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A NATION ONCE AGAIN

When Boyhood's fire was in my blood
I read of ancient freemen.
When Greece and Rome who Bravely stood
three hundred men and three men.
And then I prayed I might yet see - our fetters rent in twain.
And Ireland long a province be - A Nation Once Again

CHORUS

**A Nation Once Again,
A Nation Once Again
and Ireland long a province be
a nation once again**

And from that time through wildest woe
that hope has shone a far light.
Nor could love's brightest glow
outshine that solemn starlight.
It seemed to watch above my head
in forum field and fane,
it's angels voice sang 'round my bed - A Nation Once Again

CHORUS

It whispered too that freedom's ark and service high and holy.
Would be profane by feeling dark
for passions vane or lowly.
But freedom comes from God's right hand
and needs a Godly train.
And righteous men must make our land - A Nation Once Again

CHORUS

So as I grew from boy to man - I bent me to that bidding.
My spirit of each selfish plan - and cruel passion ridding
for thus, I hoped one day to aid - oh can such hope be vain?
When my dear country shall be made - A Nation Once Again

CHORUS

A-ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark well what I 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.

I took that fair maid for a walk
Mark well what I say
I took that fair maid for a walk
And we had such a loving talk
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

CHORUS:

I put my arm around her waist
Mark well what I say
I put my arm around her waist
So slim and trim and tightly laced
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

CHORUS:

I took that maid upon my knee
Mark well what I say
I took that maid upon my knee
Said she, "Give over! Let me be!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

CHORUS:

ALABAMA

Sh: When the Ala-bama's keel was laid

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: She was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird-

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: She was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: It was in the town of Birkenhead-

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: Down the Mersey ways she sail-ed then

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: She was Liverpool fitted with guns and men-

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: To the Western isles she sail-ed forth

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: To destroy the commerce of the North-

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: To Cherbourg port she went one day

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: To take a share of prize money-

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: Oh, many a sailor met his doom

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: When the Kearsage she hove in view

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: They shot from the forward pivot that day

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: Shot the Alabama's hull away

Ch: Oh, roll Alabama roll

Sh: Off the three mile limit in '64

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

Sh: The Alabama sank to the ocean floor

Ch: Roll Alabama roll

ALIVE, ALIVE, OH
~ aka: MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,
alive, alive, oh!"

{Chorus}

"Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh,"
Crying "Cockles and mussels,
alive, alive, oh"

She was a fishmonger
But sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheel'd their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels
Alive, alive oh!"

Chorus

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end
of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,
Alive, alive, oh!"

Chorus

ALL FOR ME GROG

**{Chorus} And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,
All gone for beer and tobacco.
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Now, across the western ocean we must wander.**

Where is me hat, me noggy, noggy hat?

All gone for beer and tobacco.

Well the brim is worn out, and the crown is kicked about,
And me hair is looking out for better weather.

(Chorus)

Where is me shirt, me noggy, noggy shirt?

All gone for beer and tobacco.

Well, the sleeves are worn out, and the collar's kicked about,
And me tails is looking out for better weather.

(Chorus)

Where are me boots, me noggy, noggy boots?

All gone for beer and tobacco.

Well, the soles are worn out, and the heels are kicked about,
And me toes is looking out for better weather.

(Chorus)

Where are me pants, me noggy, noggy pants?

All gone for beer and tobacco.

Well, the cuffs are worn out, and the fly is kicked about,
And me arse is looking out for better weather.

(Chorus)

Where ere me wench, me noggy, noggy wench?

All gone for beer and tobacco.

Her riggings all wore out, and her bow's been knocked about
And her stern is looking out for better weather.

(Chorus)

I'm sick and stony broke, and I'm parted from me smoke,
And the sky is looking blacker than the thunder,
And the tavern keeper, too, for I haven't got a sou.
That's the way you're treated when you're out and under.

(Chorus)

I'm sick to me head, and I haven't been to bed,
Since first we come ashore with all me plunder.
I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches,
And, I guess, we'd better push out over yonder.

(Chorus)

AULD LANG SYNE

By Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and to days of auld lang syne?

{CHORUS}

For auld lang syne, my jo,
for auld lang syne,
we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
and gie' a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

(Add'l verses)

We two have run about the braes
and pulled the gowans fine.
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We two have paddled in the burn
from morning sun till dine.
But seas between us braid hae roared
since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

The AULD TRIANGLE

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

**ALL: And the auld 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

**ALL: And the auld 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

**ALL: And the auld triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

Up in the female prison,
there are seventy five women
'Tis among them I wish I did dwell

(ALL 2X)

**Then the auld triangle,
could go jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

AWAY RIO

Traditional - As sung by Captain Jesse Schaffer

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,

Away, Rio.

I'll sing you a song if you'll sing it with me,

And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

[Chorus]

(And it's) **Away, Rio, away, Rio!**

**It's fair ye well my pretty young girls,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!**

We'll man up the capstan and run her around,
We'll haul up the anchor to this jolly old sound.

Chorus

The chain's up and down now the bos'n did say,
Heave up to the hawsepipe the anchor's aweigh.

Chorus

The anchor's aweigh and the sails are all set,
The gals we are leaving we'll never forget.

Chorus

It's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,
And them that are listening - it's goodbye to you

Chorus

We've a jolly good ship and a jolly good crew,
We've a jolly good mate and a good skipper too.

Chorus

Our ship went a-sailing out over the bar,
We've pointed our bow to the great southern stars.

Chorus

BALLAD OF ST. ANNE'S REEL

Aka: St. Anne's Reel ~ David Mallett

**He was stranded in some tiny town
on fair Prince Edward Island
Waiting for a ship to come and find him
A one horse place, a friendly face,
some coffee and a tiny trace
Of fiddlin' in the distance far behind him**

**A dime across the counter then,
a shy hello, a brand new friend
A walk along the street in wintry weather
A yellow light, an open door,
a 'Welcome friend, there's room for more'
And then they're standing there
inside together**

He said...

**'I've heard that tune before somewhere
but I can't remember when
Was it on some other friendly shore,
did I hear it on the wind
Was it written on the sky above,
I think I heard it from someone I love
But I never heard it sound
so sweet since then.**

(OPTIONAL: INSTRUMENTAL VERSE)

**How his feet begin to tap,
a little boy says 'I'll take your hat'
He's caught up in the magic of his smile.**

**Then leaps the heart within him went,
and off across the floor he sent
his clumsy body, graceful as a child**

**'There's magic in the fiddler's arms
and there's magic in this town
There's magic in the dancers' feet
and the way they put them down
Smiling people everywhere,
boots and ribbons and locks of hair
Laughter and old blue suits
and Easter gowns'**

**The sailor's gone, the room is bare,
the old piano's sitting there
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack
Some empty chairs, the wooden floor
that feels the touch of shoes no more
Waiting for the dancers to come back**

**And the fiddle's in the closet
of some daughter of the town
Strings are broke and the bow is gone,
and the case is buttoned down.
But often on December nights,
when the air is cold and the wind is right,
there's a melody
comes passing through this town**

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

A letter of marque came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

{Chorus}

God damn them all!

**I was told we'd cruise the seas
for American gold - we'd fire no guns
Shed no tears...**

**Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.**

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

For twenty brave men all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew

Chorus

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the
staggers and the jags

Chorus

On the King's birthday we put to sea,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus

On the 96th day we sailed again,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders
we made to fight

Chorus

The Yankee lay low down with gold,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope
two whole days

Chorus

Then at length we stood two cables away,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

Chorus

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs

Chorus

So here I lay in my 23rd year,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Chorus

Belemina (*Crisp with calypso beat*)

Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor
Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor

Put the Belemina on the dock

And paint the Belemina black, black, black

Paint the Belemina black, black, black

When she come home she was white.

Oh de Mystry, oh de Mystry, she used to carry whiskey

Oh de Mystry, oh de Mystry, little boat mighty frisky

Put the Mystry on the dock

And paint the Mystry black, black, black

Paint the Mystry black, black, black

When she come home she was white.

Oh de N'agwa, oh de N'agwa, she stuck in Key West harbor

Oh de N'agwa, oh de N'agwa, she carry a funny cargo

Put the N'agwa on the dock

And paint the N'agwa black, black, black

Paint the N'agwa black, black, black

When she come home she was white.

*(*1st two lines quietly)*

Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor

Belemina, Belemina, Belemina in de harbor

Put the Belemina on the dock

And paint the Belemina black, black, black

Paint the Belemina black, black, black

When she come home she was white.

BLACK VELVET BAND

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

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.

Till bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band.

CHORUS

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
Who was selling her trade in the bar.

A watched she pulled from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
On the very first day that I met her,
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

CHORUS

Next morning before judge and jury
For a trial I had to appear
And the judge, he said, "You young fellow...
The case against you is quite clear

And seven long years is your sentence....
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band."

CHORUS

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware of the pretty colleen.

She'll fill you with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know, me lad,
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land

CHORUS

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I'm a Flyin' Fish Sailor just home from Hong Kong - *To me!*

Way Hey Blow the man down

Just give me some whiskey and I'll sing yez a song

Gimme some time to blow the man down

{CHORUS}

**Oh, blow the man down, bullies,
blow the man down! *To me!***

**Way, hey, blow the man down,
Oh, Blow him right over to Liverpool town!**

**Oh, gimme some time
to blow the man down.**

Now as I was a rollin' down Paradise Street-

A fat Irish bobby I chanced for to meet-

Way, Hey, Blow the man down

He sez, you're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair-

And those floppy red seaboots I see that you wear-

Gimme some time to blow the man down

CHORUS

Oh mister, oh mister, you do me great wrong-

I'm a Flyin' Fish Sailor just home from Hong Kong-

Way, Hey, Blow the man down

You've sailed in some packet that flies the Black Ball-

And you've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes and all-

Gimme some time to blow the man down

CHORUS

So I spat in his eye and I stove in his jaw-

Young feller, sez he, you're breaking the law-

Way, Hey, Blow the man down

Well they gave me six months in old Liverpool Town-

For booting' and kicking' and blown' him down-

Gimme some time to blow the man down

CHORUS

So come all you young fellers that follow the sea-

Put your vents on the wind, boys and listen to me-

Way, Hey, Blow the man down

Yes come all you young sailors, mark well what I say-

Steer clear of fat policemen you'll find it'll pay-

Gimme some time to blow the man down

CHORUS – 2 X

BLOW YE WINDS IN THE MORNING

'Tis advertised in Boston,
New York, and Buffalo:
Five hundred brave Americans
a-whalin' for to go.

{Chorus}

Singing Blow ye winds in the morning,

Blow ye winds, high-ho!

Clear away your runnin' gear,

And blow, boys, blow!

They take you to New Bedford,
that famous whaling port,
And give you to some land sharks
to board and fit you out.

Chorus

They tell you of the clipper ships a-going in an' out
And say you'll take five hundred sperm
before you're six months out.

Chorus

Its now we're out to sea, my boys,
the winds come on to blow;
One-half the watch is sick on deck,
the other half below.

Chorus

When our ship is full, my boys,
and we don't give a damn
We'll bend on all our stu'nsals
and sail for Yankeeland.

Chorus

When we get home, our ship made fast,
and we get through our sailing,
A brimming glass around we'll pass
and damn this blubber whaling!

Chorus

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

Oh, Boney was a warrior,

Away-hey-AH!

A warrior, a terrier,

Jean Fran-SWAH!

Oh, Boney fought the Proosh-i-ans, The Oostr-i-ans, the Roosh-i-ans.

