The Farewell Shanty

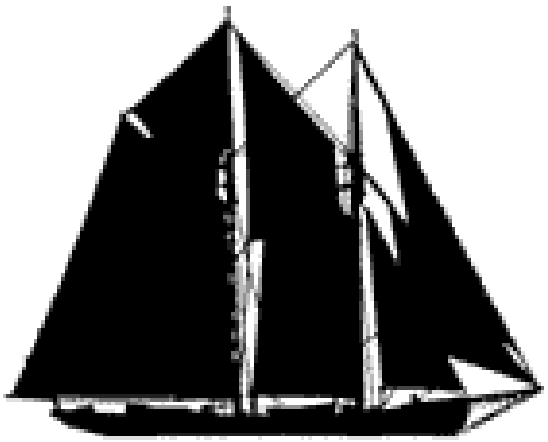
It is time to go now.
Haul away your anchor.
Haul away your anchor.
'Tis our sailing time.

Get some sail upon her.
Haul away your halyards.
Haul away your halyards.
'Tis our sailing time.

Get her on her course now.
Haul away your foresheets.
Haul away your foresheets.
'Tis our sailing time.

Waves are breaking under.
Haul away down-channel.
Haul away down-channel.
On the evening tide.

When my time is over.
Haul away for Heaven.
Haul away for Heaven.
God be at my side.



<u>Fathom the Bowl</u>

Come all ye bold fellows to this place here have come,
And we'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum,
Let's lift up our glasses, good cheer is our goal,
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus:
I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we do get brandy and from Jamaica comes rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come,
But stout, beer and cider are England's control,
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
[Chorus]

Oh, my wife she do disturb me as I lie at my ease,
She does as she likes and she says as she please,
My wife she's the devil, but she is not here,
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
[Chorus]

Oh, my father he do lie in the depths of the sea,
No stone at his head, but what matters to he,
Here's a gallon of strong cider, his death to console,
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.
[Chorus]

Fiddler's Green

As I roved by the dockside one evening so rare,
To view the still waters and take the salt air –
I heard an old fisherman, singing this song -
"Won't you take me away, boys, me time is not long"

CHORUS:
Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper –
No more on the docks I'll be seen –
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,
And I'll see you some day, in Fiddlers' Green …

Now, Fiddlers' Green is a place, I've heard tell,
Where 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 …
[Chorus]

The sky's always clear, and there's never a gale –
And the fish jump on board with a swish of their tails –
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do –
And the Skipper's below, making tea for the crew …
[Chorus]

And when you're in dock, and the long trip is through –
There's pubs and there's clubs, and there's lassies there too –
Where the girls are all pretty, and the beer is all free –
And there's bottles of rum, growing on every tree …
[Chorus]

I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me –
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea –
And I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along –
With the wind in the rigging, to sing me this song …
[Chorus]

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

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
His shroud of the finest silk will be made
Carry him to his bury'n ground

[Chorus]

We'll lower him down on a golden chain
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
On every inch we'll carve his name
Carry him to his bury'n ground

[Chorus]

General Taylor he's all the go
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow
Carry him to his bury'n ground

[Chorus]

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone
Carry him to his bury'n ground

[Chorus 2x]

<u>Get Up Jack! John, Sit Down</u>

Ships may come and ships may go
As long as the sea does roll.
Each sailor lad just like his dad,
He loves the flowing bowl.
A trip ashore he does adore
With a girl that's plump and round.

Chorus:
When your money's all gone
It's the same old song,
``Get up Jack! John, sit down!''
Come along, come along, You jolly brave boys,
There's lots of grog in the jar.
We'll plough the briny ocean
With the jolly roving tar.

When Jack gets in, it's then he'll steer
For some old boarding house.
They'll welcome him with run and gin,
They'll feed him on pork scouse.
He'll lend and spend and not offend
Till he lies drunk on the ground *[Chorus]*

He then will sail aboard some ship
For India or Japan
In Asia there, the ladies fair
All love the sailor men.
He'll go ashore and on a tear
He'll buy some girl a gown. *[Chorus]*

When Jack gets old and weatherbeat,
Too old to roam about,
In some rum shop, they'll let him stop
Till eight bells calls him out.
He'll raise his eyes up to the skies,
Sayin' ``Boys, we're homeward bound.'' *[Chorus]*

<u>Grey Funnel Line</u>

by Cyril Tawney

Don't mind the wind nor the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it fades away
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
I'll fly up harbor to the one I love
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea
But now that spar is washed ashore
It comes to rest at my real love's door.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for St Peter's shoes
I'd walk on down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I would turn her 'round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green
Then I'll dance down that walk on shore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

<u>Haul Away Joe</u>

Oh, when I was a little lad me mother often told me;
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
That if I did not kiss the girls me lips would grow all moldy.
Chorus:
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
Way haul away, we're bound for better weather.
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.

I sailed the seas for seven years not knowin' what I was missin';
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
Then I trimmed my sails before the gales and started in a-kissin'.
[Chorus]

My first love was a Spanish miss, but she grew fat and lazy,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
And then I got an Irish lass, she damn near drove me crazy!
[Chorus]

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution.
Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
And then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his constitution.
[Chorus]

Additional Verses:
Saint Patrick was a gentleman; He came from decent people.....
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple.

From I-er-land he drove the snakes, then drank up all the whiskey.....
This made him sing an' dance a jig, he felt so fine an' frisky.

