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All For Me Grog

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

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
For the uppers are worn out,  
And the soles are kicked about,  
And the heels are looking out for better weather.  
(Chorus)

Where is me shirt, me noggin, noggin shirt?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
For the collar is all worn,  
And the front it is all torn,  
And the tail is looking out for better weather.  
(Chorus)

And where is me wench, me noggin, noggin wench?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
For her lips is all wore out,  
And her front is knocked about,  
And her tail is looking out for better weather.  
(Chorus)

And where is me bed, me noggin, noggin bed?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
For the mattress is all tore,  
For I lent it to a whore,  
And the springs are looking out for better weather.  
(Chorus)

I’m sick in the head and I haven’t been to bed,  
Since first I came ashore with me plunder,  
I’ve seen centipedes and snakes,  
And I’m full of pains and aches,  
And I think I’ll take a trip out over yonder.
(Chorus)
**Auld Lang Syne**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’ lang syne?

Chorus: And for auld lang syne, my jo,
           For auld lang syne,
           We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
           For auld lang syne.

And surely ye’ll be your pint stoup!
And surely I’ll be mine!
And we’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

& c.
Away, Rio!

The anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,
Away, Rio!
The maids we are leaving we’ll never forget,

Chorus: For we’re bound for the Rio Grande,
   And away, Rio! Aye, Rio!
   We’re bound away this very day,
   For we’re bound for the Rio Grande!

So it’s pack up your donkey and get under way,
Away, Rio!
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay.
(Chorus)

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

We’ll sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,
And you who are listening, goodbye to you.

Sing good bye to Nellie and good bye to Sue
And you who are listening, good bye to you

And good-bye, fare you well, all you ladies of town
We’ve left you enough for to buy a silk gown

Now you Bowery ladies we’d have you to know
We’re bound to the south’ard, O Lord, let us go!

Heave with a will and heave long and strong,
Sing the good chorus, for ‘tis a good song.

Heave only one pawl, then ‘vast heavin’, belay!
Heave steady, because we say farewell today.

We’ll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum
And get home again ‘fore Thanksgiving has come

The chain’s up and down, now the bosun did say,
Heave up to the hawsepipe, the anchor’s aweigh.

Our good ship’s a-going out over the bar
And we’ll point her nose for the South-er-on Star

O say was you ever in Rio Grande?
O was you ever on that strand?
Ballad Of The Green Berets

Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who jump and die,
Men who mean just what they say.
The brave men of the Green Beret.

Chorus: Silver wings upon their chests,
These are men, America’s best.
100 men we’ll test today
And only three win the Green Beret.

Trained to live off nature’s land
Trained to combat hand to hand
Men who fight by night and day
Courage take from the Green Beret.
(Chorus)

Back at home a young wife waits
Her Green Beret has met his fate
He has died for those oppressed
Leaving her this last request:

(Last Chorus)
Put silver wings on my son’s chest
Make him one of America’s best
He’ll be a man they’ll test one day
Have him win the Green Beret.
Band Played Waltzing Matilda, The

Now when I was a young man I carried me pack
And I lived the free life of the rover.
From the Murry’s green basin to the dusty outback,
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over.
Then in 1915 my country said, “Son,
It’s time you stop rambling, there’s work to be done.”
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
And they marched me away to the war.
And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
As the ship pulled away from the quay
And midst all the cheers, flag waving and tears,
We sailed off for Gallipoli.

And how well I remember that terrible day,
How our blood stained the sand and the water
And of how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
Johnny Turk, he was ready, he primed himself well.
He showered us with bullets, and he rained us with shells,
And in five minutes flat, he’d blown us all to hell,
Nearly blew us back home to Australia.
(But) And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
As we stopped to bury our slain,
We buried ours, the Turks buried theirs,
Then we started all over again.

And those that were left, well we tried to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire.
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
Though around me the corpses piled higher.
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me ass over head
And when I awoke in me hospital bed
And saw what it had done, well I wished I was dead.

Never knew there were worse things than dying.
For I’ll go no more Waltzing Matilda,
All around the green bush far and free
To hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs,
No more waltzing Matilda for me.

So they gathered the crippled, the wounded, and maimed,
And they shipped us back home to Australia.
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane,
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.
And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
And I thank Christ there was no body waiting for me
To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

But the Band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway,
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared,
Then they turned all their faces away.

So now every April I sit on me porch
And I watch the parade pass before me.
And I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Reviving old dreams and past glory,
And the old men march slowly, all bone stiff and sore
They’re tired old heroes from a forgotten war
And the young people ask “What are they marching for?”
And I ask myself the same question.
But the band plays Waltzing Matilda,
And the old men still answer the call,
But as year follows year, more old men disappear
Someday, no one will march there at all.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda.
Who’ll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard as they
march by the billibong

Who’ll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?
Barnacle Bill The Sailor

Who’s that knocking at my door?
Who’s that knocking at my door?
Who’s that knocking at my door?
Said the fair young maiden.

I just got paid and I wanta get laid,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I just got paid and I wanta get laid,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

What if Ma and Pa find out?
What if Ma and Pa find out?
What if Ma and Pa find out? Said the fair young maiden.

I’ll kill your Pa and ------ your Ma,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I’ll kill your Pa and ------ your Ma,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

What if we should go to jail?
What if we should go to jail?
What if we should go to jail? Said the fair young maiden.

I’ll pick the lock with the tip of me ------,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I’ll pick the lock with the tip of me ------,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

What if we go back into jail?
What if we go back into jail?
What if we go back into jail? Said the fair young maiden.

I’ll knock down the walls with me swinging balls,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I’ll knock down the walls with my swinging balls,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

What if we should get the chair?
What if we should get the chair?
What if we should get the chair? Said the fair young maiden.
I’ll lay a fart and blow it apart,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I’ll lay a fart and blow it apart,
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
Barbaree

There were two ships from old England came
**Blow high, blow low and so sail we,**
One she was the Queen of Russia and the other Prince of Wales
**Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.**

“Step aloft, step aloft,” our jolly bos’n cried,
**Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.**
“Look ahead, look astern, look aweather’d, and alee,
**Then look down on the coast of Barbaree.”**

“There is no ship ahead, there is no ship astern,”
**Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.**
“But there’s a lofty ship awind’ard and a lofty ship is she,”
**Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.”**

“Hail, hail, that lofty tall ship,”
**Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.**
“Are you a man-o-war’s-man or a privateer?” said he,
**Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.”**

“I’m no man-o-war’s-man or privateer,” said he,
**Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.**
“But I’m a jolly pirate a-seekin’ for my fee,
**Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.”**

Broadside, broadside along them we did lay,
**Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.**
Till at length the Queen of Russia shot the pirate’s mast away,
**Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.**

“Oh, quarters, quarters,” this jolly pirate cried,
**Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.**
“The quarters I will give you I will sink you in the tide!
**Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.”**

So we tied them one by one, and we tied them two by two,
Blow high, blow low, and so sail we.
We tied them three by three, and we chucked ‘em in the sea!
Cruisin’ down on the coast of Barbaree.
Barrett’s Privateers

Oh the year was seventeen seventy-eight.

