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SEA SHANTY
—NIGHT—

SHANTY SONGBOOK



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the Mast**

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According to the Act

If you want a merchant ship to roam the seas at large
You won't have any trouble if you have a good discharge
Signed by the Board of Trade and everything exact
There's nothing goes on in a 'Limey' ship contrary to The Act
Haul well your weather main-brace and ease away the lee
Hoist jibs and topsails - let the ship go free
Hurrah, boys, hurrah - we sing the jubilee
Damn the Royal Navy lads, a merchant ship for me

Across the Western Ocean (aka Amelia)

Oh the times were hard and the wages low
Amelia, where ya bound to
The Rocky Mountains will be my home
Across the western ocean

A Hundred Years

A hundred years is a long long time
Oh Yes, Oh
A hundred years on the eastern shore
A Hundred Years Ago

Alabama John Cherokee

John Cherokee Was a Crafty Man
Alabama John Cherokee
He run away every time he can
Alabama John Cherokee, way, hey, yah
Alabama John Cherokee way, hey, yah
Alabama John Cherokee

All For Me Grog

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

It's all for me beer and tobacco

For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin

Far across the western ocean I must wander

A Long Time Ago

Twas a long long time and a very long time

To-me **way hey, hey i o**

A long long time a very long time

A long time ago

Amène le Vent - Ronald Bourgeois

Quitté la terre

Pur la mer a treize ans

Haulaway, haulaway amène le vent

Un coureur des courants, cowboys d'océan

Haulaway, haulaway

Amène le vent

Connais le gulf comme le creux de ma main

Haulaway, haulaway

Amène le vent

Un soldat des tempêtes

Buveur de rhum brun

Haulaway, haulaway

Amène le vent

Oh, oh, oh, berce-moi dans tes bras

Oh, oh, oh, dansons jusqu'à l'horizon

Oh, oh, oh, berce-moi une dernière fois

Anne Bonny

I was born on the coast where the wild winds roar

Heavy away me boys

An Irish lass with a heart for war

Heave away me lads

They said I'd wed and mind the hearth

But I swore my soul to the rolling surf

I'm Anne Bonny the crimson tide

No man shall command me non shall decide

Steel in my grip and fire in my stride

I'll live as I please till the day I die

Auckland to the Bluff - Rudy Sunde

I left the city when I was just a lad

Times were hard and no work to be had

So I went to sea in the Flora Belle

Little did I know 'twas a ship from hell

The ship was old and leaking at the seams

A dirty old tub somewhat broad in the beam

Its sails were torn, some planks were rotten

It lay at the wharf a gently rockin'

I've sailed from Auckland to the Bluff

A thousand miles and that's enough

A thousand miles on the heaving sea

Glory Hal-le-lu' ya that's enough for me

Avoine Avoine

Avoine avoine qu la terre t'amène (x 2)

Quand le bonhomme va semer son avoine (x 2)

Y'a sème comme-ci, y'a sème comme ça

Marions nette, marions la

Banana Boat

Come, mister tally man, tally me banana

Daylight come and me wan' go home

Come, mister tally man, tally me banana

Daylight come and me wan' go home

Lift six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch

Daylight come and me wan' go home

Lift six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch

Daylight come and me wan' go home

Banks Of Newfoundland

Me bully boys o' Liverpool, I'll have you to beware

When ye sail in the packet ship, no dungaree jumpers wear

But have a big monkey jacket all ready to your hand

For there blows some cold nor'westers

On the Banks of Newfoundland

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her

With holystone and sand

And we think of them cold nor'westers

On the Banks of Newfoundland

Barrett's Privateers

O the year was Seventeen Seventy-Eight

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

A letter of marque came from the king

To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

God damn them all

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears

Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier

The last of Barrett's Privateers

Bay Of Suvla - The Dreadnoughts

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

It's away-Hey! Suvla Bay

Haulin' away for the Suvla Bay

Fare thee well, me pretty young maids

We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

Bear Away Yankee, Bear Away Boy

Oh, deep the water an' shallow the shore

Bear away Yankee, bear away boy

Bear away and dere she go

Bear away Yankee, bear away boy

Big Bow Wow (aka Boston Harbour)