Well once I was in Ireland a'diggin' turf and taties .....
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces.

So list'n while I sing to you about me darlin' Nancy.....
She's copper-bottomed, schooner-rigged, she's just me style an' fancy!

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy .....
The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy.

Alt Chorus:

Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!
Way haul away, now haul away together.
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

<u>Haul Down, Billy O'Shea</u>

We all got drunk in Dublin City
Haul down me Billies
We all got drunk and the more's the pity
Haul down Billy O'Shea

Haul down, haul down, haul down me Billies
Haul down, haul down by Dublin City, Haul down Billy O'Shea

Saint Patrick was a Roman Sailor - *Haul down me Billies*
He had a pater and a mater - *Haul down Billy O'Shea*
He sailed around by the Glouchester Diamond - *Haul down me Billies*
And he drove the snakes all out of Ireland - *Haul down Billy O'Shea*

I'll sing you a song of the Black Ball Line, boys …
That Black Ball Line where I wasted my prime, boys …
There was tinkers, tailors and bakers all boys …
They shipped as ABs aboard the Black Ball Line, boys …

Just take a trip to Liverpool, boys …
Liverpool that packet school, boys …
The Yankee sailors you'll see there, boys …
With red-topped boots and short cut hair boys …

September Jim was the mate from Hell, boys …
With fists of iron and feet as well, boys …
Its fore top halyards he does roar, boys …
And lay aloft Mick you son of an 'ore, boys…

<u>High Barbaree</u>

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 Prince of Wales,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"Aloft there, aloft!" our jolly boatswain cries,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"Look ahead, look astern, look aweather and alee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

There's nought upon the stern, there's nought upon the lee,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But there's a lofty ship to windward, and she's sailing fast and free,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"Oh, hail her, Oh, hail her," our gallant captain cried,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer," said he,
"Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."

"Oh, I am not a man-o'-war, nor privateer," said he,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for my fee,
"Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree."

Oh, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's masts away,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"Oh, quarter, Oh, quarter," those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But the quarter that we gave them – we sunk them in the sea,
Coming down along the coast of the High Barbaree

Heart of Oak

Come cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus:
Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
[Chorus]

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
[Chorus]

We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub 'em on shore, as we've drubb'd 'em at sea;
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing:
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and Queen.
[Chorus]

Johnny Come Down to Hilo

Chorus:
Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man
Wake her shake her
Wake that gal with the blue dress on
Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man

Never seen the like since I been born
An Arkansas farmer with his sea boots on
[Chorus]

I got a gal across the sea
She's a Bedian beauty and she says to me
[Chorus]

Sally's in the garden picking peas
The hair on her head hanging down to her knees
[Chorus]

My wife she died in Tennasee
And they sent her jawbone back to me
[Chorus]

I put the jawbone on the fence
And I ain't heard nothing but the jawbone since
[Chorus]

So hand me down my riding cane
I'm off to see sweet Sarah Jane
[Chorus]

Keep Hauling

When love just seems so far away
(Keep hauling, keep hauling)
The tide will flood your heart someday
(Keep hauling boys)

When your guiding star's in the cloudy sky
(Keep hauling, keep hauling)
You'll find your way to the bright sunrise
(Keep hauling boys)

Chorus:
Keep hauling, ho!
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep hauling boys

If you gave your best and your heart stayed true
(Keep hauling, keep hauling)
There's only one thing left to do
(Keep hauling boys)

If you fought so hard and you lost your hold
(Keep hauling, keep hauling)
Remember fate rewards the bold
(Keep hauling boys)

[Chorus]

Whatever your ship and wherever your sea
(Keep hauling, keep hauling)
Whatever your storm or your rocks may be
(Keep hauling boys)

[Chorus]
[Chorus]

<u>The Last Shanty</u>

M' 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 onboard a man-o-war,
And now I find 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,
Get your civvies ready for another run ashore,
A sailor ain't a sailor ain't a sailor any more!

The 'killick' 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]

They gave us an engine that first went up and down,
Then with more technology the engine went around,
We're good with steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more!
[Chorus]

They gave us an Aldis Lamp, so we can do it right,
They gave us a radio, we signal day and night,
We know our codes and ciphers but what's a 'sema' for?
A 'bunting-tosser' doesn't toss the bunting any more!
[Chorus]

They gave us a radar set to pierce the fog and gloom,
So now the lookout's sitting in a tiny darkened room,
Loran does navigation the Sonar says how deep,
The Jimmy's 3 sheets to the wind, the Skipper's fast asleep.
[Chorus]

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

...A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before!

<u>Leave Her Johnny</u>

O the times are hard and the wages low,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
I think it's time for us to go!
An' it's time for us to leave her!

Chorus:
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is done an' the winds don't blow,
An' it's time for us to leave her!