**How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!**

When 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.**

Oh Elcid Barrett cried the town.
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope’s crew,

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.
She’d a list to port and her sails in rags,
And a cook in the scuppers with staggers and jags.

On the King’s birthday we put to sea.
We were ninety-one days to Montego bay,
Pumping like madmen all the way.

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again.
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our crack four-pounders we made to fight,

The Yankee lay low down with gold.
She was broad and fat and loose in stays,
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days,

Then at length we stood two cables away.
Our crack four-pounders made an awful din,
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side.
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,
And the main-truck carried off both me legs.

So here I lay in my twenty-third year.
It’s been six years since we sailed away,
And I just made Halifax yesterday,
Battle Of Bannockburn

In 1314 we took a little turn,
Around the hills an’ heather tee the braes o’
Bannockburn;
We took along our pipes an’ we wore our filibegs,
An’ we met the bloody British, but they soon took tae
their legs,

Chorus:
We tuned our drones - a little gentle hummin’
We thocht they’d come tae battle but they turned
around tae go;
Played one bit tune an’ noo they were a-runnin’
We canna ken the British, they’re an awfu’ flighty foe.

Well, we got there first, so we took the higher ground,
Leavin’ for our visitors the lovely bogs around;
Bruce said it was the thing tae dae tae save them a’ the climb,
As their legs were surely weary noo frae marchin’ a’ the time.
(Chorus)

So we did a little yellin’ an’ we waved a sword or two -
Just limb’rin’ up a bit, ye ken, an’ gettin’ ready noo:
But the British seemed tae take it wrong an’ made an
awfu’ fuss
You’d think that they had never seen or heard the likes o’
us.

(Chorus)

Well, we thocht at first that they’d sally forth an’ play,
But the sticky mud an’ brambles ‘round them seemed to spoil their day;
For their chargers could nae charge an’ their archers could nae draw,
So they packed it in an’ a’ went hone, they were nae fun at a’.

(Chorus)
Bedlam Boys

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand miles I traveled
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel.

Chorus:
Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonny
For they all go bare
And they live by the air
and they want no drink or money.

I now repent that ever
Poor Tom was so disdain-ed
My wits are lost since him I crossed
Which makes me thus go chained.
(Chorus)

I went down to Satan’s kitchen
For to get me food one morning
And there I got souls piping hot
All on the spit a-turning.
(Chorus)

There I took up a caldron
Where boiled ten thousand harlots
Though full of flame I drank the same
To the health of all such varlets.
(Chorus)

My staff has murdered giants
My bag a long knife carries
For to cut mince pies from children’s thighs
And feed them to the fairies.
(Chorus)

The spirits white as lightening
Would on me travels guide me
The stars would shake and the moon would quake
Whenever they espied me.
(Chorus)

No gypsy, slut or doxy
Shall win my mad Tom from me
I’ll weep all night, with stars I’ll fight
The fray shall well become me.
(Chorus)

And when that I’ll be murdering
The Man in the Moon to the powder
His staff I’ll break, his dog I’ll shake
And there’ll howl no demon louder.
(Chorus)

So drink to Tom of Bedlam
Go fill the seas in barrels
I’ll drink it all, well brewed with gall
And maudlin drunk I’ll quarrel.
(Chorus)

For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand years I have traveled
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel.
(Chorus)
Black Jack Davey (1)

O Black Jack Davey came riding by
A whistling so merrily
He made the woods all around him ring
And he charmed the heart of a lady (2x)

O come with me my pretty little one
O come with me my honey
I swear by the beard upon my chin
That you’ll never want for money

Pull off, pull off your high heeled shoes
All made of Spanish leather
Put on, put on your low heeled boots
And we’ll ride off together

She pulled off her high heeled shoes
all made of Spanish leather
She jumped behind him on his horse
And they rode off together

That night her husband he came home
A looking for his lady
Her maid she spoke before she thought
Said she’s gone with Black Jack Davey

O saddle me up my coal black steed
My white one’s not so speedy
I rode all day and I’ll ride all night
And I’ll bring home my lady

He rode all night till broad day light
He came to a rive raging
And there he spied his darling bride
In the arms of Black Jack Davey

Pull off, pull off your long black gloves
All made of Spanish leather
And jump behind me on my horse
And we’ll ride home together

She pulled off her long black gloves
All made of Spanish leather
She gave to him her lily white hand
and said good-by for ever

Would you forsake your house and home;
Would you forsake our baby
Would you forsake your wedded love
And go with Black Jack Davey

Last night I slept in a warm feather bed
Beside my husband and baby
Tonight I’ll sleep on the cold, cold ground
In the arms of Black Jack Davey.
Black Jack Davey (2)

Blackjack Davey came riding by,
Whistling so merrily
He made the woods all around him ring
And he charmed the heart of a lady
And he charmed the heart of a lady.

Come with me my pretty little one,
Come with me my honey
I swear by the beard upon my face
You’ll never want for money
You’ll never want for money.

She took off her high heeled boots,
Made of Spanish leather
Jumped behind him on his horse
And they rode off together
And they rode off together.

That night her husband, he came home,
Looking for his lady
The maid she spoke before she thought
She’s gone with the Blackjack Davey
She’s gone with the Blackjack Davey.

Saddle me up my coal black steed,
The white one’s not so speedy
I rode all day, and I’ll ride all night
And I’ll overtake my lady
And I’ll overtake my lady.

He rode all night till the broad daylight,
The come to the river shady
And there he spied his own sweet bride
In the arms of Blackjack Davey
In the arms of Blackjack Davey.

Would you forsake your house and home,
Would you forsake your baby
Would you forsake your own wedded lord
To ride with the Blackjack Davey
To ride with the Blackjack Davey.
Last night I slept in a goose-feather bed,
Beside my husband and baby
Tonight I sleep on the cold, cold ground
In the arms of Blackjack Davey
In the arms of Blackjack Davey.
Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.
Till bad misfortune befell me
And caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band.