Boney marched on Moscow, He lost his army in the snow.

Moscow was a-blazin', He had to turn around again.

Boney went to Elba, And Boney he came back again.

He beat the Prooshians fairly, He beat the English, nearly.

'Twas on the plains of Waterloo, There he got his overthrow.

They took Boney off again, *Board the "Billy Ruffian".

Boney, he was sent away, Away in Saint Helena.

He went to Saint Helena, He wished he'd never been there.

They put poison in his food, It didn't do him any good.

Boney broke his heart and died, Away in Saint Helena.

For Boney was a Corsican, A rortin', snortin' Corsican.

Boney was a general, A randy, dandy general.

Give her them t'gallant sails, It's a weary way to Baltimore.

**Nick-name of HMS Bellerophon, where Napoleon surrendered to the British.*

The BONNIE SHIP THE DIAMOND

The Diamond is a ship, me lads,
for the Davis Straits she's bound,
And the quay it is all garnish-ed with bonnie lassies round.

Captain Thompson gives the order
tae sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, nor darkness dims the sky.

{CHORUS}

**So it's cheer up, my lads!
Let your hearts never fail,
For the bonnie ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishin for the whale!**

Along the quay of Peterhead,
the lassies stand around,
Their shawls all pulled about them
and the salt tears running doon.

Now don't you weep, my bonnie lass,
though you be left behind,
For the rose will bloom on Greenland's ice
before we change our mind.

CHORUS

Here's health tae the Resolution,
likewise the Eliza Swan,
Three cheers tae the Battler of Montrose,
and the Diamond, ship of fame.

We wear the trousers o' the white
and the jackets o' the blue,
When we get back tae Peterhead, we'll ha'e sweethearts enoo.

CHORUS

It will be bricht both day and night
when the Greenland lads come hame,
Wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil, me lads,
and money tae our name.

We'll make the cradles for tae rock
and the blankets for tae tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing "hushabye, my dear!"

CHORUS to fin.

BULLY IN THE ALLEY

SL: (HEY!) - SO HELP ME BOB,
I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

CH: WAY HEY~ I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

SL: SO HELP ME BOB,
I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

CH: BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L

{CHORUS}

SO HELP ME BOB I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

WAY HEY ~ I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

HELP ME BOB I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L

(OH!) SALLY IS THE GAL
THAT I LOVED DEARLY~

OOH - WAY HEY ~ I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

NOW! SALLY IS THE GAL
THAT I SPLICED NEARLY~

BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L

CHORUS

WELL, I'LL LEAVE SAL, AND I'LL BE A SAILOR~

HO! WAY HEY I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY

I'LL LEAVE SAL

AND SHIP ABOARD A WHALER

BULLY DOWN IN SHIN-BONE AAA-L

CHORUS 2X

BUTTER BEANS

American Civil War era tune.

{1st verse & CHORUS}

**Just a bowl of butter beans
Pass the cornbread if you please
I don't want no collard greens
All I want is a bowl of butter beans**

Just a piece of country ham
Pass the butter and the jam
Pass the biscuits if you please
And some more o' them
good ol' butter beans

CHORUS

Red eye gravy is all right
Turnip sandwich a delight
But my children all still scream
For another bowl of butter beans

CHORUS

Some folks think that cornpone's best
Some likes grits more than the rest
But if I was a man of means
I'd just want them good ol' butter beans

CHORUS

When they lay my bones to rest
Place no roses upon my chest
Plant no blooming evergreens
All I want is' a bowl of butter beans

CHORUS

BYE, BYE, ROSEANNA

{CHORUS}

Bye-bye, bye-bye -- bye-bye, bye-bye,

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

Bye-bye, bye-bye -- bye-bye, bye-bye,

I won't be home tomorrow.

A dollar a day's a fisherman's pay

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

It's easy come, easy go they say

I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

The boats are sailing around the bend,

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

All loaded down with fishermen

I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

We're sailing North, across the bay

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

We won't be back for many a day

I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

Oh Roseanne, sweet Roseanne

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

The Packet Rats, they sail again.

And I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

CAPE COD GIRLS

Sh: Cape~ Cod girls don't got no combs

Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!

Sh: Ah well they comb their hair
with codfish bones, an' we're

Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia

{Chorus}

So ~ heave 'er up! My bully bully boys, now,

Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!

**Ah well now heave 'er up
and don't you make a noise**

and we're ~ bound away for Austray~lia

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod boys don't have no a' sleds.

Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!

Sh: They slide down hills on Codfish heads. /// An' we're ~

Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia

Chorus

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod cats don't a' have no tails,

Ch: Haul away! Haul away! - YIP!

Sh: They got blown off by a Nor'east gale. /// An' we're ~

Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia

Chorus

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod dogs don't a' have no bite,

Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!

Sh: They lost it barkin' at the Cape Cod light. /// An' we're

Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia

Chorus

Sh: Ah well Cape Cod ladies don't a' have no ~ f'rills,

Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!

Sh: They're plain an' 'skinny as a Codfish gill. /// An' we're ~

Ch: Bound away for Austray~lia

Final Chorus

Ch: So ~ heave 'er up! My bully bully boys, now,

Ch: Haul away! Haul away! – YIP!

Sh: Ah well now heave 'er up
and don't you make a noise. /// and we're ~

Ch: (slowly) Bound ~ away ~ for ~ Austray~lia

CAPT. KIDD (*The Dying Words of*)

O, my name was Capt. Kidd;
when I sail'd, when I sail'd,

O, my name was Capt. Kidd, when I sail'd;
My name was Capt. Kidd, and God's laws I did forbid,
and so wickedly I did,

when I sail'd, when I sail'd.
so wickedly I did, when I sail'd.

I'd a bible in my hand,
when I sail'd, when I sail'd.

I'd a bible in my hand, when I sail'd;
I'd a bible in my hand, by my father's great command,
but I sunk it in the sand,

when I sail'd, when I sail'd.
I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.

I spy'd three ships of Spain,
as I sail'd, as I sail'd,

I spy'd three ships of Spain, as I sail'd;
I spy'd three ships of Spain, and I fir'd on them a main,
'till most of them were slain,

as I sail'd, as I sail'd.
"Till most of their men were slain, as I sail'd.

O, I murder's William Moore,
as I sail'd, as I sail'd,

O, I murder's William Moore, as I sail'd,
I murder's William Moore, and I left him in his gore,
not many leagues from shore,

as I sail'd, as I sail'd.
Not many leagues from shore, as I sail'd.

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
O. Come All ye young and old... see me die
You're welcome to my gold,
For by it I've lost my soul, And must die.

CROSSING THE BAR

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 or foam,
When that which drew - from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
**Turns again home, Turns again home,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
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 borne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

**2 X When I have crossed the bar,
When I have crossed the bar,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar**

The CRUEL WAR

The cruel war is raging, poor Johnny has to fight,
I long to be with him, from morning till night.

I long to be with him, it grieves my heart so,
Won't you let me go with you?

No, my love no.

Tomorrow is Sunday, and Monday is the day
Your captain calls for you, and you must obey.
Your captain calls for you, it grieves my heart so,
Let me go with you?

No, my love no.

Your waist is too slender, your fingers are too small,
Your cheeks are too rosy - to face the cannon ball.

Your cheeks are too rosy, it grieves my heart so,
Let me go with you?

No, my love no.

I'll tie back my hair, men's clothing I'll put on,
I'll pass as your comrade as we march along.
I'll pass as your comrade, and none will ever know
Please let me go with you,

No, my love, no.

Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny,
I fear you are unkind,
I love you far better than all other mankind.
I love you far better than words can e're express,
Please let me go with you,

Yes, my love, yes.

DANNY BOY

(aka: Londonderry Air)

**Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's 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,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!**

**But when ye come, and all the flowers 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!**

REPEAT 1st Half of Song

fin: **Oh Danny Boy, Oh Danny Boy
I Love You So**

(The Schooner) DENNIS SULLIVAN

(m: The Bigler, w: Paul Kaplan, Sara Pirtle,
Tom Balding, Pete Seeger & several others.)

Come gather 'round good people, a song we'll sing to you.
Of the schooner Denis Sullivan - and how we built her true.
In the city of Milwaukee, way back in eighty-nine
A few hopeful men and women first volunteered their time

{CHORUS}

**Watch 'em, catch 'em, the breezes blow for free.
Like ideas and hopes they flow through you and you,
and you and me.
But if we work together, no matter where we come from
Who knows what kind of miracles
there are still yet to come.**

Frank Steeves was a young lawyer
when he first caught the dream
He heard about Clearwater cleaning up the Hudson stream.
Lady Maryland on the Chesapeake and other far and near
We've got these noble Great Lakes, why can't we do it here?

CHORUS

Skilled workers came from all around
when we sent out the appeal
The city gave us a downtown pier and there we laid the keel
With volunteers both young and old, it was a sight to see
Tourists came and paid cold cash to see them working hard for free

CHORUS

We went to see the Menominee to buy six tall white pine
To make three strong and stately masts to hold the sails and lines
"We're not allowed to sell them! No that we cannot do
But if you're out to save the lakes we'll give all six to you.

CHORUS

But building this great schooner is not without it's costs
To troubles with construction, add: a human life was lost
A full eight years a building, but now it's worth it you'll agree
We're all proud to see the Denis Sullivan - sailing the Inland sea.

CHORUS - 2 X

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***

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
springs 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

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

DONKEY RIDING

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 are black an' blue?
And they waggle their bustles too,
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS

Wuz you ever in Vallipo
Where the gals put on a show?
Waggle an' dance with a roll and go,
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS

Wuz you ever in Mobile Bay,
Screwin' cotton all the day?
A dollar a day is a white man's pay,
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS

Wuz you ever in London town,
Where the gals they do come down?
See the king in a golden crown,
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS

Wuz you ever off Cape Horn,
Where the weather's never warm,
When you wish for the Lord ye'd never bin born?
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS

DOODLE LET ME GO

It's of the merchant's daught-a-ter, way down in Call-A-O

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

And the knocking shop called Madame Ca-ci.

A place where you should go.

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go.

{CHORUS}

Doodle let me me go, me gal, doodle let me go.

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go.

As I was out a-walking, down by the river side,

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

T'was there I saw a yellow girl, a-swimming in the tide,

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

CHORUS

She swung her hips, she tripped her feet, she winked her sassy eye

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

She took me back to Madame Ca-ci, to see how I would lie

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

CHORUS

She took me in, she gave me gin, she laid me on the floor,

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

She stripped me of me pay me boys, and showed me to the door

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

CHORUS

I fell into the street, me boys, without a dime to spare

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

I wore a smile upon my face, that gal she put it there

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

CHORUS

One day I'll make that port again, down in Call-A-O

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

I'll set a course to Madame Ca-ci, and take that gal in tow!

Hoo-rah, me yellow girls, doodle let me go!

CHORUS - 2 X - fin

DREADFUL LIFE

I have sailed across the ocean,
I have rolled upon the sea
And this dreadful life
I'm living is just the life for me

When I was just a young man - I left my family
Set out upon the raging main - to serve Amerikee
But when the fight was over - I found I needed more
I signed on board a packet ship
bound for some distant shore
I have . . .

