

THE FO'C'SLE SEA SHANTY & FOLK SONG SESSION



SONGBOOK

Dark Mode

THE FO'C'SLE SEA SHANTY & FOLK SONG **SESSION SONGBOOK**

Dark Mode

Web Edition



Fo'c'sle Banner, a cartoon depiction of many folks singing, presumably on a ship, named Saturday Night at Sea, by George Cruickshank

The Fo'c'sle meets on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month at the Rose & Crown in South Bank, Brisbane.

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1845

Dark Mode

Ah, me mother's hanging washing on the line, on the line
Me mother's hanging washing on the line
There's a grand breeze blowing and there's plenty a drying
Me mother's hanging washing on the line, on the line
Me mother's hanging washing on the line

Ah, me father's got his shovel, digging graves, digging graves
Me father's got his shovel, digging grave
The sweat is rollin' off him, but the hunger, he braves
Me father's got his shovel, digging graves, digging graves
Me father's got his shovel, digging graves

Chorus:

**Every day is just like the others
No spot left for meself, for me brothers
All of us begging to stay alive
In 1845**

Ah, we haven't got a shilling to our name, to our name
We haven't got a shilling to our name
We're down on our knees, and we feel no shame
We haven't got a shilling to our name, to our name
We haven't got a shilling to our name

Chorus

Dark Mode

Ah, we're living on the breath of a prayer, of a prayer
We're living on the breath of a prayer
We're hanging on hope so we won't despair
We're living on the breath of a prayer, of a prayer
We're living on the breath of a prayer

Ah, the young Gustav has left to sail away, sail away
The young Gustav has left to sail away
There wasn't any reason left for him to stay
The young Gustav has left to sail away, sail away
The young Gustav has left to sail away

Chorus x 2

Ah, me mother's hanging washing on the line, on the line
Me mother's hanging washing on the line
There's a grand breeze blowing and there's plenty a-drying
Me mother's hanging washing on the line, on the line
Me mother's hanging washing on the line

Ah, me mother's hanging washing on the line, on the line
Me mother's hanging washing on the line
There's a grand breeze blowin' and there's plenty a-drying
Me mother's hanging washing on the line, on the line
Me mother's hanging washing on the line

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Across the Western Pla

Dark Mode

via John Thompson

And it's all for me grog my jolly jolly grog

All for me beer and tobacco

Well I spent all my tin in a shanty drinking gin

Now across the Western plains I must wander

I'm stiff stoney broke and I've parted with me moke

And the sky is looking black as flaming thunder

And the shanty boss is too for I haven't got a sou

That's the way you're treated when you're down and under

I'm sick in the head for I haven't been to bed

Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder

I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of aches and shakes

So I'd better make a push out over yonder

Repentance brings reproof, so I sadly pad the hoof

All day I see the mirage of the trees

Dark Mode

But it will all have to end, when I reach the river bend

And listen to the sighing of the breeze.

So hang that jolly grog, that hopeless shanty prog

All your beer that's loaded with tobacco

Grafting humour I am in and I'll stick the peg right in

And I'll settle down once more for to yakka

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Agamemnon

Dark Mode

Where is Henry Adams now that planned the Agamemnon?

Founded on the River Plate, in Maldonado's Bay

Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling

Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away

Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling

Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away

Where are all the beaully boys that built the Agamemnon?

Let them lie 'neath waiting grass, content at where they lay

Swords and swinging riveters, the sounds will not be waking
them

Sink them in their hammocks, boys, they've gone far away

**Swords and swinging riveters, the sounds will not be
waking them**

Sink them in their hammocks, boys, they've gone far away

Where is Captain Nelson now that sailed the Agamemnon?

Fought and beat the Spanish crews in Cape St. Vincent Bay

Dark Mode

Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling

Broach the keg of brandy, boys, and send him far away

Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling

Broach the keg of brandy, boys, and send him far away

Where are all the jolly tars that crewed the Agamemnon?

Men for whom the carronades were less hard work than play

Oak and iron and blood were they, and every girl a darling

Sink them in their hammocks, lads, they've gone far away

Oak and iron and blood were they, and every girl a darling

Sink them in their hammocks, lads, they've gone far away

Sing the shanty loud, me boys, we'll rouse the Agamemnon

Stamp it 'round the capstan and her anchor we will weigh

Where are all the wooden walls, that cloud of sails a-bearing?

They're foundered, sunk, or broken and they've gone far away

**Where are all the wooden walls, that cloud of sails a-
bearing?**

Dark Mode

**They're foundered, sunk, or broken and they've gone far
away**

Where is Henry Adams now that planned the Agamemnon?

Founded on the River Plate, in Maldonado's Bay

Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling

Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away

Oak and iron and blood of her, his fine one, his darling

Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away

Sink him in his hammock, boys, he's gone far away

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All for Me Grog

Dark Mode

Chorus :

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,

It's all for me beer and tobacco.

Well 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.

Well the heels they are all worn out and the toes are kicked
about

And the soles are looking out for better weather.

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,

It's all gone for beer and tobacco,

Well the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn,

And the tail is looking out for better weather.

Oh, where is me bed me noggin' noggin' bed

It's all sold for beer and tobacco

Dark Mode

You see I sold it to the girls cause the springs were all in twins

And the sheets they're looking out for better weather

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 way out yonder

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A Man's a Man for A' That

Dark Mode

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by -
We dare be poor for a' that!

Chorus:

For a' that, an' a' that!
Our toils obscure, an' a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine
Wear hoddin grey an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that

Chorus:

For a' that, an' a' that
Their tinsel show, an' a' that

**The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor
Is king o' men for a' that**

Dark Mode

Ye see yon birkie ca'd 'a lord'
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word
He's but a cuif for a' that

Chorus:

**For a' that, an' a' that
His ribband, star, an' a' that
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that**

A prince can mak a belted knight
A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might -
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

Chorus:

For a' that, an' a' that

Their dignities, an' a' that

Dark Mode

The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth

Are higher rank than a' that

Then let us pray that come it may

(As come it will for a' that)

That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth

Shall bear the gree an' a' that

Chorus:

For a' that, an' a' that

It's comin yet for a' that

That man to man the world oe'r

Shall brithers be for a' that

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Anderson's Coast

Dark Mode

via Nancy Kerr and James Fagan

Now Bass Strait roars like some great millrace

And where are you, my Annie?

And the same moon shines on this lonely place

As shone one day on my Annie's face.

But Annie dear, don't wait for me.

I fear I shall not return to thee.

There's naught to do but endure my fate,

And watch the moon, the lonely moon,

Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.

We stole a vessel and all her gear

And where are you, my Annie?

And from Van Diemen's we north did steer

Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here.

A mile inland our path was laid

And where are you, my Annie?

Dark Mode

We found a government stockade

Long abandoned but stoutly made

And somewhere west Port Melbourne lies

And where are you, my Annie?

Through swamps infested with snakes and flies.

The fool who walks there, he surely dies.

We hail no ships, though the time it drags.

And where are you, my Annie?

Our chain-gang walk and our government rags.

All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags.

We fled the lash and the chafing chain.

And where are you, my Annie?

We fled hard labour and brutal pain,

And here we are and here remain.

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Dark Mode

Amble Town

Dark Mode

O Amble is a fine town with ships about the bay
It's fain and very fain to be there myself today
I'm wishing in my heart I was far away from here
Sitting in my parlour and talking with my dear

**And it's home, dearie, home, it's home I want to be
My topsails are hoisted and I am out to sea
The oak and the ash and the bonnie birchen tree
Are all a-growing green in the North country
And it's home, dearie, home**

A letter came today, but somehow I cannot speak
And the proud and happy tears are a-rolling down my checks
There's someone here, she says, you've been waiting for to
see

With your merry hazel eyes, looking up from off my knee

But the letter never said if we have a boy or girl
Got me so confused that my heart is all a whirl
So I'm going back to port, where I'll quickly turn around
And take the fastest ship, which to Ambletown is bound

Well, if it be a girl, she shall wear a golden ring
If it be a boy, he shall live to serve the King
With his buckles and his boot and his little jacket blue
He'll walk the quarterdeck, like his daddy used to do

8YR@8p6Df\$sZI&

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The Antarctic Fleet

Dark Mode

I went down south a-whaling, to the land of ice and snow,
And eight-and-twenty pounds a month, was all I had to show,
For being on a little ship like a sardine in a can,
And eating salty pork and beef, they stewed up in a pan.

Chorus:

**Heigh-ho! Whale-oh! Wi' the Antarctic fleet,
I've got a drip upon me nose and I'm frozen in the feet.**

South Georgia is an island, it is a Whaling Base,
And only men in search of whales, would go to such a place,
No entertainment does exist unless you make home brew,
Then we would have some singing and, we'd have some
fighting too.

Our gunner came from Norway, like many of the crew,
And others spoke wi' Scottish tongues, as whalers often do,
But when the ship was closing in to make the bloody kill,

The Scotsmen and Norwegians worked, together with a will,

Dark Mode

We sailed down to the Weddell Sea, where the big Blues can
be found,

We chased between the icebergs and, we chased them round
and round,

And when they couldn't run no more, and fought to draw their
breath,

Our gunner shot harpoons in them, 'til they floated still in
death.

For months we sailed the ocean, and wearied with the toil,
Of slaughter and of killing just to get that smelly oil,

And when the savage storms blew and snow kept falling
down,

I often wished that I was back, in dear old Glasgow town.

It's twenty years since I've been there, and I won't go there
again,

I didn't like the climate but, I liked the whaling men,
And even in the sunshine now when I walk along the street,
I've got a drip upon me nose, and I've still got frozen feet.

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Antiguan Graveyard

Dark Mode

To Antigua our valiant ships they do sail
Through dangerous waters and many a gale
To lay in English Harbor, off Galleon Beach
The furthest west corner of our empire to reach

To serve George, our king, and protect British Trade
From the Frenchman's loud cannon, and the Spaniard's sharp
blade

Now Englishmen all they have no need to fear
For the tropical waters of our Empire's frontier

Chorus:

We're off to Antigua, all on the salt sea
Though we care not for coffee, nor chocolate, nor tea
We'll drink up our rum, for it renders us numb
And we'll hope to be home by the end of the year

Now our anchor is lowered upon the sea floor

And we live upon ship, never stepping on shore

Dark Mode

The sea is a sewer for there is no tide

And without any shore leave where can we hide

A fiery furnace burns tar on the land

And we're trapped in our ship at the captain's command

The air thick with brimstone, it burns in our throats

In this far-away prison we find that hell floats

See upcoming pop shows

Get tickets for your favorite artists

Chorus

Antigua's plantations, they grow thick with gold

A sea of cane sugar brings fortune untold

And we sailors all do our best to survive

While hundreds and thousands of slaves they do drive

There's a stench on the gun deck, no fresh air or light

And the heat never leaves us, come day or come night

Our food it is rotten, the water is green
Such torment around us you never have seen

Dark Mode

Chorus

The sugar cane's crushed and the rum it flows free

Stored in lead bottles, we drink it with glee

It makes our heads sore and our bellies do ache

Our sea legs desert us, our hands they do shake

And then comes the fever, no man can escape

If your skin it turns yellow, by then it's too late

Chills in your body and aches in your back

It is the foul curse of every poor Jack

Farewell to our comrades, we'll see them no more

They're wrapped in their hammocks to be buried on shore

It's fever, not fighting, takes sailors away

And leaves many a ghost ship afloat in the bay

Chorus x 2

Dark Mode

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Any Old Land

Dark Mode

Bowen Harding

I left my home to seek my fortune on the sea
Wind in the sails Adventure in the breeze
It's not the place of a woman In the violence of the sea
But there's nothing left on any old land for me

**I lied to the captain and boarded his ship
Pistol by my side, fake mustache on my lip
Goodbye to all women, I'm a man upon the sea
There's nothing left on any old land for me**

I met a sailor, He had locks of golden hair
mischievous in his smile, A beauty that was rare
Though I longed to kiss him My secret I must keep
There's nothing left on any old land for me

But the sailor was too charming, I could not say avast
Kissed him in the rigging, I fucked him in the mast
And when I finally got to bed him, his own secret I did see
That sailor boy was a woman on land like me

We married in secret We're both husband and both wife
And married to the ocean The wind, the waves, the life
Treasure and adventure Two women on the sea
There's nothing left on any old land for me

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Archimedes (The Leve

Dark Mode

Archimedes was a fine old man

Of that I'm a believer.

He invented hair oil and the frying pan,

And he taught us 'bout the lever.

Chorus:

The lever, boys, the lever,

Oh, the lever, boys, the lever

Not the pulley nor the screw

Nor the inclined plane

It's time to use the lever!

Oh the inclined plane, it launched our ship

And the screw, it may well sink her

And the pulleys we pull in the rigging all day

But what about the lever?

When the grog it is brought up on deck.

Dark Mode

Our thirst, it's a reliever

And the bung won't leave the bungle, then

It's time to use the lever!

Archimedes, he is dead and gone

May God be his receiver

Then we'll dig his grave with a silver spade

Which, in fact, is just a lever!

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As I Was Going to Banbury

Dark Mode

As I was going to Banbury,

Ri fol lat-i-tee O,

As I was going to Banbury,

I spied a fine codlin apple tree,

With a ri fol lat-i-tee O.

And when them codlins began to fall,

Ri fol lat-i-tee O,

And when them codlins began to fall,

I found five hundred men in all.

With a ri fol lat-i-tee O.

And one of the men I saw was dead,

Ri fol lat-i-tee O,

And one of the men I saw was dead,

So I took out me axe and I opened his head

With a ri fol lat-i-tee O.

And out of his head there sprang a spring,

Ri fol lat-i-tee O,

And out of his head there sprang a spring,

And seven young salmon a-learning to sing.

With a ri fol lat-i-tee O.

And one of them salmon as big as I,

Ri fol lat-i-tee O,

And one of them salmon as big as I,

Now don't you think I'm telling a lie?

With a ri fol lat-i-tee O.

And one of them salmon as big as an elf,

Ri fol lat-i-tee O,

And one of them salmon as big as an elf -

If you want any more you can sing it yourself!

With a ri fol lat-i-tee O.

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Dark Mode

Auld Lang Syne

Dark Mode

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne?

Chorus:

**For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.**

And surely you'll buy your pint cup!
and surely I'll buy mine!

And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We two have run about the hills,

and picked the daisies fine;

Dark Mode

But we've wandered many a weary foot,

since auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the stream,

from morning sun till dine;

But seas between us broad have roared

since auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty friend!

And give me a hand o' thine!

And we'll take a right good-will draught,

for auld lang syne.

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Away to the South'ard

Dark Mode

Oh, the wind is free, an' we're bound for the sea,

Heave away cheeri-lye o-ho!

Oh, the lassies are wavin' to you an' to me,

As off to the South'ard we'll go-o,

As off to the South'ard we'll go!

Sing, me lads, cheeri-lye,

Heave, me lads, cheeri-lye,

Heave away cheeri-lye o!

For the gold that we prize an' for sunnier skies,

Away to the south'ard we'll go!

And they're cryin', "Come back, my dear John an' dear Jack,

For there's water at front an' there's no door at back."

Well that John he is true to his Sal and his Sue

As long as they can keep him both in his view

The gals to the south'ard are bully an' fine.

Dark Mode

When we gits to Melbourne we'll have a good time.

We'll soon be a-driving her out to the docks,

It's where all the young pretty boys come in their frocks

Then it's one to the other them flash girls do say,

"Just wait till he's back with his forty-month's pay."

We'll roust her up bully, the wind's drawing free,

Let's get on that gladrags and drive her to sea.

We'll heave her up, bullies, an' run her away,

We'll soon be a-headin' out on a long lay.

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The Auld Triangle

Dark Mode

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning a screw was bawling
'Get up you bowsie and clean up your cell'

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

On a fine spring evening the lag lay dreaming

The seagulls wheeling high over the wall

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The lags were sleeping, Humpy Gussy was creeping

As I lay there weeping for my girl Sal

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

Dark Mode

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The wind was rising and the day declining

As I lay pining in my prison cell

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

In the female prison there are seventy five women

'Tis among them I wish I did dwell

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The day was dying and the wind was sighing

As I lay crying in my prison cell

And the old triangle went jingle jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

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Ballina Whalers

Dark Mode

In 'fifty-six I sailed on board a ship called 'Byron I',
She carried trawler men on deck, and a harpoon whaling gun.

Chorus:

**Heigh-ho ye trawler men come on, forget the snapper and
the prawn,**

**And it's out of Ballina we'll sail, a-fishing for the Humpback
whale.**

With a tractor for a whale winch, the ship an old Fairmile,
Twin diesels turned the props aroon', we whaled the Aussie
style.

So keep a sharp lookout me lads, for the whale is on the run,
And we'll chase them into Byron Bay, and we'll kill them with
our gun.

The harpoon and the line fly true, bedding deep into the
whale,

But she split the timbers of that ship, with a flurry of her tail.

The rigging struts were snapped in two, we reeled
the blow,

Then the gunner fired the killer shot, and that Humpback sank
below.

Now make her tail fast to the bow, we've got no time for bed,
For four-and-twenty hours each day, we kept that factory fed.

The flensing men upon the land, some had been jackaroos,
But they skinned the blubber off them whales, like they'd
skinned the kangaroos.

One hundred whales then fifty more, to the factory we did
send,

'Til a message said, "Knock off me lads, the season's at an
end."

Back into Ballina we sailed, tied up and stowed the gear,
Then all hands headed for the pub, and we filled ourselves
with beer.

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Dark Mode

Bamfield's John Vanden

Dark Mode

I come from the mud and the wind and the wet

From as far to the west as a man can get

And I've worked those waters for all my years

And I got my share of strife and tears

Ah, the ocean's the source of my hopes and fears

Kept an eye on the jigger pole, hand on the gaff

And a smiley on the line always brought a laugh

She's the pride of the coast, biggest of the springs

We would carry her home past Edward King

Unloading at the packers' and the money would ring

I'm Bamfield's John Vanden

Chorus:

And you might slip and stumble on the rocks at the shore

And exult in the blast of the mighty wake's roar

But when you stand humbled by the ocean's door

Then you'll understand just who I am

Dark Mode

Bamfield's John Vanden

Fair weather is a mask that the devil dons

A disguise for the tempest that's coming on

But looking toward the west, I can always tell

By the tint of the sky and the strength of the swell

Who's winning today—is it heaven or hell?

And when unseen arms threw thundering gales

We risked our souls on that telegraph trail

When the listing wrecks needed us the most

We slipped past death on the graveyard coast

But the ocean remembers, so we never did boast

I'm Bamfield's John Vanden

Chorus

I rolled and trolled and my hands were worn

In God's vindictive southeast storms

Heard the hull of the ship as it ripped and groaned

Dark Mode

But there is one thrill I have never known

'tis the love of a woman I could call my own

So your questions of romance don't ask me

I'm the man who wed the Pacific sea

Tempestuous though she may have been

A more faithful two you never seen

She's kept me wise and fit and lean

I'm Bamfield's John Vanden

Chorus

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The Banks of the Brisbane

Dark Mode

via John Thompson

The Turrbal people saw her born

The banks of the Brisbane river

Their memories, they still live on

The banks of the Brisbane river

The dreaming days they may be gone

But long may the dreaming continue on

We live the dreams and sing the songs

On The banks of the Brisbane river

A storm blew Finnegan and Parsons North

Mr Thompson never made it ashore

To the Illawarra they were bound

But on Moreton Island they ran aground

They laboured north until they found

Lord Brisbane sent John Oxley north

He anchored the Mermaid just offshore

Dark Mode

Though they thought him long since dead

Finnegan met them at the heads

The natives had kept the convict fed

Named for the governor of New South Wales

1823 saw white mans sails

Thousands of settlers to her were bound

She soon became young Queensland's town

Federation heard the cheers resound by

The bridges they stretch from side to side

The mighty Story bridge was Queensland's pride

The shipyards they are long since gone

The iron wood wharves have been torn down

The banks have burst through the streets of the town

She saw our rise, She'll see our fall

Her gentle waters will outlive is all

Long may her gentle waters run

Dark Mode

Past the mangrove mud and past the town

That gave us our lives and gave her a name

The mighty serpent flows to this day

Through a great glass town she winds her way

From Stanley's heights in the great divide

Damned at Wivenhoe then onto the tide

When the city cats purr

She's our joy and pride

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The Banks of the Sacram

Dark Mode

In the black ball line, I served me time

With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah!

On a full rigged ship all in her prime

With a hoo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus:

Blow, boys, blow for Californ-I-O

There's plenty of gold, so I've been told

On the banks of the Sacramento

Oh we're the boys to make her go

Around Cape Horn in the frost and the snow

Around Cape Stiff in seventeen days

Around Cape Stiff is a mighty long way

When we was tacking around Cape Horn

I often wished I'd never been born

Dark Mode

The mate he wacked me round and round

I wish I was home all safe and sound

Oh when we get to the Frisco docks

The girls all wear their Sunday frocks

One more pull and that will do

And Boney lost at Waterloo

Go hand me down me walking cane

I'm off to see me sweetheart Jane

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Barge Ballad

Dark Mode

Once there was a barge lad

Way up atop the mast

Shouting to the skipper,

"We've made it home at last!"

Well I was that barge lad

Way up atop the mast

But now I'm the skipper and that young nipper

Had better be holding fast

Chorus:

Oh we're loaded down with bales so high,

You've got to lean backwards if you want to see the sky

Oh the Thames may forgive us, but the Alde never will

So eyes front

And away we sail

Oh you've got to be able,

Way up atop the mast,

Your legs better be nimble

And your head better think fast

Well I was that able

Way up atop the mast

But now I'm the skipper and that young nipper

Is hearty enough to last

Chorus

So eyes front

Keep your head

And away we sail

Oh you've eyes like an eagle

Way up atop the mast

Spotting all the obstacles

That come across your path

Dark Mode

Well I was that eagle

Dark Mode

Way up atop the mast

But now I'm the skipper and that young nipper

Will keep us from taking a bath

Chorus

So eyes front

Keep your head

Clear your throat

And away we sail

Oh you've got to remember

Way up atop the mast

Knowing all the river routes

That you never learn from the charts

Well I do remember

Way up atop the mast

But now I'm the skipper and that young nipper

Is taking the rivers to heart

Dark Mode

Chorus

So eyes front

Keep your head

Clear your throat

Know your way

Fill your pipe

Grab on tight

Look for the lights

And away we sail

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The Barleymow

Dark Mode

Here's good luck to the pint pot,
Good luck to the Barley Mow,
Jolly good luck to the pint pot,
Good luck to the Barley Mow!

Oh, the pint-pot, half-a-pint, gill-pot, half-a-gill quarter-gill,
nipperkin, and the brown bowl.

Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow!.

Here's good luck to the quart pot,
Good luck to the Barley Mow,
Jolly good luck to the quart pot,
Good luck to the Barley Mow, Hey!

Oh, the quart-pot, pint-pot, half-a-pint, gill-pot, half-a-gill
quarter-gill, nipperkin, and the brown bowl.

Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow!.

Pint Pot

Dark Mode

Quart Pot

Half-Gallon

Gallon

Half-Barrel

Barrel

Landlord

Landlady

Daughter

Brewer

Drayer

Company

The Company, drayer, brewer, daughter, landlady, landlord,
barrel,

half-barrel, gallon, half-gallon, quart-pot, pint-pot, half-a-pint,

gill-pot, half-a-gill quarter-gill, nipperkin, and the brown bowl.

Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow!

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Dark Mode

Barret's Privateers

Dark Mode

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've 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

But 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

God damn them all!

Dark Mode

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 the scuppers with the staggers and jags

God damn them all!

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

God damn them all!

On the 96th day we sailed again

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight

With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

God damn them all!

Now the Yankee lay low down with gold

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Dark Mode

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays

But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

God damn them all!

Then at length we stood two cables away

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Our cracked four pounders made an awful din

But with one fat ball, the Yank stove us in

God damn them all!

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 Main truck carried off both me legs

God damn them all!

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

Dark Mode

God damn them all!

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The Bay of Suvla

Dark Mode

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

Chorus:

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

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

And it's haul 'er straight over and hard to the right

The waters are clear and the sand it is white

Dark Mode

Old Mr. Stopford will set us alight

We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

Well the wind it is fair and the stars have aligned

We'll sell our salt cod for sweet olives and wine

And string up the Kaiser by Thanksgiving time

We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

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Becalmed

Dark Mode

via Robin Beanland, Sea of Thieves

Our ship she dreams

Of wind in her sails

Of wind in her sails unfurled

And shining as

We cross the sea

We cross the sea for home

Then we'll all raise our voices

A song in our hearts

And set our eyes on distant shores

With wind in our sails again

There'll be cheering and calling

No more squabbling and brawling

When we have the wind in our sails

When we have our feet on the ground

Dark Mode

We'll spread our good fortune around

There'll be feasting and pleasure

No more rationing and measure

When we have the wind in our sails

>

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Being a Pirate

Dark Mode

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses an eye

It hurts like it blazes, it makes you pull faces

But you can't let your mates see you cry

A fancy black patch will cover the hatch

Making sure that the sucker stays dry

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses an eye

Chorus:

It's all part of being a pirate (a pirate, a pirate!)

You can't be a pirate with all of your parts

It's all part of being a pirate (a pirate, a pirate!)

You can't be a pirate with all of your parts

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses an ear (pardon?)

Dark Mode

Blood drips down your neck, it falls on the deck

And somebody says ay, what's this 'ere?

You can't wear your glasses, you don't pull the lasses

And folks have to shout so you'll hear

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses an ear

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses a hand

It spurts and it squirts, it jolly well hurts!

Pain only a pirate can stand

The fashionable look is a nice metal hook

But now you can't play in the band (sorry!)

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses a hand

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses a leg

Dark Mode

It hurts like a dickens, your pace never quickens

Hobbling around on a peg

Ask your sweetheart to marry, but too long you've tarried

'Cause now you can't kneel down and beg

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses a leg

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses a whatsit (shiver)

Use it and choose it, but you don't wanna lose it

Let's hope somebody spots it (I'm not picking it up!)

The doc comes along, he sews it back on

He ties it up tight and he knots it (he tied it too tight!)

Being a pirate is all fun and games

'Til somebody loses a whatsit

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Dark Mode

Ben Backstay.

Dark Mode

Ben Backstay was our boatswain

A very merry boy

For no one half so merrily

Could pipe all hands ahoy

And when unto his summons

We did not well attend

The none than he more cheerily

Could handle the ropes end

Could handle the ropes end

Could handle the ropes end

While sailing once our Captain

Who was a jolly dog

Served out to all our company

A double wack of grog

Ben backstay he got tipsy

All to his hearts content

And he being half seas over boys

Dark Mode

Right overboard he went

Right overboard he went

Right overboard he went

A shark was on the larboard bow

Sharks don't on manners stand

But gobble all they come near

Just like your sharks on land

We heaved Ben out some tackle

Of saving him some hope

But the shark had bit his head off

So he couldn't see the rope

So he couldn't see the rope

So he couldn't see the rope

Without his head his ghost appeared

All on the briny lake

He piped all hands ahoy and cried

Lads warning by me take

By drinking grog I lost my life

Dark Mode

So lest my fate you meet

Why never mix your rum me lads

But always take it neat

But always take it neat

But always take it neat

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Big Bow Wow

Dark Mode

From Yarmouth Harbour we set sail,
The wind was blowing a devil of a gale;
All our ring tails set and our bafflin' is in peak,
And our dolphin striker is a ploughing up the deep.

Chorus :

**With a big bow wow,
Tow row row,
Fol dee rol dee ride all day.**

Our captain comes up from down below,
He looks aloft and he looks alow;
He looks alow and he looks aloft,
Sayin' coil those ropes, boys, fore and aft.

Then it's back to his cabin he quickly crawls,
Unto the steward he loudly calls;

Go bring me a glass that'll make me cough.

Dark Mode

For it's better weather here than it is up aorta.

It's we poor sailors standin' on the deck,
With the blasted rain pourin' down our necks;
Not a drop of grog will he to us afford,
But he damns our eyes with every other word.

Now there's one thing we sailors crave,
For him to find a watery grave;
We'll shove him down in a dark deep hole,
Where the sharks will have his body,
And the devil take his soul!

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Birthday Shant

Dark Mode

Salty Sirens

(to the tune of the verse of Rio Grande)

Happy Birthday, happy birthday matey!

We'll sing and we'll dance and maybe romance,

On your birthday

Happy Birthday, happy birthday matey!

We'll shant and we'll drink, to you this pint sink!

On your birthday

Happy Birthday, happy birthday matey!

We'll clap and we'll cheer, because you are here,

On your birthday

Happy Birthday, happy birthday matey!

it's your birthday today, so to you we say,

Happy birthday!

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The Black Ball Line

Dark Mode

via The Jolly Rogers

I served me time on the Black Ball line

To me way-aye-aye, hurray-ah

On the Black Ball line I served my time

Hurrah for the Black Ball Line

The Black Ball Line is good and true

The Black Ball Line for me and you

I am a gunner on the black ball line

My twenty-four pounder's all in line

With eighteen guns we turned about

With one broadside we put 'er down

We robbed her blind as she went down

Now it's back to port and back to town

Eighteen knots with the wind about

Stand by yer lanyards fore and aft

Dark Mode

Oh take a trip to Liverpool

Liverpool that damned cesspool

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The Black Velvet Band

Dark Mode

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour o' sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
'Til bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

Chorus:

**Her eyes they shown like diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band**

Well I went out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far

When I met with a ficklesome damsel

Dark Mode

She was plyin' her trade in the bar

When a watch she took from a customer

And slipped it right into my hand

Then in came the law and arrested me

Bad luck to her black velvet band

Next morning before judge and jury

For trial I had to appear

Then the judge he says me young fellow

The case against you is quite clear

And seven long years is your sentence

You're goin' to Van Dieman's land

Far away from your friends and relations

To follow the black velvet band

So come all ye jolly young fellows

I'll have you take warnin' from me

Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads

Beware of the pretty colleens

Dark Mode

For they'll fill you with whisky and porter

'Til you're unable to stand

And the very next thing that you know, me lads

You've landed in Van Dieman's land

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Blood Red Roses

Dark Mode

To mee bonnie bunch of roses hoooo

Come down ya blood red roses, come down

It's time for us to roll and gooo

Chorus:

Come down ya blood red roses, come down

**OHHH ya pinks and posies Come down ya blood red roses,
come down**

We're bound away around Cape Hornnn

Come down ya blood red roses, come down

Where you wish'd to hell ya'd ain't never been bornnn

Me boots and clothes are all in pawnnn **Come down ya blood
red roses, come down** And its bleedin' drafty 'round Cape
Hornnn

T'is growl ye may, but go ye musttt

Come down ya blood red roses, come down If ye growl too
hard your head 'ill busttt

Dark Mode

Them Spanish girls are full and stronggg

Come down ya blood red roses, come down

And down me boys it won't take longgg

Just one more pull and that 'ill dooooo

Come down ya blood red roses, come down

Oh we're the bullie boys that kick her throughhh

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Blood Red Roses – NZ Ver

Dark Mode

Come all you sealers and listen to me

Come down you blood red roses, come down

A lovely song I'll sing to thee

Come down you blood red roses, come down

It was in eighteen hundred and three,

Come down you blood red roses, come down

That we set sail for the southern sea

Come down you blood red roses, come down

Oh you pinks and posies

Come down you blood red roses, come down

Our captain he has set us down

And he has sailed for Sydney town

And he has left us with some grub

Come down you blood red roses, come down

Just one split pea in a ten pound tub

Oh you pinks and posies

Come down you blood red roses, come down

Dark Mode

A bull seal he is bigger than a mouse

But a sealer's lot is lower than a louse

And now we'll all covered over with fur

Come down you blood red roses, come down

We've grown us tails like Lucifer

Oh you pinks and posies

Come down you blood red roses, come down

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Blow the Man Down

Dark Mode

Come all ye young fellows who follow the sea

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

And pray pay attention and listen to me

Give me some time to blow the man down

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

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

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

Give me some time to blow the man down

Chorus :

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down

Way hey, blow the man down

Blow him right back into Liverpool town

Give me some time to blow the man down

There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

Dark Mode

They all ship for sailors on board the Black Ball

Give me some time to blow the man down

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

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

Assisted along by the toe of a boot

Give me some time to blow the man down

It's starboard and larboard on deck they will sprawl

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

For kickin' Jack Williams commands the Black Ball

Give me some time to blow the man down

Lay aft now, ya lubbers, lay aft now I say

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

I'll none of your dodges on my ship today

Give me some time to blow the man down

So I'll give you fair warning before we belay

(To me!) Way hey, blow the man down

Dark Mode

Don't ever take heed of what shantymen say

Give me some time to blow the man down

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Blue Eyed-Nancy.

Dark Mode

How could I live on the top of a mountain
With no money in my pocket and no gold for the countin’?
But I would let the money go all for to please her fancy
And I would marry no one but my own dear blue-eyed Nancy.

She’s my bonnie blue-eyed lassie with an air so sweet and
tender,
Her walk like swans on water and her waist so small and
slender.

Her golden hair in ringlets fell all o’er her snow-white shoulder
And I’ll ask her for to marry me for there’s no one could be
bolder.

Now there’s some people say that she is very low in station
And other people say she’ll be the cause of my ruination.
But let them all say what they will, to her I will prove constant
still
Till the day that I die, she’ll be my only lovely lady.

How softly skims the swallow o'er the dark waters of Fochail

Dark Mode

And blithely sings the nightingale so happy to behold her.

The winds may blow, the moorcocks crow, the moon shines
out so clearly,

Ah but deeper by far is my love for my own lady.

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The Bold Fisherman

Dark Mode

As I walked out one May morning

Down by the riverside,

There I beheld a bold fisherman

Come rowing by the tide,

Come rowing by the tide;

There I beheld a bold fisherman

Come rowing by the tide.

“ Good morning to you, my bold fisherman,

How come you fishing here?”

“ I come here a-fishing for your sweet sake

All on this river clear,

All on this river clear;

I come here a-fishing for your sweet sake

All on this river clear.”

He drew his boat unto the bank

And for her mate did went,
He took her by the lily-white hand

Which was his full intent,

Which was his full intent;

He took her by the lily-white hand

Which was his full intent.

He took the cloak from off his back

And gently laid it down,

There she behold three chains of gold

Hang dangling three times round,

Hang dangling three times round;

There she behold three chains of gold

Hang dangling three times round.

She fell down on her bended knee,

For mercy she implored,

“ In calling you a bold fisherman

When I fear you are some lord,

When I fear you are some lord;

In calling you a bold fisherman

When I fear you are some lord."

Dark Mode

" Rise up, rise up, my fair young maid,

From off your bended knee.

There is not one word that you have said

That has offended me,

That has offended me;

There is not one word that you have said

That has offended me ."

He took her by the lily-white hand,

Saying: "Married we shall be,

Then you will have a bold fisherman

To row you on the sea,

To row you on the sea;

Then you will have a bold fisherman

To row you on the sea."

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Dark Mode

Bold Riley

Dark Mode

Oh the rain it raineth all day long,

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley,

And them northern winds, are blowing strong

Bold Riley O has gone away.