Chorus:
Her eyes they shone like the diamond
You’d think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulder
Tied up in a black velvet band

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
She was selling her trade in a bar.
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band.
(Chorus)

Next morning before judge and jury
For our trial I had to appear
The judge, he said, “Young fellow
The case against you is quite clear.
And seven 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
And whenever you’re out on the liquor
Beware of the pretty colleen.
They’ll fill your with whiskey and porter
Until You’re not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know
You’re landed in Van Dieman’s Land.
(Chorus)
Blow The Man Down (1)

Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me way aye blow the man down
Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow him away,
Give me some time to blow the man down!

As I was a walking down Paradise Street
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,
So I took in all sail and cried, “Way enough now.”

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow,
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go.

But as we were going she said unto me,
“There’s a spanking full-rigger just ready for sea.”

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar,
The mate knocked me down with the end of a
spar.

It’s starboard and larboard on deck you will sprawl,
For Kicking Jack Williams commands the Black Ball.

So I give you fair warning before we belay,
Don’t ever take head of what pretty girls say.
Blow The Man Down (2)

I’m a blue water sailor just back from Hong Kong
Way, hey, blow the man down
If you give me some whiskey I’ll sing you a song
Give us some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walkin’ down Paradise Street
A dashing young damsel I chanced for to meet.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow
So I took in all sail and cried, “Way enough now.”

I hailed her in English and I hailed her all round
I hauled up alongside and asked where she was bound.

She said to me, “Sir, will you stand a treat?”
“Delighted,” says I, “For a charmer so sweet.”

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go.

It was up in her quarters she piped me aboard
And there on her bed I cut loose with my sword.

Ah, but just as my cutter was forging ahead
She shouted, “My husband!” and jumped out of bed.

He was seven feet tall, had a chest like a horse
A straight for my jawbone he plotted his course.

He loosened my rigging, he kicked in my stays
I flew down the stairs like a ship on the ways.

I chanced on a packet that happened on by
And when I awoke I was bound for Shanghai.
So come all you young laddies that follow the sea
Don’t never take heed of what pretty girls say.
Blow The Man Down (3)

Well as I was a-walkin’ down Paradise Street
(To me) Way, hey, blow the man down
A charming young damsel I chanced for to meet.
(Whoa!) Gimme some time to blow the man down.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow
So I threw out me hawser and took her in tow.

Well she said to me, “Sir, will you stands a treat?”
“Delighted,” says I, “For a charmer so sweet.”

‘Twas up in her quarters she piped me aboard
And there on her bed I cut loose with my sword.

Ah, but just as my cutter was forging ahead
She shouted, “My husband!” and jumped out of bed.

He was seven feet tall, had a chest like a horse
A right for my jawbone he plotted his course.

He loosened my rigging, he kicked in my stays
I flew down the stairs like a ship on the ways.

I chanced on a packet that happened on by
And when I awoke I was bound for Shanghai.
So come all you young laddies that follow the sea
Don’t never take heed of what fair damsels say.
Blow Ye Winds

They’ve advertised for whalermen, five hundred brave and true,
To fish for sperm on the whaling grounds of Chile and Peru.

Chorus: Singing blow ye winds in the morning and blow ye winds high, O
Clear away your running gear and blow ye winds high, O.

It’s now we are at sea, my boys, the wind comes on to blow;
One half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

But as for the provisions, we don’t get half enough;
A little bit of stinking beef and a little bag of duff.

Then there’s the running rigging which you’re supposed to know;
It’s “Lay aloft, you son of a whore, or overboard you go!”

The cooper’s at the vice bench a-making iron poles;
The mate’s upon the mainhatch a-blasting all our souls.

The skipper’s on the quarterdeck a-squinting at the sails
When up aloft the lookout sights a bloody school of whales;

“Now clear away them boats, my boys, and after him we’ll travel;
But if you get too near his flukes he’ll flip you to the devil.”

Then our waist-boat got down and we made a good start.
“Lay on me now, you bleeders, for I’m hell for a long dart.”

Then the harpoon struck and the whale sped away,
But whatever he done, boys, he gave us fair play.

Now we got him turned up and we towed him alongside,
And we over with our blubberhooks and rob him of his hide.

Now the bosun overside the lift-tackle do haul,
And the mate there in the mainchains so loudly he do bawl.

Next comes the stowing down, boys, to take both night find day
“You’ll have a tanner apiece, boys, on the hundred and ninetieth lay.”

Now we’re all bound into Tumbez, that blasted whaling port,
And if you run away, my boys, you surely will get caught.
Now we’re bound for Talcahuana, all in our manly power,
Where the skipper can buy a whorehouse for half a barrel of flour.

When we get home, our ship fast, and we get through our sailing,
A winding glass around we’ll pass, and to hell with blubber whaling.
Blue Bells Of Scotland

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
He’s gone wi’ streaming banners where noble deeds are done
And it’s oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in Bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell
And it’s oh, in my heart I lo’ed my laddie well.

Oh what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
Oh what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid
And it’s oh, in my heart I lo’ed my Highland lad.

Oh what, tell me what, if your Highland laddie is slain?
Oh what, tell me what, if your Highland laddie is slain?
Oh no, true love will be his guard and bring him safe again
For it’s oh, my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.
Bold Riley

Our anchor’s aweigh and our sails are all set,
Bold Riley-oh, boom-a-lay!
And the folks we are leaving, we’ll never forget,
Bold Riley-oh, gone away!

Chorus: Goodbye, me darlin’, goodbye, me dear-oh,
        Bold Riley-oh, boom-a-lay,
        Goodbye, me darlin’ goodbye, me dear-oh,
        Bold Riley-oh, gone away.

Wake up Mary Ellen, and don’t look so glum,
By White stocking time, you’ll be drinking hot rum.

The rain it is raining now all the day long,
And the northerly wind, it does blow so strong.
We’re outward and bound for Bengal bay,
Get bendin’, me boys, it’s a hell of a way.
Bonnie Dundee

Tae the lairds i’ convention ‘twas Claverhouse spoke
E’er the Kings crown go down, there’ll be crowns to be broke;
Then let each cavalier who loves honour and me
Come follow the bonnet o’ bonnie Dundee.