From Yarmouth Harbour we set sail

The wind was a blowin a devil of a gale

Our ringtail set and the bafflin' was in peak

And the dolphin striker ploughin' up the deep

With A Big Bow Wow, Tow Row Row

Fall De Rawl De Ri Dal Day

Billy Boy

Oh where have you been

Billy Boy, Billy Boy

Oh where have you been

Charming Billy

I have been to seek a wife; she's the joy of my life

She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother

Billy O'Shea

We all got drunk in Dublin city

Fall down, me Billy

We all got drunk and, what a pity

Fall down, Billy O'Shea

Fall down, fall down, fall down, me Billy

We're bound away for Americay - Fall down, Billy O'Shea

Bimini

We were all sailors til the day our boat sailed into Bimini Bay

We tapped a keg, we loaded on; woke up to find the boat was gone

Send my bail down to Bimini

This town is wearisome

Got thrown in jail just for drinking

Barbados rum, Barbados rum

Oh! Til I go down to Bimini

Never take to liquor til I go down to Bimini

Blackbird

Blackbird get up, *Ay-ya*

She shake she tail, *Ay-ya*

Blood Red Roses

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn

Go down, ye blood red roses, go down

And it's flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn

Go down, ye blood red roses, go down

Oh! Ya pinks and posies

Go down, ye blood red roses, go down

Blow the Man Down

Well I'm a deep-water sailor who'll do you no harm

Wey hey, blow the man down

Buy me a drink and I'll sing you a song

Gimme some time to blow the man down

Bold Riley

Oh the rain, it rains the whole day long

Bold Riley, oh, bold Riley

And the Northern wind, it blows so strong

Bold Riley, oh, has gone away

Goodbye my sweetheart - Goodbye my dear-o

Bold Riley, oh, bold Riley

Goodbye by darlin' - Goodbye my dear-o

Bold Riley, oh, has gone away

Boney

Boney was a warrior

Wey, hay, ya

A warrior and a tarrier

John François

Botany Bay

Farewell to old England forever

Farewell to my rum culls as well

Farewell to the well known Old Bailey

Where I used for to cut such a swell

Singing too ra lie, too ra lie, ad-i tay

Singing too ra lie, too ra lie ay

Singing too ra lie, too ra lie, ad-i tay

And we're bound for Botany Bay

Bring 'Em Down

In Liverpool I was born

Bring 'em down

And London is me home from home

Bring 'em down

Bulgine Run

Oh the smartest packet you can find

A hay a ho are you most done

Is the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line

Clear away the track and let the Bulgine run

To-me **hey rig a gig and a jaunting car**

A hey a ho are you most done

With Liza Lee all my knee

So clear away the track and let the Bulgine run

Bully in the Alley

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly

Way, hey, bully in the alley

Sally is a girl that I spliced nearly

Bully down in Shinbone Al

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley

Way, hey, bully in the alley

Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley

Bully down in Shinbone Al

C'est l'aviron

M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle (repeat first line of each verse)

J'ai rencontré trois jolies demoiselles

C'est l'aviron qui nous mène, qui nous mène

C'est l'aviron qui nous mène en haut

Cape Cod Girls

Cape Cod girls ain't got no combs

Heave away! Heave away

They combs their hair with kipper back bones

And we're **bound away for Australia**

So **heave 'er up, me bully bully boys**

Heave away

Heave away

Heave 'er up, why don't you make some noise

'Cause we're bound away for Australia

Capitaine de St Malo - Jacques Plante

Le Capitaine de Saint Malo

Ali alo

Qui fait la pêche au cachalot

Ali ali Ali alo

Ali alo

Capstan Bar

Walk her round, for we're rolling homeward

Heave me boys together

The old bully ship is a-lying windward

Heave me boys away

She's taut and trim, and the wind's a-blowing

We're snug up aloft and the ship's a-going

Heave her or we'll strand her

For the old ship's rollin home

Chicken on a Raft - Cyril Tawney

Skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin

Hey-oh, chicken on a raft

I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in

Hey-oh, chicken on a raft

The Jimmy's laughing like a drain

Hey-oh, chicken on a raft

He's looking at them comic cuts again

Hey-oh, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning

Oh what a terrible sight to see

Dabtoes forward and the dustmen raft

Sitting there picking at a chicken on a raft

Hey-oh, **chicken on a raft**

Oy-oh, **chicken on a raft**

Hey-oh, **chicken on a raft**

Oy-oh, **chicken on a raft**

Clear Away in the Morning - Gordon Bok

Take me back to the bay, boys

Clear away in the morning

I don't want to spend my pay, boys

Oh, bring her 'round

Coal Town Road - Allister MacGillivray

We get up in the black

Down the coal town road

And we hike along the track

Where the coal trains load

And we make the ponies pull, 'till they nearly break their backs

And they'll never see again

Down the coal town road

Come Down Below

A blackbird sang in a walnut tree, ***hilo, come down below***

A blackbird sang in a walnut tree, ***hilo, come down***

Congo River

Say, was you ever on the Congo River

Blow boys blow

Where fever makes the white man shiver

Blow, me bully boys, blow

Crossing the Bar - Lord Tennyson/The Longest Johns

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 (repeat last line of each verse twice)

When I put out to sea

And may there be no moaning of the bar (repeat third line of each verse)

When I put out to sea

Deep Blue Sea

Deep blue sea in the deep blue sea

Deep blue sea in the deep blue sea (repeat after each verse)

Deep blue sea in the deep blue sea

It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

Dig his grave with a silver spade (x3)

Lower him down with a golden chain (x3)

Wrap him up with a silken shroud (x3)

Golden sun bring him back to me (x3)

Deep blue sea in the deep blue sea (x3)

Donkey Riding

Were you ever in Quebec, Stowin' timber on the deck
Where you break yer bleedin back

Riding on a donkey

Way hey and away we go, Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey and away we go, Riding on a donkey

Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate

Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack
Long we've tossed on the rolling main, now we're safe ashore, Jack
Don't forget yer old shipmate, fal dee raldee raldee rye eye doe