Chorus:

Goodbye my sweetheart, goodbye my dear O

Bold Riley O, Bold Riley,

Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear O,

Bold Riley O has gone away.

Oh the anchor's aweigh and the sails are set

And them Liverpool Judies we'll ne'er forget

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay,

Keep rowing boys, it's a bloody long way

Cheer up Mary Ellen, don't be so glum,

Come white-stockings day we'll drink hot rum

Dark Mode

[Back to top](#)

Bones in the Ocean

Dark Mode

Oh, I bid farewell to the port and the land
And I paddle away from brave England's white sands
To search for my long ago forgotten friends
To search for the place I hear all sailors end

As the souls of the dead fill the space of my mind

I'll search without sleeping 'til peace I can find

I fear not the weather, I fear not the sea

I remember the fallen, do they think of me?

When their bones in the ocean forever will be

Plot a course to the night, to a place I once knew
To a place where my hope died along with my crew
So I swallow my grief and face life's final test
To find promise of peace and the solace of rest

As the souls of the dead fill the space of my ears

Their laughter like children, their beckoning cheers

Dark Mode

My heart longs to join them, sing songs on the sea

I remember the fallen, do they think of me?

When their bones in the ocean forever will be

When at last before my ghostly shipmates I stand

I shed a small tear for my home upon land

Though their eyes speak of deaths filled with struggle and
strife

Their smiles below say I don't owe them my life

As the souls of the dead fill the space of my eyes

And my boat listed over and tried to capsize

I'm this far from drowning, this far from the sea

I remember the living, do they think of me?

When my bones in the ocean forever will be

Now that I'm staring down at the darkest abyss

I'm not sure what I want, but I don't think it's this

As my comrades call to stand fast and forge on

I make sail for the dawn 'til the darkness has gone

Dark Mode

As the souls of the dead live fore'er in my mind

As I live all the years that they left me behind

I'll stay on the shore but still gaze at the sea

I remember the fallen and they think of me

For our souls in the ocean together will be

I remember the fallen and they think of me

for our souls in the ocean together will be

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Boney was a Warrior

Dark Mode

Boney was a warrior

Weigh-hey-yah

A warrior a tarrier

Jean François

Oh Boney beat the Rooshians

Weigh-hey-yah

And Boney beat the Prooshians

Jean François

Oh Boney marched to Moscow

Weigh-hey-yah

He lost his army in the snow

Jean François

He marched his army back again

Weigh-hey-yah

And Moscow was a-blazing then

Dark Mode

Jean François

We licked him in Trafalgar Bay

Weigh-hey-yah

We carried his main-top-mast away

Jean François

T'was on the plains of Waterloo

Weigh-hey-yah

He met the boy that put him through

Jean François

Boney went a-cruising

Weigh-hey-yah

Aboard the Billy Ruffian

Jean François

And Boney went to St.Helen

Weigh-hey-yah

And he never come back again

Dark Mode

Jean François

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The Bonny Light Horsen

Dark Mode

Well now Bonaparte, he has commanded his troops for to
stand

And he levelled up his cannon all over the land;

Yes he levelled his cannon, the whole victory to gain,

And he slew my light horseman returning from Spain.

Chorus:

Broken-hearted I wander all for my true lover,

He's a bonny light horseman, in the war has been slain

All ye wives', sweethearts' and widows' attention I pray,

For me heart it is broken and it's fading away.

I'm a maid so distracted, broken-hearted I wander

For my bonny light horseman in the war has been slain.

You should see my light horseman on a cold winter's day,

With his red and rosy cheeks and his curly black hair.

He's mounted on horseback, the whole victory to gain,

And he's over the battlefield for honour and fame.

Dark Mode

Now if I had have had the wings of an eagle I'd fly

To my bonny light horseman and there I'd lie by,

And with me little fluttering wings I would build up me nest.

Oh my bonny light horseman you're the boy I love best.

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Bonny Ship the Diamond

Dark Mode

The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she's
bound,

And the quay it is all garnished with bonny lasses 'round.

Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,

Where the sun it never sets, my lads, no darkness dims the
sky.

Chorus:

And it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,

**For the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the
whale.**

Along the quays of Peterhead, the lasses stand around,
Their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears running
down.

Now don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left
behind,

For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice before we change
our mind.

Here's health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan.

Dark Mode

Here's a health to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond,
ship of fame.

We wear the trousers of the white, the jackets of the blue,
When we return to Peterhead, we'll have sweethearts anoo

Oh, it'll be bright both day and night when the whaling lads
come home,

In a ship that's full of oil, my boys, and money to our name.

We'll make the cradles all to rock and the blankets for to tear,

And every lass in Peterhead sing, "Hushabye, my dear."

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Botany Bay.

Dark Mode

Farewell to old England forever

Farewell to my rum culls as well

Farewell to the well known Old Bailey

Where I used for to cut such a swell

Chorus:

Singing toorali-orali-addity

Singing toorali-orali-ai

Singing toorali-orali-addity

We're bound for Botany Bay

There's the captain as is our commander

There's the bosun and all the ship's crew

There's the first and the second class passengers

Knows what we poor convicts go through

Taint leaving old England we cares about

Taint cos we mis-spells what we knows

Dark Mode

But because all we light fingered gentry

Hops around with a log on our toes

These seven long years I've been serving now

And seven long more have to stay

All for bashing a bloke down our alley

And taking his ticker away

Oh had I the wings of a turtle dove

I'd soar on my pinions so high

Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love

And in her sweet presence I'd die

Now all my young Dookies and Dutchesses

Take warning from what I've to say

Mind all is your own as you toucheses

Or you'll find us in Botany Bay

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Dark Mode

Brave Benbow

Dark Mode

Come all you seamen bold

Come all you seamen bold

And draw near

And draw ne-e-ear

Come all you seamen bold, and draw near

Tis of an admiral's fame,

And brave Benbow was his name,

And he fought all on the main,

You shall hear

You shall hear

Brave Benbow he set sail

Brave Benbow he set sail

For to fight

For to fi-i-ight

Brave Benbow he set sail, for to fight

Brave Benbow he set sail

In a fine and pleasant gale
But his captains they turned tail

Dark Mode

In a fright

In a fright

Said Kirby unto Wade

Said Kirby unto Wade

We shall run

We shall ru-u-un

Said Kirby unto Wade, we shall run

For I value not disgrace

Nor the losing of my place

But the enemy I'll not face

Nor his guns

Nor his guns

The Ruby and Benbow

The Ruby and Benbow

Fought the French

Fought the Fre-e-ench

Dark Mode

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French

They fought them up and down

'Til the blood came trickling down

'Til the blood came trickling down

Where they lay

Where they lay

Brave Benbow lost his legs

Brave Benbow lost his legs

By chain shot

By chain sh-o-ot

Brave Benbow lost his legs, by chain shot

Brave Benbow lost his legs

And down on his stumps he begged

Fight on my English lads

'Tis our lot

'Tis our lot

Come surgeon dress my wounds

Dark Mode

Come surgeon dress my wounds

Cried Benbow

Cried Benbo-o-ow

Come surgeon dress my wounds, cried Benbow

Let a cradle now in haste

On the quarterdeck be placed

That the enemy I might face

'Til I die

'Til I die

When he closed his eyes and died

When he closed his eyes and died

They all cried

They all cri-i-ied

He closed his eyes and died, they all cried

What a terrible sight to see

Our brave hero on that day

And they carried him to Kingston Church

Where he lay

Where he lay

Dark Mode

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Bring Us in Good Ale

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Bring us in good ale, good ale, and bring us in good ale,

For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,

Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no gain,

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,a

But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,

But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean,

Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,

But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else.

Dark Mode

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many worms,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh for that will make us boars.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our blood.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere.

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Brisbane Harbour

Dark Mode

Prick your finger it is done

Turn your face into the sun

Roll er out and spread her wings

The time has come for better things

All down to Brisbane Harbour

Face the cold and bitter spray

Strain yer muscles pine away

For the day we go ashore

To see the faces we adore

All down to Brisbane Harbour

Chorus:

So jump up! Jack! Get down!

Jump up! Jack! Get down!

Heave away ya capstan bullies

All aboard the flying Jenny

Down to Brisbane Harbour

Dark Mode

Liza Fair and Judy Lee

Balancing upon your knee

That gin and whiskey flowing free

A gentle breeze from off the sea

Right down in Brisbane Harbour

But boys I know you are aware

Queensland girls are fierce and fair

That pretty hand upon your knee

Could be the last thing that you see

In good old Brisbane Harbour

So jump up! Jack! Get down!

Jump up! Jack! Get down!

Heave away ya capstan bullies

All aboard the flying Jenny

Down to Brisbane Harbour

Leviathan was on the deep

Around us nightly he would creep

Dark Mode

Rose up like a bugaboo

And smashed a gunwale clean in two

All down to Brisbane Harbour

Huxley got him on his side

Dragged him round upon the tide

But he snatched up clean away

And lived to prowl another day

All down to Brisbane Harbour

So jump up! Jack! Get down!

Jump up! Jack! Get down!

Heave away ya capstan bullies

All aboard the flying Jenny

Down to Brisbane Harbour

Coral sea is rolling strong

West wind batters us along

When upon the morning light

Dark Mode

Fair Moreton island hoves in sight

Down to Brisbane Harbour

Eleven weeks from Plymouth town

To the horn and straight around

But neither wind nor rolling tide

Can match the dangers here inside

Of Good Old Brisbane Harbour

So jump up! Jack! Get down!

Jump up! Jack! Get down!

Heave away ya capstan bullies

All aboard the flying Jenny

Down to Brisbane Harbour

Jump up! Jack! Get down!

Jump up! Jack! Get down!

Heave away ya capstan bullies

Dark Mode

All aboard the flying Jenny

Down to Brisbane Harbour

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Brisbane Ladies

Dark Mode

Farewell and adieu to you, Brisbane ladies

Farewell and adieu, you maids of Toowong

We've sold all our cattle and we have to get a movin'

But we hope we shall see you again before long.

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Queensland drovers

We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we push

Until we return to the Augathella station

Oh, it's flamin' dry goin' through the old Queensland bush.

The first camp we make, we shall call it the Quart Pot,

Caboolture, then Kilcoy, and Colinton's Hut,

We'll pull up at the Stone House, Bob Williamson's paddock,

And early next morning we cross the Blackbutt.

Then on to Taromeo and Yarraman Creek, lads,

It's there we shall make our next camp for the day
Where the water and grass are both plenty and sweet, lush,

Dark Mode

And maybe we'll butcher a fat little stray.

Then on to Nanango, that hard-bitten township
Where the out-of-work station-hands sit in the dust,
Where the shearers get shorn by old Tim, the contractor
Oh, I wouldn't go near there, but I flaming well must!

The girls of Toomancie they look so entrancing
Like bawling young heifers they're out for their fun
With the waltz and the polka and all kinds of dancing
To the rickety old banjo of Bob Anderson.

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,
We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to them all
And when we've got back to the Augathella Station,
We hope you'll come by there and pay us a call.

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Dark Mode

Brisbane River

Dark Mode

Oh, was you ever on the Brisbane River

Blow boys, blow

What lurks below will make you shiver

Blow me bully boys blow

A city cat came down the river

With long steel hulls that shone like silver

Chorus:

And blow me boys and blow forever

Blow boys blow

We'll all blow chunks in the Brisbane River

Blow me bully boys blow

And where'd you think they went on that cat

Into town for a drink and chat

And what do think they drank for fun

Four X beer and Bundy rum

Dark Mode

Chorus

Oh shots of fireball and jäger-bombs

The drank them all with great aplomb

And then up to clubs for a jig and a dance

With them girls, they didn't have a chance.

Chorus

And what do you think was their delight?

Oh, a drunken brawl in the street that night.

And what do you think they did in the Valley

Lines of coke down a dirty back alley

Chorus

And what do you think they had to eat

A dodgy kebab filled with mystery meat

Dark Mode

And there they sat by the Brisbane River

Heaving their guts with a damaged liver

Chorus

And where do you think I became a father

Atop Mt Cootha in an old Torana

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The British Grenadier

Dark Mode

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these.
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can
compare.

**With a tow, row, row, and a row, row, row, to the British
Grenadiers.**

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal.
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
**With a tow, row, row, and a row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers.**

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades.
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears.
**With a tow, row, row, and a row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers.**

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair.

Dark Mode

The townsmen cry, "Hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier!"

Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears!

With a tow, row, row, and a row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health of those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loopèd clothes.

May they and their commanders live happy all their years.

With a tow, row, row, and a row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

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Bully in the Alley (v1)

Dark Mode

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 the girl that I loved dearly

Way, hey, bully in the alley

Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly

Bully down in shinbone al

For seven long years I courted little Sally

But all she did was dilly and dally

I left my gal to go a sailing

I left my Sal to go a whaling

I found myself down on the quay oh

I found myself with time so free oh

Dark Mode

I waltzed up to the Anchor Inn oh

I kicked down the door and I waltzed right in oh

I stepped up to the bar room counter

It was there I met with greasy Annie

I bought her rum, I bought her gin oh

I bought her wine both white and red oh

After I spent up all me tin oh

It was up to her bedroom we did creep oh

We tossed and tumbled all night long oh

In the morning the cock did crow oh

I left my gal and became a sailor

I left my Sal and shipped aboard a whaler

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Dark Mode

Bully in the Alley (v2)

Dark Mode

O, I lost my coat in Storrie's Alley

O-o-o I'm bully in the alley!

He chucked me out because I had no money

Way-ay-ay, I'm bully in the alley

Mary Jane is my good fancy

O-o-o I'm bully in the alley !

But she took my watch and stole my money

Way-ay-ay, I'm bully in the alley

She pawned my clothes in Storrie's Alley

O-o-o I'm bully in the alley!

And then she kicked me out me out because I had no money

Way-ay-ay, I'm bully in the alley

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Bury Me Beneath The Willow

Dark Mode

Oh, bury me beneath the willow

Under the weeping willow tree

So she will know where I am sleeping

And perhaps she'll weep for me

My heart is sad I am lonely

For the only one I love

When shall I see her oh no never

'Til we meet in heaven above

She told me that she dearly loved me

How could I believe it untrue

Until the angels softly whispered

She will prove untrue to you

Tomorrow was to be our wedding

God oh God where can she be

She's out a-courtin' with another

And no longer cares for me

Dark Mode

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Byker Hill

Dark Mode

If I had another penny
I would have another gill
I would make the piper play
The bonny lass of Byker Hill

Chorus:

Byker Hill and Walker Shore

Collier lads for ever more

Byker Hill and Walker Shore

Collier lads for ever more

The pitman and the keelman trim
They drink bumble made from gin
Then to dance they do begin
To the tune of Elsie Marley

When first I went down to the dirt

I had no cowl nor no pit shirt

Now I've gotten two or three

Walker Pit's done well by me

Dark Mode

Geordie Johnson, he had a pig

You hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig

All the way to Walker Shore

To the tune of Elsie Marley

If I had another penny

I would have another gill

I would make the piper play

The bonny lass of Byker Hill

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The Captain's Daughter

Dark Mode

When I was just a lad of twelve, I joined a skipper's crew,
To sail about the ocean wide, in search of treasures new
But failed to batten down a hatch, I let in scores of water
And that's when bo's'n introduced me to the captain's
daughter

Chorus:

Oh! The captain's daughter, she's a sight!

She'll keep you up in the dead of night

She'll make you weep 'till your eyes turn sore

Like many other men before

The captain was an older man, not known for changing* tack

He'd bring his daughter out for any ordinary Jack

She'll make your skin shift colours faster than a signal flag

So don't be caught adrift and let the cat out of the bag

Well, out across the pond one day we heard the crow's nest
call

Dark Mode

And down the mast came crashing, being struck by cannonball

The captain stood there laughing, bid us stand to our last
breath

But we'd rather face his daughter than a terrifying death

So onwards, to demise, she floats while we all beat to quarters

"Abandon ship!" the first mate cried and jumped into the
water

"Belay that!" cried the captain, "I did not give those orders!

Fish out that dog from in the drink and fetch him to my
daughter!"

Though years ago I'm still reminded of those awful days

My wife reminds me of the lash in oh so many ways

But between the two of them I know which brings more pain

I'd rather bring my back to bear than see my wife again!

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Captain Kidd

Dark Mode

Chorus:

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

And I pulled away from land

As I sailed

I murdered William Moore

And I left him in his gore

Dark Mode

Twenty leagues away from shore

As I sailed

And being crueller still, the gunner I did kill

All his precious blood did spill

As I sailed

I was sick and nigh to death

And I vowed at every breath

Oh to walk in wisdom's path

As I sailed

But my repentance lasted not

My vows I soon forgot

Oh damnation is my lot

As I sailed

To the execution dock

Lay my head upon the block

Laws no more I'll mock as I sail

So take warning here and heed

To shun bad company

Or you'll wind up just like me

As I sailed

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Dark Mode

The Catalpa

Dark Mode

A noble whale ship and commander
Called the Catalpa, they say
Came out to Western Australia
And took six poor Fenians away

**So come all you screw warders and jailers
Remember Perth regatta day
Take care of the rest of your Fenians
Or the Yankees will steal them away**

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

Now all the Perth boats were a-racing
And making short tacks for the spot
But the Yankee she tacked into Freo
And took the best prize of the lot

The Georgette armed with bold warriors
Went out the poor Yanks to arrest
But she hoisted her star-spangled banner
Saying you'll not board me I guess

So remember those six Fenians colonial
And sing o'er these few verses with
And remember the Yankee that stole them
And the home that they left on the hill

Dark Mode

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

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Charlie Mops

Dark Mode

vie The Jolly Rogers

A long time ago, way back in history
When all there was to drink was nothin but cups of tea
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

**He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king
And to his praises we shall always sing
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer beer
beer
Tiddly beer beer beer**

The Curtis bar, the James' Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well
One thing you can be sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell
So all ye lads a lasses at eleven O'clock ye stop
For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops 1 2 3 4 5

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a
stick

Dark Mode

The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick

40 pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks

Its only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax, 1 2 3 4 5

The Lord bless Charlie Mops! Hey Beer!

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Cheerlyman

Dark Mode

Oh, Nancy Dawson, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

She robbed the Bo'sun, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

That was a caution, Hi-oh!

Chorus:

Cheerly, man

O! Haulee, Hi-oh

Cheerly, man

Oh, Sally Racket, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Pawned my best jacket, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

And sold pawn the ticket, Hi-oh!

Oh, Kitty Carson, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Dark Mode

Jilted the parson, Hi-oh! Cheerly, man!

Married a mason, Hi-oh!

Oh, Betsy Baker, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Lived in Long Acre, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Married a Quaker, Hi-oh!

Oh, Jenny Walker, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Married a hawker, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

That was a corker, Hi-oh!

Oh, Polly Riddle, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Broke her new fiddle, Hi-oh!

Cheerly, man!

Dark Mode

Right through the middle, Hi-oh!

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The Chemical Worker's Song

Dark Mode

Chorus:

And it's go boys, go

They'll time your every breath

And every day you're in this place

You're two days nearer death

But you go

Well, a Process Man am I and I'm tellin' you no lie

I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky

There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air

There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me
hair

Well, I've worked among the spinners, and I breathe the oily
smoke

I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke

I've stood knee deep in cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn

Been workin' rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach
turn

Dark Mode

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore

The young men like their money and they all come back for
more

But soon you're knockin' on and you look older than you
should

For every bob made on the job, you pay with flesh and blood

Well, a Process Man am I and I'm tellin' you no lie

I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky

There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air

There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me
hair

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Chicken on a Raft

Dark Mode

The skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin,

Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!

I don't mind knocking, but I ain't a-going in!

Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!

Jimmy's laughing like a drain,

Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!

Been lookin' at my comic cuts again,

Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!

Chorus:

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,

Oh, what a terrible sight to see,

Dabtoes forward and the dustmen aft,

Sittin' there a-pickin' at a chicken on a raft!

Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!

Hey-ho, chicken on a raft!

Hi-ho, chicken on a raft!

Hey-ho, chicken on a raft!

Dark Mode

They gave me the middle and the forenoon too,

Now I'm pullin' in a whaler's crew.

There's a seagull wheelin' overhead,

Oh to be floatin' in a feather bed!

Well, I had a little girl in Donny B

And did she make a fool of me.

Her heart 'twas like a pusser's shower,

From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour!

So we kissed goodbye on the midnight bus

But she didn't cry and she didn't fuss.

So am I the man what she loves best

Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

An Amazon girl lived in Dumfries,

She only had her kids in twos and threes;

And her sister lives in Maryhill,

She says she won't but I think she will!

Dark Mode

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Clasped to the Pig

Dark Mode

via Fourwinds

Oh backwards and forwards I am reeling in tight
And it was some spree that I'd been at last night
I've been to McCarthy's with Patsy O'Maher
And we drank the black bottle from under the bar
And we drank and we drank boys we banished all care
And we gave not a thought to foul weather nor fair
And now on the floor I am curled up in a heap
Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep

**For I'm clasped to a pig in a loving embrace
And the hairs of his curly tail are tickling my face
There's no use in telling me sober to keep
Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep**

Oh well over my head in the days that are gone
Well gaily I flurried my knotty black thorn

And if I but only had it tonight

Dark Mode

Well maybe I would not be offered a night

Oh and if Pat Murphy I chances to meet

It's an elegant ruckshee that we'll have in the street

And he'll soon be glad in his ott holt to creep

Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep

Oh drop down by the pig here and share his embrace

And let my red whiskers lie close to your face

This créatúir won't hurt you he'll do you no harm

Drop down here Biddy and keep my back warm

And squeeze up beside me as you've oft done before

I'll sing you to sleep with the sounds of my snore

The rats and the mice all around us will creep

Biddy leave me to sleep Biddy leave me to sleep

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Come All ye Tonguers

Dark Mode

Come all ye tonguers and land-loving lubbers
Here's a job cutting-in, and boiling down blubbers
A job for the youngster or old and ailing
The agent will grab any man for shore whaling.

Chorus:

**I am paid in soap and sugar and rum
For cutting in whale and boiling down tongue
The agent's fee makes my blood so to boil!
I'll push! him in a hot pot of oil.**

Go hang the agent, the company too
They are making a fortune off me and off you
No chance of a passage from out of this place
And the price of living's a blooming disgrace.

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Come, Landlord Fill the Flowi

Dark Mode

Three jolly coachmen sat in a Bristol Tavern

Three jolly coachmen sat in a Bristol Tavern

And they decided ,

And they decided

And they decided

To have another flagon

Chorus:

Come, Landlord fill the flowing bowl,

Until it doth run over

Come Landlord fill the flowing bowl,

Until it doth run over

For tonight we'll merry, merry be.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be.

Tomorrow we'll be sober

Here's to the man who drinks small beer

And goes to bed quite sober,

Dark Mode

Here's to the man who drinks small beer

And goes to bed quite sober,

Fade's as the leaves do fade

Fade's as the leaves do fade

Fade's as the leaves do fade

And drop off in October

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale

And goes to bed quite mellow,

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale,

And goes to bed quite mellow.

Lives as he ought to live

Lives as he ought to live

Lives as he ought to live

And dies a jolly good fellow

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss,

And runs to tell her mother

Dark Mode

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss,

And runs to tell her mother

She's a very foolish thing,

She's a very foolish thing,

She's a very foolish thing,

She'll never get another.

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss,

And runs back for another

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss,

And runs back for another

She's a boon to all mankind

She's a boon to all mankind

She's a boon to all mankind

She'll very soon she'll be a mother.

So now let's dance and sing,

And drive away all sorrow,

So now let's dance and sing,

And drive away all sorrow,

For perhaps we may not

For perhaps we may not

For perhaps we may not

Meet again tomorrow

Dark Mode

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Come O'er the Stream Ch

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie

Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi MacLean

And though ye be weary, we'll mak yer heart cheery

And welcome oor Charlie and his loyal train

We'll bring doon the red deer, we'll bring doon the black steer

The lamb fae the brecken and the doe fae the glen

The salt sea we'll harry and bring to oor Charlie

The cream fae the bothy, the curd fae the pen

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glensheerly

That stream in the starlight, where kings dinna ken

And deep be your meed of the wine that is red

Tae drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean

It ought to invite you, or more will delight you

Tis ready a troop of our bold Highland men

Dark Mode

Shall range on the heather, with bayonet and feather

Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten

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The Corncrake

Dark Mode

The summer sky, the setting sun
The corncrake steams on the Bristol run
Brandy for the waiters tray
The sailors they have earned their pay

Chorus:

**O'er the sea the Bristol town
Loaded down the brandy o'
O'er the sea the Bristol town
Loaded down the brandy o'
The Brandy O'**

Rolling on her deep green lay
Towards the hills of Redcliffe Bay
The corncrake steams upon her way
Through the moonlit night to the break of day

Then the Captain, I heard tell
That's the sound of the King Road Ben

Dark Mode

Down the reach to the harbor side
Safe and sound from the severn tide

We then made fast both fore and aft
For the corncrake she's a pleasant craft

Now ashore to have some fun
Drinking from a bottle of rum

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Crooked Jack

Dark Mode

Come Irishmen both young and stern

With adventure in your soul

There are better ways to spend your days

Than in working down a hole

Chorus:

I was tall and true all of six foot two

But they broke me across the back

By a name I'm known and it's not my own

They call me Crooked Jack

The ganger's blue-eyed boy was I

Big Jack could do no wrong

And the reason simply was because

I could work hard hours and long

I've seen men old before their time

Their faces drawn and grey

Dark Mode

But I never thought so soon would mine

Be lined the self-same way

I curse the day I went away

To work on the hydro dams

Our sweat and tears, our hopes and fears

Bound up in shuttering jams

They say that honest toil is good

For the spirit and the soul

But believe me boys it's for sweat and blood

That they want you down the hole

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Crossing the Bar

Dark Mode

Sunset and evening star

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea

When I put out to sea

When I put out to sea

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea

But such a tide as moving seems asleep

Too full for sound and foam

That which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home

Turns again home

Turns again home

That which drew from out the boundless deep

Dark Mode

Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell

When I embark

When I embark

When I embark

And may there be no sadness of farewell

When I embark

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar

When I have crost the bar

When I have crost the bar

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

Dark Mode

When I have crost the bar

When I have crost the bar

When I have crost the bar

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar

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The Cuckoo's Nest

Dark Mode

As I was a-walking one morning in May
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say:
“ For love I am inclined and I'll tell you my mind
That my inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest.”

“ My darling,” said she, “I am innocent and young,
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue.
Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
That your inclination lies in my cuckoo's nest.”

Chorus:

**Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist.
But give me a girl that will wriggle and will twist:
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.**

“ Then my darling,” says he, “if you see it in my eyes,

Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised.

Dark Mode

For I love you, my dear, and I'll marry you, I swear,

If you let me clap my hand on your cuckoo's nest."

" My darling," said she, "I can do no such thing,

For my mother often told me it was committing sin

My maidenhead to lose and my sense to be abused.

So have no more to do with my cuckoo's nest."

Chorus

" My darling," says he, "it is not committing sin.

But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing,

For you were brought into this world to increase and do your
best

And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest."

" Then my darling," says she, "I cannot you deny,

For you've surely won my heart by the roving of your eye.

Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised,

So gently lift your hand in my cuckoo's nest."

Dark Mode

Chorus

So this couple they got married and soon they went to bed

And now this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead.

In a small country cottage they increase and do their best

And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest.

Chorus

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The Curse

Dark Mode

A young boy I was, barely out of my home
I stepped to the world with a meaning to roam
I signed with a captain who promised me gold
And adventure to quicken the heart of the bold

For fourteen odd years I did struggle alone
For the cause I worked my fingers down to the bone
Saw nought but the scuppers, saw nought of my pay
Then was cast off and sent on my way

Chorus:

(Ho!)

**A curse upon you, sorrow, fall thick and fast!
Your days have been numbered, each hour your last
May the land, sea or sky turn to swallow you whole
And fore'er ne'er forget what you stole**

I found me some cohorts, the bravest and true

Dark Mode

No captain was prouder to call such men crew

They could rally a cry and the battle was won

I'd face off a cannon if they but looked on

The mutinous dogs bound my hands while I slept

Swapped their honour for treasures and gold that we kept

Threw me over the side with all kindness I'd shown

Now I've vowed to sail always alone!

Chorus

I met a fair maiden one round upon shore

I fell for her smile as I'd ne'er done before

I pledged her my world for as long as I lived

I'd have offered her more if I had more to give

My pockets she emptied, still I offered the rest

She obliged and then ripped out the heart from my chest

She set me adrift free to float to world's end

With a bottle as my only friend!

Dark Mode

Chorus

Now maybe there's some of you wondering hence

Not all parts of my life fit together with sense

If these are your thoughts allow me to explain

Listen close now for I will not say it again

I curse you yourself with the doubts that you've shown

For this is my life and I've made it my own

Walk your path and you'll have your own stories in time

To that day I shall drink just to mine!

Chorus

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Dance Up The Sun

Dark Mode

via Cloudstreet

Dance up the sun on a fine may morning

Dance up the sun to call in the spring

Dance away the dark while the new day is dawning

All is new when we dance and we sing

The Bells will ring when the morris men come

We call in the spring and dance up the sun

The Bells will ring when the morris men come

We call in the spring and dance up the sun

Gather in the Dark, recall the winter

Celebrate the tales that the old ones bring

The music rises with the first light's gleaming

The dawn will break, and the bell will ring

Form the lines and turn together

Hear the clash of the staff as we shout and we sing

the tunes all sound to the tatty coats flying

We call up the light as the day comes in

Ancient ways with the seasons turning

the passing years see the dance go on

we sing the past as we dance to the future

we celebrate the year with the Dawn of the Sun

Dark Mode

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Danny Boy.

Dark Mode

via Frederic Weatherly

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

And when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying
If I am dead, as dead I well may be
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me

And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Dark Mode

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The Dead Horse Shant

Dark Mode

A poor old man came riding by

And we say so, and we know so

O, a poor old man came riding by

O, poor old man

Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."

And we say so, and we know so

And if he dies, we'll tan his hide

O, poor old man

And if he don't, We'll ride him again

And we say so, and we know so

We'll ride him, 'til the Lord knows when

O, poor old man

He's dead as a nail in the lamp room door

And we say so, and we know so

And he won't come worrying us no more

Dark Mode

O, poor old man

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails

And we say so, and we know so

And the iron of his shoes to make deck nails

O, poor old man

We'll haul him up to the mains'l yard

And we say so, and we know so

Yes, we'll haul him up to the mains'l yard

O, poor old man

We'll drop him down with a long, long rope

And we say so, and we know so

Where the sharks have his body and the devil takes his soul

O, poor old man

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Deep Blue Sea

Dark Mode

Deep Blue Sea, Willie, Deep Blue Sea (3x)
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Captain, Captain did he sail with you? (3x)
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

The wind blew high and the waves grew strong (3x)
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Sew his shroud with a silken thread (3x)
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Golden sun bring him back to me (3x)
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Deep Blue Sea, Willie, Deep Blue Sea (3x)
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

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The Derby Ram

Dark Mode

As I was going to Derby all on a market day,
I met the biggest ram, my boys, that ever was fed on hay.

Chorus:

**And indeed, me lads, it's true, me lads, I never was known
to lie,**

And if you'd been down in Derby, you'd seen the same as I.

He had four feet to walk upon, he had four feet to stand,
And every foot that he sat down, it covered an acre of land.

The horns that grew on this ram's head, they grew so very
long,
And every time he shook his head they rattled against the sun.

The wool on this ram's back, my boys, it grew so very high,
The eagles came and built their nests, and I heard the young
'uns cry.

The man that fed this ram, my lads, he fed him twice a day,
And every time he opened his mouth; he swallowed a tick of
hay.

Dark Mode

This ram he had two horns, my lads, that reached up to the
moon,
A little boy went up in January and he didn't get back till June.

Now this old ram, he had a tail that reached right down to hell,
And every time he wagged it he rung the old church bell.

The butcher that stuck this ram, my lads, was up to knees in
blood,
And the little boy who held the bowl was carried away by the
flood.

Now all the men in Derby came a-begging for his eyes,
To pound up and down the Derby streets for they were of a
football's size.

Took all the boys in Derby to carry away his bones,
Took all the girls in Derby to roll away his ... that's a lie.

Dark Mode

Now the man that fattened this ram, my boys,
been very rich,

And the man who sung this song must be a lying son of a ...

So now my song is ended, I've nothing more to say,

But give us another pint of beer and we'll all of us go away.

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The Derelict

Dark Mode

via The Jolly Rogers

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Drink and the Devil had done for the rest

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

The mate was fixed with the bo'sun's pike
And the bo'sun brained with a marlin-spike

Cookie's throat was marked belike

It had been gripped by fingers ten

And there they lay, all good dead men

Like break o' day in a boozin' den

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of the whole ship's list

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Dead and bedamned and the rest gone whist

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore
And the scullion he'd been stabbed times four

And there they lay, and the soggy skies

Dripped all day long with up staring eyes

By murk sunset and by foul sunrise--

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Ten of the crew with a murder mark

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Dark Mode

'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead
Or a yawning hole in a battered head
And the scupper's glut with a rotting red
And there they lay, aye, damn me eyes
Their lookouts clapped on Paradise
And their souls gone just as contrariwise--

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Every man-jack could 'a sailed with Old Pew

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold
With a ton of plate in the middle hold
The cabins a riot of loot untold--
And there they lay that took the plum
With sightless glare and lips struck dumb
While we shared all by the rule of thumb--

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through a stern light screen

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Charting, no doubt, where a woman had been

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

A flimsy shift on a bunkered cot
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff dry in a purplish blot--

Oh, was she a wench, some shuddering maid
That dared the knife and took the blow
By God, she was tough for a plucky jade--

Dark Mode

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the Devil had done for the rest

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

We wrapped them all in the mainsail tight

Twice ten turns of a hawser's bight

And we heaved them over and out of sight

With a yo-heave-ho and fare-ye-well

A sudden plunge in a sullen swell

Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell--

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!

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Dirty Old Town

Dark Mode

I met my love by the gas works wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

Kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon

Cats are prowling on their beat

Spring's a girl from the streets at night

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks

Saw a train set the night on fire

I smelled the spring on the smoky wind

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Dark Mode

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

I'll chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

I met my love by the gas works wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

I kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

Dirty old town

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Do You Hear The People Sing

Dark Mode

Les Miserables

Do you hear the people sing?

Singing a song of angry men?

It is the music of a people

Who will not be slaves again!

When the beating of your heart

Echoes the beating of the drums

There is a life about to start

When tomorrow comes!

Will you join in our crusade?

Who will be strong and stand with me?

Beyond the barricade

Is there a world you long to see?

Then join in the fight

That will give you the right to be free!

Will you give all you can give

Dark Mode

So that our banner may advance

Some will fall and some will live

Will you stand up and take your chance?

The blood of the martyrs

Will water the meadows of France!

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Donald Where's your Troosers

Dark Mode

I've just down from the Isle of Skye.

I'm no very big and I'm awful shy.