Chorus: Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can
Saddle my horses and call out my men
And its Ho! for the west port and let us gae free,
And we’ll follow the bonnets o’ bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides doon the street,
The bells they ring backwards, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, says “Just e’en let him be
For the toon is well rid of that de’il o’ Dundee.”
(Chorus)
There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
Be there lairds i’ the south, there are chiefs i’ the north!
There are brave duniewassals, three thousand times three
Will cry “Hoy!” for the bonnets o’ bonnie Dundee.
(Chorus)

Then awa’ to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks
E’er I own a usurper, I’ll couch wi’ the fox!
Then tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o’ your glee
Ye ha’ no seen the last o’ my bonnets and me.
(Chorus)
Bonny Light Horseman, The (1)

Ye wise maids and widows, pray listen to me. To this sad tale I rehearse unto thee. A maid in distress who will now be a rover She relies on King George for the loss of her lover.

Chorus: Broken-hearted I’ll wander, broken-hearted I’ll remain For my bonny light horseman, in the wars he was slain.

Three years and six months since he left England’s shore, My bonny light horseman, will I ne’er see him more? He’s mounted on horseback, so gallant and gay And among the whole regiment respected was he. (Chorus)

When Boney commanded his armies to stand, He leveled his cannon right over the land, He levelled his cannons his victory to gain And he slew my light horseman on the way coming hame. (Chorus)

The dove she laments for her mate as she flies; “Oh where, tell me where is my darling?” She cries, “And where in this world is there one to compare With my bonny light horseman who was slain in the war?” (Chorus)
Bonny Light Horseman (2)

Come ye maids, wives, and widows, I would have you pay attention
Unto these few words I am now going to mention
Of a female distracted who is now to wander --
She relies upon George for the loss of her lover.

Chorus: Broken-hearted I’ll wander for the loss of my lover;
        My bonnie light horseman, in the wars he lies slain.

When Boney commanded his troops where to stand,
He proud held his banner both glorious and grand;
He fixed the cannons, the victory to gain,
And my bonnie light horseman, in the wars he lies slain.

I will dress in man’s apparel; to his reg’ment I will go.
I will be a true soldier, to fight all his foes,
And I’d think it an honour, if I could obtain,
To die in those fields where my true love lies slain.

Had I the wings of an eagle, through the air I would fly,
I would fly to the place where my true love doth lie,
And with my fond wings, I would bear on his grave,
And I’d kiss those sweet lips that lie cold as the clay.
Bonny Light Horseman (3)

Ye wise maids and widows, I pray give attention
Unto these few lines I’m now going to mention
Our maid in distraction, I’m now going to wander
She relies upon George for the loss of her lover.

Chorus: Broken-hearted I’ll wander for the loss of my lover
My bonny light horseman was slain in the war.

Three years and six months since he left England’s shore,
My bonny light horseman I’ll never see more.
When he mounted on horseback so gallant and brave,
And among the whole regiment respected he was.

(Chorus)

There does she lament for the loss of her mate,
“Oh, where will I wander, my true love!” She said,
“There is no mortal breathing my favour shall gain
Since my bonny light horseman in war he was slain.”

(Chorus)

If I had wings of an eagle in the air I would fly,
I would fly o’er the field where my true love does lie,
And with my fond wings I would bear on his grave,
And kiss the cold lips that lie cold in the clay.

(Chorus)

When Boney commanded his men how to stand
And proud moved the banners all gayly and grand,
He fixed his cannon the victory to gain,
But my bonny light horseman in the war he was slain.  
(Chorus)
Bonny Ship The Diamond, The

The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she’s bound,
And the quay it is all garnished with bonny lasses ‘round;
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, no darkness dims the sky.

Chorus:
So it’s cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.

Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand aroon,
Wi’ their shawls all pulled around them and the saut tears runnin’ doon;
Don’t you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland’s ice before we change our mind.
(Chorus)

Here’s a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
Here’s a health to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame;
We wear the trouser o’ the white and the jackets o’ the blue,
When we return to Peterhead, we’ll hae sweethearts anoo.
(Chorus)

It’ll be bricht both day and nicht when the Greenland lads come hame,
Wi’ a ship that’s fu’ of oil, my lads, and money to our name;
We’ll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing “Hushabye, my dear.”
(Chorus)
**Bring ‘Em Down**

In Liverpool I was born!  
**Bring `em down,**  
London is me home from home!  
**Bring `em down!**

Them Rotherhite girls, they look so fine,  
They’re never a day behind their time!

It’s around Cape Horn we go,  
All through the ice and snow!

Up the coast to Vallipo,  
Northward to Callao!

Them Vallipo girls I do admire,  
They set your riggin’ all afire!

Them Vallipo girls puts on a show,  
They waggles their arse with a roll and go!

It’s back again to Liverpool,  
I spent me pay like a bloody fool!

I’m Liverpool born and Liverpool bred,  
Long in the arm and thick in the head!
Rock and roll me over, boys,
Let’s get this damn job over, boys!
Bully In The Alley

Chorus: 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 shine-bone al!

Well, 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 shine-bone al! So…
(Chorus)

For seven long years I courted Sally,
All she did was dilly-dally.

I left Sal and I went a-sailing,
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling.

If I ever get back to her I’ll marry little Sally,
Have six kids and live in Shinbone Alley.
I thought I heard the old man saying,
One more chorus then we’re belaying.
Burning Of Auchindoun

As I cam’ in by Fiddichside, on a May morning.  
I spied Willie MacIntosh an hour before the dawning.

Turn agin, turn agin, turn agin, I bid ye.  
If ye burn Auchindoun, Huntly he will heid ye.

Heid me or hang me, that shall never fear me.  
I’ll burn Auchindoun thought the life leaves me.

As I cam’ in by Auchindoun on a may morning.  
Auchindoun was in a breeze, an hour before the dawning.

Crawing, crawing, for a’ your crouse crawin’.  
Ye brunt your crop an’ tint your wings an hour before the dawning.
Calton Weaver

I am a weaver, a Calton weaver
I am a brash and a roving blade
I have silver in my pouches
And I follow a roving trade.

Chorus: Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy whiskey
Whiskey, whiskey, Nancy O.