Doodle Let Me Go

Tis of a merchant's daughter brought up in Callao
Hurrah me loo loo gals doodle let me go
She took me in the parlour and said, Won't you be my beau
Hurrah, me loo loo gals, doodle let me go
Doodle let me go me gals, doodle let me go
Hurrah me loo loo gals, doodle let me go

Down Trinidad (aka Sunny Dore)

Oh Tell me, Mister Stevedore, how do you stow your cargo
Way hey sing Sunny Dore
Oh Tell me, Mister Stevedore, how do you stow your cargo
Bound down Trinidad to look for Sunny Dore

Drunken Sailor

What should we do with a drunken sailor

What should we do with a drunken sailor

What should we do with a drunken sailor

Er-lie in the morning

Way hay and up she rises (x3)

Er-lie in the morning

Eagle Alley

I went to church I want to chapel

Pull down below

I went to church I went to chapel

Pull down below

Away Eagle Alley

Pull down below

Oh Eagle valley in the Valley

Pull down below

Essequibo River

Oh the Essequibo River is the king of rivers all

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody, oh

Oh the Essequibo River is the king of rivers all

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody, oh

Somebody, oh Johnny, somebody oh

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody, oh

Somebody, oh Johnny, somebody oh

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody, oh

Farewell Shanty - Mervyn Vincent

It is time to go now

Haul away your anchor, Haul away your anchor

'Tis our sailing time

Get some sail upon her

Haul away your halyards, Haul away your halyards

'Tis our sailing time

Get her on her course now

Haul away your foresheets. Haul away your foresheets

'Tis our sailing time

Waves are breaking under

Haul away down-channel, Haul away down-channel

'Tis our sailing time

When my time is over

Haul away for heaven, Haul away for heaven

God be at my side

Farewell to Carlingford - Tommy Makem

When I was young and in my prime

And could wander wild and free

There was always a longing in my mind

To follow the call of the sea

So I'll sing farewell to Carlingford

And farewell to Greenore

And I'll think of you both day and night

Until I return once more

Until I return once more

Farewell to Nova Scotia

The sun was setting in the west
The birds were singing on ev'ry tree
All nature seemed inclined for a rest
But still there was no rest for me

***Farewell to Nova Scotia the sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me***

Fathom the Bowl

Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to me song
I will sing in the praise of good brandy and rum
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll
Give me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl

***We'll fathom the bowl, we'll fathom the bowl
Give me the punch ladle, we'll fathom the bowl***

Fiddler's Green - John Conolly

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

***Dress me up in my oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell my old shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates
And I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green***

Final Trawl - Archie Fisher

It's been three long years since she made her pay

Haul away, my laddie-o

And the owners say that she's had her day

Haul away, my laddie-o

Fire Down Below

Fire in the galley, fire in the house

Fire in the beef kid, scorching the scouse

Fire! Fire

Fire down below

It's fetch a bucket of water gals, there's fire down below

Fire Marengo

Lift him up and carry him a long

Fire Marengo, fire away

Lay him down where he belongs

Fire Marengo, fire away

General Taylor

General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along, John carry him along

Well General Taylor, he gained the day

Carry him to his burying ground

To-me, way, hey stormy

Walk him along, John carry him along

To-me way, hey you stormy

Carry him to his burying ground

Get Up Jack, John Sit Down

Ships may come and ships may go, As long as the seas do roll

Each sailor lad, likewise his dad, He loves the flowing bowl

A lass ashore he does adore, One that is plump and round

When your money's all gone

It's the same old song

Get up Jack! John, sit down

Come along, come along

Ya jolly brave boys

There's lots of grog in the jar

We'll plough the briny ocean

With the jolly roving tar

Goodbye, Fare-ye-well

Oh, don't you hear the old man say

Goodbye, fare-ye-well, goodbye, fare-ye-well

Oh, don't you hear the old man say

Hoor-raw me boys, we're homeward bound

Grey Funnel Line - Cyril Tawney

Don't mind the rain or 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 dies away

It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Hangin Johnny

Oh they call me hangin Johnny, **Away boys a-ha-way**

They says I hang for money, **So hang boys hang**

Hard on the Beach Oar

And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow

Way down to Shawnee-town on the Ohio

Haul on the Bowline

Haul on the bowline, early in the mornin'

Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul

Haul Away For Rosie

You talk about your seven seas and round the corner Sallys

Way haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie

Way haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie-o

Haul Away Joe

When I was a little boy, so me mother told me, to-me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I did not kiss the girls, my lips would all grow moldy, to-me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away, we're bound for better weather, to-me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Heave Away