{Chorus}

**... sailed across the ocean,
I have rolled upon the sea
And this dreadful life I'm living
is just the life for me**

I went down to a native bar -
when we put out to shore
Got drinking ale and whiskey -
till I was good and poor

When I awoke beside me - laid a girl I didn't know
Just proves that heathen whiskey - can lay a sailor low

I have . . . **CHORUS**

It's haul and sail and limey boys,
it's pushing capstan round
It is working pumps and windlass
and praying for the sound

The sound of a bosun' calling - to take us all below
And end the pain of everyday - a sailor's come to know

I have . . . **CHORUS**

As we sailed in the back stream
at the old New London port
I heard the music playing
and the dancing on the wharf
The people there was happy
'cos our ship was comin' in
And friends and their relations
would not go to sea again
I have . . . **CHORUS**

When the mighty ocean tells me
with a piece of broken deck
That life on land's not half as bad
as living through a wreck
So I'll be going home me boys
to the friends I used to know
And hoist a jar to every man
who has the urge to roam
I have . . .

**... sailed across the ocean,
I have rolled upon the sea.
And this dreadful life I USED TO LIVE
is NOT the life for me.**

(FINAL Chorus – TWICE ~ Slow down 2nd time)

DRINKING OF THE WINE

(Words in Parentheses are sung by the SHANTYMAN)

CHORUS:

(Drinkin' of the)

wine, wine, wine.

(Drinkin' of the)

wine, holy wine.

(You ought o' been)

there ten thousand years,

Drinkin' of the wine.

(Drink it brothers) **drink it free,**

(Flows from the) **root of a tender tree.**

(You ought o' been) **there ten thousand years,**

Drinking of the wine.

{CHORUS}

(If my mother) **calls for me,**

(You tell her that) **death has summoned me.**

(You ought o' been) **there ten thousand years,**

Drinking of the wine.

CHORUS:

(If my sister) **calls for me,**

(Tell her to) **meet me at Galilee.**

(You ought o' been) **there ten thousand years,**

Drinking of the wine.

CHORUS

DRUNKEN SAILOR

{CHORUS} Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Early in the mornin'

What do ya do with a drunken sailor?

CHORUS

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Stick him in the scupper with a hosepipe on him

CHORUS

Wake him, shake him, then you'll break him

CHORUS

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter

CHORUS

Have you seen the captain's daughter

CHORUS

That's what you do with a drunken sailor

CHORUS

(There may be additional verses offered)

FALL DOWN BILLY O'SHEA

We all got drunk in Dublin City

Fall down me Billy

We all got drunk, sure, more's the pity

Fall down Billy O'Shea

{Chorus}

Fall down, fall down, Fall down me Billy

We're bound away for Americay,

Fall down Billy O'Shea

We lay ourselves down on Sir Rogerson's Quay

Fall down me Billy

And when we woke up we were out to sea

Fall down Billy O'Shea

We are no sailors Captain Drew

Fall down Billy O'Shea

And quite unhappy to sail with you

Fall down Billy O'Shea

Chorus

The Captain said, "I've a cure for that.

Fall down me Billy

And here for a start is a dose of the cat."

Fall down Billy O'Shea

He sent him up to the topmast yard

Fall down me Billy

When he hit the deck, ugh... He took it hard.

Fall down Billy O'Shea

Chorus

We sewed him up in a canvas sail

Fall down me Billy

And we lowered him gently o'er the rail

Fall down Billy O'Shea

Over the side and down he goes

Fall down me Billy

He's gone to Davy Jones -
with a stitch through his nose

Fall down Billy O'Shea

Chorus

Farewell, farewell, farewell me Billy

I'm bound away for TAMPA BAY,

Farewell Billy O'Shea

FAREWELL SHANTY

Dick Holdstock and Allan MacLeod

It is time to go now

**Haul away your anchor
Haul away your anchor
It's our sailing time**

Get some sail upon her

**Haul away your halyards
Haul away your halyards
It's our sailing time**

Get her on her course now

**Haul away your foresheets
Haul away your foresheets
It's our sailing time**

Waves are surging under

**Haul away down channel
Haul away down channel
On the evening tide**

When my days are over

**Haul away for Heaven
Haul away for Heaven
God be by my side**

Yes it's time to go now

**Haul away your anchor
Haul away your anchor
It's our sailing time**

FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

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.

{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.

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

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 morning
and I'm far far away.

Chorus

I have 3 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

FIDDLER'S GREEN

As I walked by the dockside - one evening so rare
To view the still waters - and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
'Oh take me away boys, - my time is not long'

{Chorus}

Dress me up in me oilskin and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates - I'm taking a trip mates

And I'll see you some day - 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 weather is fair - and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland - is far, far away

Chorus

The skies are always clear - and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board - with a flip 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

Chorus

An' when you're in dock - and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs - and there's lassies there too
Now the girls are all pretty - and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum - hanging from every tree.

Chorus

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

Chorus

FOGGY DEW

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
When armed line 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 in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a 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 hurrying through;
While Brittania's huns with their great big guns
Sailed in through the foggy dew.

O' the night fell black and the rifles' crack
Made "Perfidious Abion" reel
'Mid the leaden rail, 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,
And when morning broke - still the war flag shook
Out its fold 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 the fringe of the great North Sea.
But had they died by Pearse's side
Or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep
where the Fenians sleep
'Neath the shroud of the foggy dew.**

**The bravest fell, and the solemn bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Watertide
In the springing of the year.
And the world did gaze with deep amaze
At those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light
Might shine through the foggy dew.**

**Ah, 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'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when
you fell in the foggy dew.**

FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW

By Patrick Joseph McCall

Lift MacCahir Og your face - brooding o'er the old disgrace
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place,
drove you to the Fern.

Grey said victory was sure soon - the firebrand he'd secure;
Until he met at Glenmalure - with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

{CHORUS}

Curse and swear Lord Kildare
Feagh will do what Feagh will dare
Now FitzWilliam, have a care - Fallen is your star, low.
Up with halberd out with sword
On we'll go for by the Lord
Feagh MacHugh has given the word,
Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imayle.
flashing o'er the English Pale.
See all the children of the Gael - beneath O'Byrne's banners.

Rooster of the fighting stock
would you let a Saxon cock - crow out upon an Irish rock
fly up and teach him manners.

CHORUS

From Tassagart to Clonmore,
there flows a stream of Saxon gore.
Och, great is Rory Oge O'More - sending the loons to Hades.
White is sick and Grey is fled - now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over, dripping red,
to Queen Liza and the ladies.

CHORUS

The GALWAY SHAWL

In Oranmore in the County Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May,
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

{CHORUS}

She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,
No paint or powder, no, none at all.
But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And round her shoulder - was a Galway Shawl.

We kept on walking, she kept on talking,
'Till her father's cottage came into view.
Said she: 'Come in, sir, and meet my father,
And play to please him "The Foggy Dew."

She sat me down beside the fire
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.

CHORUS

I played "The Blackbird"
and "The Stack of Barley",
"Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew"
She sang each note like an Irish linnet.
While the tears flowed from her eyes so blue.

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,
When I hit the road for old Donegal.
She said 'Goodby, sir, - 'she cried and kissed me
But my heart remains with the Galway shawl

CHORUS

GENERAL TAYLOR

General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Oh, General Taylor gained the day

Carry him to his burying ground

{Chorus}

T' me way hey, you Stormy

Walk him along, John, carry him along

T' me way hey, you Stormy

Carry him to his burying ground

Oh I wish I was old Stormy's son

Walk him along, John, carry him along

I'd build a ship ten thousand tons

Carry him to his burying ground

I'd load her down with ale and rum

Walk him along, John, carry him along

And every shellback should have some

Carry him to his burying ground

Oh we dig his grave with a silver spade

Walk him along, John, carry him along

And his shroud of the softest silk is made

Carry him to his burying ground

And we 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

General Taylor's dead and gone

Walk him along, John, carry him along

General Taylor's dead and gone

Carry him to his burying ground

GLENDY BURKE

(Stephen Foster - 1860)

The Glendy Burke is a mighty fast boat
With a mighty fast captain, too
He sits up there on the hurricane roof
And he keeps his eye on the crew.

I can't stay here for they work too hard
I'm bound to leave this town,
I'll take my duds and tote 'em on my back
When the Glendy Burke comes down.

{CHORUS}

**Ho for Lousiana,
I'm bound to leave this town,
I'll take my duds - and tote 'em on my back
When the Glendy Burke comes down.**

The Glendy Burke has a funny old crew
And they sing the boatman's song;
They burn the pitch and the pine knot too
For to shove the boat along.

The smoke goes up and the engine roars
And the wheel goes round and round,
So fare you well for I'll take a little ride,
When the Glendy Burke comes down.

CHORUS

I'll work all night in the wind and storm
I'll work all day in the rain,
'Til I find myself on the levy-dock
in New Orleans again.

They make me mow in the hay-field here
And knock my head with the flail,
I'll go where they work -
with the sugar and the cane
And roll on the cotton bale.

CHORUS

My lady love is as pretty as a pink,
I'll meet her on the way,
I'll take her back to the sunny old south,
And there I'll make her stay.

So don't you fret my honey, dear
Oh don't you fret Miss Brown;
I'll take you back 'fore -- the middle of the week
When the Glendy Burke comes down.

CHORUS

GRACE

By Sean & Frank O'Meara

As we gather in the chapel here - in old Kilmainham Jail
I think about these past few weeks,
oh, will they say we've failed.
From our school days they have told us
we must yearn for liberty.
Yet all I want in this dark place
is to have you here with me.

{CHORUS}

Oh Grace just hold me in your arms
and let this moment linger
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die.
With all my love I place
this wedding ring upon your finger
There won't be time to share our love
for we must say goodbye.

Now I know it's hard for you my love
to ever understand...
The love I bear for these brave men, my love for this dear land.
But when the Pádraic called me to his side...
down in the GPO - I had to leave my own sick bed,
to him I had to go.

CHORUS

Now as dawn is breaking,
my heart is breaking too.
On this May morn as I walk out
my thoughts will be of you
And I'll write some words upon the wall
so everyone will know
I love so much that I could see - his blood upon the rose.

CHORUS

The GREY FUNNEL LINE

(Cyril Tawney – 1959)

Don't mind the rain nor the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it fades away

And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line

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

And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line

There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea
But now that spar is washed ashore
It comes to rest at my true love's door.

And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line

Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for St. Peter's shoes
I'd walk on down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again

And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line

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

And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line

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

And it's one more day - on the grey funnel line

GYPSY ROVER

A gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang - 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

{CHORUS}

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day

Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee

**He whistled and he sang - 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.**

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.

CHORUS

Her father saddled up his fastest steed
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

CHORUS

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee.
And there was music
and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

CHORUS

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

CHORUS

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

(Stephen Foster)

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.

{Chorus}

**'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.

Chorus

There's a pale drooping 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,
Oh hard times come again no more.

Chorus

'Tis a sigh that is wafted - across the troubled wave,
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore.
'Tis a dirge that is murmured - around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

Chorus

tag: Oh, Hard times, come again, no more.

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little boy, so me mother told me.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I did not kiss the girls,
my lips would all grow mouldy.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

{CHORUS} **Way haul away, we'll haul away together.**
Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

King Louis was the king of France before the *revolut-i-on*.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

And then he got his head chopped off, it spoiled his *constitute-i-on*.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

CHORUS

Once I was in Ireland - a 'digging turf and tatties.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

But now I'm on a Limey ship a'hauling on the braces.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

CHORUS

Once I had a Yankee girl - but she was fat and lazy.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

But now I got an Irish girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

CHORUS

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

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Way haul away, we'll haul away together.

Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

HAUL ON THE BOWLINE

(Pronounced Bo-Lin (17th Century))

Haul on the bowline,
homeward we are going

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline,
the packet she's a-rolling

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline,
the Captain is a-growling

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline, so early in the morning

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline, to Bristol we are going

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline, Kitty is my darling

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

Haul on the bowline,
Kitty comes from Liverpool

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

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

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul!

HEILAND LADDIE
(Same tune as Donkey Riding)

Was you ever in Quebec

Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie

Stowing lumber on the deck

My bonnie Heiland laddie

{Chorus}

Hey ho and away we go

Bonnie Laddie, Hieland laddie

Hey ho and away we go

My bonnie Heiland laddie

Were you ever in Call-i-o? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Where the girls are never slow. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

Chorus

Were you ever in Baltimore? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Dancing on that sanded floor. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

Chorus

Were you ever in Mobile Bay? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

Screwing cotton by the day. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

Chorus

Were you ever in Dundee? **Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie**

There some pretty ships you'll see. **My bonnie Heiland laddie**

Chorus 2X

HIGH BARBAREE

There were two lofty ships from - old England came,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

One was the Prince of Luther,
and the other Prince of Wales,

Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

“Aloft there, aloft!” our jolly boatswain cries,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

“Look ahead, look astern, - look aweather and alee,

Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree.”

There’s nought upon the stern, - there’s nought upon the lee,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

But there’s a lofty ship to windward,
and she’s sailing fast and free,

Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

“Oh, hail her, Oh, hail her,” our gallant captain cried,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

“Are you a man-o’-war or a privateer,” said he,

“Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.”

“Oh, I am not a man-o’-war - nor privateer,” said he,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;

“But I’m an honest merchant ship - as you can plainly see

“Cruising down the coast of the High Barbaree.

Now back your topsails and - heave our vessel to;

Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.

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

Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

We'll back up our topsails - and heave our vessel to;
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.
But only in some harbour - and along the side of you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbaree.

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

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

“Oh, quarter, Oh, quarter,” - those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But the quarter that we gave them,
we sunk them in the tide,
Coming down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

With cutlass and gun, - O we fought for hours three;
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.
The ship it was their coffin -
and their grave it was the sea.
A sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbaree.

But O! It was a cruel sight,
and grieved us full sore,
Blow high! Blow low! and so sailed we.
To see them all a-drowning -
as they tried to swim to shore.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbaree.

HOLY GROUND

(aka. 'The Cobh Sea Shanty')

Fare thee well, my own true lover - a thousand times adieu!
For we're going away from the holy ground
And the girls we love so true!
We will sail the salt seas over - and we'll return to shore
To see again the girls we love - and the holy ground once more!

{Chorus}

(shout) Fine girl you are!

You're the girl I do adore!

But still I live in hopes to see - The holy ground once more!

(shout) 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.

Chorus

And now the storm is raging - and we are far from shore
And the good old ship is tossing about
and the rigging is all tore **(shout/echo- ALL TORE)**
And the secret of my life, my love - you're the girl I do adore!
And still I live in hopes to see - the holy ground once more!

Chorus

And now the storm is over - and we are safe and well.
We will go into a public house - and we'll drink and drink like hell!

(shout/echo- LIKE HELL)

We will drink strong ale and porter, we'll make the rafters roar!
And when our money is all spent, we will go to sea once more!

Chorus

HOME FROM THE SEA - Phil Coulter

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 harbor 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}

**AND carry US home, home,
Home from the sea.
Angels of mercy, answer our plea,
And carry us home, home... Home from the sea.
Carry us safely home from the sea.**

As they battled their way
Past the mouth of the bay,
It was blowing like never before.
As they gallantly fought, Every one of them thought
Of loved ones back on the shore.
Then a flicker of light
And they knew they were right.
There she was on the crest of a wave.
She's an old fishing boat
And she's barely afloat.
Please God, there are souls we can save...

{CHORUS}

**AND carry THEM home, home,
Home from the sea.**

**Angels of mercy, answer our plea,
And carry us home, home,
Home from the sea.**

Carry us safely home from the sea.

And back in the town
In a street that runs down
To the sea and the harbor wall,
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}

**AND carry US home, home,
Home from the sea.**

**Angels of mercy, answer our plea,
And carry us home, home,
Home from the sea.**

Carry us safely home from the sea.

Shantyman: Carry us safely home from the sea.

HOME BOYS HOME

Oh, well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad,
a sailin'on the main,
To gain the goodwill
of his captain's good name
He came ashore - one evening for to be,
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me,
for it's:

{Chorus}

Home, boys, home...

Home I'd like to be,

home for a while in the old Country

Where the oak and the ash - and the bonny rowan tree

Are all a growing greener - in the north Country

Well I asked her for a candle - for to light me up to bed,
And likewise for a handkerchief - to tie around me head,
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do,
So then I says to her
now won't you leap in with me too...
and it's ...

Chorus

Well she jumped into bed - making no alarm,
Thinking a young sailor lad - could do to her no harm.
Well I hugged her and I kissed her - the whole night long,
Till she wished the short night - had been nine years long.
and it's...

Chorus

Well early next morning - the sailor lad arose,
And into Mary's apron - threw a handful of gold.
Saying, Take this me dear - for the mischief that I've done,
For tonight I fear I've left you - with a daughter or a son...
and it's ...

Chorus

Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,
With gold in her pocket - and with silver in her purse,
And if it be a boy child - he'll wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging - like his daddy used to do',
and it's ...

Chorus

Oh come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,
And never let a sailor lad - an inch above your knee,
For I trusted one and he beguiled me
He left me with a pair of twins - to dangle on me knee.
and it's ...

{Chorus}

Home, boys, home...
Home I'd like to be,
home for a while in the old Country
Where the oak and the ash
and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a growing greener - in the north Country

tag: **And it's Home, Boys, Home** (*clap clap*)

I DON'T WANT TO BE An 'ERO

Lyrics from Jack Clement 2015

**I don't want to be an 'ero
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around
Piccadilly underground,
Livin' off the earnings of a high born lady**

**I don't want a bayonet in me belly,
I don't want me buttocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England,
in jolly, jolly England,
And roger all me bloomin' life away.
Gor Blimey**

**Call out the Army and the Navy
Call out the rank and file.
Call out the royal Territorials
They face danger with a smile!
Gor' Blimey**

**Call out the members of the old brigade
They'll set England free!
You can call out me mother
Me sister or me brother
But for Cripe's sake don't call me.**

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Me sister or me brother
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The IRISH ROVER

In the year of our lord
eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the Cove Quay of Cork
We were sailing away
with a cargo of bricks
For the grand City Hall in New York

Well we'd an elegant craft,
she was rigged 'fore and aft
And lord how the trade winds drove her
We had twenty-three masts,
and she stood several blasts
And they called her the Irish Rover

Well there was Barney McGee
from the banks of the Lee
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
Well there was Johnny McGurk
who was scared stiff of work
And a chap from Westmeath called Malone

Well there was Slugger O'Toole
who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracy from Dover
And your man Mick McCann,
from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper on the Irish Rover

**We had one million bags
of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of bone
We had three million bales
of old nanny goat's tails
We had four million barrels of stone
Well we had five million hogs,
and six million dogs
And seven million barrels of porter
We had eight million sides
of a blind horse's hides
In the hold of the Irish Rover**

**We had sailed seven years
when the measles broke out
And our ship lost its way in the fog
But the few remaining lives
were reduced down to five
'Twas me-self and the captain's old dog**

**Well then the ship struck a rock;
oh lord, what a shock
We nearly tumbled over
Turned nine times around
and the poor old dog was drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.**

ISN'T IT GRAND, BOYS

Look at the coffin - with golden handles
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

{CHORUS}

**Let's not have a sniffle,
Let's have a bloody good cry
And always remember the longer you live,
The sooner you'll bloody well die**

Look at the preacher,
bloody well sanctified (*or -bloody sanctimonious*)
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

Look at the choir boys, bloody castrati
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

Look at the widow, bloody great female
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

Look at the mourners, bloody great hypocrites
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

Look at the flowers, all bloody wilted
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

Look at the tombstone, bloody great boulder
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

Look at the whiskey, in buckets and bottles
Isn't it grand boys to be bloody well dead?

CHORUS

tag: **And always remember the longer you live,
The sooner you'll bloody well die**

JACKAROE

There was a wealthy merchant,
in London he did dwell
He had a lovely daughter,
the truth to you I'll tell

Oh, the truth to you I'll tell

She had sweethearts a-plenty
and men of high degree
There's none but Jack the sailor,
her true love e'er could be

Oh, her true love e'er could be

Now Jack he's gone a-sailing
with trouble on his mind
To leave his native country
and darling girl behind

Oh, his darling girl behind.

She went into a tailor shop
and dressed in men's array
And stepped aboard a vessel
to convey herself away

Oh, convey herself away.

"Before you step on board, sir,
your name I'd like to know"
She smiled all in her countenance,

"They call me Jackaroe"

Oh, they call me Jackaroe.

"Your waist is light and slender,
your fingers neat and small
Your cheeks too red and rosy
to face the cannonball"

Oh, to face the cannonball.

"I know my waist is slender,
my fingers neat and small
But t'would not make me tremble
to see ten thousand fall"

Oh, to see 10,000 fall.

The war soon being over,
they hunted all around
And among the dead and dying
her darling boy she found

Oh, her darling boy she found.

She picked him up all in her arms
and carried him to town.
And sent for a physician
who quickly healed his wounds

Oh, who quickly healed his wounds.

This couple they got married
so well they did agree
This couple they got married,
so why not you and me

Oh... so why not you and me?

JOHN KANAKA

I thought I heard the old man say

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

Today, today is a holiday

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

{CHORUS} Too lie ay, oh, to lie ay

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

We'll work tomorrow but no work today

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

We'll work tomorrow but no work today

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

CHORUS

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

We're bound away at the break of day

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

CHORUS

We're bound away 'round Cape Horn

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

We wish to God we'd never been born

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

CHORUS

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

Oh haul away and make your pay

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

CHORUS

And we are Liverpool born and bred

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

We're strong in the arm - but we're thick in the head

John Kanaka-naka too lie ay

CHORUS

JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

Never see the likes since I been born
Of a big black sailor with his sea boots on

{Chorus}

Johnny come down to Hilo - A poor old man

Oh Wake her, oh shake her.

Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on.

When Johnny comes down to Hilo - A poor old man.

I love a little gal across the sea
She's a Badian beauty and she says to me

Chorus

Jinni's in the garden pickin' peas
The hair on her head down to her knees

Chorus

My wife she dies in Tennessee
They sent her jawbone back to me

Chorus

I set that jawbone on the fence
I ain't heard nothin' but the jawbone since.

Chorus

So hand me down my riding cane
I'm off to see my sweetheart Jane

Chorus

Of was you ever down in Mobile Bay
Where they screw cotton on a summer's day

Chorus

Did you ever see the old plantation boss
And the long-tailed filly - and the big black hoss?

Chorus

Johnson Girls

This song originally recorded on the Menhaden fishing boat The Boys of Maryport, Florida in July 1940 by Robert Cook and Robert Cornwall. Pulling or 'hardening up' the nets, is done in silence and the verses sung while the fishermen gather a new grip on the net. Sometimes sung with a 2 bar rest between each line.