As I walked into Glasgow City,
Nancy Whiskey I chanced to smell.
I walked in, sat down beside her
Seven long years I loved her well.
(Chorus)

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her
The more I kissed her, the more she smiled
I forgot my mother’s teaching
Nancy soon had me beguiled.
(Chorus)

I woke early in the mornin’
Tae slake ma drought it was my need,
I tried to rise but was not able
Nancy had me by the heid.
(Chorus)

Come landlady, noo, what’s that lawin’?
Tell me what there is tae pay.
“Fifteen shillings is the reck’ning;
Noo pay me quickly and go away!”
(Chorus)

I’ll gang back to the Calton weaving
I’ll surely mak those shuttles fly
I’ll make more at the Calton weaving
Than ever I did in a roving way.
(Chorus)
So come all Ye weavers, Ye Calton weavers
Weavers where e’re Ye be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
She’ll ruin you like she ruined me.
(Chorus)
Cape Cod Girls

Cape Cod girls don’t use no combs;
Heave away, haul away!
They comb their hair with codfish bones.
An’ we’re bound away for Australia!

Chorus: Heave her up me bully, bully boys.
Heave away, haul away!
Heave her up and don’t ya make a noise,
An’ we’re bound away for Australia!

Cape Cod cats don’t have no tails,
They lost them all in southeast gales.

Cap Cod kids don’t have no sleds,
They slide down hills on codfish heads.

Cape Cod ladies don’t have no frills,
They’re Skinny and light as codfish gills.

Cape Cod folks don’t have no ills,
Cape Cod doctors feed ‘em codfish pills.
(Alternate Verse)

Cape Cod Boys ain’t got no goils,
They masturbate with codfish oils.
Cape Cod Girls(2) Alternative titles: The Codfish Shanty or South Australia

Down-east girls aint got no combs,
Heave away! Heave away!
They comb their hair w’ a whale-fish bone,
An’ we’re bound for South Australia!

Chorus: Heave a-way me bul-ly, bul-ly boys.
     Heave away! Heave away!
     Heave a-way, why don’t ye make some noise?
     An’ we’re bound for South Australia!

Yankee gals don’t sleep on beds,
They go to sleep on codfish’s heads.

Cape Cod gals have got big feet,
Codfish’s rows is nice an’ sweet.

Quaker gals don’t wear no frills,
They’re tight and skinny as a halibut’s gills.

Glou’ster gals make damn fine cooks,
They’re good at catching sprats on hooks.

Nantucket gals are very fine,
They know how to bait a codfish line.

Cape Cod girls are very fine girls,
With codfish balls they comb their curls.
Glou’ster boys they have no sleds,
They slide down hills on codfish heads.
Claddagh Ring, The

It being a fine morning, this young man he chose
That he’d make occasion to wear his fine clothes

And it’s down to the glen where the bonnie lassie goes
To give her a token of his love, we suppose

“Mary, oh Mary, if I could be your man
Between you and danger I fearlessly would stand

With this gold Claddagh ring on your lily-white hand
Oh, there ne’er was another would dress you so grand.”

There’s no sun in summer there’s no flowers in spring
Her hands hold my heart like the gold Claddagh ring.

“Johnny, oh Johnny the ring it is of gold
And it’s hands and fine heart, they are lovely to behold

But if I had the ring for one evening to hold
Then you shall have my answer e’er the week shall be old.”

“Oh why have the weeks gone and not an answer came?
And why is it that women are smarter than men?

Oh the girl’s kept the ring which I shall ne’er see again
Oh, she has many like it in a fine box at hame.”

There’s no sun in summer there’s no flowers in spring
Her hands hold my heart like the gold Claddagh ring.

It being a fine morning, this young man he chose
That he’d make occasion to wear his fine clothes

And it’s down to the glen where the bonnie lassie goes
To give her a token of his love, we suppose
There’s no sun in summer there’s no flowers in spring
Her hands hold my heart like the gold Claddagh ring.
Oh, her hands hold my heart like the gold Claddagh ring.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clean Song (Almost), A</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>There was a young sailor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Who looked through the glass,</td>
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<td>And spied a fair mermaid</td>
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<td>With scales on her island</td>
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<td>Where seagulls Fly over their nests</td>
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<td>She combed the long hair</td>
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<td>That hung over her shoulders</td>
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<td>And caused her To tickle and itch.</td>
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<td>The sailor cried out</td>
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<td>“There’s a beautiful mermaid,</td>
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<td>A-sitting out</td>
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<td>There on the rocks,”</td>
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<td>The crew came around</td>
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<td>A-grabbing their glasses</td>
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<td>And crowded four deep</td>
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<td>To the rail,</td>
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<td>All eager to share</td>
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<td>In this fine piece of news</td>
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<td>Which the captain soon Heard from the watch.</td>
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<td>He tied down the wheel</td>
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<td>And he reached for his crackers</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Her free at the end
Of the farce,
She splashed in the waves,
Falling flat on her after

A while one man
Noticed some scabs,
Soon they broke out with the pox
And the scratching

With fury,
Cursing with spleen,
This song may be dull
But it’s certainly clean.
Coast Of Peru, The

Come all you young sailors who cruise round Cape Horn,
Come all you young tars that follow the sperm,
For our captain has told us, and we hope it is true,
There are plenty of whales on the coast of Peru.

Now we are a-sailing on the coast of Peru,
As all good young whalermen have a right for to do
Our ship she is steady, her quarters are manned
And her rigging is ready, composed of four strands.

‘Twas early one morning just as the sun rose,
A man from the masthead sung out, “There she blows!”
“Where away?” cried our captain, “and how does she lay?”
“Two points on our lee, sir, scarce three miles away!”

“Then get my boats ready and make my boats fly,
But one thing we dread of, keep clear of his eye,
But one thing we dread of, keep clear of his eye,
For well you all know that a whale is quite shy!”

Now the whale has gone down, to the wind’ard he’ll lay.
Whatever he done, boys, he showed us fair play,
But we fought him alongside and a lance we thrust in,
And in less than an hour he rolled out his fin.

We laid him alongside with many a loud shout,
Began cutting in and then trying out,
The whale is cut in, tried out and stowed down,
He is better to us than five hundred poun’.

Now our ship she is laden, for home we will steer,
Where there’s plenty of rum, boys, and plenty strong beer!
We’ll spend money freely with the pretty girls ashore,
And when it’s all gone we’ll go whaling for more.
Coming Down With Old VD

The single life’s full of toil and strife
And it’s lonely all the time
You hit the bars on Friday night
Looking for a thrill sublime
A one-night stand can be something grand
But approach it carefully
It’s not much fun to be the one
Coming down with old VD.

Chorus: Coming down with old VD, me boys,
Coming down with old VD.
Don’t get too close or you might get a dose
Coming down with old VD.