And the lassies shout when I go by,

"Donald, where's your troosers?"

Chorus:

Let the wind blow high,

let the wind blow low,

Through the streets in my kilt I go.

All the lassies say, "Hello!

Donald, where's your troosers?"

A lassie took me to a ball.

It was slippery in the hall.

And I was feared that I would fall,

For I had nay on my troosers..

Now I went down to London town,
And I had some fun in the underground,

Dark Mode

'The Ladies' turned their
heads around, saying,
"Donald, where are your trousers?"

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It tis not wrong I know its right.
The islanders would get a fright,
If they saw me in the trousers.

The lassies want me every one,
Well let them catch me if they can.

You canna take the breeks
off a Hielan' man.
And I don't wear the troosers.

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Don't Forget Your Old Ship

Dark Mode

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 yer 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?

We have worked the self-same gun, quarterdeck division.

Sponger I and loader you, through the whole commission.

Oftentimes have we laid out, toil nor danger fearing,

Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather earring.

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

Dark Mode

There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul below now.

Number seven starboard mess misses Jack and Joe now.

But the best of friends must part, fair or foul the weather.

Hand yer flipper for a shake, now a drink together.

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Donkey Riding

Dark Mode

Wuz you ever in Quebec

Launchin' timber on the deck?

Where ye'd break yer bleedin' neck

Riding on a donkey!

Chorus :

Way hay an' away we go,

Donkey riding, donkey riding!

Way hay an' away we go,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in Timbucktoo

Where the gals wear red an' blue?

And they waggle their bustles too,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in Vallipo

Where the gals put on a show?

Dark Mode

Waggle an' dance with a roll and go,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in Mobile Bay,

Screwin' cotton all the day?

A dollar a day is a Jack Tar's pay,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in Miramichi,

Where you tie up to a tree?

And the girls sit on your knee,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in Frisco Bay,

Where the girls shout Hooray?

Here comes Johnny with six months pay,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever in London town,

Where the gals they do come down?

Dark Mode

See the king in a golden crown,

Riding on a donkey!

Wuz you ever off Cape Horn,

Where the weather's never warm?

Wish to Christ ye'd never bin born?

Riding on a donkey!

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Doon in the Wee Room

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

Everybody's happy, everybody's there

And we're a' makin' merry, each in his chair

Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

And when you're tired and weary, and you're feeling blue

Don't give way to sorrow, I'll tell you what to do

Just tak' a tram to Spring burn, find the Quin's Bar there

And go doon in the wee room underneath the stair

The king went to a-hunting, his fortunes for to seek

He left the train at Partick and went missing for a week

Now after months of searching, of sorrow and despair

They found him in the wee room underneath the stair

And when I'm old and feeble and my bones are gettin' set

I'll not get fat and grumpy like Ian and Derek yet

Dark Mode

Oh, I'm savin' up my bawbees to buy a Hurney chair

To tak' me to the wee room underneath the stair

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Down and Drowned

Dark Mode

San Jose was lost at sea

Along with a Spanish company

Their powder caught under fierce attack

The king never got his emeralds back

They're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

The Royal Charter in Dulas bay

One of two hundred lost that day

Miners' pockets filled with gold

Dragged them down to the ocean cold

They're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

Chorus:

They're down, drowned in the depths below

Where the sun don't shine and the winds don't blow

And the timbers crack and the mainstay fails

Dark Mode

We'll all find peace wrapped within our sails

Mary Celeste was found alone

The fate of her crew is still unknown

Murder, fraud or acts bizarre

No one can say but chances are

They're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

Hail the Revenge for their bravery

Tried to escape fighting fifty-three

The surrender of her last sixteen crew

Couldn't save her boards from the briny blue

They're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

Chorus

Pity the crew of Hermione

Suffered a curséd mutiny

Dark Mode

Their vicious captain caused the brawl

Mutineers and victims all

They're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

General Slocum's wheels of wood

Caught ablaze like they never should

Floats of cork filled with weights instead

Sent families off to the riverbed

They're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

Chorus

All my friends are dead and gone

I'll join them soon, it won't be long

Whether lost at sea or far ashore

To the ocean return forevermore

We're down, downed and drowned

Dark Mode

Downed and drowned and never found

We're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

We're down, downed and drowned

Downed and drowned and never found

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Drink Up Thy Zider

Dark Mode

Drink up your cider George, pass us round the mug!

Drink up your cider George, your garden's ver' nigh dug

Your cheeks been gettin' redder from Charterhouse to
Cheddar

And there's still more cider in the jug!

Chorus:

Drink up thy zider, drink up thy zider,

For tonight we'll merry be,

We'll knock the milkchurns over, and roll 'em in the clover,

The corn's half cut, and so be we!

Drink up your cider George, and get up off the mat

Drink up your cider George, put on thy Sunday hat

'Cos we're off to Barrow Gurney for to see my brother Ernie,

And there's still more cider in the vat!

Drink up thy cider George, it's time you had a rest,

Drink up your cider George, the finest ever pressed

Dark Mode

There ain't nothin' like good cider for to make your smile grow
wider,

And there's still more cider way down west!

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Drunken Sailor (v1)

Dark Mode

From Tortuga's port we put to sea and sailed for sixteen days

In the biggest storm I'd ever seen, we almost lost our way

When a call came from a deckhand: "Boys, I think she's going
down"

"But don't you fear, there's enough rum here

To drink until we drown!"

Chorus:

Ho!

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

Ear-ly in the morning

Hoo-ray and up she rises (Hoo-ray)

Hoo-ray and up she rises (Hoo-ray)

Hoo-ray and up she rises (Hoo-ray)

Ear-ly in the morning

So each deckhand grabbed a barrel, broke the seal and took a
swig

Dark Mode

And soon their screams turned into songs, their panicked
work turned into jigs

The first mate bellowed orders, ever trying to save their skins

"Any drunken wretch the captain catch:

He'll beat all limb from limb!"

Every man continued drinking, all their duties long forgot

They were deaf to every order, 'til they heard a pistol shot

The captain stood on fo'c'sle, swung the cat above his head

"Back to yer post or by my ghost,

Ye'll wish that ye were dead!"

Every drunk received a beating, some of the drunker managed
two

The captain kept an eye until he'd sobered up his crew

He then retired to quarters, put the rum upon his shelf

Sat in his seat, put up his feet

And drank the rest himself!

Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober

Dark Mode

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Throw him in the hold with the captain's daughter

Ear-ly in the morning

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Drunken Sailor (v2)

Dark Mode

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Early in the morning

Chorus:

Hooray, and up she rises

Hooray, and up she rises

Hooray, and up she rises

Ealy in the morning

Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober

Pull out the plug and wet him all over

Put him in the bilge and make him drink it

Put him in a leaky boat and make him bale her

Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on him

Dark Mode

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Tie him to the topmast while she's yardarm under

Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowline

Keel haul him 'til he's sober

That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor

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The Drunken Scotsman

Dark Mode

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk more than his
share

He stumbled on until he could no longer keep his feet
Then he staggered off into the grass to sleep beside the street

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o
He staggered off in to the grass to sleep beside the street

Later on two young and lovely girls just happened by,
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye,
“ You see yon sleeping Scotsman, so young and handsome
built?

I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt?”

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o
**I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their
kilt?”**

They crept up to the sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be.

Dark Mode

Then lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see,

And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt,

T'was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his
birth.

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

**T'was nothing more than God had graced him with upon
his birth.**

They marvelled for a moment then one said we'd best be
gone,

Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along.

As a gift they took a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow

A round the bonnie star the Scotman's kilt did lift and show

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

**A round the bonnie star the Scotman's kilt did lift and
show**

The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled t'ward the
trees

Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees.

Dark Mode

Then in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes

" Oh lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you won
first prize"

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

**" Oh lad, I don't know where you've been, but I see you
won first prize"**

Our Scottish friend, still clad in kilt, continued up the street

He'd not gone ten yards or more, when a girl he chanced to
meet

She said: "I've heard what's under there, now tell me is it so?"

He said: "Just slip your hand up, miss, if you'd really like to
know!"

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

**He said: "Just slip your hand up, miss, if you'd really like to
know!"**

She slid her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise,

The Scotsman grinned, and a very strange look came into his eyes,

Dark Mode

She said: "Why, sir, that's sgruesome!" And he began to roar:
"If you slip your hand up once again, you'll find it's grew some more!"

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

"If you slip your hand up once again, you'll find it's grew some more!"

The lassie paused a moment while her face was turning red
She asked the Scot to spend the night with her and warm her bed

Said he, "My dear, I've got a wife, straight home to her I'll go,
Though I may be a bit more comfortable if I loosen up this bow."

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

Though I may be a bit more comfortable if I loosen up this bow."

His fingers steeled with drink were not, his head still spinnin'
round

He could not loose the knot, and so he left it as 'twas found
And when his wife did spy on that fair stem what flower grows

Dark Mode

It peaked her curiosity, as well you might suppose.

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

It peaked her curiosity, as well you might suppose.

And when she asked the Scotsman where he'd been and what
he'd done

He said there'd been a contest at the pub, and he had won
Said she "How could you0 show that thing, in front of all those
men?"

He said "I didnae show it all my lassie, just enough to win"

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o, Ring di diddle I o

He said "I didnae show it all my lassie, just enough to win"

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The Eddystone Light

Dark Mode

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light

He slept with a mermaid one fine night

From this union there sprang 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, while I was a-trimming of the glim

Hummin' a tune from the evening hymn

A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy"

And there was me mother, a-sitting on a buoy

Oh what has become of my children of three?

Me mother then she asked of me

One was exhibited as a talking fish

The other was served on a chafing dish

Dark Mode

Well the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair

I looked again and me mother wasn't there

But her voice came echoing out of the night

"The devil take the keeper of the Eddystone Light"

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English Ale

Dark Mode

When the Summer sun is shining England's finest hour is
seen,

When the ripening barley's waving, yellow in its frame of
green,

When the bird-song welcomes evening, when the sky is
turning pale

Fill your glass and toast their glory with a taste of English ale.

Chorus:

English ale, O English ale, How we love our English ale.

**Fill your glass and toast their glory with a taste of English
ale.**

When the Autumn leaves are golden, when the evening air is
chill,

When the swallows leave us for a place where there is
Summer still

Just remember their returning, like the tides they never fail.

Fill your glass and toast their glory with a taste of English ale.

When the Winter brings us snowstorms, when the wind blows
ill for all,

Dark Mode

When Jack Frost hangs at your window and the nights too
quickly fall

There's a log fire warmly burning in the fens and in the dale.

Fill your glass and toast their glory with a taste of English ale.

When the Spring begins to quicken, when new scents are on
the air,

When the sleepers stir and waken, when the land again is fair

Then the old men talk of childhood, old men tell such
wondrous tales

Fill their glass and toast their glory with a taste of English ale.

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Essequibo River

Dark Mode

Essequibo River is the king of rivers all,

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh.

Essequibo River is the king of rivers all,

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh.

Chorus:

Somebody oh Johnny, somebody oh,

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh.

Essequibo cap'n is the king of cap'ns all.

Essequibo bo'sun is the king of bo'suns all.

Essequibo sailor is the king of sailors all.

Essequibo whiskey is the king of whiskeys all.

Essequibo River is the king of rivers all.

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Dark Mode

The Essex

Dark Mode

Written by Robert Boddington of the [Redfern Shanty Club](#)

Oh, Sea Lad, Oh, Sea Lad

Yes, what is it, Sir?

Where am I? I seem to smell salt in the air
There's a creaking and roaring coming from the floor
And outside I can hear a watery roar

**Oh no Sir, don't you know, Sir, it's a whaler you're in
The crew are all sturdy folk outside and in
We'll challenge the reefs and we'll weather the gales
The Essex will go out in search of the whales**

Oh, Sea Lad, Oh, Sea Lad

Yes, what is it, Sir?

There's been a mistake, how'd I end up in here?
Last night I was raucous, the street was my bed
Perhaps I drank too much and now I am dead

Oh, Sea Lad, Oh, Sea Lad

Yes, what is it, Sir?

There is not a chance you've a rowboat to spare?
I've been on this ship for a month now I think
I need to go home, I'm in need of a drink

Oh, Sea Lad, Oh, Sea Lad

Yes, what is it, Sir?

There's a whale all approaching so let us prepare
To turn tail and run for that whale sure is large
This ship would be splinters if it were to charge

Oh, Sea Lad, Oh, Sea Lad

Yes, what is it, Sir?

Dark Mode

I think I was right, the whale was coming here

I heard a great crash and we're on a decline

My feet are all wet and that's not a good sign

Oh, Sea Lad, Oh, Sea Lad

Yes, what is it, Sir?

Perhaps all this blue means we're underwater

I think we are drowning, I think we are through

I think it's the end of the fine Essex crew

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Excursion Around the Bay

Dark Mode

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 full three hundred souls aboard

Oh what a splendid sight

Dressed all in regimental

To make our spirits bright

Dark Mode

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 sugar of candy

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 in Harbour Grace

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

Dark Mode

And the woman that says she'll have me

I'm off for Harbour Grace

Chorus

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Fall Down Me Billy.

Dark Mode

O, we all got drunk in Dublin City

Fall down me Billy

We all got drunk and the more's the pity

And it's fall down Billy O'Shea

Chorus:

And it's fall down, fall down

Fall down, me Billy

We're bound away to Americay

And it's fall down, Billy O'Shea

We all passed out on Sir Rogerson's Quay

Fall down me Billy

When we woke, we were out to sea

And it's fall down Billy O'Shea

O, I thought I heard the bosun say

Fall down me Billy

Dark Mode

We're outward bound for Frisco Bay

And it's fall down Billy O'Shea

We are not sailors Captain dear

Fall down, me Billy

We come from the land and we won't work here

And it's fall down, Billy O'Shea

Says the captain, "I've a cure for that"

Fall down, me Billy

"And for a start here's a taste of the cat."

And it's fall down, Billy O'Shea

He sent him up to the tops'l yard

Fall down, me Billy

When he hit the deck, he hit it hard

And it's fall down, Billy O'Shea

We wrapped him up in an old black tarp

Fall down, me Billy

Dark Mode

And heaved him o'er to feed the shark

And it's fall down, Billy O'Shea

Well, it's over the rail and down he goes

Fall down, me Billy

To Davy Jones with a stitch through his nose

And it's fall down, Billy O'Shea

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Farewell to Nova Scotia

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Farewell to Nova Scotia

And your sea bound coast

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

When I am far away on the

Briney oceans tossed

Will you ever heave a sigh

Or a wish for me

The sun is setting in the west

The birds are singing from every tree

All nature seems inclined to rest

But still there will be

No rest for me

I grieve to leave my native land

I grieve to leave my comrades all

And my aged parents

Whom I love so dear

And the bonny bonny lassie

That I adore CHorus

Dark Mode

The drums do beat the wars do alarm

The captain calls, I must obey

Farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms

For it's early in the monring

And I'm far far away Chorus

I have three brothers they are at rest

Their arms are folded on their chest

But a briney sailor just like me

Must be tossed and driven

In the deep blue sea Chorus

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Farewell to the Gold

Dark Mode

Shotover river, your gold it is waning

It's weeks since the colour I've seen

But it's no use just sitting and Lady Luck blaming

So I'll pack up and make the break clean

Farewell to the gold that never I found

Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound

For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming

Down in the dark, deep underground

It's nearly two years since I left my old mother

For adventure and gold by the pound

With Jimmy the prospector - he was another

For the hills of Otago was bound

We worked the Cardrona's dry valley all over

Old Jimmy Williams and me

But they were panning good dirt on the winding Shotover

Dark Mode

So we headed down there just to see

We sluiced and we cradled for day after day

Making hardly enough to get by

Til a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy away

During six stormy days in July

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Fathom the Bowl

Dark Mode

Come all ye bold heroes, who to this place come,

We'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum.

So raise up your 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, from Jamaica comes rum,

Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come.

But stout and strong cider are England's control,

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

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease,

For she does as she likes and she says as she please.

My wife she's a devil, she's black as the coal,

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

Dark Mode

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea,
With no stone at his head by, what matters for he?
There's a clear crystal fountain o'er England shall roll,

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

My grandfather he do lie all out in the street,
No hat on his head and no shoes on his feet.
Broken glass all around him and shit on his suit.

The silly old bastard's as pissed as a newt.

**As pissed as a newt, as pissed as a newt,
The silly old bastard's as pissed as a newt.**

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Fiddler's Green

Dark Mode

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,
to view the salt waters and take the salt 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 oilskins and jumpers,
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 on Fiddler's 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 skies are all clear and the dolphins do play,
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

Where there's always a breeze and there's never a gale,
And the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail.
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,

And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

Dark Mode

When you get back on docks 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 it is free,

And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me,

Just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea.

I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,

With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

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Finnegan's Wake

Dark Mode

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street

A gentle Irishman, mighty odd

He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet

And to rise in the world he carried a hod

You see he'd a sort of the tipp' lin' way

With the love of the liquor, poor Tim was born

And to help him on with his work each day

He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Chorus:

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner

Welt the floor your trotters shake

Wasn't it the truth I tell you

Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One mornin' Tim was rather full

His head felt heavy, which made him shake

He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull

Dark Mode

And they carried him home his corpse to wake

They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet

And laid him out upon the bed

With a gallon of whiskey at his feet

And a barrel of porter at his head

His friends assembled at the wake

And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch

First they brought in tay and cake

Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch

Biddy O'Brien began to cry

"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?

Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"

"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job

"O Biddy, " says she "you're wrong I'm sure"

Biddy gave her a belt in the gob

And left her sprawling on the floor

Dark Mode

Then the war did soon engage

It was woman to woman and man to man

Shillelagh law was all the rage

And a row and a ruction soon began

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head

When a bucket of whiskey flew at him

It missed and falling on the bed

The liquor scattered over Tim

Tim revives, see how he rises

Timothy rising from the bed

Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes

Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"

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Fire, Fire, Fire Down Below

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**Fire, fire, fire down below,
It's fetch a bucket of water girls,
There's fire down below.**

There's fire in the galley, there's fire down below;
It's fetch a bucket of water girls,
There's fire down below .

There's fire in the fore-top, there's fire in the main;
It's fetch a bucket of water girls,
And put it out again.

As I walked out one evening all in the month of June
I overhead an Irish girl singing this old song

Fire in the lifeboat, fire in the gig
Fire in the pigsty, roasting of our pig

Dark Mode

Fire up aloft boys, fire down below,

Douse it out with water girls

And lets roll and go

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Fire Marengo

Dark Mode

Lift him up and carry him along

Fire Marengo, fire away

Send him down where he belongs

Fire Marengo, fire away

Stow him in his hole below

Fire Marengo, fire away

Stay he must and then he'll go

Fire Marengo, fire away

When I get back to Liverpool town

Fire Marengo, fire away

I'll drop a line to little Sally Brown

Fire Marengo, fire away

I'll haul her high, I'll haul her low

Dark Mode

Fire Marengo, fire away

I'll bust her blocks and make her go

Fire Marengo, fire away

Sally she's a pretty little craft

Fire Marengo, fire away

Sharp to the fore and rounded aft

Fire Marengo, fire away

So screw the cotton, oh, screw it down

Fire Marengo, fire away

We'll soon be back homeward bound

Fire Marengo, fire away

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Fish in the Sea

Dark Mode

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 cod with his chuckle head

Runs on up forward and throws out the lead

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail

Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail

Up jumps the herring the king of the sea

Says, "Now I'm the captain an' you'll follow me"

And then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth

Dark Mode

Saying, "You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beer!"

Up jumps the whale, the largest of all

"If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall"

Up jumps the herring, the king of the sea

"Now I'm the captain and you'll follow me"

Up Jumps the fisherman, stalwart and grim

Throws out his net and scoops them all in.

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Flower of Scotland

Dark Mode

O flower of Scotland

When will we see your like again

That fought and died for

Your wee bit hill and glen

Chorus:

And stood against him

Proud Edward's army

And sent him homeward

Tae think again

The hills are bare now

And autumn leaves lie thick and still

O'er land that is lost now

Which those so dearly held

Those days are passed now

And in the past they must remain

Dark Mode

But we can still rise now

And be the nation again

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The Foggy Dew

Dark Mode

As down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I
Their Armed lines of marching men
In squadrons passed me by
No pipes did hum, no battle drum
Did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey's swell
Rang out through the foggy dew

Right proudly high over Dublin Town
Hung they out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud-El-Bar
And from the plains of Royal Meath
Strong men came hurryin' through
While Britannia's Huns, with their long range guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew

Dark Mode

Oh the night fell black, and the rifles'

Made perfidious Albion reel

In the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame

Did shine o'er the lines of steel

By each shining blade a prayer was said,

That to Ireland her sons be true

But when morning broke, still the war flag shook

Out its folds in the foggy dew

'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go,

That "small nations might be free"

But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves

Or on the fringe of the great North Sea

Oh, had they died by Pearse's side

Or fought with Cathal Brugha

Their graves we will keep where the Fenians sleep,

'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew

Oh the bravest fell, and the Requiem bell

Dark Mode

Rang mournfully and clear

For those who died that Eastertide

In the spring time of the year

While the world did gaze, in deep amaze,

At those fearless men, but few,

Who bore the fight that the freedom's light

Might shine through the foggy dew

As back through the glen I rode again

And my heart with grief was sore

For I parted then with valiant men

Whom I never shall see more

But to and fro in my dreams I go

And I kneel and pray for you,

For slavery fled, O glorious dead,

When you fell in the foggy dew.

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Dark Mode

Follow the Heron

Dark Mode

via Karine Polwart

The back of the winter is broken
And light lingers long by the door
And the seeds of the summer have spoken
In gowans that bloom on the shore

**By night and day we'll sport and we'll play
And delight as the dawn dances over the bay
Sleep blows the breath of the morning away
And we follow the heron home**

In darkness we cradled our sorrow
And stoked all our fires with fear
Now these bones that lie empty and hollow
Are ready for gladness to cheer
So long may you sing of the salmon

And the snow-scented sounds of your home

Dark Mode

While the north wind delivers its sermon

Of ice and salt water and stone

[Back to top](#)

Four Hours

Dark Mode

via The Longest Johns

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

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

Dark Mode

Everything lost or everything gained

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

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

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

Haulin' on the sheets

Four hours

Keepin' our feet'

Dark Mode

Four hours

Wrap me in the shroud

Then four hours

Lay me in the ground

[Back to top](#)

The Fox

Dark Mode

Oh, the fox went out on a chilly night
And he prayed for the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o
He'd many a mile to go that night
before he reached the town-o

He ran 'til he came to the farmer's pen
The ducks and the geese were kept therein
He said, "A couple of you are gonna grease my chin"
Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o
A couple of you are going to grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o

He grabbed the gray goose by the neck
And he threw a duck across his back
And he didn't mind the quack, quack, quack

And the legs all danglin' down-o, down-o, down-o

Dark Mode

He didn't mind the quack, quack

And the legs all danglin', down-o

Well, the old gray women jumped out of bed

She ran through the window, and she popped out her head

Cried, "John, John the great goose is gone

And the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o

John, John the great goose is gone,

and the fox is on the town-o"

He ran 'til he came back to his den

And there were the little ones eight, nine, ten

Singin', "Daddy, daddy, better go back again

For it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o

Daddy, daddy, go back again

For it must be a mighty fine town-o"

The fox and his wife, without any strife

They cut up that goose with a fork and a knife

Dark Mode

They never had such a supper in their life

And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o

They never had such a supper in their life

And the little ones chewed on the bones-o

[Back to top](#)

Frobisher Bay.

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Cold is the Artic Sea

Far are your arms from me

Long will this Winter be

Frozen in Frobisher Bay

Frozen in Frobisher Bay

One more whale our Captain cried

One more whale then we'll beat the ice

But the Winter star was in the sky

The seas were rough, the winds were high

Deep were the crashing waves

That tore our whaler's mast away

Dark are these sunless days

Waiting for the ice to break

Strange is the whaler's fate

Dark Mode

To be saved from the raging waves

Only to waste away

Frozen in this lonely grave

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The Gals of Chile

Dark Mode

Oh, to Chile's coast we are bound away

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

To Chile's coast we are bound away

We'll dance and all drink pisco!

We're bound away at the break of day

Where them little Spanish gals are so smart and gay

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Sing olé for them Spanish gals!

And when we get to Vallipo

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

An' when we get to Vallipo

We'll dance and all drink pisco!

Dance the gals up the street with a roll-n-go

Oh, grab 'em round the middle an' we won't let 'em go

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Sing olé for them Spanish gals!

Dark Mode

Them señoritas are smart and gay,

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Them señoritas are smart and gay

We'll dance and all drink pisco!

They dance an' drink till the break o' day

Then sleep with you an' then take yer pay

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Sing olé for them Spanish gals!

Rosita, Anna, and Carmen too

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Rosita, Anna, and Carmen too

We'll dance and all drink pisco!

They'll greet ye with a hullabaloo

An' then they'll show you what they can do

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Sing olé for them Spanish gals!

Them ol' señoras, as we know well

Dark Mode

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Them ol' señoras, as we know well

We'll dance and all drink pisco!

They're red-hot devils from the other side o' hell

An' ye'll never get a chance for to ring a Chile bell

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Sing olé for them Spanish gals!

And when the time comes for to say farewell

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

And when the time comes for to say farewell

We'll dance and all drink pisco!

Goodbye to the gals an' our money as well

Oh Callao, Coquimbo, an' ol' Coronel

To me heave-ho, hang her Hilo

Sing olé for them Spanish gals!

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The Galway Shawl

Dark Mode

At Oranmore in the county Galway

One pleasant evening in the month's of May

I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome

Her beauty fairly took my breath away

She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds

No paint nor powder, no none at all

But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it

And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

We kept on walking she kept on talking

'Till her fathers cottage came in to view

Said she, 'Come in sir', and meet my father

And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

She sat me down beside the hearthstone

I could see her father he was six feet tall

And soon her mother, had the kettle singing

All I could think of, was the Galway shawl

Dark Mode

I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'

'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew'

She sang each note like an Irish linnet

And tears well in her eyes of blue

'Twas early, early, all in the morning

I hit the road for old Donegal

Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me

But my heart remain with the Galway shawl

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General Taylor

Dark Mode

General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Well General Taylor gained the day

Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus:

To me, way, hey, Stormy

Walk him along, John, carry him along

To me, way, hey, Stormy

Carry him to his burying ground

Well I wish I was old Stormy's son

Walk him along, John, carry him along

I'd build a ship ten thousand tonne

Carry him to his burying ground

We'll load her up with ale and rum

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Dark Mode

That every shellback should have some

Carry him to his burying ground

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade

Walk him along, John, carry him along

His shroud of finest silk is made

Carry him to his burying ground

We'll lower him down on a golden chain

Walk him along, John, carry him along

On every link we'll carve his name

Carry him to his burying ground

Well General Taylor's dead and gone

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Well General Taylor's dead and gone

Carry him to his burying ground

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Dark Mode

Go and 'List for a Sailor

Dark Mode

Oh list, oh list to me sorrowful lay,
And attention give to me song, I pray,
When you've heard it all you'll say
That I'm an unfortunate tailor.

For once I was happy as a bird in a tree,
My Sarah was all in the world to me,
Now I'm cut out by a son of the sea,
And she's left me here to bewail her.

Why did Sarah serve me so?
No more will I stitch and no more will I sew;
Me thimble and me needle to the winds I'll throw
And I'll go and 'list for a sailor.

Now me days were honey and me nights were the same,
Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came

With his long black beard and his muscular frame.

Dark Mode

A captain on board of a whaler.

Well he spent his money both frank and free,

With his tales of the land and his songs of the sea,

And he stole me Sarah's heart from me,

And blighted the hopes of a tailor.

Well, once I was with her, when in came Cobb

“Avast!” he cried, “you blubbery swab.

If you don't knock off I'll scuttle your knob!”

And Sarah smiled at the sailor.

So now I'll cross the raging sea,

For Sarah's proved untrue to me.

Me heart's locked up and she's the key;

What a very unfeeling gaoler.

And so now, kind friends, I'll bid you adieu,

No more me woes shall trouble you;

I'll travel the country through and through.

Dark Mode

And go and 'list for a sailor

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Go to Sea No More

Dark Mode

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, 'twas 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'd fled

And as I walked the streets about, the girls they all did roar
There goes Jack Spratt, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea
once more

Once more, boys, once more, go to sea once more

**There goes Jack Spratt, the poor sailor lad, he must go to
sea once more**

Dark Mode

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 chalked no
score

But I'll give you a chance and I'll take your advance

And I'll send you to sea 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 sea 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 me
money on shore

'Twas then that I wished that I was dead and could go to sea
no more

Dark Mode

No more, boys, no more, go to sea no more

**'Twas then that I wished that I was dead and could go to
sea no more**

So come all you bold seafaring men who'll 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 you knock on that
brother door

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**

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Goodbye, Fare Thee Well

Dark Mode

Oh, we're homeward bound for Liverpool town

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well.

Them Liverpool judies they all will come down.

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Oh, we're homeward bound for the girls of the town

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well.

So stamp up my hearties, and heave her around,

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're a fine flashy packet and bound for to go,

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well .

With the girls on the towrope we cannot say no.

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound !

And one to another you'll hear them say,

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well.

Now here comes Johnny with his fourteen months pay.

Dark Mode

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Oh, them girls there on Lime Street we soon hope to meet,

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well.

And soon we'll be rolling both sides of the street.

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We'll meet those fly girls and we'll ring the old bell,

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well .

With them girls we'll meet there we'll raise bloody hell.

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Oh, I'll tell me old woman when I gets back home,

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well.

The girls there on Lime Street won't leave me alone.

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Oh, we're homeward bound an I have yous to know

Goodbye, fare thee well, Goodbye, fare thee well.

It's over the water to Liverpool we'll go.

Dark Mode

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound:

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The Green Fields of Fra

Dark Mode

bia ric Bogle

Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride?

Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?

And rest for a while in the warm summer sun

I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done

I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen

When you joined the great fallen in 1916

I hope you died well and I hope you died clean

Or young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?

**Did they sound the death march as they lowered you
down?**

Did the band play The Last Post in chorus?

Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?

Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind

In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?

Dark Mode

Although, you died back in 1916

In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?

Or are you a stranger without even a name

Enclosed in forever behind a glass pane

In an old photograph, torn, battered and stained

And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France

There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies
dance

The trenches have vanished from under the plough

There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now

But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's Land

The countless white crosses in mute witness stand

To man's blind indifference to his fellow man

To a whole generation that were butchered and damned

I can't help wonder, young Willie McBride,

Do those who lie here know why they died?

And did you believe when you answered the cause

Dark Mode

Did you really believe that this war would end wars?

Well the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain

The killing and dying, were all done in vain

For young Willie McBride, it all happened again

And again, and again, and again, and again

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The Green Man

Dark Mode

via John Thompson

**The Green Man's a traveller, a reveller, unraveller
Of dreams and of fancies, from first to the last.
Older than all men, living in all things
Son, father and sage, Long live the Green Man!**

First light of first morning saw the Green Man there waiting

He saw the creation and joined in the dance

All creatures grew 'round him, he grew with them singing

The first song of all, sing of the Green Man

Quietly watching and waiting and learning

The storms are his fury, the lightning his laugh

The first leaf of spring, is his beauty and glory

His stillness his power, in the trees is his path.

There are fewer trees now, but the man is not sleeping

'Though our ruin brings sorrow to time's oldest heart

Dark Mode

In our souls we may find him and remember his wisdom

And rekindle the flame; once again make a start.

Older than all men, living in all things

Son, father and sage, Long live the Green Man!

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Greenland Whale Fisher

Dark Mode

O, we took our lofty whaling ship

To Greenland's icy ground

They swore we'd take a score of whales

While we were outward bound, brave boys

While we were outward bound

O, the lookout stood in the barrel high,

With a spyglass in his hand

"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale-fish" he
cried,

"And she blows at every span, brave boys

And she blows at every span"

Well, the captain stood on the quarter deck

And the ice was in his eye

"Overhaul, overhaul! Let your davit tackles fall

And go put your boats to sea, brave boys

And go put your boats to sea"

O, boats were launched and the men all came

And that whalefish full at view

Resolved, resolved was each whalerman bold

For to steer where that whalefish blew, brave boys

For to steer where that whalefish blew

Now, our harpoon struck and the line played out

But the fish gave a flurry with her tail

She upset the boat, we loast half a dozen men

No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys

No more, no more Greenland for you

O, the losin' of those fine brave men

It grieved out captain sore

But the losin' of that hundred barrel whale

O, it grieved him ten times more, brave boys

O, it grieved him ten times more

Well, the winter stars did then appear

It was time to anchor weigh

Dark Mode

And to stow away all our running gear

And from Greenland bear away, brave boys

And from Greenland bear away

Oh, Greenland is a terrible land

It's a land that bears no green

Where there's ice and snow and the whalefishes blow

And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys

And the daylight's seldom seen

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The Grey Funnel Line

Dark Mode

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea,
The weary night never worried me.
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away.

Chorus:

Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line.

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me.
But give me wings like Noah's dove,
and I'll fly up harbour to the girl I love.

Each time I gaze behind the screws
I wish I had Saint Peter's shoes.
Then I'd dance on down that silvery lane,
And rest in my true love's arms again.

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real.

Dark Mode

Then I'd feel my hands on that wooden wheel.

And with all my heart I'd turn her 'round

And tell the boys that we're homeward bound.

I'll pass the time like some machine

Until blue waters turn into green.

Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore,

And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

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Grimsby Lads

Dark Mode

Chorus :

Here's to the Grimsby lads out on the trawling

All the night long on the billowing deep

Shooting their nets with their heaving and hauling

All the night long while the landsmen do sleep

They leave in the cold and the grey of the morning

Leaving their wives and families behind

They're following the fishes fulfilling their wishes

Charts are all ready the shoals for to find

They head away north where they know will be waiting

Frost and black ice and the lash of the gale

They're trawling and hoping and anticipating

A ship home port full and safely to sail

From Scotland's grey shores to the cold coast of Greenland

White Seas and Faroes they're making their way
Through Dogger and Fortys and stormy Bear Island

Dark Mode

Eighteen long hours is the fisherman's day

The nets are all in and the catch lies a-gleaming

There's cutting and cleaning and gutting below

Thirteen more hours then home we'll be sailing

With a ship home port full and safely we'll go

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Hangin' Johnny.