You may make her fast and pack your gear, ...
And leave her moored to the West St. pier. .....
[Chorus]

Oh, it was rotten beef an' weev'ly bread, ...
It's pump or drown the old man said. .....
[Chorus]

Ah, the seas was high and wind was hard, ...
From the Liverpool docks to the Brooklyn yard. .....
[Chorus]

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high, ...
She shipped it green an' none went by. .....
[Chorus]

We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol, ...
With all night in an' plenty o' ale! .....
[Chorus]

She was poverty stricken and parish rigged, ...
This bleedin' scow is fever strick'd. .....
[Chorus]

The mate was a bucko an' the old man a turk, ...
The bosun was a beggar with the middle name o' work! .....
[Chorus]

It's growl yer may an' go yer must, ...
It matters not if yer last or furst! .....
[Chorus]

The cook's a drunk, he likes to booze, ...
'Tween him an' the mate there's little to choose! .....
[Chorus]

The old man shouts, the pumps stand by, ...
Oh, we can never suck her dry. .....
[Chorus]

Just sing and hope you'll never be, ...
On a hungry bitch the likes of she! .....
[Chorus]

Now I thought I hear the old man say, ...
Just one more pull an' then belay. .....
[Chorus]

Oh, I thought I heard the old man say, ...
You can go ashore and collect your pay! .....
[Chorus]

Leaving Of Liverpool

Farewell to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mersey, fare thee well
I am bound for California
A place I know right well
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 my darling when I think of thee

I'm bound off for California
By the way of stormy Cape Horn
And I'm bound to write you a letter, love
When I am homeward bound

I have signed on a Yankee Clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the Captain of her
And they say she's a floating shame.

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor, he can get along
If not, then he's sure in Hell

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
Ensign Terrace and Park Lane
For I think it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

Oh the sun is on the harbor, love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be a long, long time
Till I see you again

The Mary Ellen Carter

Stan Rogers

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 were five of us aboard her when she finally was awash.
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again

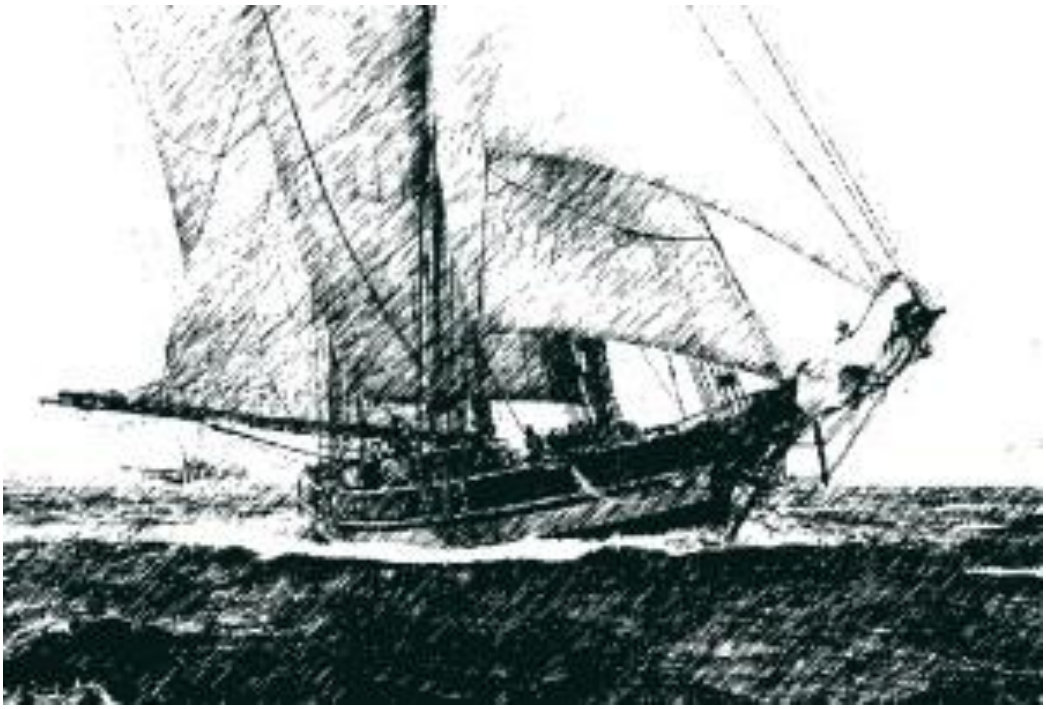
Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost
To the knowledge of men.
Those who loved her best and were with her till the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend.
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.
But insurance paid the loss to them, they 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,
For 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]*

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend.
Three dives a day in hard hat suit 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've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and porthole down.
Put 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]*

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 sorry 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.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it 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.



<u>The Mermaid</u>

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land
When our Captain spied a mermaid fair
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:
Oh the ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
As we bold sailors go skippin' at the tops
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below!
Oh, the landlubbers lie down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a fine old man was he!
"This fishy mermaid has warned us of our doom;
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea!"
[Chorus]

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he.
"Oh, I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight a widow will she be."
[Chorus]

Then up spoke the cook, of our gallant ship,
And a red-hot cookie was he!
"Oh, I care much more for me kettles and me pots,
than I do for the bottom of the sea!"
[Chorus]

Then up spoke the bosun of our gallant ship,
and a brave young lad was he,
"Oh, I have me a sweetheart in Portsmouth by the sea,
 and tonight she'll be weeping over me"
[Chorus]

Then up spoke the gunner of our gallant ship,
And a sharp-shooting eye had he.
Said, "I may go down with this ship beneath the sea...
But I'm taking all me cannons with me!"
[Chorus]

Then up spoke the cabinboy of our gallant ship
and a right young lad was he.
He said "I've never kissed a girl; I'll give that fishy maid a whirl!"
And he leapt to the bottom of the sea.
[Chorus]

Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
Oh, three times round went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea! *[Chorus]*

Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus:
Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, into the weather,
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we tho', white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys; every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.
[Chorus]

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,
Or looking seaward, from the heather;
Pull her round, boys, then you'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.
[Chorus]

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
They'll return, though, when the sun sets
They'll return to Mingulay.
[Chorus]

Far behind us the peaks of Cuillin
Soon we'll see our own hills of heather
And you know boys, candles glow, boys
In every window of Mingulay.
[Chorus]

New York Girls

As I walked down the Broadway, One evening in July
I met a maid who asked me trade, And a sailor John says I
Chorus:
And away, you Santee, My dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls, Can't you dance the polka?