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

Walk around, honey walk around

(*make a slow drawing up motion - 8 count)

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

Walk around, honey walk around

(*make a slow dropping down motion - 8 count)

They're neat in the waist and have mighty fine legs

Walk around, honey walk around

They're neat in the waist and have mighty fine legs

Walk around, honey walk around

Great big legs and teeny eyency feet

Walk around, honey walk around

Great big legs and teeny eyency feet

Walk around, honey walk around

Beefsteak, beefsteak make a little gravy

Walk around, honey walk around

Your thing my thing make a little baby

Walk around, honey walk around

They got sompum over yonder called jewmaka jam

Walk around, honey walk around

Hot as cayenne pepper, but good, Goddam

Walk around, honey walk around

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

Walk around, honey walk around

Them Johnson girls is mighty fine girls

Walk around, honey walk around

JUG O' PUNCH

As I was sittin' with my jug and spoon
one fine mornin' in the month of June
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch - and the song he sang
was the jug o' punch

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

**A birdie sat in an ivy bunch,
and the song he sang was the jug o' punch.**

What more diversion can a man desire
than be sittin' down by a snug turf fire.

A pretty maid seated on the bench
and on the table a jug o' punch

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

**a pretty maid seated on the bench
and on the table a jug o' punch**

If I get drunk well the money's me own
and them don't like it - they can leave me 'lone
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow
and I'll be welcome where e're I go

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

**I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow
and I'll be welcome where e're I go**

And when I'm dead and laid in my grave
no costly tombstone will I crave.

Just bury me in my native peat
with a jug o' punch at my head and feet

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

Tooriloorilay, Tooriloorily

**just bury me in my native peat
with a jug o' punch at my head and feet**

JUMP ISABEL, GLIDE WATER

(Note: pronounce aunty as 'onty' -- not 'anty')

Jump Isabel, glide water

Ho my aunty ho

Jump Isabel, glide water

Ho my aunty, ho

Where you gwine, I says to her

Ho, my aunty ho

I answers back, I'm gwine to church

Ho, my aunty ho

Well I wash my shirts, I never wrench 'em

Ho, my aunty ho

Well I wash my shirts, I never wrench 'em

Ho, my aunty ho

We jump in the boat and away we go

Ho, my aunty ho

Jump Isabel, slide water

Ho, my aunty ho

Jump Isabel, slide water

Ho, my aunty ho

Jump Isabel and get there quick

Ho, my aunty ho

Jump Isabel, slide water

Ho, my aunty ho

Jump Isabel, and get there quick

Ho, my aunty ho

KEEP HAULING

Sung by Fisherman's Friends Shanties

When love just seems so far away
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
The tide will flood your heart someday
Keep haulin', boys

When your guidin' star's in cloudy skies
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
You'll find your way to the bright sunrise
Keep haulin', boys

{Chorus}

Keep haulin', ho-ohh-ohh
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin', boys

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

Chorus

If you fought so hard and you lost your hold
Keep haulin', keep haulin'
Remember fate rewards the bold
Keep haulin', boys

(2 X - 1st time quietly)

Keep haulin', ho-ohh-ohh
Rouse and raise your voice
Hold your course and don't let go
Keep haulin', boys.

The LAST FAREWELL

Ronald Webster and Roger Whittaker

**There's a ship lies rigged and ready in the harbour
Tomorrow for old England she sails.
Far away from your land of endless sunshine
To my land full of rainy skies and gales.
And I shall be aboard that ship tomorrow
Though my heart is full of tears at this farewell**

{CHORUS}

**For you are beautiful
And I have loved you dearly,
More dearly than the spoken word can tell**

**I heard there's a wicked war a blazing
And the taste of war I know so very well
Even now I see the foreign flag a raising
Their guns on fire as we sail into hell
I have no fear of death; it brings no sorrow
But how bitter will be this last farewell**

CHORUS

**Though death and darkness
gather all about me
And my ship be torn apart upon the seas,
I shall smell again
the fragrance of these islands,
In the heaving waves
that brought me once to thee.
And should I return safe home - again to *Ireland*,
I shall watch the Irish mist
roll through the dell.**

CHORUS - 2 X

The LAST SHANTY

Tom Lewis

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

{CHORUS}

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

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Well they gave us Aldiss lamp - so we could do it right
They gave us a radio, we signaled day and night
We know our codes and cyphers - but what's a semaphore?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore.

CHORUS

Two cans of beer a day - and that's your bleeding lot
Now we get an extra one - because they've stopped the tot.
So we'll put on our civvy clothes - and find a pub ashore
A sailor's still a sailor - just like he was before.

CHORUS - 2 X

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

SHANTYMAN: Oh the times are hard and the wages low

Leave her Johnny, Leave her

I think 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 wind 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**

Tomorrow ye will get your pay--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

There was a ship that put to sea--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

She was not the ship she ought to be--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

Her sticks were bent, and her riggin' old--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

Her canvas patched and green with mold--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

It's rotten beef and weev'ly bread--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

It's pump or drown the old man said--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

The work was hard and the voyage long--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

The seas were high - and the gales were strong--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

We pumped all day and we pumped all night--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

Our pump rods shone just like a light--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

She was like a sieve both fore and aft--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

And now, by God, we've pumped our last--**And it's time for us to leave her**

Chorus

SHANTYMAN: Now I thought I heard the old man say--**Leave her Johnny, Leave her**

Just one more pull, and then belay--**And it's time for us to leave her**

CHORUS to fin.

LEAVIN' OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you, my own true love - I am sailing far away
I am bound for California.
And I know that I'll return some day.

{Chorus}

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

Fare-thee-well, the Prince's Landing Stage,
River Mersey fare-thee-well.
I am bound for California - That's a place I know right well.

I have shipped aboard a Yankee clipper ship,
Davey Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floating shame.

Chorus

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him right well
If a man is a sailor he can get along,
And if not he is surely in hell.

Chorus

Oh the sun is setting in the harbor, love.
And I wish I could remain,
For it will be some long, long time,
Before I see you again.

CHORUS 2 X

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

{CHORUS}

**Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.**

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

CHORUS

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

CHORUS

SHANTYMAN: Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
you may rescue, you may save.

The LIFE OF THE ROVER

Ewen MacColl

The old ways are changing,
you cannot deny,
The day of the traveller is over.
There is nowhere to go - and there is nowhere to buy
Goodbye to the life of the rover.

{CHORUS}

Farewell to the tent and the old caravan
To the tinker, the gypsy, the travelling man,
Farewell to the life of the rover

Farewell to the songs
and the travelling tongue
Farewell to the horse and the bridle.
The buying, the selling, the old fortune telling
The knock on the door and the hawking.

CHORUS

You've got to move fast - to keep up with the times
For these days a man cannot dander.
There's a by-law to say - you must be on your way
And another to say you can't wander

CHORUS

The old ways are passing - and soon they'll be gone
And I lost the old friends of my younger days.
So I'll sing the old songs - when the evenings are long
And I'll drink to the life of the rover

CHORUS: 2X to *fin.*

LOCH LOMOND

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 of Loch Lomond.

{CHORUS}

Oh! Ye'll take the high road,
and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted - In yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where, in purple hue,
The highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

CHORUS

The wee birdies sing,
And the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens,
Nae second spring again,
Though the waeful may cease
frae their greeting.

CHORUS

Lowlands / A Dollar and a Half a Day

Lowlands, lowlands away my John
Lowlands away, I heard him say
My dollar and a half a day

A dollar and a half is a black man's pay
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
I thought I heard the old man say
A dollar and a half a day

Five dollars and a half is a hoosier's pay
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
A dollar and a half is a matlow's pay
A dollar and a half a day

We're bound away for Mobile Bay
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
I've bound away to Mobile Bay
A dollar and a half a day

Were you ever down in Mobile Bay
Lowlands, Lowlands away my John
Screwing cotton by the day
A dollar and a half a day

Oh heave her up and away we'll go
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
Oh heave her up and away we'll go
A dollar and a half a day

I thought I heard my mother say
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
Come home my son, come home from sea
A dollar and a half a day

Lowlands, lowlands away my John
Lowlands away, I heard him say
My dollar and a half a day

Hoosier: a person from Indiana

Matlow: referring to a British sailor

The Mermaid

It was Friday morn when we set sail
And we were not far from the land.
When our captain, He spied a mermaid so fair,
With a comb and a glass in her hand

{Chorus} And the ocean's waves they roar, "THEY ROAR"
and the stormy winds they blow "THEY BLOW"
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below
While the landlubbers lie down below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a fine spoken captain was he, sayin'
This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

Chorus

Then up spoke the First Mate of our gallant ship
And fine sailing man was he
Sayin' I've got a wife in St. Pete town
And tonight boys, a widow she will be.

Chorus

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship
And dirty little brat was she,
Sayin', I've got friends in Tampa town
And they don't care a flying flip for me.

Chorus

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship
And a crazy old butcher was he
I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

Chorus

Then three times around spun our gallant ship
And three times around spun she
The Curse Of The Mermaid Sunk our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

Chorus:

tag: **While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below**
While the landlubbers lie down below

Michael Row the Boat Ashore

Michael row the boat ashore -- Hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore -- Hallelujah

Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah
Sister help to trim the sails, Hallelujah

{CHORUS}

Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah
Michael row the boat ashore, Hallelujah

Jordan's river is deep and wide, Hallelujah
I've got a home on the other side, Hallelujah

CHORUS

The trumpets sound the jubilee, Hallelujah
The trumpets sound for you and me, Hallelujah

CHORUS

Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah
Michael's boat is a music boat, Hallelujah

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, Hallelujah
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah

CHORUS / 2X

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

(Devised 1938 Sir Hugh Robertson)

{1st verse & CHORUS}

**Heel yer hull boys - Let her go boys
Bring her head round into the wea~ther.
Heel your hull boys - Let her go boys
Sailin' homeward - To Mingulay**

What care we how white the minch is
What care we for the wind a'weather.
Bring her 'round boys for every inch is,
Wearin' homeward to Mingulay.

Chorus

Wives are waitin' on the pierhead
Lookin' seaward from the heather.
Bring her 'round boys then we'll anchor
'Er the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus

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

Chorus

Far behind us, the hills of Quillin',
Soon before us - the hills of hea~ther.
And you know boys, the candles glow boys,
In the windows of Mingulay.

Chorus

When the wind is wild with shouting,
And the waves mount ever higher,
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward,
To see us home safe to Mingulay.

Chorus

(SHANTYMAN) Sailin' homeward ~ To Mingulay.

MOONSHINER

{Chorus & 1st Verse} I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm a long way from home
And if you don't like me, then leave me alone
I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry
If the moonshine don't kill me,
I'll live 'til I die

I've been a moonshiner for many a year
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
I'll go to some hollow to set up my still
And I'll make you a gallon for a two dollar bill

Chorus

I'll go to some hollow in this coun-ter-ie
Ten gallons of wash, I can go on a spree
No woman to follow, and the world is all mine.
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

Chorus

Moonshine, dear moonshine,
oh how I love thee
You killed my poor father,
but dare you try me
Bless all moonshiners
and bless all moonshine
Its breath smells as sweet
as the dew on the vine

Chorus

tag: And if the moonshine don't kill me
I'll live til' I die.

My Green Valleys

The seagulls are calling, and the wind is in the sails,
And she's fast moving out the sea;
On a ship bound for St. John's -
three thousand miles away,
A human cargo - my comrades and me.

{CHORUS}

**Farewell my green valley,
God keep you the same,
If in only my mind you'll be;
I'm sailing dark water to far America,
Never more my green valley to see.**

It hurts me to think of the things I left behind,
And the famine has blackened our land;
And to look now for something that I might never find,
Is a problem that now is at hand.