Now who’d have thought that you’d get caught?
Sometimes life’s just not too fair
You took a chance; you asked her to dance.
Pretty soon you’re floating on air.
But in a week you take a peek
Even though you’d rather not see
Now she’s to blame, but what was her name
You’ve come down with old VD.
(Chorus)

My friend Pauline is upright and clean
And she never plays around.
And her boyfriend Ted was true, she said
Even when he’s out of town.
One day Pauline didn’t feel too keen
So she went to Doctor Lee
Now she’s kicked Ted out ‘cause she found out
She’d come down with old VD.
(Chorus)

Now times weren’t bad when all we had
Was Syph, or Gonaree
If you got caught, you’d be cured with a shot
At your local clinic for free.
But those times my friend are at an end,
There is Herpes now, you see,
So there ain’t no shot for what you’ve got
And you’re stuck with your VD.
(Chorus repeated twice)
Cow That Ate The Piper, The

In the year ninety-eight, when our troubles were great,
It was treason to be a Militian.
I can never forget the big black whiskered set,
That history tells us were Hessians.
In them heart breaking times we had all sorts of crimes,
As murdering never was rifer.
On the hill of Glencree, not an acre from me,
Lived bould Denny Byrne, the piper.

Neither wedding nor wake was worth an old shake,
If Denny was not first invited,
For at emptying legs or squeezing the bags,
He astonished as well as delighted.
In such times poor Denny could not ear a penny,
Martial law had a sting like a viper -
It kept Denny within till his bones and his skin
Were a-grin through the rags of the piper.

‘Twas one heavenly night, with the moon shining bright,
Coming home from the fair of Rathangan.
He happened to see, from the branch of a tree,
The corpse of a Hessian there hanging;
Says Denny, “These rogues have fine boots, I’ve no brogues,”
He laid on the heels such a griper,
They were so gallus tight, and he pulled with such might,
Legs and boots came away with the piper.

So he tucked up the legs and he took to his pegs,
Till he came to Tim Kavanagh’s cabin,
“By the powers,” says Tim, “I can’t let you in,
You’ll be shot if you stop out there rappin’,”
He went round to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her -
They lay down together on the seven foot feather,
And the cow fell a-hugging the piper.

The daylight soon dawned, Denny got up and yawned,
Then he dragged on the boots of the Hessian:
The legs, by the law! He threw them on the straw,
And he gave them leg-bail on his mission.
When Tim’s breakfast was done he sent out his son
To make Denny lep like a lamp-lighter -
When two legs there he saw, he roared like a daw
“Oh! Daddy, de cow eat de piper.”

“Sweet bad luck to the baste, she’d a musical taste,”
Says Tim, “to go eat such a chanter,
Here Padraic, avic, take this lump of a stick, Drive her up to Glenealy, I’ll cant her.”
Mrs Kavanagh bawled - the neighbors were called,
They began for to humbug and jibe her,
To the churchyard she walks with the legs in a box,
Crying out, “We’ll be hanged for the piper.”

The cow then was drove just a mile or two off,
To a fair by the side of Glenealy,
And the crathur was sold for four guineas in gold
To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daly.
They went into a tent, and the luck-penny spent,
(For the clerk was a woeful old swiper),
Who the divil was there, playing the Rakes of Kildare,
But their friend, Denny Byrne, the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt like a half-broken colt,
At the piper he gazed like a gommach;
Says he, “By the powers, I thought these eight hours,
You were playing in Dhrimindhu’s stomach.”
But Denny observed how the Hessian was served,
So they all wished Nick’s cure to the viper,
And for gra that they met, their whistles they wet,
And like devils they danced round the piper.
Cremation Of Sam McGee, The

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
by the men who moil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen queer sights
but the queerest they ever did see,
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
when I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tenessee
where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the south to roam
'round the poles, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold
seemed to hold him like a spell,
though he'd often say in his homely way
that he'd sooner live in Hell.

On a Christmas day we were mushing our way
over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold, through the parka's fold
it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze
'til sometimes we couldn't see.
It wasn't much fun, but the only one
to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night while we lay packed tight
in our robes beneath the snow,
and the dogs were fed, and the stars o'er head
were dancing heel and toe,
he turns to me, and "Cap" says he
"I'll cash in this trip, I guess.
And if I do, I'm asking that you
won't refuse my last request."

Well, he looked so low that I couldn't say no,
then he says with a sort of a moan,
"It's the cursed cold, it's got right hold
'til I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet tain't being dead, it's my awful dread
of an icy grave that pains.
So I want you to swear that foul or fair,
you'll cremate my last remains."

Well, a friend's last need is a thing to heed,
so I swore I would not fail.
We started on at the streak of dawn
but God he looked ghastly pale!
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day
of his home in Tenessee,
and before nightfall, a corpse was all
that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death,
and I hurried on, horror stricken.
With a corpse half hid, that I couldn't get rid,
because of a promise I'd given.
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say,
"You may tax your brawn and your brains,
but you promised true, and it's up to you
to cremate these last remains."

And every day that quiet clay
seemed to heavy and heavier grow.
But on I went, though the dogs were spent
and the grub was getting low.
The trail was bad, and I felt half-mad,
but I swore I would not give in.
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing
and it harkened with a grin!

Then I came to the marge of Lake LeBarge
and a derelict there lay.
It was choked with ice, but I say in a thrice
it was named the "Alice May".
I looked at it, and I thought a bit,
then I turned to my frozen chum,
and "This" said I with a sudden cry
"is my crematorium!"

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor
and lit the boiler fire.
Some coal I found that was lying around
and heaped the fuel higher.
The furnace roared and the flames they soared,
such a blaze you seldom see.
Then I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal
and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like
to hear him sizzle so.
And the heavens scowled and the huskies howled
and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled
down my cheeks, I don't know why.
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak
went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow
I wrestled with grisly fear.
But the stars were out and they danced about
'ere again I ventured near.
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said,
"I'll just take a peek inside.
He's probably cooked, it's time I looked."
Then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cold and calm
in the heart of the furnace roar.
He wore a smile you could see a mile,
and he said, "Please shut that door!
It's warm in here, but I greatly fear
you'll let in the cold and storm.
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tenessee,
it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done 'neath the midnight sun
by the men who moil for gold.
The arctic trails have their secret tales
that would make your blood run cold.
The northern lights have seen strange sights,
but the queerest they ever did see
was that night on the marge of Lake LeBarge
when I cremated Sam McGee.
Donald MacGillavry

Donald’s gane up the hill hard and hungry,
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry;
Donald will clear the gouk’s nest cleverly,
Here’s to the king and Donald MacGillavry.