Dark Mode

They calls me hangin' Johnny

Hooray, Hooray

And they calls me hangin' Johnny

So, hang boys, hang

O they hanged me poor old father

Hooray, Hooray

And they hanged me poor old mother

So, hang boys, hang

O yes, they hanged me mother

Hooray, Hooray

Me sister and me brother

So, hang boys, hang

O they hanged me sister Sally

Hooray, Hooray

They strung her up so canny

Dark Mode

So, hang boys, hang

Well they say I hang for money

Hooray, Hooray

But I never hung nobody

So, hang boys, hang

O boys we'll haul and hang this sheet

Hooray, Hooray

O haul her up so neat

So, hang boys, hang

We'll hang him up forever

Hooray, Hooray

And we'll hang for better weather

So, hang boys, hang

O a rope, a beam, a ladder

Hooray, Hooray

I'll hang ye's all together

So, hang boys, hang

Dark Mode

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The Happy Man

Dark Mode

How happy's that man that's free from all care
That loves to make merry, that loves to make merry
O'er a drop of good beer

Chorus:

**With his pipe and his friends puffing hours away
Singing song after song 'till he hails the new day
He can laugh, dance and sing and smoke without fear,
Be as happy as a king 'till he hails the new year.**

How happy's the man that's free from all strife
He envies no other, he envies no other
But travels through life

Our seaman of old, they fear not their foes
They throw away discord, they throw away discord
And to mirth they're inclined

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Dark Mode

Hard on the Beach Oar / Shawnee Town

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Some rows up, but we floats down

Way down the Ohio to Shawnee Town

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Whiskey's in the jug, boys; wheat is in the sack

We'll trade them down in Shawneetown and bring the rock
salt back

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Now the current's got her boys, And we'll take up some slack

Float her down to Shawneetown and we'll bushwhack her
back

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Dark Mode

I got a wife in Louisville, and another in New Orleans

And when I get to Shawnee Town gonna see my Indian
Queen

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

The water's might warm boys, the air is cold and dank

And the fog it gets so damn thick you cannot see the bank

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Some rows up, but we floats down

Way down the Ohio to Shawnee Town

Hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

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Hard Times Come Again No More

Dark Mode

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears

While we all sup sorrow with the poor

There's a song that will linger forever in our ears

Oh, hard times, come again no more

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary

Hard times, hard times, come again no more

Many days you have lingered around my cabin door

Oh, hard times, come again no more

While we seek mirth and beauty and music, light and gay

There are frail forms fainting at the door

Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say

Oh, hard times, come again no more

There's a pale weeping maiden who toils her life away

With a worn heart whose better days are o'er

Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day

Dark Mode

Oh, hard times come again no more

Oh, hard times, come again no more

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Haul Away Joe

Dark Mode

When I was just a little boy or so me mother told me

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips would grow all mouldy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Chorus:

Away (Hey!) Haul away, we'll haul away together

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Away (Hey!) Haul away, we'll haul for better weather

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

I used to have a Sydney girl, but was fat and lazy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

But now I've got a Brisbane girl, she damn near drives me
crazy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Now lend me your ears, I'll sing to you of Nancy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Dark Mode

She stole me watch and money, but she's the girl I fancy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Old Louis was the king of France before the revolution

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

But then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his
constitution

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

The cook is in the galley, making duffs so dandy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

The captain's in his cabin, drinking rum and brandy

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

You call yourself a second mate, but you cannie tie a bowline

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

You cannie even stand up straight, when the packet she's a
rollin'

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'?

Dark Mode

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Well now can't you see the storm clouds a-risin'?

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe

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Haul on the Bowline

Dark Mode

Haul on the bowlin', Kitty is me darlin',

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin', Kitty comes from Liverpool.

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin', the packet she's a-rollin'.

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin' so early in the mornin'.

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin' the old man is a-growlin'.

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin' the gale is a-howlin'.

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Haul on the bowlin', it's a far cry to payday.

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Dark Mode

Haul on the bowlin', the bonnie, bonnie bowlin'

Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

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Henry Martin

Dark Mode

There were three brothers in merry Scotland
In merry Scotland there were three
And they did cast lots which of them should go
Should go, should go
And turn robber all on the salt sea
The lot it fell first upon Henry Martin
The youngest of all the three
That he should turn robber all on the salt sea
Salt sea, the salt sea
For to maintain his two brothers and he
He had not been sailing but a long winter's night
And a part of a short winter's day
When he espied a stout lofty ship
Lofty ship, lofty ship
Come a-bibbin' down on him straight way

Dark Mode

"Hello! Hello!" cried Henry Martin

"What makes you sail so nigh?

I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair London Town

London Town, London Town

Would you please for to let me pass by?"

"Oh no! Oh no!" cried Henry Martin

"This thing it never could be

For I have turned robber all on the salt sea

Salt sea, the salt sea

For to maintain my two brothers and me"

Come lower your tops'l and brail up your mizzen

Bring your ship under my lee

Or I will give to you a full cannonball

Cannonball, cannonball

And all your dear bodies drown in the salt sea

Oh no! We won't lower our lofty topsail

Nor bring our ship under your lee

Dark Mode

And you shan't take from us our rich merchant goods

Merchant goods, merchant goods

Nor point our bold guns to the sea

Then broadside and broadside and at it they went

For fully two hours or three

Till Henry Martin gave to them the death shot

The death shot, the death shot

And straight to the bottom went she

Bad news, bad news to old England came

Bad news to fair London Town

There's been a rich vessel and she's cast away

Cast away, cast away

And all of her merry men drowned

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Here's a Health to the Company

Dark Mode

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

Our ship lies at anchor, she's ready to dock

I wish her safe landing, without any shock

Dark Mode

If ever I should meet you by land or by sea

I will always remember your kindness to me

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Hey Rain

Dark Mode

via Bill Scott

Hey rain, rain comin' down

On the cane, on the roofs of the town.

Hey rain, hey rain

There's rain on me hands and rain on me face,

Oh muddy old Innisfail, you're a muddy wet place,

Hey rain, hey rain.

And there's rain in me beer and rain in me grub,

And they've just fitted anchors to the Garradunga pub,

Hey rain, hey rain.

There's a Johnstone River crocodile livin' in me frig'

And a bloody great tree snapped the Jubilee Bridge

And the monsoon sky has sprung a leak

From Flyin' Fish Point to the Millstream Creek,

Dark Mode

A bloke from the west nigh died of frog

When he saw the river rise thirty feet last night

It's the worst wet season we've ever had,

And I'd swim down to Tully, but it's just as bloody bad

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Hieland Laddie

Dark Mode

Was you ever in Quebec

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Launching timber on the deck

Me bonnie Hieland Laddie

Chorus:

Way hey and away we'll go

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Way hey and away we'll go

Me bonnie Hieland Laddie

Was you ever in Mobile Bay

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Screwin cotton on a summers day

Bonnie Hieland Laddie

Was you ever off Cape Horn

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Dark Mode

Where the weather's never warm

Me bonnie Hieland Laddie

Was you ever in Miramashee

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Where you tie up to a tree

Bonnie Hieland Laddie-o

Was you ever in London town

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Where the girls they do come down

Bonnie Hieland Laddie-o

And was you ever in Bombay

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Drinking coffee and bohea

Me bonnie Hieland Laddie-o

Was you ever in Vallipo

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Dark Mode

Where the girls put up a show

Me bonnie Hieland Laddie-o

Was you ever in Frisco Bay

Hieland Laddie, bonnie Laddie

Where the girls all shout hooray!

Me bonnie Hieland Laddie-o

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High Barbary.

Dark Mode

There were two lofty ships

From old England came

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

One was the Prince of Luther

And the other Prince of Wales

Cruisin' down the coast

Of High Barbary

Aloft there, aloft

Our jolly bosun cried

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

Look ahead, look astern,

Look the weather look a-lee"

Look down the coast

Of High Barbary

Dark Mode

There's naught upon the stern,

There's naught upon our lee

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

But there's a lofty ship to wind'ard

An' she's sailin' fast and free

Down along the coast

Of High Barbary

Oh hail her, oh hail her

Our gallant captain cried

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

Are you a man-o-war

A privateer, a merchant ship? cried he

Cruisin' down the coast

Of High Barbary

I am not a man-o-war,

A privateer, " said he

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

But I am a salt sea pirate

A-looking for me fee

Down along the coast

Of High Barbary

For Broadside, for broadside

A long time we lay

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

Until the Prince of Luther

Shot the pirate's mast away

Down along the coast

Of High Barbary

For quarter, for quarter

Dark Mode

The pirates they did cry

Dark Mode

Blow high, blow low

And so sail we

But the quarter that we gave them

We sunk them in the sea

Cruisin' down the coast

Of High Barbary

Cruisin' down along the coast

Of High Barbary

Cruisin' down along the coast

Of High Barbary

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Hog Eye Man

Dark Mode

Oh, hand me down my riding cane
I'm off to meet my darlin' Jane

Chorus:

**With a hog-eye, oh
Row the boat ashore with a hog-eye
Steady on the jig with a hog-eye, oh
She wants the hog-eye man**

Oh, the hog-eye man is the man for me
He was born and raised in Tennessee

Oh, he came to the shack where Sally did dwell
He knocked on the door and he rung the bell

Oh, who's been here since I been gone?
A railroad navvy with his sea boots on

Oh, Sally's in the garden sifting sand

The hog-eye man sittin' hand in hand

Dark Mode

Oh, Sally's in the garden shelling peas

Her long yellow hair hangin' down to her knees

Oh, I won't bear a hog-eye, damned if I do

Got jiggers in his feet and he can't wear shoes

Oh, a hog-eye ship and a hog-eye crew

A hog-eye mate and a skipper too

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Hoist the Colours

Dark Mode

The king and his men
Stole the queen from her bed
And bound her in her bones

The seas be ours
And by the powers
Where we will, we'll roam

Chorus:

**Yo, ho, all hands
Hoist the colours high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die
Yo, ho, haul together
Hoist the colours high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die**

Some men have died

And some are alive

Dark Mode

And others sail on the sea

With the keys to the cage

And the Devil to pay

We lay to Fiddler's Green

The bell has been raised

From its watery grave

Do you hear its sepulchral tone?

We are a call to all

Pay heed the squall

And turn your sail toward home

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Hoist up the Thing

Dark Mode

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

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!

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

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Dark Mode

The Holy Ground

Dark Mode

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah,

A thousand times adieu.

For we're going away from the Holy Ground

And the girls we all love true.

We will sail the salt seas over

And then return for shore

And still I live in hope to see

The Holy Ground once more.

Fine Girl You Are

Chorus:

You're the girl that I adore,

And still I live in hope to see

the Holy Ground once more.

Fine Girl You Are

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.

Fine Girl You Are

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.

Fine Girl You Are

Dark Mode

And now the storm is over

And we are safe and well.

Dark Mode

We will go into a public house

And we'll sit and drink like hell.

We will drink strong ale and porter

And we'll make the rafters roar,

And when our money is all spent

We will go to sea once more.

Fine Girl You Are

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Home from the Sea

Dark Mode

On a cold winters night
With a storm at its height
The lifeboat answered the call
They pitched and they tossed
Till we 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 waiting out there
But each volunteer
Had to live with his fear
As they joined in a silent prayer

Chorus:

**Carry us home, home, home from the sea
Angels of mercy, answer our plea**

And carry us home, home, home from the sea

Dark Mode

Carry us safely home from the sea

As they battle 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

Dark Mode

They had gathered in pairs

At the foot of the stairs

To wait for the radio call

And just before dawn

When all hope was gone

Came a hush and a faraway sound

'Twas the coxswain he roared

All survivors on board

Thank God and we're homeward bound

Chorus

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Homeless Beaver

Dark Mode

via Cloudstreet

In '48 in Idaho

For houses the animals had to go

They turned for help to man named Elmo

Fish and Game Employee!

What shall we do with a homeless beaver

What shall we do with a homeless beaver

What shall we do with a homeless beaver

Throw him from an airplane

Beavers they move way to slow

From Payette Lake they had to go

Their leader was called Geronimo

He was fine and brave and furry

Elmo Heter was the man

Elmo had a cunning plan
"I will do what noone else can,
Transplant all the beavers!"

Dark Mode

The beavers their demise were facin'
They had to get to Chamberlin Basin
Against the clock Elmo was racin'
"We must save the beavers!"

He thought of parachutes, we don't know why
To take the beavers through the sky
A dumb idea, but worth a try
A load of airborne beavers!

Elmo put them into boxes
Boxes with automatic lockses
That opened when they hit the rockses
Freedom for the beavers!

The beavers live there to this day

They tell their tales, they have their sav

Dark Mode

It is to Elmo whom they pray

The Sky God of the beavers!

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The Husbandman and the Servingman

Dark Mode

Well met, well met, my friend, all on the highway riding,
Though freely together here we stand.

I pray now tell to me of what calling this thou be
And art thou not a servingman?

Oh no, my brother dear, what makes thee to inquire
Of any such thing from my hand?

Indeed I will not frair but I will tell you plain:
I am a downright husbandman.

Indeed I will not frair but I will tell you plain:
I am a downright husbandman.

Well, if an husbandman you be, will you walk along with me,
Though freely together here we stand.
For in a very short space I may take you to a place
Where you may be a servingman.

As to thy diligence, I give thee many thanks.

Dark Mode

But nought do I require from thine hand.

But I pray now to me show wherefore that I may know

The pleasures of a servingman.

But I pray now to me show wherefore that I may know

The pleasures of a servingman.

Well, isn't it a nice thing to ride out with the king,

With lords, dukes or any such men;

For to hear the horn to blow and see the hounds all in a row,

That's pleasures of a servingman.

But my pleasure's more than that, to see my oxen fat

And a good stock of hay by them stand;

With my plowing and my sowing, my reaping and my mowing,

That's pleasures of an husbandman.

**With my plowing and my sowing, my reaping and my
mowing,**

That's pleasures of an husbandman.

Dark Mode

But then we do wear the finest of grandeur,

My coat is trimmed with fur all around;

Our shirts as white as milk and our stockings made of silk:

That's clothing for a servingman.

As to thy grandeur give I the coat I wear

Some bushes to ramble among;

Give to me a good greatcoat and in my purse a grout,

That's clothing for an husbandman.

Give to me a good greatcoat and in my purse a grout,

That's clothing for an husbandman.

But then we do eat the most delicate fine meat

Of goose, and of capon, and swan;

Our pastry's made so fine, we drink sugar in our wine,

That's diet for a servingman.

As to thy ducks and capons, give I my beans and bacon.

Dark Mode

And a good drop of ale now and then,

For in a farmer's house you will find both brawn and souse,

That's a living for an husbandman.

**For in a farmer's house you will find both brawn and
souse,**

That's a living for an husbandman

Kind sir, I must confess although it causes me distress

To grant to you the uppermost hand;

Although it is most painful, it is altogether gainful

And I wish I'd been an husbandman.

So now, good people all, both be you great and small,

All knowing the king of our land;

And let us, whatsoever, to do our best endeavour,

For to maintain an husbandman.

And let us, whatsoever, to do our best endeavour,

For to maintain an husbandman.

Dark Mode

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I Beg Your Leave

Dark Mode

I beg your leave, kind gentlemen and ladies of renown
If you please to give us room, we will sing to you a song
If you please to give us room, we will sing to you a song
And I'll call on me comrades, I'll call them one by one.

Chorus:

**For we're jolly boys, we do no harm, wherever we may go
And we've come a pace-egging as you very well do know.**

And the first that does come in: he is a bloomin'youth
He courts all the pretty girls, he always tells them truth
He says he'll never deceive 'em, be always kind and true
And it's his delight both day and night, the suppin'of strong
brew.

And the next that does come in: he is a sailor brave
He says he's ploughed the ocean and split the briney wave
He says he has got gold and he says he has got store

He says he'll marry a pretty girl and go to sea no more.

Dark Mode

And the next that does come in: he is a roving blade
You'll find him where the ladies are, for he is such a jade
Red, rosy cheeks are his delight, both beautiful and fair
And if you want a sweetheart you must go to Overton fair.

And the last that does come in: it is Miss Kitty, fair
She takes a great delight in the curling of her hair
She has a basket all on her arms, she has no stores put in
But it's her delight, both day and night, the suppin'of strong
gin.

And now you've seen us all: think of us as you'll find
If you please to give a trifle, it would be very kind
Cheer up your spirits while we drink a glass of beer
For we'll sup your health and store your wealth until the very
next year.

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Dark Mode

I Can Hew

Dark Mode

Chorus:

I can hew boys, I can hack it out

I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout.

I can hew boys, the coal that's black and fine,

I'm a collier lad, and I'm workin' down the mine.

Now Saint Monday's day, I do well admire,

When I sit at home by me own coal fire.

Then it's off to the pub, for a glass or two

For to work on Mondays, that would never do.

Now I like me whiskey and I like me beer.

I'll drink fourteen pints and I'll not feel queer.

For I can hold me liquor as good as any man.

And I'll dance and sing as long as I can.

Now me boy he's fourteen, he's a strappin' lad

And he'll go to the pit soon, just like his dad.

And when Friday comes round, he'll pick up his nav.

Dark Mode

And we'll drink together, to round off the day.

Oh, but when I'm dead, I know full well,

I'll not go to heaven, I am bound for hell.

And me pick and shovel, old Nick he'll admire,

And he'll set me a-hewin' coal for his own hell fire.

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Icy Acres

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Fare thee well, ye icy acres

Fare thee well, ye whaling grounds

Fare thee well, ye banks of Greenland

Weary whalers homeward bound

Homeward breezes bend the blossom

Where the oak and the apples grow

God forgot the green in Greenland

Made the flowers from ice and snow

Home where grasses lace the meadows

By the waters running free

And the rivers sweetly flowing

Turn towards the open sea

Six long months we've been a-hunting

Through a hell of frozen flame
Now like sails, our hearts are billowing

Dark Mode

As we turn for home again

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The Idiot

Dark Mode

I often take these night shift walks
When the foreman's not around
I turn my back on the cooling stacks
And make for open ground
Far out beyond the tank-farm fence
Where the gas flare makes no sound
I forget the stink and I always think
Back to that Eastern town

I remember back six years ago
This western life I chose
And every day the news would say
Some factory's going to close
Well, I could have stayed to take the dole
But I'm not one of those

Refrain:

I take nothing free, and that makes me

Dark Mode

An idiot, I suppose

So I bid farewell to the Eastern town

I never more will see

But work I must so I eat this dust

And breathe refinery

Oh I miss the green and the woods and streams

And I don't like cowboy clothes

Refrain:

But I like being free, and that makes me

An idiot, I suppose

So come all you fine young fellows

Who've been beaten to the ground

This western life's no paradise

But it's better than lying down

Oh the streets aren't clean, and there's nothing green

And the hills are dirty brown

Dark Mode

But the government dole will rot your soul

Back there in your home town

So bid farewell to the Eastern town

You never more will see

There's self-respect and a steady cheque

In this refinery

You will miss the green and the woods and streams

And the dust will fill your nose

Refrain:

But you'll be free, and just like me

An idiot, I suppose

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I'll Fly Away.

Dark Mode

Some bright morning when this life is over

I'll fly away

To a home on God's celestial shore

I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh, Glory

I'll fly away (in the mornin')

When I die, Hallelujah, by and by

I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then

To a land where joy shall never end

When the shadows of this life have gone

Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet

No more cold iron shackles on my feet

Dark Mode

Just a few more weary days and the...

To a land where joys will never end

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I'll Tell Me Ma

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**I'll tell me ma, when I go home
The boys won't leave the girls alone
Pulled me hair, stolen me comb
But that's alright, till I go home

She is handsome, she is pretty
She is the belle of Brisbane city
She is a-courting one, two, three
Pray, want you tell me who is she?**

**Albert Mooney says he loves her
All the boys are fightin' for her
Knock at the door, they're ringin' the bell
Say, "Hello, my true love are you well?"**

Out she comes white as snow

Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes

Dark Mode

Ol' Jenny Murray says she'll die

If she doesn't get the fellow with the roving eye

Chorus

Let the wind and the rain and the hail blow high

And the snow come travelin' through the sky

She's as sweet as apple pie

She'll get her own right by and by

When she gets a lad of her own

She won't tell her ma when she gets home

Let them all come as they will

It's Albert Mooney she loves still

Chorus

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I Never Knew Her Name

Dark Mode

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.

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.

Dark Mode

And deep inside, the harbour called, and I went back again,

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,

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.

.

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In Kirkintilloch There's Nae

Dark Mode

Chorus :

In Kirkintilloch there's nae pubs

And I'm sure you wonder why

My brother and me we went on a spree

And we drank the pubs a' dry a' dry

We drank the pubs a' dry

My Grandpaw he worked doon the pit

And so did my father tae

Ye work like a mule when ye leave the school

And drink on a Saturday my lads

Drink on a Saturday

The gaffer doon the pit my lads

Could scarce believe his een

For my brother and me we howked mair coal

Wi his latest cutting machine ma lads

Wi his latest cutting machine

Dark Mode

My faither he wis a Glesga man

My mither cam frae Troon

They baith hae their say the other day

It's time you settled doon my lads

It's time you settled doon

So I'll just get married lads and hae a family tae

And use their mits as they work in pits

And drink on a Saturday my lads

Drink on a Saturday

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It's a Long Way to Tipperary

Dark Mode

Up to mighty London came

An Irish man one day

As the streets are paved with gold

Sure, everyone was gay

Singing songs of Piccadilly

Strand and Leicester Square

'Til Paddy got excited

Then he shouted to them there

Chorus:

It's a long way to Tipperary

It's a long way to go

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye, Piccadilly

Farewell, Leicester Square!

It's a long, long way to Tipperary

But my heart's right there

Dark Mode

Paddy wrote a letter
To his Irish Molly O'
Saying: "Should you not receive it
Write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling
Molly, dear," said he
"Remember it's the pen that's bad
Don't lay the blame on me!"

Molly wrote a neat reply
To Irish Paddy O'
Saying: "Mike Maloney wants
To marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly
Or you'll be to blame
For love has fairly drove me silly
Hoping you're the same!"

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Dark Mode

Jack Was Every Inch a Sailor

Dark Mode

Chorus :

Jack was every inch a sailor,

Five and twenty years a whaler.

Jack was every inch a sailor,

He was born upon the bright blue sea.

'Twas twenty-five or thirty years since Jack first saw the light,

He came into this world of woe one dark and stormy night.

He was born on board his father's ship as she was a-lying to,

'Bout twenty-five or thirty miles southeast of Baccalieu.

When Jack grew up to be a man he went to the Labrador,

He fished in Indian Harbour where his father fished before.

On his returning in the fog he met a heavy gale,

And Jack was swept into the sea and swallowed by a whale.

When Jack came to inside the whale he saw ol' Davey Jones,

Sittin' on a great big chest and a-rattlin' on his bones.

Dark Mode

"Hello," says Jack, "You'll not catch me, you'll find that I'm no lubber".

He tickled that whale around the ribs till it began to blubber.

Oh, the whale went straight for Baffin Bay, 'bout ninety knots an hour,

And every time he'd blow a spray he'd send it in a shower;

Oh, now, says Jack unto himself, I must see what he's about,

So he grabbed that whale all by the tail and turned him inside out.

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Jim's Bike

Dark Mode

Jim we're gonna get your bike back

The blue bike that brought you love

We know it's got white mudguards

You dirty thievin' slugs

You better ride it like you stole it

Because we won't be far behind

We've got Jimmy on our minds

Jim Radel's a pushbiker

He straddles a lambwool seat

At 91 years old

The nicest bloke you'd ever meet

The day he bought his bicycle, 65 years ago

Was the day he met his true love don't you know

It was a sunny day in Springtime

The day he bought his bike

Dark Mode

He rode it to the local dance, it was a turning point in life

That very night he swore his heart to his one true love

And he promised her his crossbar and his love

If you do have information that might help us solve this case

Call the good police of Rockhampton anytime night or day

It's a bright blue Stadium bicycle is what we seek to find

This bike is one of a kind

Our matey Sholto rides a moped

It was stolen from his street,

His new form of transport is walkin' on his feet

We shared it for him on facebook, to get the word around,

and it was with that, it was found!

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Johnny Come Down to Hilo

Dark Mode

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 girl 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

Well, who's been here since I've been gone?

A pretty little gal with a josey on

Oh, was you ever in Mobile Bay Screwin' cotton on a summers
day?

Sally's in the garden picking' peas, Long yellow hair hanging
down to her knees

Dark Mode

Jenny's in the kitchen making duff
The cheeks of her arse go chuff, chuff, chuff

Well my wife died in Tennessee
And they sent her jawbone back to me

I set that jawbone on the fence
And I ain't heard nothing but the jawbone since

So hand me down my riding cane, I'm off to see Miss Sarah
Jane!

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Johnny I Hardly Knew

Dark Mode

When goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo

When goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo

When goin' the road to sweet Athy

A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye

A doleful damsel I heard cry,

Johnny I hardly knew you.

Chorus:

**With your drums and guns and guns and drums, hurroo,
hurroo**

**With your drums and guns and guns and drums, hurroo,
hurroo**

With your drums and guns and guns and drums

The enemy nearly slew ye

Oh darling dear, Ye look so queer

Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo

Dark Mode

Where are the eyes that looked so mild

When my poor heart you first beguiled

Why did ye run from me and the child

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Where are your legs with which run, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your legs with which run, hurroo, hurroo

Where are your legs with which run

When first you went to carry a gun

Indeed your dancing days are done

Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg

Ye're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg

Ye'll have to be left with a bowl out to beg

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

Dark Mode

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo

I'm happy for to see ye home

All from the island of Ceylon

So low in flesh, so high in bone

Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo

They're rolling out the guns again

But they never will take our sons again

No they never will take our sons again

Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

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Joli Rouge

Dark Mode

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

>

Chorus:

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

Dark Mode

Or in the dark of winter, or on a summer's eve

Oh, 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 up the river boys

To old Chicoutimi

See, you can have the 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

Dark Mode

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Jolly Roving Tar

Dark Mode

Oh, 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 on shore he does adore with a girl who's nice and round,

When the money's all gone, It's the same old song,

Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

Chorus:

**Come along, come along, me jolly brave boys, there's
plenty more grog in the jar,**

We'll plough the briny ocean, like a jolly roving tar.

When Jack comes in, it's then he'll steer to some old boarding
house,

They'll welcome him with rum and gin and feed him on pork
scouse,

He'll lend and spend, and he'll not offend 'til he's lying drunk
on the ground,

When the money's all gone, it's the same old song,

"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

Dark Mode

Oh Jack, he then, oh then he'll sail bound
Newfoundland,

All the ladies fair in Placentia there, they love that sailor man,
He'll go to shore out on a tear, and he'll buy some girl a gown,

When the money's all gone, it's the same old song,

"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

When Jack gets old and weather beat, too old to roam about,
They'll let him stop in some rum shop 'til eight bells calls him
out,

Then he'll raise his eyes up to the skies, saying "Thank Christ,
we're homeward bound."

When the money's all gone, It's the same old song,

"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

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Jutland

Dark Mode

Where are you goin' my Billy-O?

Where are you goin' my Billy-O?

I'm joining a ship in Scapa Flow,

That's where I'm going my Nancy

I'm joining "Queen Mary" Nancy-O

Joining "Queen Mary" Nancy-O

She's bristling with guns and ready to go

To sail to glory with Jellicoe

But where is "Queen Mary"? Gone Now!

And where is the glory? Gone Now!

And six thousand sailors, Gone Now!

They have gone to the bottom at Jutland.

Where are you goin' my Rodney-O?

Where are you goin' my Rodney-O?

I'm joining a ship in Scapa Flow

Dark Mode

That's where I'm going my Nancy

I'm joining "Invincible" Nancy-O

Joining "Invincible" Nancy-O

She's bristling with guns and ready to go

To sail to glory with Jellicoe

But where is "Invincible?" Gone Now!

And where is the glory? Gone Now!

And six thousand sailors, Gone Now!

They have gone to the bottom at Jutland.

>

Where are you goin' my Johnny-O?

Where are you goin' my Johnny-O?

I'm joining a ship in Scapa Flow

That's where I'm going my Nancy

I'm joining the "Black Prince" Nancy-O

Joining the "Black Prince" Nancy-O

She's bristling with guns and ready to go

To sail to glory with Jellicoe

Dark Mode

But where is the "Black Prince"? Gone Now!

And where is the glory? Gone Now!

And six thousand sailors, Gone Now!

They have gone to the bottom at Jutland.

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The Last Brisbane Pira

Dark Mode

Oh, I used to be a farmer, and I made a living fine

I had a little stretch of land, along the western line

But times were hard, and though I tried, the money wasn't
there

And bankers came and took my land and told me, "Fair is fair"

>

I looked for every kind of job, the answer always, "No"

"Hire you now?" they'd always laugh, "We just let twenty go"

The government, they promised me a measly little sum

But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum

And I said, "Who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone

I'm going to be a pirate on the river Brisbane!" (Yarr! Yoo-hoo,
whoo)

Chorus:

And it's a-heave-ho-hi-ho

Coming down the plains (whoop)

Stealing wheat and sorghum and all the other grains

Dark Mode

And it's a-ho-hey-hi-hey, farmers bar your doors

**When you see the Jolly Roger on the Brisbane's mighty
shores**

You'd think the other farmers would know that I'm at large

But just the other day, I saw an unsuspecting barge

I snuck up right behind them, and they were none the wiser

I rammed their boat and sank it, and I stole the fertilizer!

The bridge at Indooroopilly spans a mighty river

Farmers cross in so much fear their stomachs are a-quiver

'Cause they know that Tractor Jack is hiding in the bay (ha-ha-
arr)

I'll jump the bridge and knock them cold and sail off with their
hay

>

Chorus

Well officer Robbie chased me, he was always at my throat

But he followed on the shoreline cause he didn't own a boat

But cutbacks were a-coming, and the copper lost his job

Dark Mode

And now he sails with us, and we call him Sarty Rob

A swinging sword, a skull and bones and pleasant company

I'll never pay my income tax and screw the GST (Screw it!)

Sailing down to South Bank, the terror of the sea

If you wanna get to Woolies, boys, you've gotta get by me

Chorus

Well pirate life's appealing, but you don't just find it here

I hear that down in New South there's a band of buccaneers

They roam around the outback from Bourke to Gundagai

And they'll nick your old Akubra if you have to pass them by

>

Summer is a-coming, and a rain is in the breeze

My pirate days are over if the river's all debris

Well, I'll be back in Autumn but for now I'm on my way

I hear there's lots of plundering to be had in Byron Bay

[Back to top](#)

Dark Mode

The Last Saskatchewan P

Dark Mode

Oh, I used to be a farmer and I made a living fine

I had a little stretch of land along the CP line

But times were hard and though I tried, the money wasn't
there

And bankers came and took my land and told me fair is fair

I looked for every kind of job, the answer always "no"

Hire you now, they'd always laugh, we just let twenty go!

The government, they promised me a measly little sum

But I've got too much pride to end up just another bum

Then I thought who gives a damn if all the jobs are gone

I'm gonna be a PIRATE! on the River Saskatchewan! (arr! arr!
arr!)

>

Chorus:

Cause it's a heave-ho! hi-ho! Coming down the plains

Stealing wheat and barley and all the other grains

And it's a ho-hey! hi-hey! Farmers bar your doors
When you see the Jolly Roger on Regina's mighty shores
Arr!

Dark Mode

Well you think the local farmers would know that I'm at large

But, just the other day I found an unprotected barge

I snuck up right behind them and they were none the wiser

I rammed their ship, and sank it, and I stole their fertilizer!

A bridge outside of Moose Jaw spans a mighty river

The farmers cross in so much fear, their stomachs are a-quiver

Because they know that TRACTOR JACK! is hiding in the bay

I'll jump the bridge and knock them cold and sail off with their
hay!

>

Chorus

Well Mountie Bob he chased me, he was always at my throat

He'd follow on the shoreline because he didn't own a boat

But cutbacks were a-coming and the Mountie lost his job

Now he's sailing with me and we call him Salty Bob

A swingin' sword, and skull n' bones, and please don't company,

I never pay my income tax and screw the GST — SCREW IT!

Prince Albert down to Saskatoon, I'm the terror of the sea

If ya wanna reach the Co-op, boy, you gotta get by me!

Chorus

Well, pirate life's appealing, but you don't just find it here

I've heard that in Alberta, there's a band of buccaneers

They roam the Athabasca, from Smith to Fort McKay

And you're gonna lose your Stetson if you have to pass their
way

Well winter is a-coming and a chill is in the breeze

Our pirate days are over once the river starts to freeze

I'll be back in springtime, but now I've to go

I hear there's lots of plundering down in New Mexico!

>

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The Last Shanty.

Dark Mode

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

Chorus:

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

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

Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

They gave us an engine that first went up and down

And then with more technology the engine went around
We know our steam and diesels but what's a marmyard for?

Dark Mode

A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore

They gave us an Aldiss lamp so we could do it right

They gave us a radio to signal day and night

We know our codes and ciphers but what's a semaphore?

A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

And two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot

And now I've got an extra one because they stopped The Tot

So we'll put on our civvy-clothes and find a pub ashore

A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before

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Leave Her Johnny.

Dark Mode

Oh the work was hard and the wages low

Leave her Johnny, leave her

I guess it's time for us to go

And 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 and the winds don't blow

And it's time for us to leave her

Oh I thought I heard the old man say

Leave her Johnny, leave her

Oh tomorrow you will get your pay

And it's time for us to leave her

The winds blew foul and the seas ran high

Leave her Johnny, leave her

Dark Mode

We shipped up green and none went by

And it's time for us to leave her

I hate to sail on this rotten tub

Leave her Johnny, leave her

No grog allowed and rotten grub

And it's time for us to leave her

The old man swears, and the mate swears too

Leave her Johnny, leave her

The crew all swear, and so would you

And it's time for us to leave her

The starboard pump is like the crew

Leave her Johnny, leave her

It's all worn out and will not do

And it's time for us to leave her

The rats have gone and we the crew

Leave her Johnny, leave her

Dark Mode

It's the time be damned that we went too

And it's time for us to leave her

Well I pray that we shall ne're more see

Leave her Johnny, leave her

A hungry ship, the likes of she

And it's time for us to leave her

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The Leaving of Liverpool

Dark Mode

Farewell to Princess landing stage,

River Mersey, fare-thee-well

I am bound for California

A place 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 my darling, when I think of thee

I am bound for California

By way of stormy Cape Horn

I will write to thee a letter, love

When I am homeward-bound

I have shipped on a Yankee clipper ship

Davy Crockett is her name

Dark Mode

And Burgess is the captain of her

And they say that she's a floating hell

I have sailed with Burgess once before

I think I know him well

If a man's a sailor, he will get along

If not, then he's sure in hell

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street

Anson Terrace and Park Lane

I am bound away for to leave you

And I'll never see you again

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Lee Fore Brace

Dark Mode

There was ten men hauling on the lee fore brace
In the rain and the driving hail
And the mile-long greybeards charging by
And the thundering Cape Horn gale
That dark it was, you scarce could see
Your hand before your face
That cold it was, our fingers froze
Stiff as they gripped the brace

**And "Christ!" says Dan "for a night in port
And a sea born fiddler's tune
And just one whiff of the drinks again
In a Callao saloon!"**

There was ten men hauling on the lee fore brace
When the big sea broke aboard
Like a stream in spate, like a foaming flood
Right fore and aft it poured
The ship she staggered and then lay still
So deep, so dead lay she
You'd think she could not rise again
From such a weight of sea

There was ten men hauling on the lee fore brace
Seven when she rose at last
The rest was gone to the pitch-dark night
And the sea and the ice-cold blast
And one of them was Blue Nose Pete

And one was Lars the Dane
And the third was the lad whose like or
I shall not find again

Dark Mode

And I'll heave and haul and stand my wheel
And reef and furl with the rest
For winds and seas go on the same
When they've took and drowned the best
And it ain't no use to curse the Lord
Nor it ain't no sense to moan
For a man must live his life the same
And keep his grief his own

**So I'll drink my drink and sing my song
And nobody know but me
That a lump of my heart went down with Dan
That night in the wild Horn sea**

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Le Capitaine De Saint-M

Dark Mode

Le capitaine de St Malo

Ali alo

Qui fait la pêche au cachalot

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

Il a trois filles qui font la peau

Ali alo

La première à Valparaiso,

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

La deuxième à Rio de Janeiro,

Ali alo

La troisième à San Francisco.