CHORUS

There's a fever a-raging,
and the wind has died away,
And the journey can no longer be;
And the plague is a shadow that lingers night and day,
For more thoughts of green valleys I'll see.

CHORUS 2X

SHANTYMAN: *Never more my green valley to see.*

NANCY WHISKEY

aka: Calton Weaver

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver,
I am a rash and a roving blade.

I've got silver in my pouches
and I'll then follow the roving trade

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

As I come in by Glasgow City,
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell
So I gave in, sat down beside her,
seven long years I loved her well

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
The more I loved her, the more she smiled
And I forgot my mother's teaching,
Nancy soon had me beguiled

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

I woke up early in the mornin', to slake my thirst it was my need.
I tried to rise, but was not able,
for Nancy had me by the heid

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

I'll gang' back to the Calton weavin',
I surely make the shuttles fly
For I'll make more at the Calton weavin',
than ever I did in the rovin' trade

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,
and all ye weavers, where e'er you be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey,
she'll ruin you as she ruined me

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy Whiskey --

Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy-O

NEW YORK GIRLS
(Can't You Dance the Polka)

As I walked out on South Street, a fair maid I did meet
Who asked me please, to see her home,
she lived on Bleeker Street.

I said "My dear young lady, I'm a stranger here in town
I left my ship just yesterday, from Liverpool was bound

{CHORUS}

Then away you Santy, my dear Annie

Oh, you New York girls,

Can't you dance the polka

I took her out to Tiffany's. Spared her no expense.
I bought her two gold earrings, they cost me fifteen cents.

She said "Come with me, dearie, I'll stand you to a treat
I'll buy you rum and brandy, dear, and tab-nabs for to eat."

CHORUS

And when we reached the barroom, boys,
the drinks was handed round
That liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round.

When the-drinking it was over, we straight to bed did go
And little did I ever think she'd prove my overthrow

CHORUS

When I came to next morning, I had an aching head
And there was I, Jack-all-alone, stark naked on the bed.

I looked all around the room, but nothing could I see
But a lady's shift and apron which now belonged to me

CHORUS

Everything was silent, the hour was eight o'clock
I put my shirt and apron on and headed for the dock.

My shipmates seein' me come aboard,
these words to me did say
"Well well, old chap, you've lost your cap
since last you went away."

CHORUS

"Is this the new spring fashion the ladies wear ashore?
Where is the shop that sells it?
Have they got any more?"

The Old Man cried, "Why Jack, my boy,
I'm sure I could have found...
a better suit than that, by far,
to buy for eighty pounds."

CHORUS

So come all you bully sailormen,
take warning when ashore.
Or else you'll meet some charming girl
who will lay you on the floor.

Your hard-earned cash will disappear,
your rig and boots as well.
For Yankee girls are tougher
than the other side of hell.

CHORUS 2x

OLD MAUI

Stan Rogers

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife...

We whalersmen undergo.

And we don't give a damn when the gale is done...

How hard the winds did blow.

For we're homeward bound... from the Arctic ground

With a good ship, taut and free...

And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum

With the girls of Old Maui...

{Chorus}

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys...

Rolling down to Old Maui ~

We're homeward bound - from the Arctic ground ...

Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a favourable gale ...

Through the ice and wind and rain.

Them native maids, them tropical glades, ...

We soon shall see again.

Six hellish months have passed away ...

On the cold Kamchatka Sea,

But now we're bound from the Arctic ground

Rolling down to Old Maui.

Chorus

Once more we sail with a northerly gale ...

Towards our island home.

Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done ...

And we ain't go far to roam.

Our stuns'l booms is carried away ...
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us, ...
Thank God we're homeward bound.

(Chorus)

How soft the breeze through the island trees
Now the ice is far astern.
Them native maids, them tropical glades ...
Is a-waiting our return.

Even now their big brown eyes look out ...
Hoping some fine day to see.
Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales ...
Rolling down to old Maui.

Chorus

And now we're anchored in the bay ...
With the Kanakas all around.
With chants and soft aloha~oes ...
They greet us homeward bound.

And now ashore we'll have good fun ...
We'll paint them beaches red.
Awaking in the arms of a wahine ...
With a big fat aching head.

Chorus 2X

Paddy Doyle's Boots

~ Short Drag, for "bunting" a sail when furling.

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his BOOTS!**

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!
We'll all drink brandy and GIN!**

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!
We'll all shave under the CHIN!**

**To me, way - ay - ay - yah!
We'll all throw dirt at the COOK!**

***Sing through twice**

***fin:* To me, way - ay - ay - yah!
We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his BOOTS!**

PADDY LAY BACK

'Twas a cold and dreary morning in December
All of me money it was spent
Where it went to, lord, I can't remember
So down to the shipping office I went

{CHORUS}

Paddy Lay Back (*Paddy Lay Back*)

Take up the slack (*Take Up the Slack*)

Take a turn around the capstan

heave a pawl (*Heave A Pawl*)

About ships station boys be handy (*Be Handy*)

We're bound for Valipariso 'round the horn.

That day there was a great demand for sailors
For colonies, for Frisco and for France
So I shipped aboard that Limey barque the Hotspur
And got paralytic drunk on my advance

CHORUS

Now I joined her on a cold December morning
A-frappin o' me flippers to keep me warm
With the South cone a-hoisted as a warnin'
To stand by the comin of a storm

CHORUS

Now some of our fellers had been drinkin'
And I me-self was heave on the booze
An' I was on my old sea chest a' thinkin'
I'd turn into me bunk and have a snooze

CHORUS

Twas on the quarter deck that I first saw 'em
Such an ugly bunch I never seen before
For there was a bum and stiff from every quarter
An' it made me poor old heart feel sick and sore

CHORUS

There was Spaniards' Dutchmen and Rooshians
An' Johnny Crappos just across from France
And most of them could speak no word of English
But answered to the name of month's advance.

CHORUS

tag: **About ships station boys be handy**
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the horn.

PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

1850's Railroad / Roud 208

In eighteen hundred and forty-one,
My corduroy britches I put on,
My corduroy britches I put on
To work upon the railway, the railway,
I'm weary of the railway—
poor Paddy works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
From Hartlepool I moved to Crewe
And found m'self a job to do
Working on the railway

{CHORUS}

**I was wearing corduroy britches,
digging ditches.
Pulling switches, dodging hitches,
I was working on the railway.**

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I broke my shovel across my knee
And went to work for the company
Of the Leeds and Selby Railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on the Liverpool shore;
My belly was empty, my hands were sore
From working on the railway, the railway,
**I'm weary of the railway—
poor Paddy works on the railway.**

Chorus

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Dan O'Connell, he was alive;
Dan O'Connell he was alive
And working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed my trade from carrying bricks,
I changed my trade from carrying bricks
To working on the railway.

Chorus

When I left Ireland to come here
To spend my latter days in cheer
The bosses they all drank strong beer
While Paddy worked on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking
of going to heaven.
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to heaven
To work upon the railway, the railway,
I'm weary of the railway—
poor Paddy works on the railway.

Chorus

The PARTING GLASS

Of a' the money that e'er I had, I spent it in good company.
And a' the harm I've ever done,
alas it was to none but me.

And a' I've done for want of wit,
to mem'ry now I can't recall;
So fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all

{CHORUS}

[So] **Fill to me the parting glass,
And drink a health - whate'er befalls
And gently rise and softly call,
Good night 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
That sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall'd
So fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be to you all

CHORUS

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
They're sorry for my going away.
And all my sweethearts that e'er I had,
They'd wish me one more day to stay.

But since it fell unto my lot,
That I should rise and you should not,
I gently rise and softly call,
Good night and joy be with you all

CHORUS

Good night and joy be with you all.

PEGGY GORDON

{1st VERSE & CHORUS}

Oh, Peggy Gordon, you are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
Come tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee

I'm so in love, I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
It's not for you to let the world know it
A troubled mind can know no rest

I did put my head - to a cask of brandy
It was my fancy I do declare
For when I'm drinking I am thinking
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here

CHORUS

I wish I was - away in Ingo
Far across the briny sea
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean
Where love nor care ever bother me

I wish I was - in some lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
Where the pretty small birds
Do change their voices
And ev'ry moment a diff'rent sound

CHORUS

PORTLAND TOWN

(Packet Rats version = Tampa Town)

{1st VERSE & CHORUS}

I see the light across the bay,

I see the light not far away;

And I hear the music all around,

I'm gettin' closer to Tampa town.

So, Mother, won't you make my bed,

I see Egmont's light ahead;

I see the light, I'm comin' 'round,

I'm comin' home to Tampa town.

Some years ago, out on my own,

I set a course for parts unknown;

Leaving behind both friend and foe,

Needing to find what I've come to know.

I watched the islands fade away,

And bid farewell to Tampa Bay;

Oh, it's been years and years since then,

My heart has brought me home again.

CHORUS

Of all the places I did go, she's still the fairest port I know;

She works the sea and tills the farms,

And holds her children in her arms.

No place could know a prouder past,

Here comes that future full at last;

Here comes that beacon across the sky,

And when I hold my head up high....

CHORUS

(fin.) ***I see the light, I'm comin' 'round,
I'm coming home to Tampa town!***

RED RED ROSE

By Robert Burns

My Love is like a red red rose
That's newly sprung in June.
Oh my love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair thou art my bonnie lass
so deep in love am I,
and I will love thee still my dear
Till all the seas gone dry.

Till all the seas gone dry my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun.
And I will Love thee still my love
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well my only love
and fare thee well a while.
And I will come again my love
Though 't'were ten thousand miles.

REUBEN RANZO

Long Drag Halyard Shanty

Now Pity Reuben Ranzo

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

Poor old Reuben Ranzo

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

Ranzo was no sailor

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

But he shipped aboard a Whaler

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

He was so bleedin' dirty

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

That they gave him five and thirty

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

The Skipper's daughter Suzy

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

She begged her dad for mercy

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

She gave him wine and water

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

And a little more than she ought to

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

She taught him navigation

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

For to fit him to his station

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

Now He's got his First Mates Papers

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

And he's a terror to the sailors

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

He's known wherever them whale fish blow

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

And he's the hardest bastard on the go

Ranzo, Me boys, Ranzo

ROLL ON MANATEE

© 1986, words and music by Jim Ballew

Roll on, roll on, manatee
Take my soul with you out to sea
You can see them near the shore - They keep our rivers clean
Guardian of our waters - This creature so serene
Along the shallow shorelines - onto to the crystal springs
They surely must be numbered - Among our precious things
ooooh, ooh, oohh

Spanish soldiers in the sun - Roll on, manatee
Life and death flow on as one - Roll on, manatee

They were here before Menendez - Built old St. Augustine
And Long before the Indian Nations reigned supreme

Sailors thought them mermaids
As they watched them nurse their young
We must preserve this creature, Their song is almost sung
ooooh, ooh, oohh

I'm standing in the failing light - Roll on, manatee
Watching they're nocturnal flight - Roll on, manatee

You can see them near the shore - only grasses do they glean
They're Guardians of our waters - This mammal so serene

Protect our estuaries
Help save the manatee
And Like the sacred mangroves
We'll hand in hand - walk to the sea

Roll on, roll on, Roll on

ROLL THE AULD CHARIOT

(Additional verses may be sung)

{1st VERSE & CHORUS}

We're gonna roll the old chariot along,

We'll roll the old chariot along

We'll roll the old chariot along

And we'll all hang on behind.