Come like a weighbauk, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like a weighbauk, Donald MacGillavry,
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly:
Off wi’the counterfeit, Donald MacGillavry.

Donald’s run o’er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stang’d wi’ an ether, man;
When he comes back, there’s some will look merrily:
Here’s to King James and Donald MacGillavry.

Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald MacGillavry,
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly;
Gie them full measure, my Donald MacGillavry.

Donald has foughten wi’ rief and roguery;
Donald has dinner’d wi banes and beggary,
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald MacGillavry.

Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald MacGillavry,
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly,
Here’s to King James and Donald MacGillavry.

Donald’s the callan that brooks nae tangleeness;
Whigging and prigging and a’newfangledness,
They maun be gane: he winna be baukit, man:
He maun hae justice, or faith he’ll tak it, man.

Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like a cobbler, Donald MacGillavry;
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them cleverly,
Up wi’ King James and Donald MacGillavry.

Donald was mumpit wi mirds and mockery;
Donald was blinded wi’ blads o’ property;
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man,
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man.

Come like the devil, Donald MacGillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald MacGillavry;
Skelp them and scaud them that proved sae unbritherly,
Up wi King James and Donald MacGillavry!
Dreadnaught, The

It’s of a flash packet, a packet of fame,
She hails from New York and the Dreadnaught’s her name.
‘Cross the wild Western ocean, she’s bound for to go.
She’s the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

**Derry down, down, down, derry down.**

Now the Dreadnaught is hauling out of Waterloo Dock
And the boys and the girls to the pier-head do flock.
They give us three cheers as their tears down do flow.
She’s the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

Now the Dreadnaught is lying in the River Mersey,
‘Waiting the Independence to tow her to sea
Out ‘round the Rock Light where them salt tides do flow.
Bound away in the Dreadnaught to the westward we’ll go!

Now the Dreadnaught’s a-howling down the wild Irish Sea,
Her passengers merry and with their hearts full of glee.
Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro.
She’s the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

Now the Dreadnaught is sailing the Atlantic so wide,
Where the high roaring seas roll along her black side.
With her sails taughtly set for the Red Cross to show,
She’s the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

Now the Dreadnaught is crossing the Banks of Newfoundland.
Where the water’s so green and the bottom’s all sand.
The fishes of the ocean they swim to and fro,
She’s the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

And now she is lying off the Long Island Shore
Where the pilot will board us as he’s oft done before.
Fill away your main topsail! Board your main tack also.
She’s the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

And now we’re arriving in old New York town.
We’re bound for the Bowery and let sorrows drown.
With our gals and our beer, boys, oh let the song now.
And drink to the Dreadnaught where’er she may go!

Here’s a health to the Dreadnaught and all her brave crew,
To bold Captain Samuels and his officers too.
You may talk of flash packets, Swallowtail and Black Ball,
But the Drednaught’s the flyer that can out sail them all!
Drinking Song, The

Hollo! Keep it up, boys – and push around the glass,
Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his lass:
Away with dull thinking – ‘tis madness to think –
And let those be sober who’ve nothing to drink.

Silence that vile clock, with it’s iron tongued bell,
Of the hour that’s departed still ringing the knell:
But what is’t to us that the hours fly away;
‘Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Huzza, boys! Let each take a bumper in hand,
And stand – if there’s any one able to stand.
How all things dance around me! – ‘tis life, tho’ my boys:
Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys?

My head! Oh my head! – but no matter, ‘tis life;  
Far better than mopping at home with one’s wife.  
The pleasures of drinking you’re sure must be grand,  
When I’m neither able to think, speak, nor stand.
Drunken Sailor

Chorus: Way hay and up she rises,
        Way hay and up she rises,
        (Patent blocks o’ diff’rent sizes)
        Way hay and up she rises,
        Earl-eye in the morning.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning?
(Chorus)

Put him in a long-boat till he gets sober (x3).
Keep him there and make him bale her (x3).
Trice him up in a runnin’ bowline (x3).
Tie him to the taffrail when she’s yard-arm under (x3).
Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him (x3).
Take him and shake him and try and wake him (x3).
Give him a dose of salt and water (x3).
Give him a taste of the Bosun’s rope-end (x3).
Stick on his back a mustard plaster (x3).
Soak him in oil till he sprouts a flipper (x3).
Scrape the hair off his chest with a hoop-iron razor (x3)
(Shave his belly with a rusty razor (x3).)
Put him in the guard [barrack] room till he gets sober (x3)
What shall we do with the Queen of Sheeba?
Dublin Jack Of All Trades

Oh I am a roving sporting blade, they call me Jack of all Trades
I always place my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids.
So when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation
I always heard them say it was the pride of all the Nations.

Chorus: I’m a roving jack of all trades
Of every trade of all trades
And if you wish to know my name
They call me Jack of all trades.

On George’s Quay I first began and there became a porter
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter
In Sackville Street, a pastry cook; In James’ Street, a baker
In Cook Street I did coffins make; In Eustace Street, a preacher.

In Bagot street I drove a cab and there was well requited
In Francis Street had lodging beds, to entertain all strangers
For Dublin is of high renown, or I am much mistaken
In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs and bacon.

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes: In Meath Street was a grinder
In Barrack Street I lost my wife. I’m glad I ne’er could find her.
In Mary’s Lane, I’ve dyed old clothes, of which I’ve often boasted
In that noted place Exchequer Street, sold mutton ready roasted.

In Temple Bar, I dressed old hats; In Thomas Street, a sawyer
In Pill Lane, I sold the plate, in Green Street, an honest lawyer
In Plunkett Street I sold cast clothes; in Bride’s Alley, a broker
In Charles Street I had a shop, sold shovel, tongs and poker.

In College Green a banker was, and in Smithfield, a drover
In Britain Street, a waiter and in George’s Street, a glover
On Ormond Quay I sold old books; in King Street, a nailer
In Townsend Street, a carpenter; and in Ringsend, a sailor.

In Cole’s Lane, a jobbing butcher; in Dane Street, a tailor
In Moore Street a chandler and on the Coombe, a weaver.
In Church Street, I sold old ropes- on Redmond’s Hill a draper
In Mary Street, sold ‘bacco pipes- in Bishop street a Quaker.

In Peter Street, I was a quack: In Greek street, a grainer
On the Harbour, I did carry sacks; In Werburgh Street, a glazier.
In Mud Island, was a dairy boy, where I became a scooper
In Capel Street, a barber’s clerk; In Abbey Street, a cooper.