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

Il donne la goutte à ses matelots

Ali alo

À grande coups de barre de guindeau.

Dark Mode

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

Il mange la viande, nous laisse les os.

Ali alo

Il boit du vin et toi de l'eau.

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

Le lieutenant t'envoie la haut

Ali alo

À coups de bottes dans le dos.

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

Et le second, qui est le plus beau

Ali alo

Si tu groumes. Il te fout à l'eau

Ali ali ali alo, ali alo

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Let the Bulgine Run / Eliza

Dark Mode

O, 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 bulgine 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 bulgine 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 bulgine run!

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

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

Dark Mode

We'll dance them Bowery girls around

Clear away the track an' let the bulgine run!

O, 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 bulgine run!

O, and when we're back in Liverpool town

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

We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around

Clear away the track an' let the bulgine run!

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Lifeboat Man

Dark Mode

I'm off to see my darling Jen,
She's hanging around the slip again.

Chorus:

**With your blue eyes,
Sparkling deep sea blue eyes,
Giving the crew the old 'Aye-yoo!'
She wants a lifeboat man.**

She heaved herself into the sea,
Screaming 'Come on boys, come and rescue me'.

They launched the boat for save our Jen,
It was full of handsome lifeboat men.

They pulled our Jen out from the wet,
And they laid her right down on the deck.

Then the lifeboat sailed from North to South.

Dark Mode

And the crew all gave her mouth to mouth.

And they puffed and preened for to win her hand,

But she went below with a midshipman.

She said 'My lad now you saved my life,

You can take me home for to be your wife'.

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The Lincolnshire Poach

Dark Mode

When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire
Full well I served my master for nigh on seven years
Till I took up to poaching as you shall quickly hear

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

As me and my companions was setting out a snare
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we didn't care
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump from
anywhere

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

As me and my companions was setting four or five
And taking them all up again, we caught a hare alive

We caught a hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did
steer

Dark Mode

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

We threw him over my shoulder, boys, and then we trudged
home

We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown

We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I divven't tell you where

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire

(Alt. Bad luck to every magistrate)

Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare

Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

**Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the
year.**

Dark Mode

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Little Boy Billee

Dark Mode

There were three men of Bristol city

There were three men of Bristol city

They stole a ship and went to sea

They stole a ship and went to sea

There was Gorgin' Jack and Guzzlin' Jimmy

There was Gorgin' Jack and Guzzlin' Jimmy

And also little boy Billee

And also little boy Billee

They stole a tin of the captains biscuits

They stole a tin of the captains biscuits

And one large bottle of whiskey

And one large bottle of whiskey

But when they reached the broad Atlantic

But when they reached the broad Atlantic

They had nothing left but one sweet pea

Dark Mode

They had nothing left but one sweet pea

Said Gorgin' Jack to Guzzlin' Jimmy

Said Gorgin' Jack to Guzzlin' Jimmy

With nothing to eat I'm going to eat thee

With nothing to eat I'm going to eat thee

Said Guzzlin' Jimmy I'm old and toughish

Said Guzzlin' Jimmy I'm old and toughish

So let's eat little boy Billee

So let's eat little boy Billee

Oh little boy Billee were gonna kill and eat ya

Oh little boy Billee were gonna kill and eat ya

So undo the top button of your little chemee

So undo the top button of your little chemee

Oh may I say my catechism

Oh may I say my catechism

That my dear mother taught to me

Dark Mode

That my dear mother taught to me

He climbed up to the main topgallant

He climbed up to the main topgallant

And there he fell upon his knee

And there he fell upon his knee

But when he reached the eleventh commandment

But when he reached the eleventh commandment

He cried yo ho Holland I see

He cried yo ho Holland I see

I see Jerusalem and Madagascar

I see Jerusalem and Madagascar

And North and South Ameri-key

And North and South Ameri-key

I see the British fleet at anchor

I see the British fleet at anchor

And our Admiral Nelson K C B

Dark Mode

And our Admiral Nelson K C B

They hung Gorgin' Jack and Guzzlin' Jimmy

They hung Gorgin' Jack and Guzzlin' Jimmy

But they made an admiral of little boy Billee

But they made an admiral of little boy Billee

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Little Brown Jug

Dark Mode

Me wife and I live all alone
In a little hut, we call our own
She likes whiskey, I likes rum
Don't we have a lot of fun!

Chorus:

**Ha, ha, ha, you and me
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ya, ha, ha, you and me
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!**

When I go toiling on the farm
I take little brown jug under me arm;
Lay her under a shady tree
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me. '

'Tis you that makes me friends me foes

'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes:

Dark Mode

But, since you come so near me nose

It's up she come and down she goes

If I'd a cow that gave such milk

I'd clothe her in the finest silk;

Feed her up on oats and hay

And milk her forty times a day

After all is done and said

It's you that makes my nose go red

You make me feel light in the head

And then you make it feel like lead

Me wife and I live all alone

In a little hut, we called our own

She likes whiskey and I likes rum

Don't we have a lot of fun!

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Dark Mode

Lock Keeper

Dark Mode

You say, "Well met again, lock-keeper;
We're laden even deeper than the time before,
Oriental oils and tea brought down from Singapore."

As we wait for my lock to cycle,
I say, "My wife has just given me a son."
"A son," you cry, "Is that all that you've done?"

"She wears bougainvillea blossoms;
You pluck them from her hair and toss them in the tide,
Sweep her in your arms and carry her inside.
Her sighs catch on your shoulder;
Her moonlit eyes grow bold and wiser through the tears."
And I say, "How could you stand to leave her for a year?"

**"Then come with me, " you say,
"To where the Southern Cross rides high upon your
shoulder.**

Come with me, " you cry,

"Each day you tend this lock you're one day older.

And your blood grows colder."

Dark Mode

But that anchor chain's a fetter,

And with it you are tethered to the foam,

And I wouldn't trade your life

For one hour of home.

Sure, I'm stuck here on the seaway

While you compensate for leeway through the trades,

And you shoot the stars to see the miles you've made.

And you laugh at hearts you've riven,

But which of these has given us more love or life:

You, your tropic maids, or me, my wife?

"Then come with me," you say,

**"To where the Southern Cross rides high upon your
shoulder.**

Come with me," you cry,

"Each day you tend this lock you're one day older,

And your blood grows colder."

Dark Mode

**But that anchor chain's a fetter,
And with it you are tethered to the foam,
And I wouldn't trade your life
For one hour of home.**

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Loch Lomond

Dark Mode

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Chorus:

**O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.**

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep slopes o' Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue, the highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,

And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.

Dark Mode

But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,

Though the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

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The Lollypop Man

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Oh the lollipop man has a great big stick

And all that he charges is a penny a lick

And he gets it out whenever he can

He's a dirty old devil is the lollipop man

Who is this with his spurty spout?

A dribbly cone, you can suck it all out

And a knicker-knocker glory, it's the ice-cream man

But he cannot hold a candle to the lollipop man

Who is this with his grimy sack?

You can have it up the front or he'll shove it round the back

With his sooty old nuts it's the dirty coalman

But he'll never hold a candle to the lollipop man

Who is this with his long stiff brush?

He rams it up the flu with a shove and a push

Dark Mode

And he doesn't give a toss; he's the chimney sweep man

But he'll never hold a candle to the lollipop man

And who is this with his floppy mop?

It's long and it's wet with a foam on top

Well he's squeaky clean; it's the window cleaner man

But he'll never hold a candle to the lollipop man

Who is this with a silver top?

It's nothing that a little blue-tit can't pop

With his manly jugs it's the creamy milkman

But he cannot hold a candle to the lollipop man

And who is this with his petticoats gay?

Powder puff and curly wig and lingerie

Well it's old Mollybags, neither woman nor a man

But she'll never hold a candle to the lollipop man

Who is this taking down your draws?

He never ever shoots and he seldom scores

Dark Mode

Well it's never jackpot with the Littlewoods man

And he'll never hold a candle to the lollipop man

Who is this with the long bent fruit?

He peels back the skin and he slips on his suit

Well his real name's Eric, he's Banana Man

But he'll never hold a candle to the lollipop man

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Lowlands Away.

Dark Mode

I dreamed a dream the other night.

Lowlands, lowlands away me John.

My love she came, dressed all in white.

Lowlands away.

I Dreamed my love came in my sleep.

Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep.

She came to me at my bedside.

All dressed in white, like some fair bride.

And bravely in her bosom fair.

Her red, red rose, my love did wear.

She made no sound, no word she said.

And then i knew my love was dead.

Then I awoke to hear the cry.

Oh watch on deck. Oh watch, ahoy.

Dark Mode

[Back to top](#)

Lowlands Low

Dark Mode

Our packet is the Island Lass

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

The old man's howling at the main topmast

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

Chorus:

Lowlands, boys, away, oh

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

The cook is rigged in soldier's clothes

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

Where he got 'em from, nobody knows

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

He gives us bread as hard as stone

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

It'll break your teeth, it'll shatter your bones

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

Dark Mode

We'll haul 'em high and we'll let 'em dry

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

We'll leave 'em swingin' in the sky

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

I wish I had ten thousand pounds

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

I'd buy a ship and I'd sail her 'round

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

I'd fill her up with grub and gin

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

We'd stay in the port that we were in

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

I'd feed ye well, and I'd raise yer pay

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

I'd fill yer cups three times a day

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

Dark Mode

So lowlands boys, and off she goes

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

Get changed me boys to yer shoregoing clothes

Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands low

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MacPherson's Rant

Dark Mode

Fareweel, ye dungeons dark and strang,
A wretch's destiny,
MacPherson's time will no be lang,
On yonder gallows tree.

Chorus:

**Sae rantinly, sae wantonly,
And sae dauntinly gaed he,
He played a tune and he danced aroon,
Below the gallows tree.**

It was by a woman's treachorous hands,
That I was condemned to dee,
She stood upon a windae ledge,
And a blanket threw o'er me.

Oh what is death, but parting breath,

On many a bloody plain,
I've dared his face, and in this place,
I scorn him yet again.

Dark Mode

I have lived a life, o' straught an' strife,
I die by treachery,
It burns my heart, that I must depart,
An no avenged be.

So tak aff these bands frae roond my hands,
Gie to me my sword,
There's no a man in a' Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

So farewell night thou parting light,
And all beneath the sky,
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die.

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Dark Mode

Maggie May.

Dark Mode

Now come all you young sailors and listen to my plea

And when you've heard my tale you'll pity me.

For I was a goddamn fool in the port of Liverpool,

The very first time I came home from sea.

Now I've paid off at the home, from the port of Sierra Leone;

Three-pound-ten a month it was my pay.

But I wasted all my tin whilst drinking up the gin

With a little girl whose name was Maggie May.

Now well do I remember where I first met Maggie May,

She was cruising up and down in Canning Place,

She was dressed up mighty fine, like a frigate of the line,

So being a ranting sailor I gave chase.

I kept right on her track, she went on the other tack,

But I caught her and I broke her mizzen line.

Next morning I awoke with a head more bent and broke.

Dark Mode

No coat, no vest, no trousers could I find.

I asked her where they were, she said, "My good kind sir,

They're down at Park Lane pawn shop number nine.

Now, you've had your cake and bun, and it's time for you to
run

Or you'll never make the dockside, lad, in time."

To the pawnshop I did go, but no trousers could I find,

And the police came and took that girl away.

And the judge he found her guilty of robbing a homeward-
bounder;

So now she's doing time in Botany Bay.

Oh Maggie, Maggie May, they've taken you away,

Never more to roam alone down Canning Place

For you robbed too many whalers, and you poxed too many
sailors

Now you'll never see old Lime Street anymore.

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Dark Mode

Magpie

Dark Mode

One's for sorrow, two's for joy

Three's for a girl and four's for a boy

Five's for silver, six for gold

Seven's for a secret never told

Devil, devil, I defy thee

Devil, devil, I defy thee

Devil, devil, I defy thee

Oh, the magpie brings us tidings

Of news both fair and foul

She's more cunning than the raven

More wise than any owl

For she brings us news of the harvest

Of the barley, wheat, and corn

And she knows when we'll go to our graves

And how we shall be born

She brings us joy when from the right

Dark Mode

Grief when from the left

Of all the news that's in the air

We know to trust her best

For she sees us at our labour

And she mocks us at our work

And she steals the eggs from out of the nest

And she can mob the hawk

The priest, he says we're wicked

For to worship the devil's bird

Ah, but we respect the old ways

And we disregard his word

For we know they rest uneasy

As we slumber in the night

And we'll always leave out a little bit of meat

For the bird that's black and white

One's for sorrow, two's for joy

Three's for a girl and four's for a boy

Five's for silver, six for gold

Seven's for a secret never told

Dark Mode

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Maid in the Garrett

Dark Mode

via Salty Sirens

Now I've often heard it said from me father and me mother
That goin' to a weddin' is the makings of another
But I've neither the time nor the patience for a husband
No, sir, it's a lady who I'd rather be lovin'

**And its oh dear me, how would it be,
If I die an old maid in the garrett x2**

Now Ma's found me a man, he's both handsome and good-
lookin'

But I'm bored to death by the thought of his courtin'
Little do they know he's not what I'm after
I'd like myself lady that I can look after

**And its oh dear me, how would it be,
If I die an old maid in the garrett**

I can hammer, I can weld, I can keep the house upstanding
Chisel you a table and fix your dodgy landing
There's nothing in this world that would make me half so
cheery

As a cabin in the woods with my lumberjack lassy

**And its oh dear me, how would it be,
If I die an old maid in the garret**

So come lipstick or come soft-but, come activist or dyke
Come stud or come androgynous, just come
mortorbike

Dark Mode

Come woman, or come lady, non-binary or femme
Come any 'ol persuasion, I'll sure be your lesbian

**And its oh dear me, how would it be,
If I die an old maid in the garret**

Well now we're away home, lying breast to breast
'N' noone'll be botherin' us in our woman's nest
And we'll go away home to our own bitty garrett
Just two old maids, that's the only way we'll have it

**And its oh dear me, how would it be,
If we die two old maids in the garret x2**

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Maid of Amsterdam (A-Ro

Dark Mode

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

Mark well what I do say!

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

And she was mistress of her trade.

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

Chorus:

A roving, a roving,

Since roving's been my ru-i-in,

I'll go no more a roving,

With you fair maid!

One night I slipped from my abode

Mark well what I do say!

One night I slipped from my abode

To meet this fair maid down the road

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

I met this fair maid after dark

Mark well what I do say!

I met this fair maid after dark

And took her to her favourite park

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

I took this fair maid for a walk

Mark well what I do say!

I took this fair maid for a walk

And we had such a loving talk

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

I put my arm around her waist

Mark well what I do say!

I put my arm around her waist

She said young man you're in great haste

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

I put my hand upon her knee

Mark well what I do say!

Dark Mode

I put my hand upon her knee

She said young man you're rather free

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

I put my hand upon her thigh

Mark well what I do say!

I put my hand her thigh

She said young man that's rather high

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

I put my hand upon her lap

Mark well what I do say!

I put my hand upon her lap

She said young man you'll catch the clap

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

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Maiwar

Dark Mode

Bowen Harding

The Brisbane River splits the land
Maiwar, O Maiwar
Coloured brown from unsettled sand
River take me home

Make sure that you don't get too close
Maiwar, O Maiwar
Lest bullsharks nibble at your toes
River take me home

Chorus
Maiwar, O Maiwar
My city and my river
Maiwar, O Maiwar
River take me home

Catch the ferry late at night
Maiwar, O Maiwar
Glowing from the city lights
River take me home

Kiss at Kangaroo Point cliffs
Maiwar, O Maiwar
Crossing the Kulripa bridge
River take me home

Chorus

Mangroves growing by her sides

Maiwar, O Maiwar

Drowned by the rolling tides

River take me home

Dark Mode

Flooding waters made her grow

Maiwar, O Maiwar

Entered uninvited to my home

River LEAVE my home

Chorus

Birds flying in reflected skies

Maiwar, O Maiwar

Watching the waves fall and rise

River take me home

Chemicals and fish that bite

Maiwar, O Maiwar

Or you'll catch a deadly parasite

River take me home

Chorus

For my river this song I sing

Maiwar, O Maiwar

Just never go jumping in

River take me home

Chorus x2

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Dark Mode

A Mainsail Haul

Dark Mode

"I don't want none of 'is stuff" said Bill,
"Nor I don't want none of 'is gear.
I don't want things as 'e used to use,
Nor things as I seen 'im wear.
It aint such things as them," says he,
"And that's the truth, my son,
Will make me think of Mike, my pal,
Now Mike, "e's dead and gone."

**It's things you see and things you 'ear
And things you feel an' do,
That bring the dead alive again,
They make the old years new.
An' it ain't Mike's bits of things I want,
An' that's God's truth, my son,
To make me think of Mike my pal,
Now Mike, 'e's dead and gone.**

"There's Bluenose Pete as wants 'is palm,
And the knife 'e wouldn't sell.
And Jake, 'E wants 'is good seaboots,
'Cos 'is own, they leak like Hell.
An' one wants this and one wants that,
The way blokes do at sea,
Well, let them 'ave their pick", says I,
"They can 'ave the lot for me."

"An' they can 'ave 'is teakwood chest,
With the painting as 'e did,
Of the Southern Cross off Sydney 'eads,
Full sail inside the lid.

Dark Mode

An' the marline spike 'e always used,
An' the bottled ship 'e made,
Rollin' up to the Western Isles,
Close-hauled on the Nor-east trade."

"It's sun and stars and fog and frost,
And blue weather and grey,
An' big seas curling green as glass,
Before they break in spray.
An' sudden dark on tropic seas,
Dropped like a blind that's drawn,
An' stormy sunsets off the capes,
An' strange landfalls at dawn."

"For Mike an' me was pals" says he,
"An' I couldn't bring my mind,
To wrangle like a greedy gull,
For the gear 'e left behind.
We've sailed together, rough or smooth,
We've stuck it, sink or swim,
An' it ain't mikes bits of things, God knows,
Will make me think of 'im."

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Mairi's Wedding

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**Step we gaily on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm and arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.**

Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheiling thro' the town,
All for sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them a' by far,
Is our darling Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,

Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mairi .

Dark Mode

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Make and Break Harbo

Dark Mode

How still lies the bay in the light western airs

Which blow from the crimson horizon;

Once more we tack home with a dry empty hold

Saving gas with the breezes so fair

She's a kindly Cape Islander, old but still sound

But so lost in the longliner's shadow;

Make and break and make do, but the fish are so few

That she won't be replaced should she founder

Chorus:

In Make And Break Harbour the boats are so few

Too many are pulled up and rotten;

Most houses stand empty, old nets hung to dry

Are blown away, lost and forgotten

Now it's so hard to not think of before the big war

When the cod went so cheap, but so plenty;

Foreign trawlers go by now with long seeking eyes

Dark Mode

Taking all where we seldom take any

And the young folk don't stay with the fisherman's ways

Long ago they all moved to the cities;

And the ones left behind, old and tired and blind

Won't work for a pound, for a penny

Now I can see the big draggers have stirred up the bay

Leaving lobster traps smashed on the bottom;

Can they think it don't pay to respect the old ways

That Make And Break men have not forgotten

For we still keep our time to the turn of the tide

In this boat that I built with my father;

Still lifts to the sky, the one-lunger and I

Still talk like old friends on the water

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Marching Inland

Dark Mode

Lord Nelson knew the perfect way to cure your 'mal-de-mer',

So if you pay attention, his secret I will share,

To any sea-sick sailor he'd give this advice for free:

"If you're feeling sea-sick, sit underneath a tree!"

Chorus:

**I'm marching inland from the shore, over m' shoulder I'm
carrying an oar,**

**When someone asks me: "What - is that funny thing
you've got?"**

Then I know I'll never go to sea no more, no more,

Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!

Columbus he set-sail to find out if the world was round,

He kept on sailing to the West until he ran aground,

He thought he'd found The Indies but he'd found the U.S.A.,

I know some navigators who can still do that today.

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away.

Dark Mode

Grenville's REVENGE is at the bottom of the bay,

Many's the famous sailor never came home from the sea,

Just take my advice, Jack, come and follow me.

Sailors take a warning from these men of high renown,

When you leave the ocean and it's time to settle down,

Never cast your anchor less than ninety miles from shore,

There'd always be temptation to be off to sea once more.

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Mari-Mac

Dark Mode

There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari-Mac
And make no mistake she's the girl I'm gonna track
Lots of other fellas try to get her on the back.
But I'm thinkin' they'll have to get up early.

Chorus :

Mari-Macs mother's makin' Mari-Mac marry me
My mother's makin' me marry Mari-Mac
Well I'm gonna marry Mari cause Mari's takin' care o' me.
We'll all be feelin' merry when I marry Mari-Mac.

Now Mari and her mother are an awful lot together
In fact you hardly see the one without the other
And people often wonder if it's Mari or her mother
Or both of them together I'm courting

Well up among the heather in the hills of Benafee

Well I had a Bonnie lass sittin' on my knee

Dark Mode

A bumble bee stung me right above the knee

Up among the heather in the hills of Benafree

Well I said to bonnie lass how we gonna pass the day

She said among the heather in the hills of Benafree

Where all the boys and girls are making out so free

Up among the heather in the hills of Benafree

Wedding's on a Wednesday, everything's arranged

Soon you'll never change your mind unless you minus change

Of making the arrangements and feelings lots of rage

Marriage is an awful undertaking

Sure to be a grand for grand of that a fair

Gonna be a fork and plate for every man that's there

And I'll be a bugger if I don't get my share

All though I may be very much mistaken

There's a neat little lass and her name is Mari Mac

Make no mistake, she's the girl I'm gonna track

Dark Mode

Lot's of other fellas try to get her on her back

But I think they're gonna have to get up early

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The Mary Ellen Carter

Dark Mode

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'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'd 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 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
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

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Rise again, rise again!

Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men

Those who loved her best and were with her 'til the end

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again!

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 make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Chorus

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale

Dark Mode

She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gate

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

Final Chorus:

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

Then like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again!

Rise again, rise again!

Though your heart, it be broken, or 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

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Dark Mode

McGinty's Meal and Ale

Dark Mode

This is nae a sang o' love, and its nae a sang o' money,

Faith, it's naethin' very pitiful, it's naethin' very funny.

But there's Hieland Scots there's Lowland Scots and
butterscotch and honey,

If there's nane o' them at all then there's a mixture o' the three.

And there's nae a word o' beef, brose, sowens, sauty
bannocks,

Nae, nor pancake, peas, eggs, for them wi' dainty stomachs,

But it's all aboot a meal and ale that happened at
Balmunnocks,

At McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

Chorus:

They were howling in the kitchen like a caravan o' tinkies,

Some were playing ping-pong and tiddly widdly winkies.

**For up the howe an' doon the howe, ye never saw such
jinkies**

**As McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the
spree.**

Noo McGinty's pig had broken loose and wanne

Whaur he open shivved the pantry door, cam' upon the toddy,

And he took kindly tae the stuff like ony human boddy

At McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

Miss McGinty she ran ben the hoose, the wey wis dark and
crookit.

She gaed heelster gowdie ower the pig for it she never lookit,

An' then she let oot a skirl that wad hae paralysed a teuchit,

At McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

Johnny Murphy he ran efter her and ower the pig was leapin',

Whan he trampit in an ashet that was sittin' fu' o' dreepine.

And he fell doon and peel't his croon and couldnae haud fae
greetin'

At McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

And the pantry shelf cam ricklin' doon and he was lyin' kirnin'

Among soft soap, pease meal, corn floor and yirnin'.

Like a gollach amang crickle but McGinty's wife was girnin'

At the soss upon her pantry fleer and wadnae let him be.

Syne they ran skyrlin' tae the door, bit whan the

For aye it heeld the faister aye they mair than rugg'd tuggit;

Till M'Ginty roar't tae bring an axe, he widna be humbuggit,

Nae, nor lockit in his ain hoose, an' that he'd let them see.

Sae the wife cam' trailin' wi' an axe, an' throu' the bar wis
hacket,

An' open flew the door at yince, sae thick they aa wur packet,

An' aa the crew came rumilin' oot like tatties frae a bucket,

At McGinty's 'Meal an' Ale' whaur the pig gaed oan the spree.

They had spurtles, they had tattie chappers, faith, they
werenae jokin'

Swore they'd gar the pig claw whaur it wis never yockin'.

But by this time the lad wis fu' and didna care a dockin

At McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

Oo there's eelie pigs, an jeelie pigs, an pigs for haudin' butter,

But this pig was gratin fu' and rowin' in the gutter,

Till McGinty and his foreman trailed him oot upon a shutter

Fae McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

Miss McGinty took the thing tae heart and hidit in a closet,
They rubbit Johnny Murhpy's heid wi' turpentine and rosit.

Syne they harl't him wi' the meal and ale ye really would
supposit

He had had sleepit in a mason's trough and risen tae the
spree.

Oo weary on the barley bree and weary fa' the weather,
For its, keecherin' a mang dubs and drink, they gang nae weel
the gither.

But, there's little doot, McGinty's pig is wishing for anither
Of McGinty's meal and ale whaur the pig gaed on the spree.

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The Mermaid

Dark Mode

On Friday morning we set sail

Not being far from the land

It was there we espied a fair mermaid

With a comb and a glass in her hand

And the ocean's waves do roll

And the stormy winds do blow

And we jolly sailors are skipping at the top

While the landlubbers lie down below below below

While the landlubbers lie down below

The boatswain at the helm stood

And was steering his course right well

With tears a-standing in his eyes,

Saying oh how the seas do swell

And then spoke the mate of our gallant ship

And a well-spoken man was he
Saying, "I have a wife in fair Plymouth town

Dark Mode

And this night a widow she will be."

Then spoke the captain of our gallant ship

And a valiant man was he

Saying, "For the want of a longboat

We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship

And a gruff old soul was he

Saying, "I care much more for me pots and me pans

Than I do fer the bottom of the sea!"

The moon gave light and the stars shone bright

And my mother is looking for me

She may look, she may weep with a watery eye

But she'll have to look at the bottom of the sea.

Then once around spun our gallant ship

And twice around spun she

Dark Mode

And the third time around spun our gallant ship

And she sank to the bottom of the sea

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The Mingulay Boat Song

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Swing her head round, into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward, to Mingulay**

What care we boys, how white the minch is

What care we for, wind or weather

Swing her head round, every inch is

Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting, on the pier head

Gazing seaward, from the heather

Pull her head round, then we'll anchor

' Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

When the wind is, wild with shouting

And the waves mount, ever higher

Dark Mode

Anxious eyes turn, ever seaward

To see us home, boys, to Mingulay

Ships return now, heavy laden

Mothers holdin', bairns a -cryin'

We'll return, though, when the sun sets

We'll return to, Mingulay

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Molly Malone

Dark Mode

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
She wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, o!"

Chorus:

**"Alive, alive, o!", Alive, alive, o!",
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, o!".**

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She died of a fever,

And no one could save her,

Dark Mode

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

Now her ghost wheels her barrow,

Through streets broad and narrow,

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

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Mollymauk

Dark Mode

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

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

Over troubled waters and the restless skies

Y'll 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, mollymauk

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

Now the mollymauk glides on them great white wings

And lord, what a lonesome song he sings

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Dark Mode

Down below Cape Horn

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

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

He's the ghost of a sailor so I've heard say
Who's body it sank, and his soul flew away

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

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

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

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

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

Dark Mode

You can cast me loose you can set me free

I'll keep that big bird company

Down upon the southern ocean sailing

Down below Cape Horn

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Moreton Bay.

Dark Mode

One Sunday morning as I was walking
By Brisbane Waters I chance to stray
I heard a convict his fate bewailing
As on the sunny riverbank he lay

I am a native of Erin, Ireland
But banished now from my native shore
They stole me from my independence
And from the maiden whom I do adore

I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains
At Castle Hill and cursed Toongabbie
At all these settlements I've been enchained

But of all places of condemnation
And penal stations in New South Wales

To Moreton Bay I have found no equal

Dark Mode

Excessive tyranny each day prevails

For three long years I was beastly treated

And heavy irons on my legs I wore

My back from flogging was lacerated

And oft times covered with my crimson gore

And many a man from downright starvation

Lies mouldering now beneath the clay

And Captain Logan he had us mangled

On the triangles of Moreton Bay

Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews

We were oppressed under Logan's yoke

'Til a native man lying bare in ambush

Did deal our tyrant with his mortal stroke

My fellow prisoners be exhilarated

Let all such monsters like death shall find

And when from bondage we're extricated

Our former suffering will fade from mind

One Sunday morning as I was walking

By Brisbane Waters I chance to stray

I heard a convict his fate bewailing

As on the sunny riverbank he lay

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Dark Mode

Mountain Dew [Top](#)

Dark Mode

Oh let the grasses grow and the waters flow in a free and easy
way

Just give me enough of the rare old stuff that's made near
Galway Bay

Come gougiers all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too

We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the rare old
mountain dew

Chorus :

Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum

Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day

Skid-ree Idle-diddle dum skid-ree Idle-diddle dum

Skid-ree Idle-dum diddle dum day

There's a neat little still at the foot of the hill, and smoke curls
up to the sky

By a whiff of the smell, you can plainly tell that there's poteen,
boys, near by

For it fills the air with a perfume rare, and betwixt both me and
you

As home we roll, we'll drink a bowl, or a bucketful of mountain
dew

Dark Mode

Whereas learned men as use the pen, have written your
praises high

That sweet poteen from Ireland green, that's made from from
wheat and rye

Go away with your pills; it will cure all ills, for a Pagan,
Christian or Jew

Take off your coat and grease your throat, with a bucketful of
mountain dew

Let the grasses grow and the waters flow in a free and easy
way

Just give me enough of the rare old stuff that's made near
Galway Bay

Come gougiers all from Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim too

We'll give them the slip and we'll take a sip of the rare old
mountain dew

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Mull of Kintyre

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Mull of Kintyre

Oh, mist rolling in from the sea

My desire is always to be here

Oh, Mull of Kintyre

Far have I traveled and much have I seen

Dark distant mountains with valleys of green

Past painted deserts, the sunset's on fire

As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre

Sweep through the heather like deer in the glen

Carry me back to the days I knew then

Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir

Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain

Still take me back to where my memories remain

Dark Mode

Flickering embers grow higher and higher

As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre

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My Name is Jock Stewart

Dark Mode

Oh, my name is Jock Stewart,
I'm a canny gaun man,
And a rovin' young fellow I've been.

Chorus:

**So be easy and free,
When you're drinking wi' me,
I'm a man you don't meet ev'ry day.**

I'm a roving young blade,
And a piper by trade
And many's the tune I can play.

I've got acres of land,
Aye and men at command,
And I've always a shilling to spare.

I go out wi' my dog

And my gun for to hunt,
All along by the banks of the Tay.

Dark Mode

So come fill up your glass

Wi' whiskey and ale.

And whatever the cost I will pay.

Oh, my name is Jock Stewart,

I'm a canny gaun man,

And a rovin' young fellow I've been.

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My Son John

Dark Mode

My son John was tall and slim
and he'd a leg for ev'ry limb.

But now he's got no legs at all
for he ran a race with a cannon ball

Chorus:

**Timmy roo dun da, fadda riddle da
Whack fo' the riddle Timmy roo dun da**

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind
when ya left your two fine legs behind
Or was it sailin' on the sea
wore your two fine legs right down to the knee

I was not drunk, I was not blind
when I left my two fine legs behind
Nor was it sailin' on the sea

wore my two fine legs right down to the knee

Dark Mode

Each foreign war I'll now denounce

'tween the King of England and the King of France

For I'd rather my legs as they used to be
than the king of Spain and his whole navy

I was tall and I was slim

And I'd a leg for ev'ry limb

But now I've got no legs at all

They were both shot away by a cannon ball

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Nancy Whisky

Dark Mode

I'm a weaver a Calton Weaver,
I'm a rash and a rovin' blade
I've got silver in my pocket
and I'll follow the roving trade.

Chorus:

Whisky, Whisky, Nancy Whisky.

Whisky, Whisky Nancy-o!

As I went into Glasgow City,
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell,
I went in, sat doon beside her,
Seven long years I loved her well.

The more I kissed her the more I loved her,
The more I kissed her the more she smiled,
Soon I forgot my mother's teaching,

Nancy soon had me beguiled

Dark Mode

So I'll go back to the Calton weavin'

I'll surely make the shuttles fly,

I'll make more at the Calton weavin'

Than ever I did with the rovin' trade

So come all you weavers you Calton weavers

All you weaver's where 'ere you be

Beware of whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,

She'll ruin you like she ruined me

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Nelson's Victory at Copenh

Dark Mode

Draw near, you gallant seamen, while I the truth unfold
of a daring naval victory as ever yet was told.

The second day of April last upon the Baltic main
our Nelson and his gallant men fresh laurels they did gain.

Chorus:

**With their thundering and roaring
ratling and roaring
thundering and roaring bombs.**

Brave Nelson volunteered and twelve ships formed a line;
in the roads of Copenhagen he began his grand design.

His tars with usual courage their valour did display:
they destroyed the Danish navy upon that glorious day.

And when the navy we'd destroyed, we anchored near the
town

and with our bombs were fully bent to burn the city down.

At ten that glorious morning the fight begun it's true
and Copenhagen was ablaze before the clock struck two.

Dark Mode

For the loss of an arm and an eye bold Nelson does declare
the foes of his country not an inch of em he'll spare.

The Danes he made to rue the day they ever Paul did join;
eight ships he burnt and four he sunk and took six of the line.

Here's a health to gallant Nelson, the wonder of the world.

All for his country's glory his thunder loud has hurled;
Here's a health to his bold valiant tars who plough the raging
sea
and who never were afraid to face the daring enemy.

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New York Girls

Dark Mode

As I walked down to New York town a fair maid I did meet;
She asked me back to see her place, she lived on Barrack
Street.

Chorus:

**And away, Santy, my dear Annie,
Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?**

And when we got to Barrack Street we stopped at forty-four,
Her mother and her sister were waiting at the door.

And when we got inside the house the drinks were passed
around;

The liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and
round.

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat;
The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly fell asleep.

When I awoke next morning I had an aching head:

Dark Mode

There was I Jack all alone, stark naked in my bed.

My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone;

There was I Jack all alone, stark naked in that room.

On looking round that little room there's nothing I could see,

But a woman's shift and apron that were no use to me.

With a barrel for a suit of clothes down Cherry Street forlorn,
Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me round Cape
Horn.

So sailor lads take warning when you land on New York shore,
You'll have to get up early to be smarter than a whore.