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings, And they cost me eighteen cents
[Chorus]

Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor, Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage door, She this to me did say
[Chorus]

My flash man he's a Yankee, With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots, And he sails in the Blackball Line
[Chorus]

He's homeward bound this evening, And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy, Get cracking on your way
[Chorus]

So I kissed her hard and proper, Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal, I know your little game
[Chorus]

I wrapped me glad rags round me, And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid, I'll stick to rum and beer
[Chorus]

I joined a Yankee blood-boat, And sailed away next morn
Don't ever fool around with gals, You're safer off Cape Horn!
[Chorus]

The Norfolk Rebel

Written by Jim Heely of the Tanner's Creek Whalers

Chorus:
Sail on Norfolk Rebel! Your course be straight and true.
We'll drink to your good fortune, your captain, and your crew.

Verses:
Today, we have a problem that could idle all the fleet, Our ships are run on oil, and to fuel them isn't cheap. One man had an answer to help in times of lean; Captain Briggs said, ''Use the wind,'' with a sailing Tugantine.

When the keel was laid the doubters said,'' You're just an April Fool! Your ideas are impractical! You're breaking all the rules!'' But the lubbers who could not believe in a boat they'd never seen, Are the same ones who are left behind by the sailing Tugantine.

A call came in one morning from a vessel in distress. The Coast Guard could not find them. The Air Force did their best. No other ship would offer to motor to the scene. In the nick of time they grabbed a line from the sailing Tugantine!

There is a crab regatta, it's held here every year. One hellava combination of sailboats, crabs, and beer. You really shouldn't miss it. such wonders can be seen. . . As pirates in bikinis on a sailing Tugantine.

In the thunder of the cannon at Norfolk's Harborfest, An epic battle rages; black powder, bombs, and fists. The invader's name is ''Sinbad'', a pirate, fierce and mean. Fear not! We are defended by a sailing Tugantine.

Now the Tugantine goes cruising across the U.S.A. Ambassador from Norfolk. New friends along the way. A cruise through Great Lakes, Canada, then a Mississippi steam. It's ''Huckleberry Briggs'' on his sailing Tugantine.

'Twas the Sunday before Christmas, a cold wind chills the Bay. Lonely sailors far from home, their ships at anchor lay. When they came on deck their eyes are met with a welcome Christmas scene. A merry band of carolers on a sailing Tugantine.

Paddy West

As I walked down Great Howard Street, I come to Paddy West's house,
He gave me a dish of American hash, He called it Liverpool scouse,
He said "There's a ship a'wantin' hands, And on her you'll quickly sign,
The mate's a bastard, the bosun's worse, But she will suit you fine."

Chorus:
Take off yer dungaree jacket,
And give yerselfs a rest,
And we'll think on them cold nor'westers
That we had at Paddy West's.

When I finished me grub me boys, the wind began to blow.
He sent me up to the attic, the main-royal for to stow,
But when I got up to the attic, No main-royal could I find,
So I turned around to the window, and I furled the window blind.
[Chorus]

To every two men that graduates, I'll give one outfit free,
For two good men on watch at once, I'm sure you'll never be,
Oilskins, me boys, ye'll shall not want, Carpet slippers made of felt,
I'll will hand out to the pair o' you, And a rope yarn for a belt.
[Chorus]

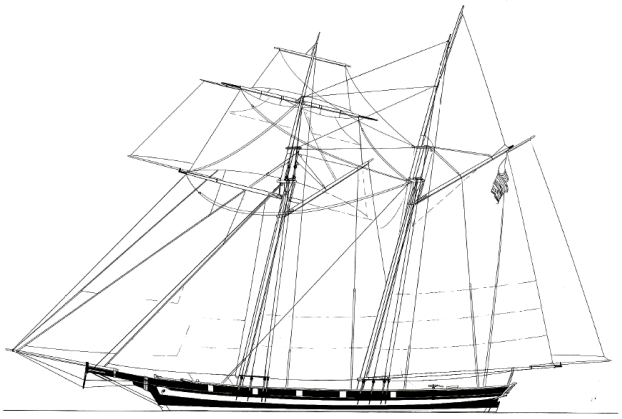
Oh Paddy he pipes all hands on deck, their stations for to man.
His wife stood in the doorway, the bucket in her hand;
Paddy he cries, "Let 'er rip!" And she flung the water our way,
Cryin' "Clew in the fore t'gan'sails, She's takin' on the spray!"
[Chorus]

Paddy says "Now pay attention, These lessons you will learn.
The starboard is where the ship she points, The right is called the stern,
So look ye aft, to yer starboard port, And you will find northwest."
And that's the way they teach you at the school of Paddy West.
[Chorus]

Well, seein' we're off Frisco boys, to starboard we are bound!
Paddy he calls for a length of rope, And he lays it on the ground,
We all jumps over, and back again, Well Paddy says "That's fine,"
And if they ask if you've been to sea, You can say you crossed the line."
[Chorus]

There's just one thing for you to do before you sail away,
Let's walk around the table, Where the bullock's horns do lay
And if ever they ask "Was he ever at sea?" you can say "Ten times 'round the Horn"
And Be Jesus! but you're an old sailor man since the day that you was born.