Come get your duds in order 'cuz we're bound to cross the water

Heave away, me johnnies heave away

Come get your duds in order 'cuz we're bound to leave tomorrow

Heave away me johnny boys we're all bound away

Help Me to Raise 'Em

So, wontcha help me to raise 'em boys, *Oh, oh, honey*

So, wontcha help me to raise 'em boys, *Oh, oh, honey*

Wontcha help me to raise 'em, gonna

See her when the s-un go-es do-wn

High Barbaree

There were two lofty ships from old England set sail

Blow high, blow low, and so-o sailed we

One the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales

A sailin' down the coast of High Barbaree

High O

Oh-o, why don't you blow

High-O! Come roll me over

Oh-o, why don't you blow

High-O! Come roll me over

Hilo Come Down Below

A Black Bird sat in a walnut tree

HI-lo, come down below

A blackbird sat in a walnut tree

HI-lo! come down

Hilo Johnny Hilo

Hilo, Johnny, Hilo, I wonder what's the matter now

Johnny come down to Hilo, pull down below

Hilo, Johnny, Hilo, I wonder what's the matter now

Johnny come down to Hilo, pull down below

Way down South where I was born among the fields of yellow corn

Johnny come down to Hilo, pull down below

When you get to Mobile Bay, you'll be screwing cotton all the day

Johnny come down to Hilo, pull down below

Hog Eye

Hand me down my walkin' cane

I'm off to see Miss Sally Jane

With the hog eye, oh

Railroad navvy

With the hog eye

Row the boat ashore

With the hog eye, oh

She wants the hog eye man

Hourra les Filles

Hourra les filles à cinq deniers

Hourra les filles à cinq deniers

A cinq deniers les filles en sont

Tirons les garçons sur les avirons

A cinq deniers les filles en sont

Tirons les garçons sur les avirons

Huckleberry Hunting

Oh them boys and the girls went a-huckleberry hunting

To-me **way, to me hey, to me heave away**

Them boys and the girls went a-huckleberry hunting

And sing Hilo me Ranzo Ray

Hullabaloo Belay

Me mother kept a boarding house

Hullabaloo belay

Hullabaloo bela belay

And all the boarders were out on the make

Hullabaloo belay

Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor

Jack was every inch a sailor

Five and twenty years a whaler

Jack was every inch a sailor

He was born upon the bright blue sea

Jamaican Farewell

Down the way where the nights are gay

And the sun shines daily on the mountain top

I took a trip on a sailing ship

And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way

Won't be back for many a day

My heart is down, my head is turning 'round

I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Jervis Bay - Rick Clark

In 22 first hit the brine

An immigrant ship on the Commonwealth line

For seventeen years served the immigrant trade

Till' the drums of war did sound

In 39 blew the winds of war, the navy took the good ship over

Refitted her in Saint John town, as HMS Jervis Bay

Heave Jack heave away, remember well the Jervis Bay

Her Captain and her crew so brave that 32 ships did save

John Barleycorn

There were three men come out of the west
Their fortunes for to try
And these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn should die
They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in
Threwed clods on his head
And these three men made a solemn vow
John Barleycorn was dead
*There's beer all in the barrel and brandy in the glass
But little Sir John, with his nut-brown bowl
Proved the strongest man at last*

John Dead

John dead
*Grey goose ... gone home
And the fox ... in the way of ... the morning*

John Kanaka

I thought I heard the old man say, *John Kanaka-naka too-rye-ay*
Today, today is a holiday, *John Kanaka-naka too-rye-ay*
Too-rye-ay OH! Too-rye-ay, John Kanaka-naka too-rye-ay

Johnny Come Down to Hilo

I ain't seen the like since I've been born
A railroad navvy with his sea boots on
*When Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man
Oh, wake her, oh, shake her
Oh, wake that girl with the blue dress on
When Johnny come down to Hilo, poor old man*

Jump Isabel, Slide Water

Jump Isabel Slide Water, oh me auntie oh

Keep Haulin' - Fisherman's Friends

When love just seems so far away

Keep haulin', keep haulin'

The tide will flood your heart someday

Keep haulin' boys

Keep haulin', o-oh

Rouse and raise your voice

Hold your course and don't let go

Keep haulin', boys

Knitting Shanty - Rick Clark

Sittin' in the corner in me rockin' chair

Knittin' needles ready all pointed in the air

First I'll knit a swatch to see how things all go

Count out the number of stitches in each

Knit one pearl two

Cast off you're through

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

Don't haul on the rope, Don't climb up the mast

If you see a sailin' ship It might be your last

Get yer civvies ready for another run ashore

A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any anymore

A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before (last line, last verse)

Leave Her Johnny, Leave Her

Oh, the times were hard and the wages low

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

it's time for us to roll and go

And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her

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

And it's time for us to leave her

Leaving Liverpool

Fare thee well to you my own true love

I am going far far away

I am bound for California

And I hope that I'll return some day

So fare thee well my own true love

When I return united we will be

It's not the leavin' of Liverpool that grieves me

But my darling when I think of thee

Let the Bulgine Run

Oh The smartest packet ye can find

Ah Hey Ah Ho! Are you most done

Is the Margaret Evans of the Black Ball Line

So clear away the track and let the bulgine run

To me Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car

Ah Hey Ah Ho

Are you most done

With Eliza Lee all on my knee

Clear away the track and let the bulgine run

Lowlands Away

Our ship it was the Island Lass, *lowlands lowlands lowlands low*
Your trip on her will be yer last, *lowlands lowlands lowlands low*
Lowlands boys away, O lowlands lowlands lowlands low

Lowlands

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

Lukey's Boat

Lukey's boat is painted green, *Aha, me boys*
Lukey's boat is painted green
The prettiest boat you've ever seen
A-ha, me boys a-riddle-i-day

Maid of Amsterdam

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark well what I do say
In Amsterdam there lived a maid, she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid, a-rovin', a-rovin'
Since rovin's been my ru-i-in
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid

Maid on the Shore

There was a young maiden, who lived all alone
She lived all alone on the shore-o
There was naught she could find that would comfort her mind
But to roam all alone on the shore, shore, shore
But to roam all alone on the shore

Marching Inland - Tom Lewis

Lord Nelson knew the perfect way to cure your 'mal-de-mer'

So if you pay attention, his secret I will share

To any sea-sick sailor he'd give this advice for free

If you're feeling sea-sick, sit underneath a tree

I'm marching inland from the shore, over m' shoulder

I'm carrying an oar, when someone asks me what

Is that funny thing you've got

Then I know I'll never go to sea no more, no more

Then I know I'll never go to sea no more

Marco Polo - Jim Stewart

Where the Marsh Creek waters meet Courtney Bay

Heave around and let her fly

James Smith's yard a keel did lay

There's no ship here can match her

She was launched with a groan and thud

She's like a demon sailing by

She's stuck two weeks in the Marsh Creek mud

There's no ship here can catch her

And it's Liverpool in 15 days

The seven seas her name will praise

The wind in her hair and her sails unfurled

She's the fastest ship in all the world

And her name is Marco Polo

Michael Row

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Mingulay Boat Song - Sir Hugh Robertson

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Swing her 'round, boys, all together
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My bonnie lies over the ocean
My bonnie lies over the sea
My bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh bring back my bonnie to me
Bring back, oh bring back
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, oh bring back
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

My Johnny's Gone to Hilo

My Johnny's gone what shall I do
My Johnny's gone to Hilo
And if he says I will go to
My Johnny's gone to Hilo, Hilo eye
Hilo my Johnny's gone, what shall I do
My Johnny's gone to Hilo

My Son John

My son John was tall and slim
And he had a leg for every limb
But now he's got no legs at all
For he ran a race with a cannonball
To-me *roo dum da, fa da riddle da*
Whack for the riddle, to-me roo dum da

Nelson's Blood

Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

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

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

And we'll all hang on behind

So we'll roll the old chariot along, We'll roll the old chariot along

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

New York Girls

When I walked down the Broadway, one evening in July

I met a maid who asked me trade, "a sailor John," says I

Away, you Santee, my dear Annie

Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka

Old Billy Riley

Old Billy Riley, mister Billy Riley, ***Old Billy Riley, Oh***

Old Billy Riley, mister Billy Riley, ***Old Billy Riley, Oh***

Old Bloke Pickin' On A Banjo

He bang, she bang, daddy shot a bear

Shot him in the stern, me boys, and never turned a hair

We're all from the railroad too-ra-loo

And the old bloke pickin' on the banjo

Hoo-ra! What the hell's the row

We're all from the railroad too-ra-loo

We're all from the railroad too-ra-loo

And the old bloke pickin' on the banjo

Old Brown's Daughter

There is an ancient party at the other end of town
He keeps a little grocery store, and the ancient's name is Brown
He has a lovely daughter, such a treat I never saw
Oh, I only hope someday to be the old man's son-in-law
And it's Old Brown's daughter is a proper sort of girl
Old Brown's daughter is as fair as any pearl
I wish I was a Lord, Mayor, Marquis or an Earl
And blow me if I wouldn't marry Old Brown's girl (x2)

Old Maui

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife, we whalersmen undergo
And we won't give a damn when the gale is done
How hard the winds do 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
Rollin down to Old Maui me boys, rollin down to old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground, rollin down to old Maui

Old Polina

There's a noble fleet o' whalers sailin' from Dundee
Manned by British sailors to take them o'er the sea
On a western ocean passage we started on the trip
We flew along just like a song on a gallant whalin' ship
T'was the second Sunday morning, just after leaving port
We met a heavy south-west gale that washed away our boat
It washed away our quarter deck our stanchions just as well
And so we sent the whole shebang a floatin' in the gale
The wind was on her quarter, the engine's working free
There's not another whaler that sails the Arctic sea
Can beat the Old Polina! Ye need not try, me sons
We challenged all, both great and small, from Dundee to St. Johns

One More Day

Can't you hear the Old man growling, Johnnies, **one more day**

Don't you hear the wind a-howling, Johnnies, **one more day**

Only one more day, m' Johnnies, one more day

Oh- rock and roll me over, one more day

Paddy Doyle's Boots

To-me, **Way-hay yay yay yay, yah**

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots

We'll all drink brandy and gin

We'll all shave under our chin

We'll all throw mud at the cook

We'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots

Paddy Lay Back

Twass a cold an' dreary mornin' in December, (**December**) (last 3 syllables)

Well all of me money it was spent, (**it was spent**)

Where the hell it went I can't remember (**remember**)

So down to the shippin' office I went, (**off I went**)

Paddy, lay back (**Paddy, lay back**)

Take up yer slack (**take up yer slack**)

Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pa-awl

Around ship stations, boys, be handy (be handy)

For we're bound for Valaparaiser 'round the Horn ('round the horn)