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Noah's Ark Shanty

Dark Mode

I saw three ships in Frisco Bay

To me way, hey, hey-oh

I saw three ships in Frisco Bay

A long time ago

And one of them ships was Noah's old ark

To me way, hey, hey-oh

All covered all over in hickory bark

A long time ago

The animals came on two by two

To me way, hey, hey-oh

They elephant, rhino, and kangaroo

A long time ago

Now the bull and the cow they started to row

To me way, hey, hey-oh

Yes, the bull and the cow they started to row

Dark Mode

A long time ago

Noah said, "Stop your rowing", as he cracked on his whip

To me way, hey, hey-oh

Noah said "Stop your rowing or I'll scuttle the ship"

A long time ago

The bull put his horn through the side of the ark

To me way, hey, hey-oh

And the little black dog it started to bark

A long time ago

Noah grabbed hold the dog, shoved its nose in the hole

To me way, hey, hey-oh

And that's why dogs' noses have always been cold

A long time ago

It's a long, long time and a very long time

To me way, hey, hey-oh

It's a long, long time and a very long time

Dark Mode

A long time ago

[Back to top](#)

Northwest Passage

Dark Mode

Chorus:

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

Westward from the Davis Strait, 'tis there 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.

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 a gain,
This tardiest explorer, driving hard, across the plains.
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,

Dark Mode

To race the roaring Fraser, to the sea.

How then am I so different from the first men through this
way,

Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away,

To seek a Northwest Passage, at the call of many men,

To find there, but the road back home again

And if should be I come again to loved ones left at home

Put the journals on the mantle, shake the frost out of my
bones

Making memories of the passage, only memories after all

And hardships there the hardest to recall

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Oak and Ash and Thorn

Dark Mode

via Peter Bellamy

Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak and Ash and Thorn.

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs

All of a Midsummer's morn!

Surely we sing of no little thing,

In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oak of the Clay lived many a day,
Or ever Aeneas began;
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,
When Brut was an outlaw man;
Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town
(From which was London born);

Witness hereby the ancientry
Of Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Dark Mode

Yew that is old in churchyard mould,
He breedeth a mighty bow;
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,
And beech for cups also.
But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,
Your shoes are clean outworn,
Back ye must speed for all that ye need,
To Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Ellum she hates mankind, and waits
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him,
That anyway trusts her shade:
But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along

'Neath Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Dark Mode

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,

Or he would call it a sin;

But—we've been out in the woods all night,

A-conjuring Summer in!

And we bring you news by word of mouth –

Good news for cattle and corn –

Now is the Sun come up from the South,

With Oak and Ash and Thorn!

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O Good Ale, You Are My Darling

Dark Mode

It is of good ale to you I'll sing
And to good ale I'll always cling
I like my mug filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you'd like to bring

Chorus:

**O, good ale, thou art my darling
Thou art my joy both night and morning
It is you that helps me with my work
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home-brew
And better than one pint I like two**

I love you in the early morn
I love you in daylight dark or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn or spent
I turn the tap and ease the vent

It's you that makes my friends my foes

It's you that makes me wear old clothes

But since you come so near my nose

It's up you comes and down you goes

If all my friends from Adam's race

Were to meet me here all in this place

I could part from all without one tear

Before I'd part from my good beer

And if my wife did me despise

How soon I'd give her two black eyes

But if she loved me like I love thee

What a happy couple we should be

You have caused me debts and I've often swore

That I never would drink strong ale no more

But you for all that I forgive

And I'll drink strong ale just as long as I live

Dark Mode

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Old Billy Riley.

Dark Mode

Old Billy Riley, Mister Billy Riley

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley, Mister Billy Riley

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley, was a dancing master.

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley, was a dancing master.

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley shipped aboard a drogher

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley shipped aboard a drogher

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley wed the skipper's daughter

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley wed the skipper's daughter

Old Billy Riley-O

Mrs. Riley didn't like the sailors

Dark Mode

Old Billy Riley-O

Mrs. Riley didn't like the sailors

Old Billy Riley-O

Mrs Riley had a lovely daughter

Old Billy Riley-O

Mrs Riley had a lovely daughter

Old Billy Riley-O

Missy Riley pretty Missy Riley

Old Billy Riley-O

Missy Riley pretty Missy Riley

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley, bound for Antigua

Old Billy Riley-O

Old Billy Riley, bound for Antigua

Old Billy Riley-O

Billy Riley, Mister Billy Riley

Old Billy Riley-O

Billy Riley, Mister Billy Riley

Dark Mode

Old Billy Riley-O

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Old Dun Cow

Dark Mode

Some friends and I
In a public house
Were playing dominos one night
Into the room the barman came
His face all chalky white
"What's up?" says Brown
"Have you seen a ghost?
Have you seen your Aunt Myriah?"
"Oh my Aunt Myriah be buggered!" said he
"The bloody pub's on fire!"
"On fire!" says Brown
"What a bit of luck
Everybody follow me
Down to the cellar, if the fire's not there
We'll have a rare old spree!"
So we all went down after good old Brown

The booze we could not miss
And we weren't there five minutes or more

Dark Mode

'Til we were all half pissed

Chorus:

**And there was Brown, upside down
Lickin' up the whiskey off the floor
"Booze! Booze!" the firemen cried
As they came knockin' at the door
Don't let them in till it's all mopped up
Somebody shouted "MacIntyre" (MacIntyre!)
And we all got blue blind
Paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire**

Then Smith went over
To the port wine tub
Gave it a few hard knocks
Started taken' off his pantaloons

Likewise his shoes and socks

Dark Mode

"Hold on!" Says Brown

We can't have that!

"You can't do that in here!

Don't go washin' your trotters

In the port wine tub

When we've got all this Lite beer"

Chorus

Just then there came an awful crash

Half the bloody roof gave way

We were drowned in the fireman's hose

Still we were going to stay

So we got some tacks

And our old wet slacks

And nailed ourselves inside

And we sat there swallyin'

Pints of stout

Till we were bleary eyed!

Dark Mode

Chorus

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Old Fid

Dark Mode

I'll sing me a song of the rolling sky,
To the land that's beyond the Main,
To the ebb-tide bell or the salt pork meal,
That I'll never taste me again.
There's many a night I've lied me down,
To hear the teak baulks cry,
To a melody sweet with a shanty-man beat
As the stars went swimming by

Chorus:

**Don't ask me where I've damn well bin,
Don't ask me what I did,
For every thumb's a marline-spike,
And every finger's a fid**

.

I mind the times as we were becalmed,
With never a breath for the sheet,

With a red sun so hot that the water would rot.

Dark Mode

And the decking would blister your feet.

And then there's the times, as we rounded the Horn,

With a cargo of silk for Cadiz,

The swell roll was so high it were lashing the sky

Till the whole ruddy world were a fizz!

Be it spices from Java or copra from Yap,

Or a bosun so free with the lash,

It were "Up with the anchor!" and "Run out the spanker!"

And "Damn it, move faster than that!"

I've loved proud women from Spain's lusty land,

And I've seen where the Arab girl sleeps,

And the black girls as well, though they're fiery as hell,

Have all kissed me when silver was cheap.

Lord, how the man's changed from the young cabin boy

To the old man that sits on this bench!

Now he's too old to fight or to stay out all night

In the company of some pretty wench.

Dark Mode

Just an old clipper man who's long past his best years,

He knows that he'll never be free

From the smell of the tar that once braided his hair,

From the salty old tang of the sea.

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The Old Man From Over the Sea

Dark Mode

There was an old man come over the sea,

Aye, but I'll not have him.

There was an old man come over the sea,

Come snivelling, snuffling, over on me,

With his long grey beard, with his long grey beard,

A-shivering and shaking

My mother she told me to bid him come in,

And he giggled and dribbled all over his chin.

My mother she told me to give him a stool,

Well I gave him a stool and he sat like a fool.

My mother she told me to give him some cake,

And the silly old fool wriggled just like a snake.

My mother she told me to pass him the sugar,

And he shivelled and shovelled it down like a bugger.

Dark Mode

My mother she told me to take him to sea,

And the daft old devil nigh stood on his head.

My mother told me to show him what to do,

But the silly old cod couldn't learn how to screw.

My mother she told me to bid him farewell,

Well I bid him farewell and I wished him in hell.

There was an old man came over the sea,

Came snivelling, snuffling, over on me.

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Old Maui

Dark Mode

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife

We whalermen undergo

And we won't give a damn when the gale is done

How hard the winds do blow

'Cause we're homeward-bound from the Arctic Gound

With a good ship taut and free

And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum

With the girls of Old Maui

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 Northerly gale

Through the ice, and wind, and rain

Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands

Dark Mode

We soon shall see again

Six hellish months we passed away

On the cold Kamchatka sea

But now we're bound from the Arctic ground

Once more we sail with the Northerly gale

Towards our Island home

Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done

And we ain't got far to roam

Our stu'n's'l bones is carried away

What care we for that sound

A living gale is after us

Thank God we're homeward-bound

How soft the breeze through the island trees

Now the ice is far astern

Them native maids, them tropical glades

Is awaiting our return

Even now their big, brown eyes look out

Hoping some fine day to see

Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales

Dark Mode

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Old Molly Metcalfe

Dark Mode

via Jack Thakray

Old Molly Metcalfe counting sheep,

Yan tan tether methers pip, she counted.

Up upon Swaledale, steep and bleak,

Yan tan tether methers pip, she said.

Grow, little sheep, come hail, come snow,

Fine warm wool for a gentleman's shoulder blades,

Over the heather when the weather is cold,

Stiff Molly Metcalfe goes bow-leggedly,

Grow, little sheep, come wind, come rain,

Fine warm wool for a lady's counterpane,

On her back in the bracken with frozen bones,

Daft Molly Metcalfe singing alone,

Grow, little sheep, come death, come dark.

Dark Mode

No such wool for Old Molly Metcalfe,

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One More Day Johnny

Dark Mode

O, have you heard the news, me Johnny?

One more day

We're homeward bound tomorrow Johnny

One more day

Have you heard the old man growlin', Johnny?

One more day!

Don't you hear the mate a-howlin', Johnny?

Only one more day!

Chorus:

Only one more day, Johnny, one more day

O rock and roll me over, Johnny, one more day!

Only one more day a-furlin', Johnny

One more day!

Only one more day a-cursin' Johnny

One more day!

Only one more day of pumping, Johnny

Dark Mode

One more day!

Only one more day of bracing, Johnny

One more day !

Chorus

Only one more day of rollin', Johnny

One more day!

Can't you hear the gals a-callin'? Johnny

Only one more day!

Only one more day of howlin', Johnny

One more day!

Can't you hear the gals a-callin'? Johnny

Only one more day!

Chorus

We're homeward bound tomorrow, Johnny

One more day!

We'll leave her without sorrow

Dark Mode

One more day!

No more gales or heavy weather, Johnny

One more day!

Only one more day together!

Only one more day!

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One More Pull

Dark Mode

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 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 scrape the bum-fluff from off your chin

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

Well, we too will go ashore soon

(Get drunk in the clubs and bars,)

Then stagger homeward, pockets empty

Like so many nights before

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

Final 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 now is done

Dark Mode

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Dark Mode

On the Railroad

Dark Mode

Give me a spade and I'll give you a hole (Hole!)

Way-oh on the railroad

Dirt on my brow, but steel in my soul

Way-oh on the railroad

Chorus One:

Picking up coal and we're picking up speed

Shovel as much as the engine needs

Sweat and blood gonna earn my pay

All the way to 'Frisco Bay

Blowing through hills, tryin'a make up time (Whuh!)

Way-oh on the railroad

Ain't nothing gonna stand in the way of our line (Whuh!)

Way-oh on the railroad

Chorus Two:

Picking up coal and we're picking up speed

Dark Mode

Shovel as much as the engine needs

Ain't no slave but we slave away

All the way to 'Frisco Bay

(Hey!)

Bossman says that a mile a day's the pace (Whuh!)

Way-oh on the railroad

I'll make two for the look on his face (Huh!)

Way-oh on the railroad

Chorus Two

Surveyors tryin'a plan which route is best (Whuh!)

Way-oh on the railroad

Just draw a straight line from east to west {Huh!}

Way-oh on the railroad

Chorus Two

Dark Mode

We spare no quarter and we'll spare no man (singing)

Way-oh on the railroad

Just pray we don't run into the Cheyenne

Way-oh on the railroad

Chorus One

Chorus Two

Picking up coal and we're picking up speed

shovel as much as the engine needs

If I should fall leave me where I lay

On the railway to 'Frisco Bay

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The Orca's Revenge

Dark Mode

Bowen Harding

Nobody needs a yacht that big
When you don't even sail the seas
It's just a floating pile of money
A dragon's hoard of selfish greed
No-one needs a billion dollars
While the rest of us are screwed
Me and my orca buddies
Will turn your yacht into fish food

**Eat the rich, if you are hungry
Eat the rich, if you are poor
Eat the rich and take their money
They won't need it anymore
Eat the rich, to save our climate
Eat the rich, to stop their greed
Eat the rich, become a pirate and
Throw their bones into the sea**

When human kind first stole the waters
They killed everything in sight
And there are whales still in the ocean
With harpoons stuck in their sides
Kelp forrest's are disappearing
Coral reefs are turning white
So us fierce beasts of the ocean
Must rise up and start to fight

Humans think they're so much smarter

With their feet upon dry land

Dark Mode

Building mega yachts and gun shops

Packing fish in tiny cans

But if us orcas must turn pirate

We've no swords nor black sails

But we'll sink any ship 't cross us

That's why they call us killer whales

As the temperature is rising

And our homes begin to boil

Sea turtles choke on plastic

Birds are covered in spilt oil

We must do something drastic

Or our whole world it will end

Nobody needs a super yacht

So prepare for orca revenge!

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Pack Up Your Trouble

Dark Mode

Private Perks is a funny little codger

With a smile, a funny smile.

Five feet none, He's an artful little dodger,

With a smile, a sunny smile.

Flush or broke, he'll have his little joke,

He can't be suppressed.

All the other fellows have to grin,

When he gets this off his chest, Hi!

Chorus:

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,

And smile, smile, smile!

While you've a Lucifer to light your fag,

Smile, Boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while.

So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,

And smile, smile, smile!

Dark Mode

Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders,

With a smile, his funny smile.

He was lov'd by the privates and commanders

For his smile, his sunny smile.

When a throng of Bosches came along,

With a mighty swing,

Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine!

Keep your heads down boys and sing", Hi!

Private Perks he came back from Bosche shooting,

With his smile, his funny smile.

Round his home he then set about recruiting,

With his smile, his sunny smile.

He told all his pals, the short, the tall,

What a time he'd had,

And as each enlisted like a man,

Private Perks said "Now my lad," Hi!

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Dark Mode

Paddy Lay Back

Dark Mode

'Twas a cold an' dreary mornin' in December, (**December**)

An' all of me money it was spent (**spent, spent**),

Where it went to Lord I can't remember (**remember**),

So down to the shippin' office went, (**went, went**)

Chorus:

Paddy, lay back (Paddy, lay back)!

Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)!

**Take a turn around the capstan – heave a pawl – heave a
pawl!**

' Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy)!

We're bound for Valaparaiser 'round the Horn!

In that day there wuz a great demand for sailors (**for sailors**),

For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France (**France,
France**),

So I shipped aboard a Limey barque, the Hotspur (**the
Hotspur**),

An' got paralytic drunk on my advance (**'vance, 'vance**)

Dark Mode

It was on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em ,(saw em)

Such an ugly bunch I'd niver seen afore; (**fore, fore**)

For there wuz bum an' stiff from every quarter, (**quarter**)

It made me poor ol' heart feel sick an' sore. (**sore, sore**)

There wuz Rooshians an' Dutchmen an' Spaniards, (**an'**
Spaniards)

An' Johnny Crapoos jist acrost from France; (**France, France**)

Oh, none could hardly speak a word o' English, (**o' English**)

But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance'. (**'vance,**
'vance)

I wisht I wuz in the 'Jolly Sailor', (**the Sailor**)

Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer; (**beer, beer**)

An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors, (**sailors**)

An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear. (**tear, tear**)

So here we are, once more again at sea, boys, (**at sea boys**)

The same ol' ruddy story over again; (**'gain, 'gain**)

Oh, stamp the around the capstan, give a cheer, boys. (**a cheer
boys**)

Dark Mode

An' sing again this beautiful refrain. (**'frain, 'frain**)

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Paddy West

Dark Mode

When I was a-walkin' down London Road, I come to Paddy
West's house

He gave me a dish of American hash and he called it Liverpool
scouse

He said, "There's a ship, she's taking hands, and on her you
must sign

The mate's a bastard, the captain's worse, and she will do ya
fine."

Chorus:

Take off your dungaree jackets and give yourselves a rest

**And think of them cold nor'westers we had at Paddy
West's**

Now Paddy he pipes all hands on deck, their stations for to
man

His wife, she's stood in the doorway with a bucket in her hand

And Paddy cries, "Now, let 'er rip!" and she throws the water
our way

Crying, "Clew up your fore t'gan'sl, boys, she's taking on the
spray!"

Dark Mode

Now seeing she's off to southward, to Frisco she was bound
Now Paddy he takes out a length of rope and he lays it on the
ground

And we all step over and back again, and he says to me,
"That's fine

And if they ask were you ever at sea, you can say you've
crossed the line"

"Now there's just one thing for you to do before you sail away
Just step around the table where the bullock's horns do lay

If they ever ask, 'Were you ever at sea?', you can say, 'Ten
times 'round the Horn'

By Jesus, you're an old sailor man from the day that you were
born"

Last Chorus:

**Put on your dungaree jackets, and walk out looking your
best**

**And tell 'em you're an old sailor man that comes from
Paddy West'**

[Back to top](#)

Dark Mode

Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

Dark Mode

From Derry quay we sailed away on the 23rd of May
We were boarded by a pleasant crew bound for Americay

Fresh water we did take on 5000 gallons or more

In case we'd run short going to New York

From Paddy's green shamrock shore

So it's fare thee well sweet Liza dear

and likewise to Derry town

And twice farewell to my comrades bold

who dwell on that sainted ground

If fortune should ever favor me and

I should have money in store

I'd come back and I'd wed the wee lassie I left

On Paddy's green shamrock shore

We sailed 3 days we were all seasick not a man on board was
free

We were all confined to our bunks and no one to pity poor me

No father dear nor mother kind to hold up my head it was
sore

Dark Mode

Which made me think more on the lassie I left

On Paddy's green shamrock shore

We safely reached the other shore after 3 and twenty days

We were taken as passengers by a man and led round in 6
different ways

We each of us drank a parting glass in case we might never
meet more

And we drank a toast to Old Ireland

And Paddy's green shamrock shore

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Paddy's Lamentation

Dark Mode

Well it's by the hush, me boys, and sure that's to hold your
noise

And listen to poor Paddy's Lamentation
I was by hunger pressed, and in poverty distressed
So I took a thought I'd leave the Irish nation

Well I sold me horse and cow, my little pigs and sow
My little plot of land I soon did part with
And me sweetheart Brit McGee, I'm afraid I'll never see
For I left her there that morning broken-hearted

**So here's to you boys, now take my advice
To America I'll have ye's not be going
There is nothing here but war, where the murderin'
cannons roar**

And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

Well meself and a hundred more, to America sailed o'er
Our fortunes to be made we were thinkin'
When we got to Yankee land, they shoved a gun into our
hands

Saying "Paddy, you must go and fight for Lincoln"

Aye, I thought myself in luck, to be fed on Indian buck
And old Ireland, the place that I delight in
But with the devil, I do say, curse Americay
For I am sick and tired of this hard fightin'

Here's to you boys, now take my advice

To America I'll have ye's not be go

Dark Mode

There is nothing here but war, where the murderin'

cannons roar

And I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

Yes I wish I was at home in dear old Dublin

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Padstow Farwell

Dark Mode

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 course now

Haul away your foresheets

Haul away your foresheets

'tis our sailing time.

Waves are surging under

Haul away down channel

**Haul away down channel
on the evening tide.**

Dark Mode

When you're sailing's over

Haul away for heaven

Haul away, oh heaven

God be by your side.

It is time to go now

Haul away your anchor

Haul away your anchor

'tis our sailing time.

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The Parting Glass

Dark Mode

Of all the money ere I had, I spent it in good company,
And all the harm I've ever done, alas was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I can't recall.
So fill me to the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with you
all.

If I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town who sorely has my heart
beguiled.

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips, I own she has my heart in thrall.
So fill me to the parting glass – goodnight, and joy be with you
all.

Of all the comrades ere I had, they're sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts ere I had, they wish me one more day
to stay,

But since it falls unto my lot that I should rise and you should
not,

I'll gently rise and softly call, goodnight and joy be with you all.

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Dark Mode

Pass Around the Grog me

Dark Mode

Pass around the grog, me boys and never mind the score,
Drink the good old liquor down before we call for more.

Chorus:

**For to see who will not merry, merry be
Shall never taste of joy,
See, see, the Cape's in view,
And forward, my brave boy.**

Here's a health unto our majesty, and long may she reign,
Queen of all the seven seas and the pride of the Spanish main.

There's one more thing I'll ask of you, before you call for more,
Give to me the girl I love and the key to the cellar door

Once more unto her majesty and let the toast go 'round
Confusion to her enemies wherever they are found

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Dark Mode

Peat Fire Flame

Dark Mode

Far away and o'er the moor,
Morar waits for a boat that saileth,
Far away down Lowland way,
I dream the dream I learned, lad,

Chorus:

***By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
Light for love, for lilt o' laughter,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.***

Far away, down Lowland way,
Grim's the toil, without tune or dream, lad,
All you need's a creel and love,
For the dream the heart can weave, lad
Far away the tramp and tread,

Tune and laughter of all the heroes.

Dark Mode

Pulls me onward o'er the trail

Of the dream my heart may weave, lad,

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Pique la Baleine

Dark Mode

Pour retrouver ma douce amie

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Pour retrouver ma douce amie

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Chorus:

Pique la baleine, joli baleinier

Pique la baleine, je veux naviguer.

Aux mille mers j'ai navigué.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Aux mille mers j'ai navigué.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Des mers du nord aux mers du sud.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Des mers du nord aux mers du sud.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Dark Mode

Je l'ai retrouvée quand j'm'ai noyé.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Je l'ai retrouvée quand j'm'ai noyé.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là .

Dans les grands fonds, elle m'espérait.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Je l'ai retrouvée quand j'm'ai noyé.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Tous deux ensemble on a pleuré.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

Tous deux ensemble on a pleuré.

Oh mes boués, ouh là ouh là là.

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Pleasant and Delightful

Dark Mode

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn,
When the fields and the valleys were covered in corn,
And the blackbirds and the thrushes sings on every green
tree,

And the larks they sang melodious

And the larks they sang melodious

And the larks they sang melodious

At the dawn of the day.

Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away,
I am bound for the East Indies, I no longer here can stay.
I am bound for the East Indies, where our cannons roar.

I am going to leave my Nancy

I am going to leave my Nancy

I am going to leave my Nancy

She's the girl I adore."

A ring from his finger he then instantly drew,

Saying, "Take this, dearest Nancy, and my heart shall go, too."

Dark Mode

And while he embraced her tears from her eyes ran,

Saying, "May I go along with you?"

Saying, "May I go along with you?"

Saying, "May I go along with you?"

" Oh no, me love, farewell."

Said the sailor to his true love, "I no longer here can stay,

For her topsails are hoisted and the anchor is weighed.

Our ships she lays waiting for the next flowing tide.

And if ever I return again

And if ever I return again

And if ever I return again

I will make you my bride.

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Poor Paddy Works on the R

Dark Mode

In 1841, me corduroy breeches I put on

Me corduroy breeches I put on

To work upon the railway, the railway

I'm weary of the railway

Poor Paddy works on the railway

In 1842, from Hartlepool I moved to Crewe

Found myself a job to do a working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches

Pulling switches, dodging pitches

As I was working on the railway

In 1843, I broke the shovel across me knee

I went to work for the company, on the Leeds to Selby railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches

Pulling switches, dodging pitches

As I was working on the railway

Dark Mode

In 1844, I landed on the Liverpool shore

My belly was empty, me hands were raw

With working on the railway, the railway

I'm sick to my guts of the railway

Poor Paddy works on the railway

In 1845, when Daniel O'Connell he was alive

When Daniel O'Connell, he was alive

And working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches

Pulling switches, dodging pitches

As I was working on the railway

In 1846, I changed my trade to carrying bricks

I changed my trade to carrying bricks

To working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches

Dark Mode

Pulling switches, dodging pitches

As I was working on the railway

In 1847 poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven

The old bugger was thinking of going to Heaven

To work upon the railway, the railway

I'm sick to my death of the railway

Poor Paddy works on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches

Pulling switches, dodging pitches

As I was working on the railway

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Pound a Week Rise

Dark Mode

Come all you colliers who work down the mine
From Scotland to South Wales from Teesdale to Tyne
I'll sing you a song of the pound a week rise
And the men who were fooled by the government's lies

Chorus:

**And it's down you go
Down below, Jack
Where you never see the skies
And you're workin' in a dungeon
For your pound a week rise**

In 19 and 60 a few years ago
The mineworkers' leaders to Lord Robens did go
Sayin' "We work very hard, every day we risk our lives
And we ask you here and now for a pound a week rise."

Well up spoke Lord Robens and he made this decree

Dark Mode

"When the output rises, then with you I will agree

I'll raise up all your wages, I'll give to you fair pay

For I was once a miner and I worked hard in my day"

The miners they went home, they worked hard and well

Their lungs filled with coal dust in the bosom of hell

The output rose by fifteen, eighteen percent, and more

And when two years had passed and gone it rose about a
score

The miners they went home, to get their hard-earned prize

They went asked Lord Robens for their pound a week rise

Robens wouldn't give a pound, he wouldn't give ten bob

He gave 'em seven and six and said "Get back to your jobs!"

So come all you colliers, take heed what I say

Don't believe Lord Robens when he said he'll give fair pay

He'll tell you to work hard and make the output rise

You'll get pie in the sky instead of a pound a week rise

Dark Mode

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The Pride of the White Star

Dark Mode

In the Belfast yard where she was made of Harland-Wolff
design

The plan was struck to build three ships that funds would not
define

The gantry raised up in '08, a nameless liner rose
To make the journeys to New York in record time, and so

Chorus:

She's the pride of the White Star Line

May her engines never stall

Her sisters died from 'berg and mine

But she'll run for decades more

She'll run for decades more

Olympic soon became her stamp, no finer ship did sail
Smoking rooms and Turkish baths and palm trees rail to rail
As sleek and striking as could be, and speed second to none

She sailed from Portsmouth dock and showed the world how
it was done

Dark Mode

The Hawke was running 'long her side around the Isle of
Wight

A swing to starboard up and took the helmsman by surprise

Two holes were punched into her side and water flooded in

She staggered back to Portsmouth Dock and lived to sail again

Titanic sank into the depths, Britannic joined her too

Through the wars, Olympic kept on sailing sure and true

Missions out in open sea with U-Boats in her stead

Damn near cut 'em clean in two and sank 'em to the bed

Now every dog must have its day, and all good things must
pass

Shipyards forged much bigger crafts that dwarfed her in her
class

The trips were few and fares declined, the world marched on
ahead

They pulled her down in Jarrow town, still striking to the end!

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Dark Mode

Pump Shanty.

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**Pump me boys! Pump her 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 captain's daughter I suppose
Could be called an English Rose
What would you think when I propose?
The pox to me she gave a dose

This rose well did she prick me sore
I 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

Dark Mode

I'm sure the girl is in his pay

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

The ocean we do all adore
So come a lads let's pump some more
Don't worry if your stiff and sore
I'm sure we've pumped this bit before

Sometimes when I am in me bed
And thinking of me day ahead
I wish that I could wake up dead
But pumpin'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

Dark Mode

To pump him until the beggar's dry

If Noah used him for his ark

Now wouldn't that have been a lark

From rising sun till getting dark

The animals all 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 assure we're bound for Davey Jones

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Rambling Rover

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**Oh, there're sober men aplenty
And drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety
That have never yet kissed a girl
But give me a ramblin' rover
Frae Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over
And together we'll face the world**

I've roamed through all the nations
In delight of all creations
And enjoyed a wee sensation
Where the company, it was kind
And when partin' was no pleasure
I've drunk another measure
To the good friends that we treasure

For they always are in our mind

Dark Mode

There's many that feign enjoyment

From merciless employment

Their ambition was this deployment

From the minute they left the school

And they save and scrape and ponder

While the rest go out and squander

See the world and rove and wander

And are happier as a rule

If you're bent wi' arthritis

Your bowels have got Colitis

You've gallopin' bollockitis

And you're thinkin' it's time you died

If you been a man o' action

Though you're lying there in traction

You will get some satisfaction

Thinkin', "Jesus, at least I tried."

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Dark Mode

Randy Dandy O

Dark Mode

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way, hey, roll an' go!

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

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

Chorus:

Heave a pawl, heave away,

Way, hey, roll an' go!

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

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

Man the stout caps'n and heave with a will

Way, hey, roll an' go!

Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way up the hill

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums

Way, hey, roll an' go!

Dark Mode

Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Way, hey, roll an' go!

Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks.

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue

Way, hey, roll an' go!

For we are the bullies that can kick her through.

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

Come breast the bar, bullies, heave her away

Way, hey, roll an' go!

Soon we'll be rolling her 'way down the bay.

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

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

Way, hey, roll an' go!

Dark Mode

Let's get the glad rags up and drive 'er to sea.

To me rollickin' randy dandy O!

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Rattle 'Em Winches

Dark Mode

We're making money with this sound

Rattle 'em winches oh!

And soon we'll all be homeward bound

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Chorus:

Rattle 'em loud an' stamp & go

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Rattle 'em loud an' stamp & go

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Into the hold this gear must go

Rattle 'em winches oh!

'Cos Mr Mate has told us so

Rattle 'em winches oh!

John he is our shanty man

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Always on the old rantan

Dark Mode

Rattle 'em winches oh!

When he was young and in his prime

Rattle 'em winches oh!

He'd have them pretty girls two at a time

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Now he's old and going grey

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Them girls all run away

Rattle 'em winches oh!

He's got a girl in Callao

Rattle 'em winches oh!

He's gonna make her roll and go

Rattle 'em winches oh!

We'll all have a drink in the Lobster Pub

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Dark Mode

The barmaid'll give us some good grub

Rattle 'em winches oh!

Then we'll all have a drink in the dog and duck

Rattle 'em winches oh!

With the pretty girls there we'll have good luck

Rattle 'em winches oh!

One more rattle and then belay

Rattle 'em winches oh!

We've rattled this gear enough today

Rattle 'em winches oh!

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The Rattling Bog

Dark Mode

Chorus:

O ro the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O

A rare bog, a rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-O

And in that bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a rattlin' hole

With the hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O

And in that hole there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattlin' tree

With the tree in the hole and hole in the bog and the bog
down in the valley-O

And on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattlin' limb,

With the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole
in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O

And on that limb there was a branch, a rare branch, a rattlin'
branch,

With the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the
tree in the hole and the hole in the bog and the bog down in
the valley-O

And on that branch there was a twig, a rare twig, a rattlin'
twig,

Dark Mode

With the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and
the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in
the bog and the bog down in the valley-O

And on that twig there was a leaf, a rare leaf, a rattlin' leaf,

With the leaf on the twig and the twig on the branch and the
branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in
the hole and the hole in the bog and the bog down in the
valley-O

And on that leaf there was a nest, a rare nest, a rattlin' nest,

With the nest on the leaf and the leaf on the twig and the twig
on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb on the
tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog and the
bog down in the valley-O

And on that nest there was an egg, a rare egg, a rattlin' egg,

With the egg on the nest and the nest on the leaf and the leaf
on the twig and the twig on the branch and the branch on the
limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the
hoel in the bog and the bog down in the valley-O

And on that egg there was a bird, a rare bird, a rattlin' bird,

With the bird on the egg and the egg on the nest and the nest
on the leaf and the leaf on the twig and the twig on the

branch and the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree
and the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog
down in the valley-O

Dark Mode

And on that bird there was a wing, a rare wing, a rattlin' wing,

With the wing on the bird and the bird on the egg and the egg
on the nest and the nest on the leaf and the leaf on the twig
and the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and
the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in
the bog and the bog down in the valley-O

And on that wing there was a feather, a rare feather, a rattlin'
feather

With the feather on the wing and the wing on the bird and the
bird on the egg and the egg on the nest and the nest on the
leaf and the leaf on the twig and the twig on the branch and
the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree
in the hole and the hole in the bog and the bog down in the
valley-O

And on that feather there was a flea, a rare flea, a rattlin' flea

With the flea on the feather and the feather on the wing and
the wing on the bird and the bird on the egg and the egg on
the nest and the nest on the leaf and the leaf on the twig and
the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb and the

limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the
bog and the bog down in the valley

Dark Mode

And on that flea there was a mite, a rare mite, a rattlin' mite

With the mite on the flea and the flea on the feather and the
feather on the wing and the wing on the bird and the bird on
the egg and the egg on the nest and the nest on the leaf and
the leaf on the twig and the twig on the branch and the
branch on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in
the hole and the hole in the bog and the bog down in the
valley-O

And on that mite there was an amoeba, a rare amoeba, a
rattlin' amoeba

With the amoeba on the mite and the mite on the flea and the
flea on the feather and the feather on the wing and the wing
on the bird and the bird on the egg and the egg on the nest
and the nest on the leaf and the leaf on the twig and the twig
on the branch and the branch on the limb and the limb on the
tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the bog and the
bog down in the valley-O

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The Reluctant Shanty

Dark Mode

Based on stories from refugees who escaped by boat

No sailor am I with no compass no plan
cast out on the ocean for all that I am
It's a chance without choice that has put me to sea
so I'll hold tight to hope 'til the day I am free

**So I'll leave all I know in the search for a home
there's no way of knowing how far I must roam
I'll cling on to courage, I'll fight the wild sea
I'll hold tight to hope 'til the day I am free**

Through storms and through gunfire, we whispered goodbyes
is this where the boat breaks? is this where we die?
There's a light in the dark and it's calling to me:
"Just hold tight to hope 'til the day you are free"

**So I'll leave all I know in the search for a home
there's no way of knowing how far I must roam
I'll cling on to courage, I'll fight the wild sea
I'll hold tight to hope 'til the day I am free**

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Dark Mode

Retirement Song

Dark Mode

I've been roaming all my life and now I've found a lady wife

I'm staying right here!

Oh, I won't go sailing any more, I won't obey the ocean's call

I'm staying right here!

Chorus:

I'll be a man of the land

I'll be a man of the trees

I'll be a man wherever my woman will be

I won't be any captain's mate

I won't be servant of the seas

'Cause this pretty little woman is all I need

At 14 I was cabin boy to fearsome Captain Buckleroy

I'm staying right here!

When I was sick he ordered cat o' nine until I said that I felt
fine

I'm staying right here!

Dark Mode

At 20 I manned our crow's nest and captain said I was the best

I'm staying right here!