Final Chorus:
Put on yer dungaree jacket,
And walk out lookin' yer best,
And just tell 'em that you're an old sailor man
That's come from Paddy West's.



<u>Pay Me My Money Down</u>

Chorus:
Pay me, Oh pay me,
Pay me my money down,
Pay me or go to jail !
Pay me my money down.

If I'd a known the boss was blind
Pay me my money down,
I wouldn't'a gone to work 'til half past nine
Pay me my money down.
[Chorus]

If I was Mr. Aveyard's son,.....
I stay in the house and drink good rum..... *[Chorus]*

I wish I was Mr. Steven's son,.....
Sit on the bank and watch the work done..... *[Chorus]*

I thought I heard the captain say,.....
"Tomorrow is your salary day."..... *[Chorus]*

I heard them talkin' in the deck below,.....
If you don't pay me, this ship won't go..... *[Chorus]*

Additional stanzas:

The bumboatman he said to me,
'Bottles o' rum don't grow on a tree.'

The chandlerman he said to me,
'Ye'll pay me 'fore ye leave for sea.'

My fancy gal she said to me,
'I don't give out m' favours for free.'

The Madam said to me one day,
'You've had yer fun so now you'll pay.'

Poor Old Horse

A poor old man came riding by,
And we said so, and we hoped so
They say, Old Man, your horse will die,
Oh, poor old horse

And if he dies we'll tan his hide,
And if he lives, we'll have him to ride

Oh, poor old horse, what brought you here,
After carrying turf for many a year

From Bantry Bay to Ballywack,
Where you fell down and broke your back ?

You died from blows and sore abuse,
And were salted down for the sailor's use.

The sailors they your meat despise,
They turned you over and damned your eyes,

They eat your flesh and gnaw your bones,
And feed the rest to Davy Jones ;

And if you don't believe it's true,
Go look in the cask, and find his shoes.

Pump Shanty

They say life has its ups and downs
That really now is quite profound
I'd like to push the capstan round
But it's pump me boys before we drown.

Chorus:
Pump me boys, pump 'er dry
Down to hell and up to the sky
Bend your back and break your bones
We're just a thousand miles from home.

The ocean we all do adore
So come on lads let's pump some more
Don't worry if you're stiff and sore
I'm sure we've pumped this bit before.
[Chorus]

The captain's daughter, I suppose
Could be called an English Rose
What would you think when I propose
The pox she gave to me a dose.
[Chorus]

This Rose well she did prick me sore,
I've never felt so bad before
Thanks to the girl I did adore
I thought I'd never pump no more.
[Chorus]

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 this girl is in his pay.
[Chorus]

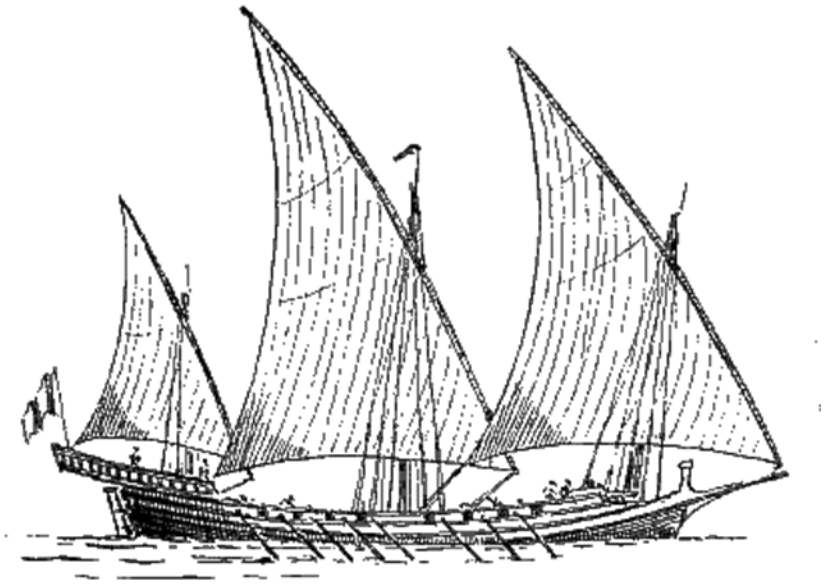
Sometimes when I am in me bed
And thinking of me day ahead
I wish that I could wake up dead
But pumping's all I get instead.