Padstow Song

Pass around the grog, good friends, and never count the score

Drink the good old liquor down, we'll boldly ask for more

For 'tis he who will not merry merry be, shall never taste of joy

Sea sea the cape's in view, and forward my brave boys

Pat Do That

Paddy do this Pat do that, bend your waste, break your back

Nothing in this world but a straw hat, working on the railroad

Rug sugar roo sugar ruga roo

Sugar in the cream jar how do ya do

I'm just on a railroad fodda rodde ray

Johnny come pickin on the banjo

Partons La Mer Est Belle

Amis, partons sans bruit

La pêche sera bonne

La lune qui rayonne

Éclairera la nuit

Il faut qu'avant l'aurore

Nous soyons de retour

Pour sommeiller encore

Avant qu'il soit grand jour

Partons, la mer est belle

Embarquons-nous, pêcheurs

Guidons notre nacelle

Ramons avec ardeur

Aux mâts hissons les voiles

Le ciel est pur et beau

Je vois briller l'étoile

Qui guide les matelots

Pay me my Money Down

I thought I heard the old man say

Pay me my money down

Tomorrow is our sailing day

Pay me my money down

Pay me **Pay me** Pay me **Pay me, Huh**

My money down, pay me or go to jail, pay me my money down

Picque La Baleine

Pour retrouver ma douce amie, oh mes bouées **ouh la, ouh la la la**

Pour retrouver ma douce amie, oh mes bouées **ouh là, ouh la la la**

Pique la baleine, joli baleinier, **pique la baleine, je veux naviguer**

Pleasant & Delightful

It was pleasant and delightful on a mid summer's morn

And the larks they sang melodious

At the dawning of the day

End of verse 1:

And the larks, they sang melodious (x3), at the dawning of the day

End of verse 2:

And I'm leaving my Nancy (x3), she's the one that I adore

End of verse 3:

And if ever I return again (x3), then I'll make you my bride

Poor Old Man

Poor old man, your horse will die

And we say so, and we hope so

Oh poor old man, your horse will die, **oh poor old man**

Pump Shanty - Tony Goodenough

The ocean we all do adore

So come on lads let's pump some more

Don't worry if you're stiff and sore

I'm sure we've pumped this bit before

Pump me boys pump her dry

Down to Hell, and up to the sky

Bend yer backs and break yer bones

We're just a thousand miles from home

Randy Dandy O

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way, hay, roll an' go

Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn

To-me ***rollickin Randy Dandy oh***

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way, hay, roll an' go

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

To-me ***rollikin Randy Dandy oh***

Rant And Roar

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders

We'll rant and we'll roar, on deck and below

Until we see bottom inside the two sunkers

Then straight through the channel to Toslo we'll go

Reuben Ranzo

Oh poor old Reuben Ranzo

Ranzo me boys, Ranzo

Poor old Reuben Ranzo

Ranzo me Boys, Ranzo

Riley

Riley, Riley, where are you, **oh, Riley, oh, man**

Riley, Riley, where are you, **bye bye my Riley, oh, man**

Rio Grande

Oh say, wuz you ever down Rio Grande

Away for Rio

It's there that the river flows down golden sands

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Then away, bullies, away, away for Rio

Sing fare-ye-well, me Liverpool gals

And we're bound for the Rio Grande

Roll Alabama

Where the Alabama's keel was laid,

Roll Alabama, roll

Was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,

Ah, roll, Alabama, roll

Roll Away - Martin Green and Adam Holmes

There were no tears at my departing

Railway line and ocean liners

Only the sound of the soldiers marching

Roll away, sail away, far away, from mine

There is a place where they will take us

Railway line and ocean liners

There is a place where we don't need papers

Roll away, sail away, far away from mine

Roll Bullies Roll (aka Liverpool Judies)

From Liverpool to Frisco, a-roving I went
To stay in that country was my good intent
But drinking strong whiskey like other damn fools
Well I soon got transported back to Liverpool
And it's roll, roll bullies, roll
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow

Roll Her Down the Bay to Juliana

Emma, Emma, let me be
Rollin' down the bay to Juliana
Emma, Emma, let me be
Rollin' down the bay to Juliana

Roll the Cotton

Way down south where I was born
Oh! Roll the cotton Moses
Oh, away down south around Cape Horn
Oh! Roll the cotton down
Roll the cotton, roll it down. Roll the cotton Moses
Roll the cotton, roll it down. We'll roll the cotton down

Roll the Woodpile

Away down South where the cocks do crow
Way down in Florida
Them girls all dance to the old banjo
And we'll roll the woodpile down
Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round
That fine gal of mine on the Georgia line
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Roseanna

Oh Roseanne my Roseanne

Bye bye my Roseanna

Oh Roseanne sweet Roseanne

And I wont be home tomorrow

Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye

Bye bye my Roseanna

Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye

And I wont be home tomorrow

Round the Bay Of Mexico

It's 'round the Bay of Mexico

Wayyyy O Susianna

Mexico is the place that I belong in

Round the Bay of Mexico

Round the Corner Sally

We're leaving sunny Mexico

Round the Corner Sally

Around Cape Horn we're bound to go

Round the Corner Sally

Rowler Bowler

As I rolled out one morning

Hoo rah you rowler bowler

As I rolled out one morning, I spied a maiden fair

To-me, **hey-rig-a-jig and a ha-ha**

Good morning, ladies all

Hoo rah, you rowler bowler

To-me, **hey-rig-a-jig and a ha-ha**

Good morning, ladies all

Row On, Row On

Dark clouds are on the summer sky

There's thunder in the wind

Row on, row on and homeward hie

Nae give one look behind

Row on, row on, another day

May shine with brighter light

Ply, ply the oars and haul away

There's dawn beyond the night

Runnin' Down to Cuba

Runnin' down to Cuba with a load of sugar

Weigh me boys to Cuba

Make her run you, lime juice squeezer, running down to Cuba

Running down to Cuba

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba

Running down to Cuba

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba

Sailor's Prayer - Tom Lewis

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailin'