But I almost lost my eyes to God just lookin' out for old Cape
Cod

I'm staying right here!

At 25 no man alive could match my skill for gunnin'

I'm staying right here!

But the captain he got drunk one night and broke the blasted
cannon

I'm staying right here!

Captain died at 28 and by then I was his first mate

I'm staying right here!

Oh, they tried to give me his command but I was hungry for
the land

I'm staying right here!

I jumped aboard at Morecambe Bay and made for Bristol
down the way

I'm staying right here!

Dark Mode

Oh, I fell in love when first I saw her, Avon County's finest
daughter

And now she's got me staying right here!

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Rio Grande

Dark Mode

Oh say was you ever in Rio Grande?

Away for Rio

It's there that the river flows down golden sand

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Chorus:

And it's away bullies away

Away for Rio

So fare thee well my Liverpool girls

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Oh Liverpool town its no place for me

Away for Rio

I'll pack up me bags and I'll go off to sea

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way

Away for Rio

Dark Mode

The girls we are leaving can take half our pay

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Now man the good capstan and run her around

Away for Rio

We'll heave up the anchor to this bully's sound

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Oh the anchor is weighed and the sails they are set

Away for Rio

The maidens we're leaving we'll never forget

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue

Away for Rio

You Liverpool Judies its goodbye to you

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Now our ship she's a sailing out over the bar

Away for Rio

Dark Mode

We pointed her bow to the great Southern star

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

We're a deepwater ship with a deepwater crew

Away for Rio

We can stick to the coast but we're damned if we do

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

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River Driver

Dark Mode

I was just the age of sixteen when I first went on the drive

After six months hard labor, at home I did arrive

I courted with a pretty girl, t'was her caused me to roam

Now I'm just 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

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

When I am old and feeble and in my sickness lie

Just wrap me up in a blanket and lay me down to die

Dark Mode

Just get a little bluebird to sing for me alone

For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home

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The Rocky Road to Dub

Dark Mode

Well, in the merry month of May now from me home I started

Left the girls of Tuam nearly broken hearted

Saluted father dear, kissed me darling mother

Drank a pint of beer, me grief and tears to smother

Then off to reap the corn and leave where I was born

Cut a stout blackthorn to banish ghosts and goblins

A brand new pair of brogues to rattle over the bogs

And frighten all the dogs on the rocky road to Dublin

Chorus:

One, two, three four, five

Hunt the Hare and turn her down the rocky road

And all the ways to Dublin, whack follol de dah

In Mullingar that night I rested limbs so weary

Started by daylight next morning light and early

Took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from shrinkin'

Thats the Paddy's cure whene'er he's on for drinkin'

Dark Mode

To hear the lassies smile, laughin' all the while

At me curious style, 'twould set your heart a bubblin'

They asked me was I hired and wages I required

Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity

To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city

Then I took a stroll, all among the quality

Bundle it was stole, well in a neat locality

Something crossed me mind, when I looked behind

No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobblin'

Enquiring after the rogue, said me Connacht brogue

It wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

From there I got away, me spirits never failing

Landed on the quay, just as the ship was sailing

Captain at me roared, said that no room had he

When I jumped aboard, a cabin found for Paddy

Down among the pigs, did some hearty rias

Dark Mode

I played some hearty jigs, the water round me bubbling

When off Holyhead I wished meself was dead

Or better far instead on the rocky road to Dublin

The boys of Liverpool, well when we safely landed

Called meself the fool, I could no longer stand it

Blood began to boil, temper I was losing

Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing

"Hurrah me soul" says I, me shillelagh I let fly

Galway boys were by and saw I was a hobblin'

With a low a' "hurray!" they joined in the affray

Quickly clear the way for the rocky road to Dublin

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Roll Alabama Roll

Dark Mode

When the Alabama's keel was laid

Roll, Alabama, Roll

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

O roll, Alabama, roll

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

Roll, Alabama, Roll

It was laid in the town of Birkenhead

O roll, Alabama, roll

Down Mersey River she sailed then

Roll, Alabama, Roll

Liverpool fitted her with guns and men

O roll, Alabama, roll

Down Mersey way she sailed forth

Roll, Alabama, Roll

To destroy the commerce of the North

Dark Mode

O roll, Alabama, roll

To fight the north Semmes did employ

Roll, Alabama, Roll

Any method to kill and destroy

O roll, Alabama, roll

To Cherbourg harbor she sailed one day

Roll, Alabama, Roll

To collect her share of the prize money

O roll, Alabama, roll

And many a sailor saw his doom

Roll, Alabama, Roll

When the Yankee Kearsage hove into view

O roll, Alabama, roll

A shot from the forward pivot-gun that day

Roll, Alabama, Roll

Took the Alabama's stern away

Dark Mode

O roll, Alabama, roll

Off the three mile limit in sixty-four

Roll, Alabama, Roll

She sank to the bottom of the ocean floor

O roll, Alabama, roll

Outside the three mile limit they fought

Roll, Alabama, Roll

And Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht

O roll, Alabama, roll

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Roll Northumbria

Dark Mode

'Twas late 65 at the old wall sea yard
She was commissioned to haul the black tar
And built the Northumbria there on the bar

Roll, Northumbria, Roll

For when the Egyptians they closed the Red Sea
And call came on high from the powers that be
To 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 empire 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

From the banks of the Mersey to the port of the Halal

Roll, Northumbria, Roll

And fair Princess Anne threw a bottle of wine

And watch as the giants set down in the Tyne

What lay ahead could no mortal divine

Roll, Northumbria, Roll, me boys

Roll, Northumbria, Roll

Chorus

So 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 torch in his hands

Roll, Northumbria, Roll

For atop a wild breaker, the cracks in her frame

Dark Mode

Spilled her black guts all across the wild man

And she limped away through an ocean of flame

Roll, Northumbria, Roll, me boys

Roll, Northumbria, Roll

Chorus

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Roll the Old Chariot

Dark Mode

Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
No a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus:

**And we'll roll the old chariot along,
Yes we'll roll the old chariot along,
Oh we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we'll all hang on behind.**

Oh a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm.

Dark Mode

Oh a night watch below wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh some rum, beer and baccy wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh a night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm.

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Roll the Woodpile Down

Dark Mode

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! O, Rollin the whole world round

That fine gal of mine's on the Georgia line!

And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Oh, what can you do in Tampa bay?

Way down in Florida

But give them pretty girls all your pay

And we'll roll the woodpile down

Them Cardiff girls ain't got no frills

Way down in Florida

They're skinny and tight as catfish gills

Dark Mode

And we'll roll the woodpile down

Oh, why do them pretty girls love me so?

Way down in Florida

Because I don't tell all I know

And we'll roll the woodpile down

When I was a young man in me prime

Way down in Florida

I'd take them pretty gals two at a time

And we'll roll the woodpile down

We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low

Way down in Florida

We'll heave him up and away we'll go

And we'll roll the woodpile down

Oh rouse and bust 'er is the cry

Way down in Florida

A Jack Tar's wage is never high

Dark Mode

And we'll roll the woodpile down

Oh, one more heave and that will do

Way down in Florida

For we're the boys to kick her through

And we'll roll the woodpile down

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The Rollicking Boys Around Tandragee

Dark Mode

via Fourwinds

So here's to the boys who are happy and gay

Singing and dancing and tearing away

Rollicksome, frolicksome, frisky and free

We're the rollicking boys around Tandragee

Bad luck to ye all by's barring the cat

That sits in the corner there smelling a rat

And wheesht your philandering girls and behave

And sparing a moment, I'll chant you a stave

I come from the land where the pritties grow big

And the girls neat and handy dance a fine jig

The boys they would charm your poor hearts for to see

For they're rare and fine fellers 'round Tandragee

No doubt you have heard of Killarney I'm sure

And sweet Innishowen for a drop of the pure

Dublin's the place for the strawberry beds

Dark Mode

Or Donnybrook Fair for the cracking of heads

Have you e'er seen an Irishman dancing paltog

How he faces his partner and turns up his brogue

He shakes at the buckle and bends at the knee

The rare and fine dancers in Tandragee

Now the owl jaunting car is an elegant jolt

And Derry's a place that is famed for a holt

Among the green bushes that grow in Tyrone

And the County Fermanagh for muscle and bone

But for feasting and dancing and fun at the fair

Sure there's no one can match with the Rakes of Kildare

Green Ireland's the country, the gem of the sea

But the gem of owl Ireland is Tandragee

Tell me where is the man, either Christian or Turk

Could equal the bold Robert Emmett or Burke

O where is the lawyer can speak up like Dan

The devil another, bad luck to the one

Dark Mode

And where is the singer can sing like Tom Moore

Whose melodies charm all dull thoughts from your door

But we'll beat them all yet boys, and that you will see

For we're raring fine dancers round Tandragee

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Rolling Down the River

Dark Mode

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.

Rolling up, rolling down

I wondered where they stowed the crew

To go rolling down the river.

Well cargo comes in TEUs.

Rolling up, rolling down

A 20 foot box, boys, filled with booze.

To go rolling down the river.

There's a Tilbury lass called Kettle Jane.

Rolling up, rolling down

Dark Mode

She's on the boil then off again.

And go rolling down the river.

She's got a mate called Teapot Anne.

Rolling up, rolling down

She gets well brewed. She likes a man.

To go rolling down the river.

Tilbury girls go round in pairs,

Rolling up, rolling down

You'll not catch them unawares.

To go rolling down the river.

Well, we're the boys to kick her through.

Rolling up, rolling down

So to hell the cargo and the TEU.

Let's roll on down the river.

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Dark Mode

Rolling Home

Dark Mode

Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to
roam

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus:

Rolling home, when we go rolling home

When we go rolling, rolling

When we go rolling home

The gentry in their fine array, they prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go to plough and sow the corn
The rich they steal the power, but the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow

While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving
snow

Dark Mode

Our dreams fly up to glory of where the lark has flown

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair

The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare

Stand to and stand together, your labours yours alone

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Pass the bottle round and let the toast go free

Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be

Fair wages are now or never, let's reap what we have sown

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

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Rosin the Beau

Dark Mode

I've travelled this wide world over

And now to another I'll go,

For I know that good quarters are waiting

To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

To welcome old Rosin the Beau me boys

To welcome old Rosin the Beau,

For I know that good quarters are waiting

To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter

A voice you will hear from below

Crying, "Send down a hogshead of whisky

To drink to old Rosin the Beau.

To drink to old Rosin the Beau me boys

To drink to old Rosin the Beau,"

Crying, "Send down a hogshead of whisky

To drink to old Rosin the Beau."

Dark Mode

And when I have drunk my last skin

The ladies will want to, I know,

Just lift off the lid of my coffin, take

A last look at Rosin the Beau.

A last look at Rosin the Beau me boys

A last look at Rosin the Beau,

Just lift off the lid of my coffin and take

A last look at Rosin the Beau.

Then get a full dozen stout fellows

And prop them all up in a row,

And drink out of half gallon bottles

To the memory of Rosin the Beau.

To the memory of Rosin the Beau me boys

To the memory of Rosin the Beau,

And drink out of half gallon bottles

To the memory of Rosin the Beau.

Then get a half dozen young fellows

Dark Mode

And let them all stagger and go,

And dig a great hole in the meadow

And in it throw Rosin the Beau.

And in it throw Rosin the Beau me boys

And in it throw Rosin the Beau,

And dig a great hole in the meadow

And in it throw Rosin the Beau.

Then get you a couple of bottles,

Put one at my head and my toe,

With a diamond ring scratch upon them

The name of old Rosin the Beau.

The name of old Rosin the Beau me boys

The name of old Rosin the Beau,

With a diamond ring scratch upon them

The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I feel that great tyrant approaching,

That cruel remorseless old foe,
And I lift up my glass in his honour,
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Dark Mode

A drink with old Rosin the Beau me boys

**A drink with old Rosin the Beau,
And I lift up my glass in his honour,
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.**

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Row Me Bully Boys Row

Dark Mode

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

Row me Bully Boys Row

Chorus:

And it's Row Me Bully Boys

We're in a hurry boys

We got a long way to go

We'll sing and we'll dance and bid Farewell to France

And it's Row me Bully Boys Row

We sailed away in the roughest of water

Row me Bully Boys Row

But now we return in the most royal quarters

Row me Bully Boys Row

See now we feast on pheasants by the flock

Dark Mode

Row me Bully Boys Row

It's a long, long way from the gruel and the stocks

Row me Bully Boys Row

A wee dram of whisky for every man

Row me Bully Boys Row

And a Barrel of Rum for the shanty man

And it's Row me Bully Boys Row

We sailed away in the roughest of water

Row me Bully Boys Row

But now we return and so lock up your daughters

Row me Bully Boys Row

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Rueban Ranzo

Dark Mode

Oh, poor old Rueben Ranzo

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Oh, poor old Rueben Ranzo

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Ranzo was no sailor

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

But he was a New York tailor

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Ranzo was no sailor

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

But he shipped onboard a whaler

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Ranzo was no beauty

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

And he would not do his duty

Dark Mode

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

And they gave him lashes thirty

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Because he was so dirty

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

The captain's daughter Susie

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Begged her dad for mercy

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Well, she gave him wine and water

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

And a bit more than she ought to

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

She gave him rum and brandy

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Which made ol' Ranzo randy

Dark Mode

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

She gave him an education

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

She taught him navigation

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Now Ranzo is a sailor

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

He's a captain of a whaler

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

He's known wherever them whalefish blow

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

As the hardest bastard on the go

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

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Running Down to Cuba

Dark Mode

Running down to Cuba with a load of sugar,

Away, me boys, to Cuba

Make her fly you, lime juice squeezes,

Running down to Cuba.

Chorus:

Away, me boys, to Cuba

Running down to Cuba

The captain he will trim the sails,

Away, me boys, to Cuba

Winging the water over the rails,

Running down to Cuba.

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

Away, me boys, to Cuba

Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.

Running down to Cuba

Dark Mode

She can cook and she can clean,

Away, me boys, to Cuba

She can play the tambourine,

Running down to Cuba

I want a girl can dance Fandango,

Away, me boys, to Cuba

Round as a melon and sweet as a mango,

Running down to Cuba.

Load this sugar and a home-ward go,

Away, me boys, to Cuba

Mister mate, he tells me so,

Running down to Cuba

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Rye Whiskey.

Dark Mode

Chorus:

**I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry
If the hard times don't kill me, I'll lay down and die
Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry
If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die**

I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow
I make myself welcome, wherever I go
Beefsteak when I'm hungry, red booze when I'm dry
Dubloons when I'm hard up and religion when I die

They say I drink whiskey, my money's my own
And them that don't like me, can leave me alone
Sometimes I drink whiskey, sometimes I drink rum
Sometimes I drink brown ale and other times none

Chorus

But if I get boozey, my whiskey's my own

Dark Mode

And them that don't like me, can leave me alone

Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Daniel's I know you of old

You've robbed me poor pockets of silver and gold

Oh whiskey, you villain, you've been my downfall

You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all

If the ocean were whiskey and I was a duck

I'd dive to the bottom and drown to get drunk

Chorus

My foot in a stirrup, her scarf in my hand

I pray thee sweet Lillie, she'll find a good man

Her parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor

Unfit and unworthy to enter her door

Sweet milk when I'm hungry, rye whiskey when dry

If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live 'till I die

I'll buy my own whiskey and make my own stew

And when I get drunk all, it's because of you

Dark Mode

Chorus

I'll drink my own whiskey and finish your wine

Some ten thousand bottles I've killed in my time

I've no wife to quarrel, no babies to bawl

The best way of livin's with no wife at all

On Mullacor Mountain I wander alone

I'm drunk as the devil, oh, leave me alone

You may boast of your wisdom and brag of your blood

We'll both be forgotten in the wake of the flood

Last Chorus:

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry

If things don't get better, I'll lay down and die

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I sigh

If I've run out of rye whiskey I might as well die

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey, rye whiskey I cry

If you don't give me rye whiskey I surely will die...

Dark Mode

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Sailing Over the Dogger Bank

Dark Mode

Sailing over the Dogger Bank, now wasn't it a treat?

The wind a-blowing east nor' east, we had to give her sheet.

You ought to see us rally, the winds a-blowin' free

On a passage from the Dogger Bank to Great Grimsby.

Chorus :

So, Watch her tow her, she's a proper juby-ju,

**Give her sheet and let her rip, we're the boys to kick her
through.**

You ought to see us rally, the winds a-blowin' free

On a passage from the Dogger Bank to Great Grimsby.

Our captain he's a shang-a-roosh, he loves a drop of good ale,

The mate's a roadstone-pratt-inspector, he's been seen in
many a gaol.

The third hand he's a bush ranger, he comes from the African
Isle,

And have a look at our old cook, he's just hoppity wild.

So, watch her twig her, as down the street she came.

Dark Mode

High heels, and painted toes, Jenny is on the game.

Jenny is one of them flash girls, cant she cut a shine?

She can do the double shuffle on the knickerbocker line.

O, We're the boys to make some noise, when we come home
from sea,

We get right drunk and full of beer and have a jubilee.

We get right drunk and full of beer, and roll all over the floor,

And when our rent is all spent, we go to sea for more.

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The Sailor Loves the Bottle

Dark Mode

The mate got drunk and went below,
To take a swig of his bottle-o.

Chorus:

**So early in the morning,
The sailor likes his bottle-o!**

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

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

Tobaccy-o tobaccy-o
The sailor likes his tobaccy-o

A packet of twist, a packet of shag
A plug of hard tobaccy-o.

Dark Mode

A rough-house-o, a rough-house-o,

The sailor likes a rough-house-o.

A tread on me coat, an all hands in,

A bully good rough and tumble-o.

The lassies-o, the lassies-o,

The sailor loves the lassies-o.

A highland lass, a sweet colleen,

A hard-case Liverpool judy-o.

A sing-song-o, a sing-song-o,

The sailor likes a sing-song-o.

A drinking song, a song of love

A song of the seas and shipmates-o

The bottle-o, the bottle-o,

The sailor loves his bottle-o,

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Dark Mode

Sailor Town

Dark Mode

Along the wharves of sailor town a singing whisper goes,
Of the wind among the anchored ships, the wind that gently
blows,
Off a broad brimming water, where the summer day has died,
Like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

Chorus :

**I dreamed a dream in sailor town, a foolish dream and
vain,**

Of ships and men departed, of old times come again,

And an old song in sailor town, an old song to sing,

When shipmate meets with shipmate in the evening.

There's a big China liner gleaming like a gull,
And her lit ports a-flashing along the long gaunt hull,
Of a Blue-Funnel freighter with her derricks dark and still,
And a tall barque a-loading down at the lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town is every kind of thing.

Dark Mode

That the sailors buy there, or the sailors bring,

Shackles for a sea-chest and pink cockatoos,

Aye, and fifty-cent alarm clocks and also dead men's shoes.

You can hear the gulls a-crying, and the cheerful noise,

Of a concertina playing and a singer's voice,

And the wind's song and the tide's song, crooning soft and
low,

The rum old song in sailor town that the seamen know.

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Sailor's Prayer

Dark Mode

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing,
But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner go out whaling,

Chorus:

**Oh lord above, send down a dove with wings as sharp as
razors,**

**To cut the throats of them there blokes what sells bad
beer to sailors!**

Paid off m' 'score' and then ashore, m' money soon was flying,
With Judy Lee upon my knee and in my ear she's lying.

With m' new-found friends, m' money spends, just as fast as
winking,

But when I make to clear the slate the landlord says: "Keep
drinking!".

With m' payoff gone, m' clothes in pawn and Judy set for
leaving,

Six months' of pay's gone in three days but Judy isn't grieving.

Dark Mode

When the crimp comes round I'll take his pound
I'll be shaking,

Tomorrow morn' sail for The Horn just as the dawn is
breaking.

For one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm
swearing,

I'll settle down in my home town, no more I'll go seafaring.

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Sally Brown

Dark Mode

I shipped on board of a Liverpool liner

Chorus:

Way, hey, roll and go.

And we rolled all night and we rolled all day,

For to spend my money along with Sally Brown.

Sally Brown is a nice young lady

She's tall and dark and she's not too shady

Her mother doesn't like no tarry sailor

She wants her to marry a one- legged Captain

Sally wouldn't wed me so I shipped 'cross the water

And now I am a-courting Sally's daughter

I shipped off board a Liverpool liner

Dark Mode

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Sam's Gone Away

Dark Mode

Oh, I wish I was the Cabin Boy on board a man o' war **(Whoo!)**

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Cabin Boy on board a man o' war **(Whoo!)**

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Chorus:

Pretty work brave boys, pretty work I say

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Pretty work brave boys, pretty work I say

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Bosun on board a man o' war **(Whoo!)**

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Bosun on board a man o' war **(Whoo!)**

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Saw Bones on board a man o' war
(Whoo!)

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Dark Mode

Oh, I wish I was the Saw Bones on board a man o' war

(Whoo!)

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Cracker Hash on board a man o' war

(Whoo!)

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Cracker Hash on board a man o' war

(Whoo!)

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Shanty Man on board a man o' war

(Whoo!)

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

Oh, I wish I was the Shanty Man on board a man o' war

(Whoo!)

Sam's gone away, on board a man of war

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Santiana

Dark Mode

Oh, Santiana gained the day

Away Santiana

"Napoleon of the west" they say

Along the plains of Mexico

Chorus :

Well, heave her up and away we'll go

Away Santiana

Heave her up and away we'll go

Along the plains of Mexico

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew

Away Santiana

And an old salty Yank for a captain too

Along the plains of Mexico

Santiana fought for gold

Away Santiana

Dark Mode

Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow

Along the plains of Mexico

'Twas on the field of Molly-Del-Rey

Away Santiana

Well, both his legs got blown away

Along the plains of Mexico

It was a fierce and bitter strife

Away Santiana

The general Taylor took his life

Along the plains of Mexico

Well, heave her up and away we'll go

Away Santiana

Heave her up and away we'll go

Along the plains of Mexico

Santiana, now we mourn

Away Santiana

Dark Mode

We left him buried off Cape Horn

Along the plains of Mexico

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Seven Drunken Night

Dark Mode

As I got home on Monday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door where my old horse should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell
to me"

"Who owns that horse outside the door where my old horse
should be?"

Chorus:

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me

**Well, it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or
more**

But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

And as I got home on Tuesday night as drunk as drunk could
be

I saw a coat behind the door where my old coat should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell
to me"

Dark Mode

"Who owns that coat behind the door where my old coat
should be?"

Chorus:

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's a lovely blanket that me mother sent to me

**Well, it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or
more**

But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before

As I got home on Wednesday night as drunk as drunk could
be

I saw a pipe up on the chair where my old pipe should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell
to me"

"Who owns that pipe up on the chair where my old pipe
should be?"

Chorus:

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

Dark Mode

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's a lovely tin whistle that me mother sent to me

**Well, it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or
more**

But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

As I got home on Thursday night as drunk as drunk could be

I saw two boots beneath the bed where my old boots should
be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell
to me"

"Who owns them boots beneath the bed where my old boots
should be?"

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's two lovely Geranium pots me mother sent to me

**Well, it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or
more**

But laces on Geranium pots sure I never saw before

Dark Mode

As I got home on Friday night as drunk as drunk could be

I saw a head upon the bed where my old head should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell
to me"

"Who owns that head upon the bed where my old head should
be?"

Chorus:

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's a lovely baby that me mother sent to me

**Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or
more**

But whiskers on a baby sure I never saw before

As I got home on Saturday night as drunk as drunk could be

I saw two hands on my wife's breasts where my old hands
should be

Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell
to me"

"Who owns those hands on your old breasts where my old hands should be?"

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's a lovely night gown me mother sent to me

Well, it's many the day I've travelled a hundred miles or more

But fingers on a night gown sure I never saw before

As I got home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a thing in my wife's thing where my old thing should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me"

"Who owns that thing in your old thing where my old thing should be?"

Chorus:

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk

You silly old fool, still you can not see

That's a lovely carrot that me mother sent to me

Dark Mode

**Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred times or
more**

But bollocks on a carrot sure I never saw before

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Shallow Brown

Dark Mode

It's farewell me Juliana

Shallow, o shallow brown

And it's goodbye me Juliana

Shallow, o shallow brown

For I'm bound away to leave you

Shallow, o shallow brown

Yes I'm bound away to leave you

Shallow, o shallow brown

Going to ship on board a whaler

Shallow, o shallow brown

Going to ship on board a whaler

Shallow, o shallow brown

Going to get my clothes in order

Shallow, o shallow brown

For the packet leaves tomorrow

Dark Mode

Shallow, o shallow brown

I'm bound away for St George's

Shallow, o shallow brown

Bound away to far St. George's

Shallow, o shallow brown

For me wife and baby grieve me,

Shallow, o shallow brown

And it breaks my heart to leave thee,

Shallow, o shallow brown

For I love to gaze upon you

Shallow, o shallow brown

And to spend me money on you

Shallow, o shallow brown

For I'm bound away to leave you

Shallow, o shallow brown

But I never will deceive you

Dark Mode

Shallow, o shallow brown

O you are me only treasure

Shallow, o shallow brown

And I love ye still full measure

Shallow, o shallow brown

Fare thee well, my Juliana

Shallow, o shallow brown

And it's goodbye, my Juliana

Shallow, o shallow brown

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Shantyman

Dark Mode

Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear

And away, get away, you shanty man!

Ain't seen a halyard for many's a year

And they got no use for a shanty man

Slick new fittings are all your style

And away, get away, you shanty man!

All very clever, but they just ain't right

And they got no use for a shanty man

Chorus:

Shanty man, oh shanty man!

Who's got a berth for a shanty man?

Sing you a song of a world gone wrong

When they got no use for a shanty man

Levers to pull and buttons to press

And away, get away, you shanty man!

Real-life sailors who need 'em less

Dark Mode

And they got no use for a shanty man

Floating computer dressed as a ship

And away, get away, you shanty man!

Skippered and crewed by a microchip

And they got no use for a shanty man

Chorus

Soon they'll be sailin' by remote control

And away, get away, you shanty man!

That'll be pleasin' for the owner's soul

And they got no use for a shanty man

Send the ships from dock to dock

And away, get away, you shanty man!

While sat upon our arses in an office block

And they got no use for a shanty man

Chorus

Dark Mode

New-fangled gear's no use to you

And away, get away, you shanty man!

When you're off Cape Horn with your faces blue

And they got no use for a shanty man

Then's the time you rue the day

And away, get away, you shanty man!

You sent your shanty man away

And they got no use for a shanty man

A sailor's life it once was hard

And away, get away, you shanty man!

While laid out aloft on a topsail yard

And they got no use for a shanty man

Now it don't matter if the wind blow high

And away, get away, you shanty man!

You can take force ten with your feet still dry

And they got no use for a shanty man

Dark Mode

Chorus

Listen at night that you might hear

And away, get away, you shanty man!

A ghostly sound on a cool night air

And they got no use for a shanty man

Was it a ghost from a distant past

And away, get away, you shanty man!

Or just a breeze in the radar mast?

And they got no use for a shanty man

Chorus

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Shenandoah

Dark Mode

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,

Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Away, you rolling river

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,

Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I saw you,

Away, you rolling river.

But Shenandoah, I'll never grieve you.

Dark Mode

Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,

Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

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Shiney-O

Dark Mode

Captain, Captain, you are a dandy

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Captain, Captain, you love your brandy

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Won't you ferry me over to Dover?

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Won't you ferry me over to Dover?

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Captain, Captain, how deep is the water?

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

It measures one inch, six feet, and a quarter

Dark Mode

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Captain, Captain, I love your daughter

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Captain, Captain, I love your daughter

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Shiney-o is the captain's daughter

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

For her I'm sailing across the water

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Rivers, rivers, rivers are a-rollin'

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

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

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Captain, Captain, you are a dandy

Way-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

Captain, Captain, you love your brandy

Dark Mode

Way-a-a-a-a-ay, shiney-o

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The Shoals of Herring

Dark Mode

With our nets and gear we're faring
On the wild and wasteful ocean.

It's there on the deep that we harvest and reap our bread
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring.

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day,
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was faring
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger,
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

Oh, the work was hard and the hours were long
And the treatment surely took some bearing.
There was little kindness and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

Oh, we fished the Swarte and the Broken Bank;
I was cook and I'd a quarter-sharing.

And I used to sleep standing on my feet

Dark Mode

And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

Oh, we left the homegrounds in the month of June,

And to canny Shields we soon was bearing,

With a hundred cran of the silver darlings

That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman.

You can swear and show a manly bearing.

Take your turn on watch with the other fellows

While you're searching for the shoals of herring.

Oh, I earned my keep and I paid my way,

And I earned the gear that I was wearing,

Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes,

We were sailing after shoals of herring.

Wi' our nets and gear we're faring

On the wild and wasteful ocean.

It's there on the deep that we harvest and reap our bread
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring.

Dark Mode

Night and day the sea we're daring,
Come wind or come winter gale, sweating or cold,
Growing up or growing old or dying,
While we're hunting for the shoals of herring.

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The Shores of Botany Bay

Dark Mode

I'm on me way down to the quay
Where the ship at anchor lays
To command a gang of navvies there
They told me to engage
I thought I'd drop in for a drink before I sailed away
For to take a trip on an immigrant ship
To the shores of Botany Bay

Chorus:

**Farewell to your bricks and mortar
Farewell to your dirty lime
Farewell to your gangway and your gangplank
And to hell with your overtime
For the good ship, ragamuffin
She's lying at the quay
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back
To the shores of Botany Bay**

Dark Mode

The best years of our lives we spent working

Building mighty wharves and piers from earth and ballast
rocks

Our pensions keep our jobs secure

But I won't rue the day

When I'll take a trip on an immigrant ship

To the shores of Botany Bay

The boss came up this morning

And he says, "Well, Pat, you know

That if you don't mix that mortar quick

I'm afraid you'll have to go"

Well, of course he did insult me

So I demanded all me pay

And I told him straight I was going to emigrate

To the shores of Botany Bay

And when I reach Australia

I'll go and search for golds

There's plenty there for digging up

Dark Mode

Or so I have been told

And when I've made me fortune

There'll be no more bricks to lay

I'll take me ease doing what I please

On the shores of Botany Bay

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Sixteen Tons

Dark Mode

Some people say a man is made out of mud

A poor man's made out of muscle and blood

Muscle and blood and skin and bones

A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

Chorus:

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Another day older and deeper in debt

Saint Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't go

I owe my soul to the company store

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine

I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine

I loaded sixteen tons of number 9 coal

And the straw boss said, "Well-a bless my soul!"

I was born one morning, it was drizzlin' rain

Fightin' and trouble are my middle name

Dark Mode

I was raised in the canebrake by an old mama non

Can't no high-toned woman make me walk the line

You load sixteen tons, what do you get?

Another day older and deeper in debt

Saint Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't go

I owe my soul to the company store

If you see me comin' better step aside

A lot of men didn't, a lot of men died

One fist of iron, the other of steel

If the right one don't getcha then the left one will

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The Skye Boat Song (v

Dark Mode

Sir Harold Edward Boulton lyrics

Chorus:

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,

Onward! the sailors cry;

Carry the lad that's born to be king

Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,

Thunderclaps rend the air;

Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,

Follow they will not dare.

Many's the lad, fought in that day

Well the claymore did wield;

When the night came, silently lay

Dead on Culloden's field.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep.

Dark Mode

Ocean's a royal bed.

Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep

Watch by your weary head.

Burned are their homes, exile and death

Scatter the loyal men;

Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath

Charlie will come again.

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The Skye Boat Song (v

Dark Mode

Robert Louis Stevenson lyrics

Chorus :

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,

Say, could that lad be I?

Merry of soul he sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,

Eigg on the starboard bow;

Glory of youth glowed in his soul;

Where is that glory now?

Give me again all that was there,

Give me the sun that shone!

Give me the eyes, give me the soul,

Give me the lad that's gone!

Billow and breeze, islands and seas.

Dark Mode

Mountains of rain and sun,

All that was good, all that was fair,

All that was me is gone.

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Sloop John B

Dark Mode

We come on the sloop John B

My grandfather and me

Around Nassau town we did roam

Drinkin' all night

Got into a fight

Well, I feel so broke up

I wanna go home

Chorus:

So hoist up the John B's sail

See how the mainsail sets

Call for the captain ashore, let me go home

Let me go home

I wanna go home, yeah, yeah

Well, I feel so broke up

I wanna go home

The first mate, he got drunk

Dark Mode

And broke in the captain'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 broke up

I wanna go home

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

Let me go home

Why don't they let me go home?

This is the worst trip I've ever been on

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South Australia

Dark Mode

In South Australia I was born

(To me) Heave away, haul away

In South Australia round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

Chorus:

Haul away you rolling kings

(To me) Heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair

(To me) Heave away, haul away

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

We're bound for South Australia

I shook her up and I shook her down

(To me) Heave away, haul away

Dark Mode

I shook her round and round the town

We're bound for South Australia

There's just one thing that grieves me mind

(To me) Heave away, haul away

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

We're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop around Cape Horn

(To me) Heave away, haul away

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

We're bound for South Australia

Oh, up the coast to Vallipo,

(To me) Heave away, haul away

And northward on to Callao.

We're bound for South Australia

It's back again to Liverpool,

(To me) Heave away, haul away

Dark Mode

I spent me pay like a bloody fool

We're bound for South Australia

I wish I was on Australia's strand

(To me) Heave away, haul away

With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

We're bound for South Australia

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Spanish Ladies

Dark Mode

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain.

For we have received orders for to sail for old England

But we hope in a short time to see you again

Chorus:

We'll 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

So we rounded and sounded; got forty-five fathoms

So we squared our main yard and up channel did steer

The first land we sighted was called the Deadman

Next Ram's Head off Plymouth, off Portland and Wight

Dark Mode

We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness

'til we came abreast of the South Foreland light

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!

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper

And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass

We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy

And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass

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Star of the County Down

Dark Mode

Near Banbridge town in the County Down

One evening last July

Down a bóithrín green came a sweet cailín

And she smiled as she passed me by

She looked so neat from her two bare feet

To the sheen of her nut-brown hair

Such a coaxing elf, I'd to shake myself

To make sure I was standing there

Chorus:

From Bantry Bay to the Derry Quay

And from Galway to Dublin town

No maid I've seen like the sweet cailín

That I met in the County Down

As she onward sped I shook my head

And I gazed with a feeling queer

And I said, says I, to a passerby

Dark Mode

"Who's your one with the nut-brown hair?"