A drop of Nelson's blood...
wouldn't do us any harm

CHORUS

A pint of Guinness stout...

CHORUS

A plate of oyster stew....

CHORUS

An able bodied seaman...

CHORUS

Some company in me hammock...

CHORUS

A night on the shore...

CHORUS

Some silver in me pocket...

CHORUS

Singin' at... *(wherever we are singing)*

CHORUS - 2 X

ROLL THE WOODPILE DOWN

Way down south where the cocks do crow

Way down in Florida

The gals all play the old banjo

And we'll roll the woodpile down

{CHORUS}

Rollin' (*rollin'*) - rollin' (*rollin'*)

rollin' the whole world round.

That brown gal of mine - down the Georgia line

And we'll roll the woodpile down.

When I was a young man in my prime

Way down in Florida

I'd clench them yellow girls two at a time

And we'll roll the woodpile down

CHORUS

Well roll 'em high and we'll roll 'em low

Way down in Florida

We'll heave 'em up and away we'll go

And we'll roll the woodpile down

CHORUS

It's rouse or bust her is the cry

Way down in Florida

A black man's wage is never high

And we'll roll the woodpile down

CHORUS

One more heave and that'll do

Way down in Florida

For we're the bullies to kick her through

And we'll roll the woodpile down

CHORUS

ROLLING HOME TO CALEDONIA

The song has its roots in a poem by Scots poet & songwriter, Charles Mackay. His journal says it was written "on board the Europa, homeward bound on 26 May 1858".

Call all hands to man the capstan - See the cable running clear
Heave away then with a will boys - To our homeland we will steer

{CHORUS}

**Rolling home ... Rolling home ...
Rolling home across the sea
Rolling home to Caledonia
Rolling home dear land to thee**

Round Cape Horn one frosty morning - And our sails were full of snow
Clear your sheets and sway your halyards -Swing her out and let her go

Chorus

Up aloft among the rigging - blows a wild and rushing gale
Like a monsoon in the springtime - filling out each well-known sail

Chorus

And the girl you loved so dearly, She'll be constant, kind and true.
As you press her to your bosom, all your fondest vows renew

Chorus

Liverpool's lovely daughters, we have bid a fond adieu
And we'll ne'er forget the hours, that we fondly spent with you

Chorus

Onward eastward, ever eastward - To the rising of the sun
Homeward ever, ever homeward - To the land where I was born

Chorus

Twice five thousand miles behind us
Twice five thousand miles before
Now we're passing the old lighthouse
leading for the city's shore

[Chorus] 2 X

RUN THE RIGGIN' AGAIN Aka: **FAIR MAID**

When I was a fair maid about seventeen
I listed in the Navy for to serve the queen.

I listed in the Navy - a sailor lad to stand
For to hear the cannons rattle - and the music so grand.

The music so grand, the music so grand

For to hear the cannons rattle

and the music so grand

The officer that listed me - was a tall and handsome man
He said You'll make a sailor - so come along my man.

My waist been tall and slender - my fingers long and thin

And the very soon they learned me

I soon exceeded them.

I soon exceeded them, I soon exceeded them

And the very soon they learned me

I soon exceeded them

They sent me to my bed - they sent me to my bunk
To lie with a sailor - I never was afraid.

But taking off me bluecoat shirt - often made me smile
For to think I was a sailor - and a maiden all the while.

A maiden all the while, a maiden all the while

For to think I was a maiden

and a sailor all the while

They sent me up to London
for to guard the tower
And I thought I might be there - til' my very dying hour.

But a lady fell in love with me
I told her I was a maid
She went up to the captain - and my secret she betrayed.

My secret she betrayed, my secret she betrayed

**She went up to the captain
and my secret she betrayed**

The captain he came up to me -
and asked if this was so
I dare not, I dare not - I dare not say no.

It's a pity we should lose you -
such a sailor lad you made
It's a pity we should lose you -
such a handsome young maid.

**Such a handsome young maid
such a handsome young maid
It's a pity we should lose you
such a handsome young maid**

So fare thee well my captain
you've been so kind to me
And likewise my shipmates
I'm sorry to part with thee.
But if ever the Navy needs a lad,
a sailor I'll remain...

I'll put on me cap and feathers
and I'll run the rigging again.
**I'll run the rigging again,
I'll run the rigging again
I'll put on me cap and feathers
and I'll run the rigging again**

SANTIANNA (*Lady Pirate version*)

The Navy would never have a lass like me

Away, Santianna

So I went in search of piracy

All along the coast of Mexico

{CHORUS}

So heave her up and away we'll go

Away, Santianna.

Heave her up and away we'll go

All along the coast of Mexico.

And now we sail the Southern Seas

Away, Santianna

And we'll have those lads - down on their knees

All along the coast of Mexico.

CHORUS

In Mexico I want to be - **Away, Santianna**

With a cask of rum on a drinkin' spree

All along the coast of Mexico.

CHORUS

When I was a young lass in my prime - **Away, Santianna**

I had them sailor lads two at a time

All along the coast of Mexico.

CHORUS

But I'd never leave the sea to settle down - **Away, Santianna**

When I can have a man in every town

All along the coast of Mexico.

CHORUS

The times is hard and the riches low - **Away Santianna**

But we pirate lasses must "row and yo"

All along the coast of Mexico.

CHORUS

SANTY ANNO

Traditional Folk song-Lomax Collection 1935

Lyrics as sung by the Kingston Trio

We're sailin' 'cross the river from Liverpool

Heave away, Santy Anno

Around Cape Horn to 'Frisco Bay

'Way out in Californio

{CHORUS}

So, heave her up and away we'll go

Heave away, Santy Anno

Heave her up and away we'll go

'Way out in Californio

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

Heave away, Santy Anno

Plenty of gold, so I've been told

'Way out in Californio

CHORUS

Well, back in the days of forty-nine

Heave away, Santy Anno

Back in the days of the good old times

'Way out in Californio

CHORUS ~ 2 X

SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

By Cliff Hanley Copyright: 1951

Hark when the night is falling
Hear! hear the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling - Down thro' the glen.
There where the hills are sleeping,
Now feel the blood a-leaping,
High as the spirits - of the old Highland men.

{Chorus}

**Towering in gallant fame,
Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud standard gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavour,
Land of the shining rivers,
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the brave.**

High in the misty Highlands,
Out by the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat - beneath Scottish skies.
Wild are the winds to meet you,
Staunch are the friends that greet you,
Kind as the love that shines - from fair maidens' eyes.

Chorus

Far off in sunlit places - Sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain.
Where tropic skies are beaming,
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,
Longing and dreaming - for the homeland again.

Chorus

SHALLOW BROWN

Originally a West Indian pumping shanty.

I am bound away to leave ya

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

I am bound away to leave ya

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

Master gonna sell me

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

Sell me to a yankee.

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

Sell me for a dollar

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

A bright and shiny dollar.

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

Fair thee well my Julianna

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

I'm shipped aboard a whaler

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

I'm shipped aboard a whaler

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

Sail away - St. Georges

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

Bound away to leave ya

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

I am bound away to leave ya

Shallow, O Shallow Brown

SHENANDOAH

First appeared in 1876 with notes that it had been heard as early as 1850.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,

Way hey, you rolling river.

Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Ah-ha, we're bound away

'cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Way hey, you rolling river.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Ah-ha, we're bound away

'cross the wide Missouri

Missouri she's a mighty river...

Way hey, you rolling river.

When she rolls down, her topsails shiver...

Ah-ha, we're bound away

'cross the wide Missouri

Seven years, I courted Sally...

Way hey, you rolling river.

Seven more, I longed to have her...

Ah-ha, we're bound away

'cross the wide Missouri

Farewell, my dear, I'm bound to leave you...

Way hey, you rolling river.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you...

Ah-ha, we're bound away

'cross the wide Missouri

REPEAT 1st Verse

The SHOALS OF HERRING

Ewan MacColl & Luke Kelly

With our nets and gear we're fa-arin'
On the wild and wa-asteful o-o-cean
It's there, on the deep,
that we harvest and reap our bread
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herrin'

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was fa-arin'
As a cabin boy on a sailin' lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herrin'

Oh, the work was hard - and the hours were long
And the treatment sure - it took some bea-arin'
There was little kindness - and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herrin'

Oh, we fished the Swarte - and the Broken Bank
I was cook and I'd a quarter-sha-arin'
And I used to sleep - standin' on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herrin'

We left the Home grounds - in the month of June
And to Canny Shields we soon was bea-arin'
With a hundred cran of the silver darlin's
That we'd taken from the shoals of herrin'

You're net rope man now - always on all about sea-fa-arin'
That's your education - scraps of navigation
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herrin'

Now you're up on deck; you're a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bea-arin'
Take your turn on watch with the other fellas
While you're searchin'
for the shoals of herrin'

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're da-arin'
From the Dover Straits
to the Faroe Islands
As you're followin' the shoals of herrin'

Well I earned me keep and I paid me way
And I earned the gear that I was wea-arin'
Sailed a million miles,
caught ten million fishes
We were sailin' after shoals of herrin'

Night and day the seas we're da-arin'
Come wind or calm or winter gale
Sweatin' or cold, growin' up,
growin' old - or dyin'
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herrin'

Neither men nor ships we're sparin'
As we waste the wild crop of the ocean
Sowin' no seed in the sea
for tomorrow's need
We may see no more the shoals of herrin'

SHOVE IT OVER

Procured by Zora Neale Hurston near Lakeland, FL / about 1933

When I get in Illinois
I'm gonna spread the news
about the Florida Boys

{CHORUS}

Shove it over, hey, hey, hey

Oh catch a line there.

Ahh, shaka, laka, laka, laka,

laka, laka, UMMPF!

Can't 'cha move it,

hey, hey hey

Oh can't cha' try

Any mo whiskers and he won't shave
Any mo body lice and he won't bathe

CHORUS

Oh the roosters chew tobacco, the hen's dippin' snuff
The biddy can't do it - but he struts his stuff

CHORUS

Here come a woman - walking down the field
Her mouth exhaustin' like a automobile

CHORUS

The captain got a pistol - He try to be bad
But I'm gonna take it - if he make me mad

CHORUS

SKYE BOAT SONG

{1st verse / 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.

CHORUS

Many's the lad, fought on that day
Well the claymore did wield;
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

CHORUS

Though the waves leap,
soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Watch by your weary head.

CHORUS

Burned are their homes - exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

CHORUS

SLOOP JOHN B. aka: John B Sails

**English poet Richard Le Gallienne transcribed the lyrics while living in the Bahamas, later publishing them in his 1917 novel Pieces of Eight.*

**Lee Hays of The Weavers adapted this old folk tune from the Bahamas from a version in poet Carl Sandburg's 1927 songbook The American Songbag.*

**We come on the Sloop John B,
my grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we did roam.
Drinking all night, got into a fight.,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.**

{CHORUS}

**So hoist up the John B's sails,
see how the main sail set,
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home.
Let me go home, I want to go home,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.**

**Well the first mate, he got drunk,
and broke in the captain's trunk,
Constable come aboard, take him away.
Sheriff John Stone, won't you leave me alone.
I feel so break up, I want to go home.**

CHORUS

**Well the poor cook he got fits,
threw away all the grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home, I want to go home,
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.**

CHORUS: 2x to fin.

SOME SAY THE DEVIL IS DEAD

{CHORUS}

Some say the devil is dead,
the devil is dead, the devil is dead,
Some say the devil is dead and buried in Killarney.
More say he rose again - more say he rose again,
more say he rose again - and joined the British army.