But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner be a whalin'

Oh Lord above send, down a dove

With beak as sharp as razors

To cut the throats of them there blokes

What sells bad beer to sailors

Sailor Likes His Bottle (aka Early In The Morning)

Da mate was drunk and he went below

To take a swig at his bottle-o

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

Sally Brown

I shipped on board of a Liverpool liner

Way hey roll and go

Well, we rolled all night

And we rolled till the dawn

To spend my money on Sally Brown

Sally Brown (aka Roll Boys Roll)

Sally brown she's the girl for me boys

Roll boys roll boys roll

Sally brown she's the girl for me boys

Way high Miss Sally Brown

Sally Racket

Little Sally Racket - **Haul her away**

Well, she shipped onboard a packet - **Haul her away**

And she never did regret it - **Haul her away**

With a hauley hauley hauley-o - **Haul her away**

Sally Free and Easy

Sally free and easy (line changes each verse)

Sally free and easy

That should be her name (line changes each verse)

That should be her name

Took a sailor's lovin for a nursery game

Sam's Gone Away

I wish I was a cabin boy, aboard a man o'war

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war

I wish I was a cabin boy, aboard a man o'war

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war

Pretty work, brave boys

Pretty work, I say

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war

Sam Hall

Oh me name it is Sam Hall

Chimney sweep Chimney sweep (line changes each verse)

Oh me name it is Sam Hall **chimney sweep**

Oh me name it is Sam Hall

And I've robbed both great and small

And me neck will pay for all, when I die, **when I die**

And me neck will pay for all when I die (line changes each verse)

Santiana

Santiana gained the day

Away Santiana

Napoleon of the west they say

Along the plains of Mexico

Well, Heave 'er up and away we'll go

Away Santiana

Heave 'er up and away we'll go

Along the plains of Mexico

Santy Anno (aka Santiano)

Santy Anno gained the day

Heave away, Santy Anno

Santy Anno gained the day

All on the plains of Mexico

Mexico, oh Mexico

Heave away, Santy Anno

Mexico is a place I know

All on the plains of Mexico

C'est un fameux trois-monts, fin comme un oiseau

Hisse et ho, Santiano

Dix-huits noeuds, quatre cents tonneaux

Je suis fier d'y être matelot

Tiens bon la barre et tiens bon le vent

Hisse et ho, Santiano

Si Dieu veut, toujours droit devant

Nous irons jusqu'à San Francisco

Sur la mer qui fait le gros dos (Last line of last chorus)

Nous irons jusqu'à San Francisco

Saucy Anna

Way hey, we are off tomorrow

Way hey, we are off tomorrow

Off tomorrow at the break of day

Walk along, you Saucy Anna

Saute dans ta Barge - Donat Lacroix

Saute dans ta barge, mon beau capitaine

Salut la mer et embrasse-moi

Vogue vers le large, pour toute la semaine

Samedi au port, on se verra

Shallow Brown

Fare thee well, me Juliana

Shallow, oh shallow Brown

Fare thee well, me Juliana

Shallow, oh shallow Brown

Shantymen's Women - Rick Clark

Raise high your glass to the shantymen's women

Health to you me ladies

For shantymen needs to be forgiven

Health to you me ladies ooo

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you

Haul away, you rollin' river

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you

Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri

Skipper Jan Rebek - Angus Russell

Oh who's the king of the fighting Dutch

Skipper Jan Rebek

Who's the man that we fear so much

Skipper Jan Rebek

Ja, ja leave your hammocks

Ja, ja, hands on deck

Ja, ja break your backs for

Skipper Jan Rebek

Sloop John B

We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam

Drinking all night, got into a fight

Well, I feel so broke up, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B's sail, see how the mainsail sets

Call for the Captain ashore

I wanna go home, I wanna go home

Let me go home, yah, I feel so broke, I wanna go home

South Australia

In South Australia I was born

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia around Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

Haul away you rollin' king

Heave away, haul away

Haul away you'll hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

Stand Your Ground

The blackbird sang unto the crow, ***way hey Sally***

It's soon I'll be taking you in tow

Oh Hilo Johnny Stand your ground

Sing you blackbird, sing your song, sing you blackbird

Oh Hilo Johnny stand your ground

Strike the Bell

Up on the poop deck and walking about
There is the second mate so steady and so stout
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't want to tell
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell
Strike the bell second mate, let us go below
Look ye well to windward you can see it's going to blow
Look at the glass you can see that it has fell
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Sugar in the Hold