[Chorus]

Yes, how I wish that I could die
The swine who built this tub to find
I'd drag him back from where he fries
To pump until the beggar's dry.
[Chorus]

If Noah used him for his ark
Oh wouldn't that have been a lark?
From rising sun 'til getting dark
The animals all hard at work (singin')
[Chorus]

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.
[Chorus x2]



<u>Randy Dandy-O!</u>

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 be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Chorus:
Heave a pawl, oh, heave away
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Oh, man the stout caps'n and heave with a will
Weigh, hey, roll an' go!
Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way up the hill
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

[Chorus]

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

[Chorus]

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way!
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

Roll, Alabama, Roll

In eighteen-hundred and sixty-one, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
This ship's building was begun, *Oh, 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; *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
It was laid in the town of Birkenhead. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

At first she was called "the Two-Ninety-Two," *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
For the merchants of the city of Liverpool *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

Put up the money to build the ship *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
In hopes of driving commerce from the sea. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

Down the Mersey ways she rolled then; *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

Down the Mersey she rolled one day, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
And across the Western she plowed her way. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

From the Western Isles she sailed forth, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
To destroy the commerce of the North. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

To fight the North Semmes did employ *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
Ev'ry method to kill and destroy. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

The Alabama sailed for two whole years, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
Took sixty-five ships in her career. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

With British guns, oh, she was stocked; *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
She sailed from Fayal; in Cherbourg she docked. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

To Cherbourg port she sailed one day *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
To take her count of prize money. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

But off Cherbourg the Kearsarge lay tight, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
With Cap'n Winslow spoilin' for a fight. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

The Kearsarge with Winslow was waiting there, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
And Semmes challenged them to fight at sea. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

Many a sailor lad foresaw his doom, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
When the Kearsarge, it hove in view. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

'Twas a ball from the forward pivot that day, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
Shot the Alabama's steerin' gear away. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

'Twas outside the three-mile limit they fought, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
And Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

On June nineteenth, eighteen sixty-four, *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
They sent the Alabama to the cold ocean floor. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

The Kearsarge won; the Alabama so brave *Roll, Alabama, roll!*
Sank to the bottom, to a watery grave. *Oh, roll, Alabama, roll!*

Rollin' Down to Old Maui

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife,
we whalermen undergo,
And we won't give a damn when the gales are done
how hard the winds did blow,
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds
with a good ship taut and free,
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
with the girls from old Maui.

Chorus::
Rolling down to old Maui, me boys,
rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds,
rolling down to old Maui.

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

[Chorus]

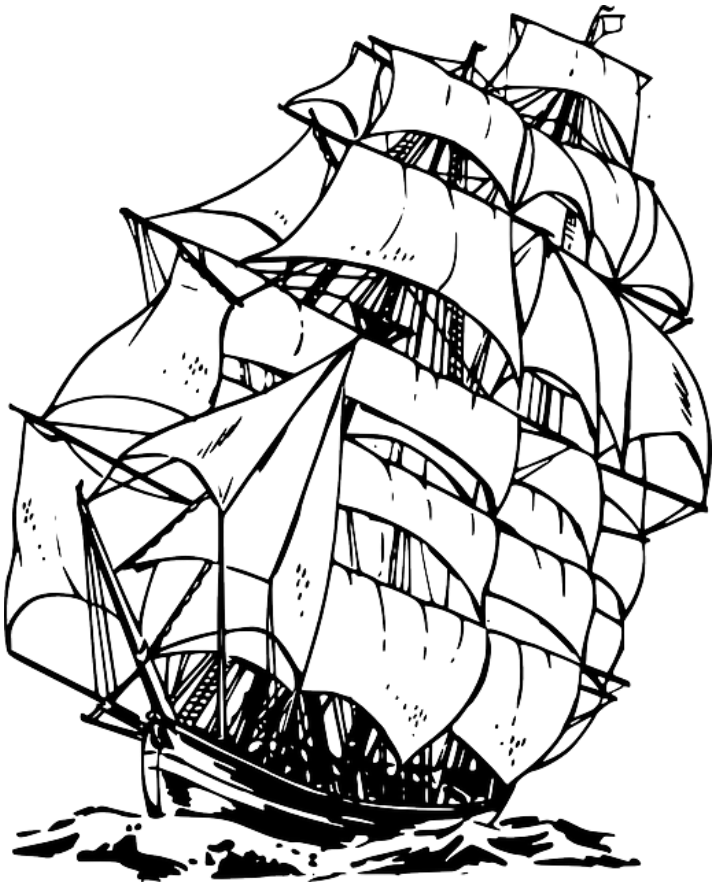
Once more we sail with the Northerly gales,
towards our island home,
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung,
and we ain't got far to roam;
Our stuns'l's bones is carried away,
what care we for that sound,
A living gale is after us,
thank God we're homeward bound.

[Chorus]

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

And now we're anchored in the bay
with the Kanaka's all around
With chants and soft aloha ois,
they greet us homeward bound;
And now ashore we'll have some fun,
we'll paint them beaches red;
Awaken in the arms of an island maid
with a big fat aching head.

[Chorus]



Row, Bullies, Row

When I was a youngster I sailed with the best
On a Liverpool packet bound out for the West.
We sheltered one day in the harbor of Cork,
and then we set out for the port of New York.

Chorus:
And it's row, row bullies, row,
You Liverpool judies has got us in tow
And it's row, row bullies, row,
You Liverpool judies has got us in tow

For forty two days we was hungry and sore.
Oh, the winds was again'us, the gales they did roar.
Off Battery Point we anchor at last
With our jib'boom hove to and the canvas all fast.

[Chorus]

Them boardinghouse bastards was off in a trice
A'shouting and sellin' all that was nice,
And one fat old crimp he cottoned to me.
Says he, ``You're a fool, lad, to follow the sea.''