He smiled at me, and with pride says he

"She's the gem of old Ireland's crown

Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann

And the star of the County Down"

She'd a soft brown eye and a look so sly

And a smile like the rose in June

And you held each note from her auburn throat

As she lilted lamenting tunes

At the pattern dance you'd be in a trance

As she skipped through a jig or reel

When her eyes she'd roll as she'd lift your soul

And your heart she would likely steal

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there

And I'll dress my Sunday clothes

With my hat cocked right and my shoes shined bright

For a smile from the nut-brown Rose

Dark Mode

No horse I'll yoke or pipe I smoke

'til the rust in my plough turn brown

And a smiling bride by my own fireside

Sits the star of the County Down

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Streets of London

Dark Mode

via Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man in the closed down market

Kicking up the paper with his worn out shoes

In his eyes you see no pride and held loosely by his side

Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

So how can you tell me you're lonely

And say for you that the sun don't shine

**Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the
streets of London**

I'll show you something to make you change your mind

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London

Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags

She's no time for talking, She just keeps right on walking

Carrying her home in two carrier bags

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven

Same old man sitting there on his own

Dark Mode

Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup

And each tea lasts an hour and he wanders home alone

Have you seen the old man outside the seamen's mission

Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears

And in our winter city the rain cries a little pity

For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care

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Strike the Bell

Dark Mode

Aft on the quarter deck walking about
There is the second mate to steady and so stout.
He is thinking of his sweetheart and he's hoping she is well;
He wish that old second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

**Strike the bell, second mate, let's go below,
Look out to wind'ard you can see it's gonna blow.
Look at the glass you can see that it has fell,
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the
bell.**

For'ard on the foc's'le head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny waiting, ready fer to shout,
" Lights' burnin' bright, sir, and everything is well!"
But he's wishin' that old second mate would strike, strike the
bell.

Down on the main deck, and workin' at the pumps.

Dark Mode

There is the larboard watch ready for their bunks,

Over to wind'ard they see a great swell,

And he's wishin' that old second mate would strike, strike the
bell.

Aft at the wheel poor Anderson stands,

Graspin' the spokes in his frostbitten hands.

Lookin' at the compass and the course is clear as hell

But he's wishin' that old second mate would strike, strike the
bell.

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,

Lookin' to wind'ard with the glasses in his hand.

What he is thinkin' of we know very well,

He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strike, strike the bell.

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Sugar in the Hold

Dark Mode

Well, I wish I was in Mobile Bay

Screwing cotton all the day

But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below

Below, below, below

Uh!

Chorus:

Hey, ho, below, below

Stowing sugar in the hold below

Hey, ho, below, below

Stowing sugar in the hold below

Well the J.M. White, she's a brand new boat

Stern to stem she's mighty fine

Can beat any boat on the New Orleans line

Stowing sugar in the hold below

Uh!

Dark Mode

Well the engineer shouts through his trumpet

"Tell the mate we got bad news"

Can't get no steam for the fire in the flue

Stowing sugar in the hold below

Uh!

Well the captain's on the quarter deck

Scratchin' 'way at his old neck

He shouts out, "Heave the larboard lead!"

Stowing sugar in the hold below

Uh!

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Ten Thousand Miles Away

Dark Mode

My true love she was beautiful

My true love she was fair

Her eyes were like the diamonds bright

And golden was her hair

And golden was her hair, me lads

As the big ship left the bay

She said "Will you remember me ten thousand miles away?"

Chorus:

And sing blow the winds high-o

A-roving I will go

**I'll stay no more on England's shore for to hear the music
play**

For I'm off on the morning train

And I won't be back again

I'm taking a trip on a government ship

Ten thousand miles away

Oh, dark and dismal was the day

Dark Mode

When last I saw my Meg

She'd a government band around each hand

And another one around her leg

And another one around her leg, me lads

As the big ship sailed away

And I said that I'd be true to her ten thousand miles away

Oh, the sun may shine through a London fog

And the river run quite clear

Oh, the ocean's brine would turn to wine

And I'll forget me beer

Oh, I'll forget me beer, me lads

And the landlord's tab I'll pay

Before I'll forget my own dear Meg ten thousand miles away

[Back to top](#)

Three Drunken Huntsmen

Dark Mode

It was three drunken huntsmen and nothing could they find

Until they came to a signpost and that they left behind.

The Englishman said, "Signpost", the Scotsman he said, "Nay!"

My dad said, "Pat it's a plum-pudding tree and the pudding's
has blown away."

Chorus:

Tally ho, hawk away, my boys, away, hawk away

It was three drunken huntsmen and nothing could they find

But a frog in a well, my boys, that they left behind.

"Frog," says the Englishman, the Scotsman he said, "Nay!"

My dad said, "Pat, a canary bird and the feather's has washed
away."

Well all night they hunted and nothing could they find

But a dead man in the road, boys, and him they left behind.

"A man," says the Englishman, the Scotsman he said, "Nay!"

"A monkey," says the Irishman, "and his tail has cut away."

Dark Mode

Well the next day they hunted and nothing could they find

But a ship in full sail and that they left behind.

"Barquentine," says the Englishman, the Scotsman he said,
"Nay!"

My dad said, "Pat it's a washing tub and the clothes hung up to
dry."

Well all that night they hunted and nothing could they find

But an owl in an ivy bush and that they left behind.

"An owl," says the Englishman, the Scotsman he said, "Nay!"

"It's the devil," said the Irishman and they all of 'em run away.

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Three Score and Ten

Dark Mode

Methinks I see some little craft, spreading their sails a-lee,
As down the Humber they do glide, all bound for the Northern
Sea;

Methinks I see on each small craft, a crew with hearts so
brave,
Going down to earn their daily bread upon the restless waves.

Chorus:

And it's three score and ten, boys and men, were lost from
Grimsby town,
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough many hundreds more
were drowned;
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well,
They long defied the bitter night, and battled with the swell.

Methinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind,
Casting their nets into the deep, the herring shoals to find;
Methinks I see them yet again and all on board's all right,

With the sails close reefed and the decks cleared up and the
side lights burning bright.

Dark Mode

Me thinks I've heard the skipper say, "My lads, we'll shorten
sail,

The sky to all appearances is like an approaching gale."

Methinks I see them yet again, and the midnight hour has
passed,

And the little craft was battling there all with the icy blast.

October's night was such a sight, 'twas never seen before,
There were masts and spars and broken yards came drifting in
to shore;

There was many a heart in sorrow, there was many a heart so
brave,

There was many a valiant fisher lad did find a watery grave.

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The Transports Shant

Dark Mode

Sweet ladies of Plymouth we're saying "Goodbye",

Ro-o-oll down.

But we'll rock you and roll you again bye and bye,

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down .

Chorus:

And we will Ro-o-oll down,

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down.

Our anchor's a-weigh and the sails are unfurled,

Ro-o-oll down.

And we're bound for to take her half way round the world,

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down .

In the wide Bay of Biscay the seas will run high,

Ro-o-oll down.

And those poor seasick Transports will wish they could die.

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down .

Dark Mode

When the Cape of Good Hope it is rounded at last,

Ro-o-oll down.

The poor homesick Transports will long for the past.

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down .

And when we arrive off Australia's strand,

Ro-o-oll down.

The poor weary Transports will long for the land.

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down .

And when we set sail for old England's shore,

Ro-o-oll down.

Those poor stranded Transports we'll see then no more.

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down .

Then sweet ladies of Plymouth we'll pay all your rent,

Ro-o-oll down.

And go roving no more 'til our money's all spent

Dark Mode

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down.

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Travelling through the Storm

Dark Mode

via Broomhall, Thompson

Time is a tempest and we are all travellers

We are all travellers, we are all travellers

Time is a tempest and we are all travellers

Travelling through the storm.

Our cities are crowded, our forests are falling

War clouds above, angry voices are calling

Five minutes to midnight, there's no time for stalling

It's time to share our load.

So lift up your voices and sing of the wind and rain

Sing of the wind and rain, sing of the wind and rain

Lift up your voices and sing of the wind and rain

Travelling through the storm.

Time is a Tempest...

They've poisoned the oceans, they've dammed the great rivers

Dark Mode

They've killed all the Jungles, they're takers not givers

They call it progress, well it gives me the shivers

We're in for a winter that's cold

So, brothers and sisters, we'll join hands together

With love in our struggle we'll face the foul weather

And when the sun shines, under blue skies we'll gather

Our Journey will take us home

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Turmut Hoer, The

Dark Mode

I be a turmut hoer, from Wiltshire I do come
My parents they be workin' folks, George Watchstraw be my
name.

'Twas on a jolly summer's morn, the twenty first of May
I took me hoe and away did go, some fourteen miles away.

Chorus:

**For some delights in haymakin', and some they fancies
mowin',**

But of all the work as I like best,

Give I the turmut hoein'.

The vly, the vly, the vly be on me turmut

An' it's all my eye for I to try

For to keep fly off me turmut.

The first place as I went to work, it were for farmer Gower
He vowed and swore and then declared, I were a first class
hoer

The second place I went to work, they paid me by the job

Dark Mode

But if I had known a little afore, I'd sooner be in clo

The last place as I went to work, they sent for I a mowin'

Well I said I'd sooner have the sack than to lose me turmut
hoeing

Now all you jolly farming chaps what bides at home so warm

I'll now conclude me ditty with wishing you no harm

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Twa Bonnie Maids (Isle of

Dark Mode

There are twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens

Come owre the Minch, come owre the main

With the wind for their way and the corry for their hame

They are dearly welcome back to Skye once again

Chorus:

Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song

My ain bonnie maids, my twa bonnie maids

For the night it is dark, the Redcoat is gone

And ye are dearly welcome back to Skye once again

There is Flora, my honey, sae dear, sae bonnie

And ane, that's sae tall, sae handsome and all

Put the one for my king and the other for my queen

They are dearly welcome back to Skye once again

Her arm it is long and her petticoat is strong

My ain bonnie maids, my twa bonnie maids

Dark Mode

The sea moullit's nest I will watch o'er the main

And ye are dearly welcome back to Skye once again

There's a wind in the tree, a ship on the sea

My ain bonnie maids, my twa bonnie maids

Your cradle I'll rock on the lea of the rock

And ye are dearly welcome back to Skye once again

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Twiddles

Dark Mode

Oh, you hear a lot of stories 'bout the sailors and their sport

About how every sailor has a girl in every port

But if you added two and two, you'd figure out right quick

It's just because the girls all have a lad on every ship

Chorus:

And it's twiddle-ee-ai-dee-ai-dee-ai

Twiddle-ee-ai-dee-ei

It's oftentimes a man will leave you broken with dismay

And it's twiddle-ee-ai-dee-ai-dee-ai

Twiddle-ee-ai-dee-ei

**There's other things to twiddle when the men have sailed
away**

Lucky Annie was a lady who'd been pleased by many men

They all would sail away but then they'd come right back again

But if they never sailed her way, she really didn't care

Cause I know that you don't need a man to twiddle under
there

Dark Mode

Saber had her lovers, they came in at every door

You could even say that she was really quite a whore

But when she needs some pleasing, she knows just where to
go

"I grab my good friend Madam Rouge and we go down below"

There was a time when Rouge, she found the sailor men a
bore

Each new one was more tiresome than the one she had before

Now she finds more joy in breeches than she ever did of old

"I'm more fond of their bulges when they're pouches full of
gold"

Why the boys would look at her, it puzzled poor Flint Locke

She would sit and smile and nod and let them brag and talk

But if they tried to touch her, well, she'd put them on the run

"Cause why would I need a lover when I've got myself a gun?"

So next time you're with a lady and she takes you to her bed

Dark Mode

Be sure to please her well, and remember what we've said

For if you do not treat her right, then know that this is true

Us ladies all can have our fun without involving you

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The Two Magicians **Cho**

Dark Mode

She looked out of the window as white as any milk

And he looked in at the window as black as any silk

Chorus:

Hello, hello, hello, hello you coalblack smith

You have done me no harm

You never shall have my maidenhead

That I have kept so long

I'd rather die a maid

Ah, but then she said and be buried all in my grave

Than to have such a nasty, husky, dusky, fussy, musky

Coal blacksmith

A maiden I will die

She became a duck, a duck all on the stream

And he became a water dog and fetched her back again

She became a star, a star all in the night

Dark Mode

And he became a thundercloud and muffled her out of sight

She became a rose, a rose all in the wood

And he became a bumblebee and kissed her where she stood

She became a nun, a nun all dressed in white

And he became a canting priest and prayed for her by night

She became a trout, a trout all in the brook

And he became a feathered fly and caught her with his hook

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the ground

And he became the cold clay and smothered her all around

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Unison in Harmony.

Dark Mode

Soaring skywards, leaping sideways

Do or die words cleave the air

Joy and laughter, mornings after

Raise the rafters, we don't care

If the roof's beyond repair

Raise the rafters, raise the rafters

Raise the rafters, we don't care

If the roof's beyond repair

Sisters, brothers, to all others

Let this be our guiding star

Hearts on fire but no Messiah

Hear the music from afar

What we sing is what we are

Hear the music, hear the music

Hear the music from afar
What we sing is what we are

Dark Mode

Over hills and over valleys
Over mountains, over seas
Nations shouting unto nations
Until nations cease to be
Unison in harmony

Until nations, until nations

Until nations cease to be

Unison in harmony

Until nations, until nations

Until nations cease to be

Unison in harmony

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Wagon Wheel

Dark Mode

via Old Crow Medicine Show

Headin' down south to the land of the pines

I'm thumbin' my way into North Caroline

Starin' up the road and pray to God I see headlights

I made it down the coast in seventeen hours

Pickin' me a bouquet of dogwood flowers

And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

So, rock me mama like a wagon wheel

Rock me mama any way you feel

Hey... mama rock me

Rock me mama like the wind and the rain

Rock me mama like a southbound train

Hey... mama rock me

Runnin' from the cold up in New England

I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band

My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now

Dark Mode

Oh, north country winters keep a-gettin' me down

Lost my money playin' poker, so I had to leave town

But I ain't a-turnin' back to livin' that old life no more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke

I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke

But he's a-headin' west from the Cumberland Gap

To Johnson City, Tennessee

And I gotta get a move on before the sun

I hear my baby callin' my name and I know that she's the only
one

And if I died in Raleigh, at least I will die free

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Wee Pot Stove

Dark Mode

How the Winter blizzards blow, when the Whaling Fleet's at
rest,

Tucked in Leith Harbour's sheltered bay, safely anchored ten
abreast,

The whalers at the station, as from ship to ship they rove,
Carry little bags of coal with them, and a little iron stove.

Chorus:

**In the wee dark engine room, where the chill seeps in your
soul,**

**How we huddled roon' that Wee Pot Stove, that burned
oily rags and coal.**

Fireman Paddy worked wi' me, on the engines stiff and cauld,
A stranger to the truth was he, there's not a lie he hasn't told,
He boasted of his goldmines, and of hearts that he had won,
And his bawdy sense of humour shone, just like a ray of sun.

We laboured seven days a week, with cauld hands and frozen
feet,

Dark Mode

Bitter days and lonely nights, making grog and having fights,
Salt fish and whale meat sausage, fresh penguin eggs a treat,
And we trudged along to work each day, through icy winds
and sleet.

Then one day we saw the sun, and the Factory Ship's return,
Meet your old friends, sing a song, hope the season won't be
long.

Then homeward bound when it's over, and we'll leave this icy
cove,

But I always will remember, that little iron stove.

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The Wellerman

Dark Mode

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

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 **(Hah!)**

Before the boat had hit the water

The whale's tail came up and caught her.

Dark Mode

All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her

When she dived down below **(Hah!)**

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 **(Hah!)**

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 **(Hah!)**

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 **(Hah!)**

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Dark Mode

We're All Good Mates

Dark Mode

**Heave! Ho! Roll and go!
And let's set a course for Barbossa.
It's Friday night, we'll soon be alright,
Singing with our mates at Barbossa.**

We don't care where you're going, we don't care where you've
been,

As long as you bring us a song to sing,
Doctors and lawyers and the working classes,
All sing together and raise their glasses.

**But if you don't know why, I'll tell you sir,
We're all good mates at Barbossa**

So sing us a shanty or a fine folk song,
We'll join in with you, it won't take us long,
A ballad, or a ditty, oh what great fun,
We'll sing it together, we'll sing it as one.

**But if you don't know why, I'll tell you sir,
We're all good mates at Barbossa.**

And here's three cheers for the fine bar staff,
With a welcome smile, a wink and a laugh,
They'll pour you a drink, they'll bring you some grub,

**And the staff at the jolly Barbossa,
They're some of the finest people I know sir.**

Dark Mode

So come be our mates and join us in song,
For this is a place where we all belong,
Set yourself free, rejoice and be jolly,
Together we'll drive away melancholy.
**But if you don't know why, I'll tell you sir,
We're all good mates at Barbossa.**

As the night draws on, we'll sing and be merry,
We'll make new friends, perhaps Lisa or Gerry?
But don't be sad when the clock strikes ten,
We'll be back here in a fortnight again.
**But if you don't know why, I'll tell you sir,
We're all good mates at Barbossa.**

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When Jones' Ale was New

Dark Mode

Now, there were five jolly good fellows came over the hill
together

Came over the hill together for to join in the jovial crew.

Chorus:

And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry

To carry them over the hills so merry,

To carry them over the hills so merry,

**When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was
new.**

Now, the first to come in was a dyer; he sat himself down by
the fire,

He sat himself down by the fire for to join in the jovial crew.

And he sat himself down with a good grace

For the chimney breast was his own place,

And here he could drink and dye his old face,

When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a tinker and he was no small-
beer drinker,

Dark Mode

And he was no small-beer drinker for to join in the jovial crew.

“Hast ye any old pots or pan or kettles?

I mends them with the very best metals

And I'll put all your pots in good fettle.”

When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a hatter and no man could be
fatter,

And no man could be fatter for to join in the jovial crew.

And he placed his hat upon the ground,

Wished everybody'd place in a pound,

And then he'd be able to buy drinks all round,

When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a mason and his hammers need
refacing

And his hammers need refacing for to join in the jovial crew.

And he sat his hammers against the wall,

Wished all the churches and chapels'd fall.

Dark Mode

And then there's be plenty of work for an,

When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

Now, the next to come in was a soldier with a firelock o'er his
shoulder,

And no man could be bolder for to join in the jovial crew.

And the landlady's daughter come in,

And he kissed atween the nose and the chin,

And the pints of beer they came rolling in,

When Jones's ale was new, my boys, when Jones's ale was new.

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Where Am I to Go Me Johnnies

Dark Mode

Where am I to go me Johnnies, where am I to go?

To-me! 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

To-me! way hey hey, high roll and go,

Way up in that t'gallant yard, the gans'l for to stow.

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

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

To-me! way hey hey, high roll and go,

Way up on that t'gallant yard the rabbit for to skin

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

Where am I to go me Johnnies, where am I to go.

To-me! way hey hey, high roll and go,

You're bound away around Cape Horn, that's where you're
bound to go .

Dark Mode

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

You're bound away around cape horn all through the ice an'
snow

To-me! way hey hey, high roll and go,

You're bound away me bully boys, that's where you're bound
to go.

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

You're bound to be a sailorman, when you have served your
time.

To-me! way hey hey, high roll and go,

You're bound to be a sailorman all in the blackball line

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

Where am I to go me Johnnies, where am I to go?

To-me! 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!

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Dark Mode

Whiskey in the Jar

Dark Mode

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Chorus:

Mush-a ring dumb-a do dumb-a da

Whack fall the daddy-o, whack fall the daddy-o

There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy

I went unto my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder

But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water

Dark Mode

Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

'Twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel

Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell

I first produced me pistol for she'd stolen away me rapier

But I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rollin'

And others take delight in the hurling and the bowling

But I take delight in the juice of the barley

And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

If anyone can aid me 'tis my brother in the army

If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney

And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' in Kilkenny

And I'm sure he'll treat me better than me own me sportin'

Jenny

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Dark Mode

Whiskey is the Life of M

Dark Mode

Whiskey is the life of man
Always was since the world began

Chorus:

Whiskey-o, Johnny-o
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o
Up aloft this yard must go
John rise her up from down below

I drinks whiskey when I can
I drinks it from an old tin can

I drinks it hot, I drinks it cold
I drinks it new, I drinks it old

I like whiskey hot and strong
I'll drink whiskey all day long

Dark Mode

Some like whiskey, some like bee

I wish had a barrel here

If whiskey comes to near me nose

Well, its up she comes and down she goes

If whiskey was a river and I was a duck

I'd sink to the bottom and never give a...

Whiskey made me pawn me clothes

Whiskey gave me a broken nose

Whiskey drove me mother mad

Whiskey killed me poor old dad

I thought I heard the old man say

I treats me crew in a decent way

I treats me crew in a decent way

I gives them whiskey everyday

Dark Mode

A glass of whiskey for every man

And a bottle for the shanty man

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Whiskey, You're the De

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Hey, whiskey you're the devil

You're leading me astray

Over hills and mountains

And to Amerikay

You're sweeter, stronger, decenter

You're punkier than tea

Oh, whiskey you're me darling, drunk or sober

Oh, now brave boys, we're on for marchin'

Off to Portugal and Spain

Drums are beating, banners flyin'

The devil at home will come tonight

Love, fare thee well

With me tiddery idle loodle la dem da

Me tiddery idle loodle la dem da

Me right fol tor ra laddy o

There's whiskey in the jar

Dark Mode

Chorus

Oh, whiskey you're me darling, drunk or sober

Said the mother, "Do not wrong me

Don't take me daughter from me

For if you do I will torment you

And after death me ghost will haunt you"

Love, fare thee well

With me tiddery idle loodle la dem da

Me tiddery idle loodle la dem da

Me right fol tor ra laddy o

There's whiskey in the jar

Chorus

Now, the French are fighting boldly

Men are dying hot and coldly

Dark Mode

Give every man his flask of powder

His firelock on his shoulder

Love, fare thee well

With me tiddery idle loodle la dem da

Me tiddery idle loodle la dem da

Me right fol tor ra laddy o

There's whiskey in the jar

Chorus

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White Squall

Dark Mode

Now it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do
But watch the deadly waters glide as we roll north to the 'Soo'
And wonder when they'll turn again and pitch us to the rail
And whirl off one more youngster in the gale

The kid was so damned eager. It was all so big and new
You never had to tell him twice, or find him work to do
And evenings on the mess deck he was always first to sing
And show us pictures of the girl he'd wed in spring

Chorus:

**But I told that kid a hundred times "Don't take the Lakes
for granted**

**They go from calm to a hundred knots so fast they seem
enchanted."**

**But tonight some red-eyed Wiarton girl lies staring at the
wall**

And her lover's gone into a white squall

Now it's a thing that us oldtimers know. In a sultry summer
calm

Dark Mode

There comes a blow from nowhere, and it goes off like a bomb
And a fifteen thousand tonner can be thrown upon her beam
While the gale takes all before it with a scream

The kid was on the hatches, lying staring at the sky
From where I stood I swear I could see tears fall from his eyes
So I hadn't the heart to tell him that he should be on a line
Even on a night so warm and fine

Chorus

When it struck, he sat up with a start; I roared to him, "Get
down!"
But for all that he could hear, I could as well not made a sound
So, I clung there to the stanchions, and I felt my face go pale
As he crawled hand over hand along the rail
I could feel her heeling over with the fury of the blow

I watched the rail go under then, so terrible and slow

Dark Mode

Then, like some great dog she shook herself and roared
upright again

Far overside. I heard him call my name

Chorus

So it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do
But watch the deadly waters glide as we roll north to the 'Soo'
And wonder when they'll turn again and pitch us to the rail
And whirl off one more youngster in the gale

Chorus

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Whup Jamboree

Dark Mode

O, The pilot he looked out ahead
With the hands on the cane heavin' on the lead
And the old man roared to wake the dead

O, Come an' get your oats me son

Chorus:

Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree
O ya long-tailed black mare comin' up behind
Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree
O, Come an' get your oats me son

Oh, now we see the lizzard light
Soon, me boys, we'll heave in sight
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight
O, Come an' get your oats me son

Now when we get to the black wall dock

Those pretty young girls come out in flocks
With short-legged drawers and long-tailed frocks

Dark Mode

O, Come an' get your oats me son

And now the bar-ship is in sight
We are picking on up to the old Rock Light
Gonna get the ol' stick taped tonight

O, come and get your oats me son

Well, then we'll walk down limelight way
And all the girls will spend our pay
We'll not see more 'til another day

O, Come an' get your oats me son

And soon we'll see old Holyhead
No more salt beef, no salt bread
I catch my Jinny and it's off to bed
O, come and get your oats me son

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Dark Mode

Wild Goose Shanty.

Dark Mode

Did you ever see a wild goose sailing o'er the ocean?

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

They're just like them pretty girls when they gets the notion.

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

The

other morning I was walking by the river

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey !

When I saw a young girl walking with her topsails all a-quiver.

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

I said, "Pretty fair maid, and how are you this morning?"

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

She said, "None the better for the seeing of you."

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

Did you ever see a wild goose sailing o'er the ocean?

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

Dark Mode

They're just like them pretty girls when they gets the notion.

Ranzo, Ranzo, way-hey!

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Wild Mountain Thyme

Dark Mode

O the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather

Chorus:

**Will ye go lassie go?
And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather**

Will ye go lassie go?
I will build my love a bower
By yon cool crystal fountain
And round it I will pile
All the wild flowers o' the mountain
I will range through the wilds
And the deep glen sae dreamy

And return wi' their spoils

Tae the bower o' my dearie

Dark Mode

If my true love she'll not come

Then I'll surely find another

To pull wild mountain thyme

All around the bloomin' heather

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The Wild Rover

Dark Mode

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
and I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
but now I'm returning 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 wild rover
no never no more**

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I ask her for credit, she answered me nay
such a custom as yours I can have any day

I brought from me pocket ten sovereigns bright

and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight

Dark Mode

she said: 'I have whiskeys and wines of the best

and the words that you told me were only in jest'

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done

and I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son

and when they've caressed me, as oft times before

I never will play the wild rover no more

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William Taylor

Dark Mode

William Taylor was a brisk young sailor

Full of heart and full of play

Until he did his mind uncover

To a youthful lady gay

Four and twenty British sailors

Met him on the king's highway

As he went for to be married

Pressed he was and sent away

Chorus:

Folleri-de-dom, de-daerai diddero

Folleri-de-dom, domme daerai dae

Folleri-de-dom, de-daerai diddero

Folleri-de-dom, domme daerai dae

Sailor's clothing she put on

And went to a board a man-of-war

Her pretty little fingers long and slender

They were smeared with pitch and tar

Dark Mode

On the ship there was a battle

She amongst the rest did fight

The wind blew off her silver buttons

Her breasts were bared all snowy white

When the captain he did discover

He said, "Fair maid! What brought you here?"

"Sir, I'm seeking William Taylor

Pressed he was by you last year."

"If you rise up in the morning

Early at the break of day

There you'll spy young William Taylor

Walking with his lady gay"

She rose early in the morning

Early at the break o' day

Here she spied young William Taylor

Walking with his lady gay

Dark Mode

She procured a pair of pistols

On the ground where she did stand

There she shot poor William Taylor

And the lady at his right hand

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The Witch of the Westmo

Dark Mode

Pale was the wounded knight, that bore the rowan shield
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries that feasted on the field
Saying "Beck water cold and clear will never clean your wound
There's none but the witch of the Westmoreland can make
thee hale and soond"

So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in the
wind

And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls
behind

And clear was the pale moon when his shadow passed him
by

Below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the
owlet cry

Saying "Why do you ride this way, and wherefore came you
here?"

"I seek the Witch of the Westmorland that dwells by the
winding mere"

And it's weary by the Ullswater and the misty brake fern way

Til throught the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass the winding water
lay

Dark Mode

He said "Lie down, by brindled hound and rest ye, my good
grey hawk

And thee, my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and
walk

But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call
For I fear ere the sun will rise this morn ye will serve me best
of all"

And it's down to the water's brim he's born the rowan shield
And the goldenrod he has cast in to see what the lake might
yield

And wet she rose from the lake, and fast and fleet went she
One half the form of a maiden fair with a jet black mare's body

And loud, long and shrill he blew til his steed was by his side

High overhead the grey hawk flew and swiftly did he ride
Saying "Course well, my brindled hound, and fetch me the jet
black mare

Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk, and bring me the
maiden fair"

Dark Mode

She said "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword. Lay down thy rowan
shield

For I see by the briny blood that flows you've been wounded
in the field"

And she stood in a gown of the velvet blue, bound round with
a silver chain

And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice and three times
round again

And she's bound his wounds with the goldenrod, full fast in
her arms he lay

And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day

She said "Ride with your brindled hound at heel, and your
good grey hawk in hand

There's none can harm the knight who's lain with the Witch of
the Westmorland. "

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The Workers Song

Dark Mode

Oh come on all you workers, who toil night and day
By hand and by brain, to earn your pay
Who for centuries all past, for no more than your bread
Have bled for your countries and counted your dead

Chorus:

**We're the the first ones to starve
We're the first ones to die
the first ones in line for that "pie in the sky"
And we're always the last, when the cream is shared out
For the worker is working when the fat cat's about**

In the factories and mills, the shipyards and mines
We've often been told to keep up with the times
For our skills are not needed, they've streamlined the job
With slide-rule and stopwatch our pride they have robbed

And when the sky darkens, and the prospect is war

Dark Mode

Who's given a gun and then pushed to the fore?

And expected to die for the land of our birth

Though we've never owned one lousy handful of earth

And all of these things the worker has done

From tilling the field to carrying the gun

We've been yoked to the plough since time first began

And always expected to carry the can

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Working Man

Dark Mode

via Rita Macneil

It's a working man I am and I've been down underground

And I swear to God if I ever see the sun

Over any length of time, I can hold it in my mind

I never again will go down underground

At the age of sixteen years, he quarreled with his peers

And he swears there will never be another on

In the dark recess of the mine, where you age before your
time

And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs

At the age of sixty-four, he'll greet you at the door

And he'll gently lead you by the arm

In the dark recess of the mine, he can take you back in time

Tell you of the hardships that were there

No, I never again will go down underground

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Dark Mode

The Worst Old Ship

Dark Mode

The worst old ship that ever did weigh
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day

Chorus :

And we're waitin' for the day

Waitin' for the day

Waitin' for the day

That we get our pay

She was built in Roman time
Held together with bits of twine

The skipper's half drunk and the mate is too
The crew are fourteen men too few

Nothing in the galley, nothing in the hold
But the skipper's turned in with a bag of gold

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak

Hear her poor old timbers creak

Dark Mode

We pumped our way round Lowestoft Ness

When the wind backed round to the west-sou'-west

Through the Cockle to Cromer cliff

Steering like a wagon with a wheel adrift

Into the Humber and up the town

Pump you blighters, pump or drown

Her coal was shot by a Keadby crew

Her bottom was rotten and it went right through

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Yankee John Stormalong

Dark Mode

Liza Lee, she promised me

Yankee John, Stormalong

She promised for to marry to me

Yankee John, Stormalong

When I sailed across the sea

Yankee John, Stormalong

Liza said she'd be true to me

Yankee John, Stormalong

I promised her a golden ring

Yankee John, Stormalong

She promised me that little thing

Yankee John, Stormalong

O Liza Lee she's slighted me

Yankee John, Stormalong

Dark Mode

Now she will not marry me.

Yankee John, Stormalong

Up aloft that yard must go

Yankee John, Stormalong

Mr mate he told us so

Yankee John, Stormalong

I though I heard the old man say

Yankee John, Stormalong

On more pull and then belay

Yankee John, Stormalong

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Yarmouth Town

Dark Mode

In Yarmouth Town there lived a man,
He kept a tavern by the sand.
This landlord had a daughter fair,
A plump little thing with the golden hair.

Chorus:

**Oh, won't you come down,
Won't you come down,
Won't you come down
To Yarmouth town.**

Now to this tavern come 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."

"But," she says, "If you want with me to linger,

I'll tie a bit of string all around my finger.

Dark Mode

As you pass by, just pull on the string,

And I'll come down and I'll let you in."

At closing time the sailor-man,

He went to the tavern by the sand.

And then he went and he pulled on the string,

And she come down and she let him in.

Well, he's never seen such a sight before,

' cause the string around the finger was all she wore.

And when he went and he pulled the old string

She pulled back the blanket and let Jack in.

So, the sailor stayed the whole night through

And early in the morning went back to his crew,

Where then he told them all about that maiden fair,

The plump little thing with the golden hair.

And the story, that soon got around

And the very next night in Yarmouth Town

Dark Mode

There was fifteen sailors pulling on the string

And she come down and she let them all in.

So all young men what ever to Yarmouth do go,

See a plump little girl with her hair hung low,

Well, all you got do is pull the old string,

And she'll come down and she'll let you all in.

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Ye Jacobite's by Name

Dark Mode

Chorus:

Ye Jacobite's by name, lend an ear, lend an ear

Ye Jacobite's by name, lend an ear

Ye Jacobite's by name

Your faults I will proclaim

Your doctrines I maun blame, you will hear, you will hear

Your doctrines I maun blame, you will hear

What is right, what is wrong, by the law, by the law

What is right, and what is wrong, by the law

What is right, what is wrong

The weak arm and the strong

The short sword and the long, for to draw, for to draw

The short sword and the long, for to draw

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar

What makes heroic strife, famed afar

What makes heroic strife

To whet th' assassin's knife

Dark Mode

and haunt a Parent's life, wi' bloody war, wi' bloody war

and haunt a parent's life, wi' bloody war

So let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state

Let your schemes alone, in the state

Let your schemes alone

Adore the rising sun

And leave a man undone to his fate, to his fate

And leave a man undone to his fate

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Yellow Submarine

Dark Mode

In the town where I was born
Lived a man who sailed to sea
And he told us of his life
In the land of submarines

So we sailed on to the sun
Till we found the sea of green
And we lived beneath the waves
In our yellow submarine

Chorus:

***We all live in a yellow submarine
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine
We all live in a yellow submarine
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine***

And our friends are all aboard

Many more of them live next door

And the band begins to play

Bumbumbum bum bum bum bum

Dark Mode

Chorus:

As we live a life of ease

Every one of us (Every one of us)

has all we need (Has all we need)

Sky of blue (Sky of blue)

and sea of green (Sea of green)

In our yellow (In our yellow) submarine (Submarine, ha-ha!)

Chorus x 2

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You Hilo Man

Dark Mode

Heave her up, heave her high come and rock and roll me over,

Away-hey, you hilo man!

Heave her up, heave her high come and rock and roll me over,

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

There's a ship in full sail and she's rolling down the harbour

Away-hey, you hilo man!

There's a ship in full sail and she's rolling down the harbour

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

There's a lass on the dock, don't you wish you could stay with
her?

Away-hey, you hilo man!

There's a lass on the dock, don't you wish you could stay with
her?

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

There'll be Judies by the score when we get to South Australia!

Away-hey, you hilo man!

Dark Mode

There'll be Judies by the score when we get to South Australia!

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

And the Jacks and the Jills they'll be rolling in the clover

Away-hey, you hilo man!

And the Jacks and the Jills they'll be rolling in the clover

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

" Ship your bars, warp her 'round!" I can hear the first mate
bawling

Away-hey, you hilo man!

" Ship your bars, warp her 'round!" I can hear the first mate
bawling

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

And all along the quay I can hear the Judies calling

Away-hey, you hilo man!

And all along the quay I can hear the Judies calling

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

Heave her up, heave her high give her all that you can give her

Dark Mode

Away-hey, you hilo man!

Heave her up, heave her high give her all that you can give her

Awaaay-hey, you hilo man!

This website is based on The Fo'c'sle Songbook (v2) collated by
Graham White, which can be downloaded from the following

[website](#)

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