Feed the pigs and milk the cow,
milk the cow, milk the cow,
Feed the pigs and milk the cow - so early in the morning.

Tuck your leg up, Paddy, dear.
Paddy, dear, I'm over here!
Tuck your leg up, Paddy dear - It's time to stop your yawning.

CHORUS

Katie, she is tall and thin - tall and thin, tall and thin.
Katie, she is tall and thin - She likes a drop of brandy.
Drinks it in the bed at night - drinks it in the bed at night,
drinks it in the bed at night - it makes her nice and randy.

CHORUS

My man is six foot tall - six foot tall, six foot tall,
My man is six foot tall - he likes his sugar candy.
Goes to bed at six o'clock - goes to bed at six o'clock,
goes to bed at six o'clock - he's lazy, fat and dandy.

CHORUS

My wife, she has a hairy thing - a hairy thing, a hairy thing.
My wife, she has a hairy thing - she showed it to me Sunday.
She bought it in the furrier shop - bought it in the furrier shop,
bought it in the furrier shop - it's going back on Monday.

CHORUS

SONNY'S DREAM

By Ron Hynes

Sonny lives on a farm on a wide open space
Kick off your shoes son, stay out of the race
lay down your head by the soft river bed
Sonny still can remember the words his Mama said

{CHORUS}

**Oh, Sonny don't go away, I am here all alone.
Your daddy's the sailor - never comes home
The nights get so long, and the silence goes on
And I'm feeling so tired, I'm not all that strong**

Sonny works on the land - though he's barely a man
not much to do, he does just what he can
Sits by the window in his room by the stairs
watches the waves gently wash on the pier

CHORUS

And it's a hundred miles to town, Sonny's never been there.
And he goes to the highway - and stands there and stares.
And the mail comes at four - and the mailman is old,
Oh, but he still dreams his dreams - full of silver and gold.

CHORUS

Sonny's dreams can't be real, they're just stories he's read.
They're just stars in his eyes, they're just dreams in his head.
And he's hungry inside - for the wide world outside.
And I know I can't hold him - though I've tried and I've tried.

CHORUS

Many years have passed on - Sonny's old and alone
His daddy the sailor never came home.
Sometimes he wonders - what his life would have been,
but from the grave - Mama still haunts his dreams

CHORUS

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Thought to be sung during the 19th century Australian Gold Rush era.

In South Australia I was born

Heave away, haul away

South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

{CHORUS}

Haul away your rolling kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair - **Heave away, haul away**

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

I shook her up & shook her down - **Heave away, haul away**

I shook her round & round the town

We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

I run her all night an' run her all day - **Heave away, haul away**

I run her until we sailed away

We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind - **Heave away, haul away**

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

When we go wallop 'round Cape Horn - **Heave away, haul away**

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

We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

I wish I was in Australia's strand - **Heave away, haul away**

With a glass of whiskey in my hand

We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS 2 X

STREETS OF LONDON

By 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 at his side
yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

{CHORUS}

**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.

Chorus

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven,
Same old man is sitting there on his own.
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea last an hour - then he wanders home alone

Chorus

And have you seen the old man - outside the seaman's mission
memory fading with - the medal ribbons that he wears.
In our winter city, the rain cries a little pity
for one more forgotten hero - and a world that doesn't care

Chorus

TOORA LOORA LOORA

Originally recorded by [Bing Crosby](#), the words are by J.R. Shannon in the 1890s though the melody is thought to be much much older.

Over in Killarney many years ago,
Me mother sang a song to me
in tones so sweet and low.
Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way.
How I'd give the world to hear her sing
that song again day.

**Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra,
hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, that's an Irish lullaby.**

Oft in dreams I wander
to that auld cot again,
I feel her arms a-huggin' me
as when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a -hummin'
to me as in days of yore,
when she used to rock me fast asleep
outside the cabin door.

**Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra,
hush now, don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra, that's an Irish lullaby.**

The UNICORN SONG

Shel Silverstein

A long time ago, when the Earth was green
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn.

{CHORUS}

**There was green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels
and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants,
but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the unicorn**

The Lord seen some sinning and it gave Him pain
And He says, "Stand back, I'm going to make it rain"
He says, "Hey Noah, I'll tell you what to do
Build me a floating zoo -- and take some of those..."

**Green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
Don't you forget My unicorns**

Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished up making the ark
just as the rain started to fall
He marched the animals two by two
And he called out as they came through -- "**Hey Lord**"

**I've got green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels
and some chimpanzees.
Some cats and rats and elephants,
but Lord, I'm so forlorn - I just can't find no unicorns**

The Water Is Wide

The water is wide. I cannot cross o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

There is a ship - and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not e're I sink or swim

CHORUS: **The water is wide. I can't cross o'er**
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I

Oh, love is gentle and love is kind
The sweetest flower when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like morning dew

CHORUS

I leaned my back, against an oak
Thinking it was a trusty tree.
But first it bent, and then it broke,
Just as your love proved false to me.

CHORUS

fin. And both shall row, my – love – and – I.

WAY DOWN IN DIXIE

Way down in Dixie,
in Dixie land where I was born
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

Way down in Dixie,
in Dixie land I had a gal
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

Way down in Dixie,
and her name was Tops'l Nel
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

Way down in Dixie,
she done me dirty, she done me wrong,
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

Way down in Dixie,
she done me dirty, she done me wrong,
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

Way down in Dixie,
she ran off with the Circus clown
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

Way down in Dixie,
with my marlinspike I done him down
Sing a song, roll along, roll...

**All: Way down in Dixie,
in Dixieland where I was born
Sing a song, roll along, roll.**

WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR

~ *For Cortez Fishing Village*

Oh, I've been a sea-cook
and I've been a fisherman,
I can sing, I can dance, I can walk the jib boom.
I can handle a cast net - and cut a fine figure,
Whenever I get in a - boat's standing room.

{CHORUS}

**We'll rant and we'll roar
like true Cortez Fishermen,
We'll rant and we'll roar - on deck and below,
Until we see bottom
inside Longboat Channel,
And... straight up the inside
to Cortez we'll go.**

I went to a dance one night in Palmetto
There was plenty of girls there
as fine as you'd wish.
There was one pretty maiden - a'chewing tobacco,
Just like a young kitten a'chewing fresh fish.

Chorus

Here's a health to the girls of old Cortez Village,
A health to the maidens of far-off St. Pete.
And let you be merry, don't be melancholy,
I can't marry you'se all or in a pokey I'd be.

CHORUS - 2 X

THE WELLERMAN

There once was a ship that put to sea
The name of the ship was the Billy O' Tea
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (*huh*)

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

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

CHORUS

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side - harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low (*huh*)

CHORUS

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of greed
And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS: 2 X to fin.

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

While the song's exact origins are unknown, a number of its lines and general plot resemble those of a contemporary broadside ballad about Irish highwayman Patrick Fleming who was executed in 1650.

As I was a goin' over the far Kilgarry mountain
I met with Colonel Farrell,
and his money he was counting.
I first produced me pistol, and I then produced me rapier
Saying, stand you, and deliver, for you were a bold deceiver.

{Chorus} **Mush-a ringdom-a-do - dum-a da.**
 Wack fol the daddy-o,
 wack fol 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 swore that she never would deceive me.
But the devil take the women, for they never can be easy.

CHORUS

I went up to me 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.
Then sent for Colonel Farrell to be ready for the slaughter.

CHORUS

It was early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen, and likewise Colonel Farrell
I first produced me pistol, for she'd stolen away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

CHORUS

They put me in prison with the judge all a-writin'
for robbing Colonel Farrell up on far Kilgarry Mountain.
But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down
And bid farewell to gaol, in good ol' Sligo town

CHORUS

If anyone can aid me, 'tis me 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 roamin' in Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better
than me darlin' sportin' Jenny.

CHORUS

Next mornin' early at the barracks in Killarney
My brother took his leave, but he did not tell the army.
Our horses they were speedy - it's all over but the shoutin.'
And now we wait for strangers - up on far Kilgarry mountain.

CHORUS

There's some take delight - in the carriages a-rolling
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

CHORUS

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

*Derived from the poem "The Braes of Balquhiddel"
by Robert Tannahill.*

Oh, the summertime is coming,
And the leaves are sweetly blooming.
And the wild mountain thyme
grows among the blooming Heather...
Will you go Lassie go.

{CHORUS}

**And we'll all go together
to pluck wild mountain thyme...
All around the blooming heather...
will ye go lassie go.**

I will build my love a bower
On yon clear and crystal fountain...
And upon it I shall pile all the flowers of the mountain...
Will ye go lassie go.

CHORUS

If my true love should leave, I shall surely find *no other*...
To pluck wild mountain thyme,
All around the blooming heather...
Will you go lassie go.

CHORUS

(INSTRUMENTAL / OPTIONAL)

I will range through the wilds - And the deep land so dreary
And return with the spoils - To the bower o' my dearie...
Will ye go lassie go

CHORUS

fin: Will ye go Lassie, will ye go.

WILD ROVER aka: NO, NAY, NEVER
(HANDCLAPS ACCOMPANY THIS SONG)

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
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 (4 claps)
No, nay, never, no more (2 claps)
Shall I play the wild rover (1 clap)
No never, no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay"
Says, "Customer like you, I can have any day"

CHORUS

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that I told you were only in jest"

CHORUS

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft-times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

CHORUS: 2 X

The WRECK OF THE NANCY LEE

by Arthur LeClerq 1931

I'll tell you the tale of the Nancy Lee,
The ship that got shipwrecked at sea
The bravest man was Captain Brown,
'Cause he played his ukulele as the ship went down.

{Chorus}

**All the crew was in despair,
Some rushed here and - some rushed there,
But the Captain sat in the Captain's chair,
And he played his ukulele - as the ship went down.**

The Captain said to Seaman Jones:
"You'd best put on your working clothes
While you stand and spray your hose
I can play me ukulele as the ship goes down."

Chorus

The owners signaled to the crew,
saying:"Do the best that you can do.
We're only insured for half-a-crown,
We'll be out of pocket if the ship goes down."

Chorus

The Captain's wife was on board ship,
And he was very glad of it
But she could swim and she might not drown
So we tied her to the anchor as the ship went down.

Chorus

The crow's nest fell and killed the crow,
The starboard watch was two hours slow
But the Captain sang fal-oh-de-oh-doh
And he played his ukulele as the ship went down.

Chorus

(GLUB – GLUB – GLUB)

YE JACOBITE BY NAME

Words and music Robert Burns

{CHORUS & 1st VERSE}

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear -- lend an ear

Ye Jacobites by name lend an ear.

Ye Jacobites by name - your faults I will proclaim

Your doctrines I must blame,

ye shall hear, ye shall hear...

Your doctrines I must blame,

ye shall hear.

What is right and what is wrong by the law, by the law -

What is right and what is wrong by the law.

What is right and what is wrong, - a short sword and a long

A weak arm and a strong - for to draw, for to draw...

A weak arm and a strong for to draw.

CHORUS

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?

What makes heroic strife famed afar?

What makes heroic strife, to whet the assassin's knife,

Or claim a parent's life w' bloody war, bloody war...

Or claim a parent's life w' bloody war

CHORUS

Then let your schemes alone to the state, to the state

Then let your schemes alone to the state.

Then let your schemes alone - adore the rising sun,

And leave a man alone to his fate, to his fate...

And leave a man alone to his fate.

CHORUS to fin