[Chorus]

Says he, ``There's a job just a'waiting for you,
With lashings o'liquor and nothin' to do.''
Says he, ``Wha'd'yer say, lad, will you jump her too?''
Says I, ``You old bastard, I'm damned if I do.''

[Chorus]

But the best of intentions, they never gets far.
After thirty two days on the floor of the bar
I tossed off me liquor and what do you think?
That rotten old bastard had drugs in me drink.

[Chorus]

The next I remembers, I woke in the morn
On a three skys'l yarder bound south round Cape Horn.
With an old suit of oilskins and three pairs of socks
And a bloomin' great head and a dose of the pox.

[Chorus]

Now all you young sailors take a warnin' by me.
Keep and eye on yer drinks when the liquor is free.
And pay no attention to runner or whore
Your head will be sick, your knob will be sore!

[Chorus]

Sailor's Prayer

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing
But I'll not stay another day; I'd sooner be out whaling.
Chorus:
Oh Lord above; send down a dove,
With beak as sharp as razors
To cut the throat of them there blokes
Who sells bad beer to sailors.

Paid off me score and then ashore, me money soon was flying
With Judy Lee upon my knee in my ear a lying,
[Chorus]

With my new-found friends, my money spent just as fast as winking
But when I make to clean the slate, the landlord says, "Keep Drinking".
[Chorus]

With me money gone and clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving
Six months of pay gone in three days, but Judy isn't grieving.
[Chorus]

When the crimp comes round, I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be shaking
Tomorrow morn sail for the Horn just as dawn is breaking.
[Chorus]

So for one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing
I'll settle down in my hometown and go no more seafaring.
[Chorus]

Sailor's Way

We've courted gay Peruvian girls and French girls and Chinese
Spanish girls and Dutch girls too and dainty Japanese
To far Australia and Honolulu where the Hawaiian maidens play
A different girl in every port for that's the sailor's way

Chorus:
And it's goodbye to {name} , we're off to sea once more
Sailor Jack always comes back to the gals he do adore
He'll cross the line and the gulf stream, go round by Table Bay
Around the Horn and home again for that's the sailor's way

In calm or storm or rain or shine the shellback doesn't mind
On the ocean swell he works like hell for the gals he's left behind
He beats it north, he runs far south, he doesn't get much pay
He's always on a losing game, for that's the sailor's way

[Chorus]

O shining is the north star as it hangs off our starboard bow
We're homeward bound for Liverpool town and our hearts are in it now
for we've crossed the line and the gulf stream, been round by Table Bay
Around the Horn and home again, for that's the sailor's way

[Chorus]

We'll get paid off in Liverpool and go out on a spree
We'll eat and drink and have some fun and forget the bloody sea
And Jack will go with his sweet Marie and Pat with his 'Cushla play
But I'll get drunk and turn in me bunk for that's the sailor's way

[Chorus]

Santiana

Oh! Santiana gained the day, *Away Santiana!*
"Napoleon of the West", they say, *Along the plains of Mexico*

Chorus:
Well, heave 'er up and away we'll go, Away Santiana!
Heave 'er up and away we'll go, Along the plains of Mexico

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew, *Away Santiana!*
And an old salty yank for a captain too, *Along the plains of Mexico*
[Chorus]

Santiana fought for gold, *Away Santiana!*
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow, *Along the plains of Mexico*
[Chorus]

T'was on the field of Molly-Del-Ray, *Away Santiana!*
Well both his legs got blown away, *Along the plains of Mexico*
[Chorus]

It was a fierce and bitter strife, *Away Santiana!*
The general Taylor took his life, *Along the plains of Mexico*
[Chorus]

Santiana, now we mourn, *Away Santiana!*
We left him buried off Cape Horn, *Along the plains of Mexico*
[Chorus]

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away you rollin' river
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away, I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion
Away you rollin' river
To sail across the briny ocean
Away, I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

My ship sails free the wind is blowing
Away you rollin' river
Braces taught with sheets a-flowing
Away, I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I'll leave you never
Away you rollin' river
Till the day I die I'll love you ever
Away, I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away you rollin' river
Oh Shenandoah, I long t'be near you
Away, I'm bound away, 'Cross the wide Missouri

Sloop John B

Oh, we sailed on the Sloop John B,
my Grandpappy and me
around Nassau town we did roam
drinking all night, got into a fight
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Chorus:
So, hoist up the John B sails
see how the main sail sets
call for the Captain ashore, let me go home,
let me go home, let me go home,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Now the captain's a wicked man
He gets drunk whenever he can
And he don't give a damn for grandpappy and me
He kicks us around, And he knocks us about
Well I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

[Chorus]

The first mate he got drunk
broke in the Captains bunk
the constable had to come and take him away
the sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone
I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

[Chorus]

The poor cook he got the fits
threw away all of the grits
and then he went and ate up all of my corn
Oh let me go home, why don't ya let me go home
this is the worst trip I've ever been on.