I wish I was in Mobile Bay
Screwing cotton all the day
But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below
Below, below, below
Hey, ho
Below, below, stowing sugar in the hold below HUH
Hey, ho
Below, below, stowing sugar in the hold below

The Auld Triangle

A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing, in my prison cell
And the auld triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The Jimmy Shuffle - Gary Caines

Heave in on 1, **Check away on 4**

Heave in on 1, **Check away on 4**

Heave in on 1, **Check away on 4**

Heave in on 1, **Check away on 4**

Heave in on 1, **Check away on 2**

Hold number 1, **Check away on 2**

Heave in on 1, **Check away on 2**

Abast heaving 1, **Get 3 across**

Abast heaving 1, **Down slack 4**

Abast heaving 1, **Down slack 4**

Hold number 2, **Down slack 4**

Abast heaving 1, **Get 3 across**

Down slack 1, **Take turns on 4**

Down slack 1, **Take turns on 4**

Down slack 1, **Take turns on 4**

Down slack 1, **Get 3 across**

Heave in on 1, **Take turns on 2**

Heave in on 1, **Get 3 across**

Down slack 3, **Take turns on 2**

Take turns on 1, **Double up secure**

The Mermaid

It was Friday morning 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
And the ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
And we poor sailors go skippin' at the top
While the landlubbers lie down below below below
While the landlubbers lie down below

The Press Gang_(aka On Board a Man of War)

As I rode up of a London street
A bold press gang I chanced to meet
Why they asked me if I'd join the fleet
On board of a man of war, boys
On board a man of war

The Wind She Blows a Gale - Dale Peters

With puncheons full of lasses gold
From down Barbados way
We sailed for home where waters cold
To claim our six months pay
O the wind she blows a gale me boys
The wind she blows a gale
Our ship bows down but then she'll rise
With the wind full in her sails boys
The wind full in her sails

The Transports' Shanty - Peter Bellamy

Sweet ladies of Plymouth we're saying "Goodbye"

Ro-o-oll down

But we'll rock you and roll you again bye and bye

Walk around m' brave boys and roll down

And we will Ro-o-oll down

Walk around me brave boys and roll down

Theresa E. - Vince Morash

I'll just sit here and rest awhile

And think it through again

Then watch my lines go overboard

and haul them back again

So head her home to Lunenburg

There's no place left to go

No crew to haul the cod trawl back

Against the undertow

Tinny

Tinny lend me your pigeon to keep company with mine (repeat)

My pigeon gone wild in the bush

My pigeon gone wild

My pigeon gone wild in the bush

My pigeon gone wild

Walkalong, You Sally Brown

Oh, Sally Brown lives in Jamaica

Way-hey-hey-hey hi yah

She drinks rum and chews tobacco

Walkalong, you Sally Brown

Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
Blow, me bully boys, blow (Huh!)
*Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguin' is done
We'll take our leave and go*

Whiskey Oh

Whiskey is the life of man
it's always been since the world began
*Whiskey oh, Johnny oh
Rise her up from down below
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey oh
Up a loft, this yard must go
John, rise her up from down below*

Whoop Jamboree

*Whoop jamboree, whoop jamboree
With your pig tail, sailor, hangin' down behind
Whoop jamboree, whoop jamboree
Oh Jenny get your oatcakes done*

Wild Goose (aka Ranzo Way)

Did you ever see a Wild Goose sailing on the ocean
Ranzo, Ranzo, way ee y hay
It's just like them pretty girls when they get the notion
Ranzo, my boys, oh Ranzo Ray

Wild Goose

I'm a shantyman of the wild goose nation

Haul away, haul away, haul away, haul line

And I've left my wife on the old plantation

Haul away, me boys and haul away

Yangtze River - Hamish Maclaren and Charlie Ipcar

My lotus lady I'll see no more, ***away hey boys away hey oh***

Since I left her on the China shore, ***away boys lift and walk away***

Away hey boys away hey oh

Blow me down the Yangtze River

Away boys lift and walk a way

Yarmouth Town

In Yarmouth town, there lived a man, who kept a tavern by the sand

This landlord had a daughter fair

A pretty little thing with the golden hair

Oh won't you come down, won't you come down

Won't you come down to Yarmouth town

Won't you come down won't you come down

Won't you come down to Yarmouth town

Ye Mariners All

Ye mariners all, as ye pass by

Come in and drink if you are dry

Come spend, me lads, your money brisk

And pop your nose in a jug of this

Oh mariners all, if you've half a crown

You're welcome all for to sit down

Come spend, me lads, your money brisk

And pop your nose in a jug of this

The Wellerman
(Real Estate Edition)



There was a house be-side the sea, the per-fect place to grow a fa-mi-ly,
The mar- ket rose, the mar- ket fell, but Jud-y Mitch-ell knows the wat-ers well,
So whether-you buy or whether-you sell, pick some-one who knows the waters well,



The sign went up, the word went round, and soon the match was fou-nd.
With stea- dy hands and plans pre-pared, the course was set with sk- ill.
From sign to sold, we'll see it through and bring your move to harb-our.



Soon may the moving day come, with keys in hand and pa- pers done.



One day, when ev- 'ry task is won, we'll turn the key and go.

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