[Chorus]

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we're under orders for to sail for old England
But we hope in a short time to see you again

Chorus:
We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, for to make soundings clear
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom
So we squared our main yard and up channel did steer
[Chorus]

The first land we sighted was calléd the Dodman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairley and Dover
Until we brought to by the South Foreland light
[Chorus]

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

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper
And let ev'ry man drink off his full bowl
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy
And here's to the health of each true-hearted soul

<u>Strike the Bell</u>

Up on the poop deck and walking about,
There's the second mate so steady and so stout.
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know himself,
And we wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Strike the bell second mate, let us go below,
Look you well to windward you can see it's gonna blow.
Look at the glass, you can see it has fell,
Oh we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps,
There is the larboard watch just longing for their bunks.
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell,
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.
[Chorus]

Forward on the forecastle head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny standin', a-longin' fer to shout,
Lights' a-burnin' bright sir and everything is well,
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.
[Chorus]

Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands,
Graspin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,
Lookin' at the compass through the course is clear as hell,
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.
[Chorus]

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,
Lookin' out to windward with a spyglass in his hand.
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strikin' the bell.
[Chorus]

<u>South Australia</u>

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 you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair, *Heave away, Haul away*
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair *We're bound for South Australia*
[Chorus]

There's just one thing that grieves my mind.....
That's leaving Nancy Blair behind.....
[Chorus]

I shook her up, I shook her down, ...
I shook her round and round the town, ...
[Chorus]

I ply'd 'em well, ply'd Nancy's charms, ...
But now she's in another man's arms! .....
[Chorus]

And as we wallop round Cape Horn.....
You'll wish to God you've never been born! .....
[Chorus x2]

<u>The Topman And The Afterguard</u>

The topman and the afterguard were walking one day
Said the topman to the afterguard I mean for to pray
For the rights of all sailors and the wrongs of all men
And whatever I do pray for you must answer Amen
Says the afterguard, "*Amen*"

First I'll pray for the bosun with his little stick
He calls out all hands then gives us a lick
Strikes many a brave fellow then kicks him a-main
May the Devil double triple damn him
Says the afterguard, "*Amen*"

Next I'll pray for the Purser who gives us to eat
Spew burgers rank butter and musty horsemeat
With weavily biscuit while he gets the gain
May the devil double triple damn him
Says the afterguard, "*Amen*"

Then I'll pray for them navy officers who hold back our due
We are owed three years wages and prize money too
Well it's no pay for you Jack try next voyage again
May the Devil double triple damn them
Says the afterguard, "*Amen*"

Well the last thing that I'll pray for is a drop of good beer
For the Lord made the liquor our spirits for to cheer
And where we had one pot I wish we had ten
And never never want for grog my boys
Said the afterguard, "*Amen*"

Walk Along Sally Brown

Sally Brown lives in bright Jamaica,
Weigh-hey-ha-ya!
She drinks dark rum and chews tobacco!
Walk along, you Sally Brown.

Seven long years I courted Sally!
Weigh-hey-ha-ya!
Seven long years she would not have me.
Walk along, you Sally Brown.

I bought her gowns, I bought her laces! .....
I took her out to all the fine places .....

Oh, Sally Brown I love you dearly, ...
You won my heart, oh, very nearly. .....

Little Sally Brown's my queen of aces, ...
All schooner rigged in silk and laces! .....

Sally Brown, what is the matter? .....
Pretty little girl, but I can't get at her .....

Sally Brown I love your daughter .....
For her I'll sail across the water. .....

Sally Brown I'll not deceive you .....
Sally Brown, I'm bound to leave you! .....

Fairest flower in all the valley, ...
Is my own, my pretty Sally! .....

<u>The Wellerman</u>

There once 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 (Huh!)

Chorus:
Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguin' is done
We'll take our leave and go

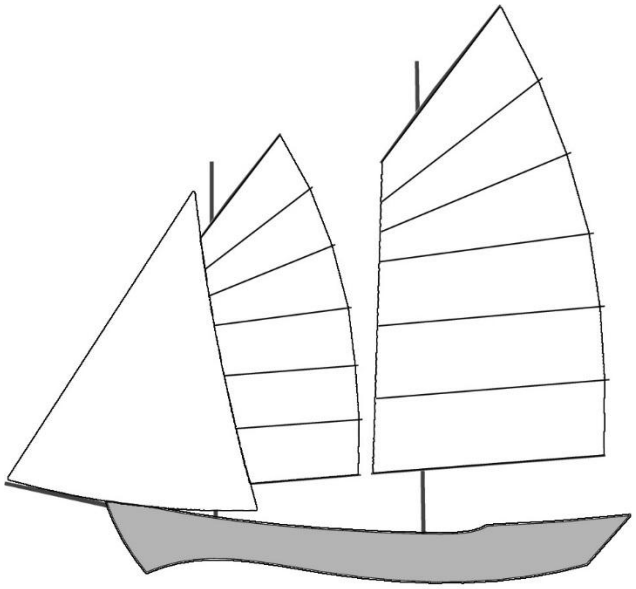
She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her, a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (Huh!)
[Chorus]

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 low (Huh!)
[Chorus]

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The Captain's mind was not of greed
But he belonged to the Wellerman's creed
She took that ship in tow (Huh!)
[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 that whale did go (Huh!)
[Chorus]

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all (Huh!)
[Chorus]



This songbook compiled for the
2025 Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race
by Paul Carroll, Schooner Libertate

Seaman’s Hymn

Come all you bold seamen, wherever you're bound,
And always let Nelson's proud memory go round;
And pray that the wars, and the tumults may cease,
For the greatest of gifts is a sweet, lasting, peace.
May the Lord put an end to these cruel old wars,
And bring peace and contentment to all our brave Tars!

1932-2005