In Liffey street had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it
And at the Bank a big placard I often stood to hold it
In New Street I sold hay and straw, and in Spitalfields made bacon
In Fishamble Street was at the grand old trade of basket-making.
In Summerhill a coach-maker; in Denzille Street a gilder
In Cork Street was a tanner, in Brunswick Street, a builder,
In High Street, I sold hosiery; In Patrick Street sold all blades
So if you wish to know my name, they call me Jack of all Trades.
Edmund Fitzgerald, The

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call Gitchigumi
The lady, it’s said, never gives up her dead
When the skies of November turn gloomy.

With a load of iron ore - 26,000 tons more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
When the gales of November came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
As the big freighters go it was bigger than most
With a crew and the Captain well seasoned.

Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
And later that night when the ships bell rang
Could it be the North Wind they’d been feeling.

The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound
When the wave broke over the whaling
And every man knew, as the Captain did, too,
‘Twas the witch of November come stealing.

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
When the gales of November came slashing
When afternoon came it was freezing rain
In the face of a hurricane West Wind.

When suppertime came the old cook came on deck
Saying, “fellas it’s too rough to feed ya.”
At 7PM the main hatchway gave in
He said, “fellas it’s been good to know ya.”

The Captain wired in he had water coming in
And the good ship and crew was in peril
And later that night when his lights went out of sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
When the words turn the minutes to hours
The searchers all say they’d have made Whitefish Bay
If they’d fifteen more miles behind her.

They might have split up or they might have capsized
They may have gulfed deep and took water
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the ruins of her ice water mansion
Ole Michigan steams like a young man’s dreams,
The islands and bays are for sportsmen.

And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her
The iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
In the Maritime Sailors’ Cathedral
The church bell chimed, it rang 29 times
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call Gitchigumi
Superior, they say, never gives up her dead
When the gales of November come early.
Finnegan’s Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin’ Street
A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of the tipplin’ way
With a love of the whiskey he was born
And to help him on with his work each day
He’d a “drop of the cray-thur” every morn.

Chorus: Whack fol the darn O, dance to your partner
        Whirl the floor, your trotters shake;
        Wasn’t it the truth I told you
        Lots of fun at Finnegan’s wake!

One mornin’ Tim was feelin’ full
His head was heavy which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed,
A gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.
(Chorus)

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O’Brien began to bawl
“Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?
“O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?”
Arragh, hold your gob said Paddy McGhee!
(Chorus)

Then Maggie O’Connor took up the job
“O Biddy,” says she, “You’re wrong, I’m sure”
Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawlin’ on the floor.
And then the war did soon engage
’Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began.
(Chorus)

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed, and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim!
The corpse revives! See how he raises!
Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, “Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thanum an Dhul! Do you thunk I’m dead?”

(Chorus)
Friggin In The Riggin

Chorus: Friggin in the riggin, Friggin in the riggin, Friggin in the riggin, There’s nothing else to do.

‘Twas back in ‘69, We left the Black Ball Line, The crew did cry as we went by, For we’d left our mates behind. (Chorus)

‘Twas back in ‘63, When the captain he went to sea, Born of a whore, was cast ashore, A son of the beach was he. (Chorus)

A cook whose name was Davey, Was cashiered from the Navy, He dipped the bread inside the head, And served it up as gravy. (Chorus)

The Bosun’s mate was Andy A Portsmouth man and randy, He used to cool his favorite tool In a glass of the skipper’s brandy. (Chorus)

The cabin boy was chipper,
A nasty little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

(Chorus)
Gallant Forty Twa, The

You may talk about your lancers, or your Irish Fusiliers,
The Aberdeen Militia or the Queen’s Own Volunteers;
Or any other regiment that’s lying far awa’
Come gie to me the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

Chorus: And strolling through the green fields on a summer day,
    Watching all the country girls working at the hay,
    I really was delighted and he stole my heart awa’,
    When I saw him in the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

Oh I never will forget the day his regiment marched past
The pipes they played a lively tune but my heart was aghast,
He turned around and smiled farewell and then from far awa’
He waved at me the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.
(Chorus)

Once again I heard the music of the pipers from afar
They tramped and tramped, the weary men returning from the war
And as they nearer drew I brushed a woeful tear awa’
For me and my braw laddie of the gallant Forty Twa.
(Chorus)
Go To Sea No More

When first I landed in Frisco Bay*,
I went upon a stray.
Me money alas, I spent it fast,
Got drunk as drunk could be.
And when that me money was all gone
‘twas then I wanted more.
But a man must be blind to make up his mind
To go to sea once more.

I spent the night with Angeline
Too drunk to roll in bed.
Me watch was new and me money too
In the morning with them she fled.
And as I walked the streets about
The whores they all did roar.
There goes Jack Strapp the poor sailor lad,
He must go to sea once more.

And as I walked the streets about
I met with the Rapper Brown.
I am him for to take me on
And he looked at me with a frown.
He said last time you was paid off
With me you got no score.
But I’ll give you a chance and I’ll take your advance
And I’ll send you to sea once more.

He shipped me on board of a whaling ship
All for the Arctic Seas.
Where cold winds blow through the frost and snow
And your make your own blood freeze.
But worst to bear I’d no hard-weather gear
For I’d spent all me money on shore.
‘twas then that I wished that I was dead
And could go to sea no more.

So come all Ye bold seafaring men
Who listen to me song.
When you come of them long trips
I’ll have you not go wrong.
Take my advice drink no rum
And don’t go sleeping with them whores.
Get married instead and spend all night in bed
And go to sea no more.
Go To Sea Once More

When first I landed in Liverpool, I went upon the spree,
My hard-earned cash, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be,
And when me money was all gone, ‘twas then I wanted more,
But a man must be blind for to make up his mind to go to sea once more.

Chorus: Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But a man must be blind for to make up his mind,
To go to sea once more.
(Last 2 Lines Of Chorus Echo Verse)

That night I slept with Angeline, I was too drunk to roll in bed.
My clothes was new, my money, too, and next morning with them she’d fled,
And as I roamed the streets around, them whores they all did roar,
“There goes Jack Ratcliffe, poor sailor boy, who must go to sea once more.
(Chorus)

Now as I was rollin’ down the street, I met with Rapper Brown.
I asked him then to take me in, but he looked at me with a frown.
Says he, “Last time Ye was paid off, with me Ye chalked no score,
But I’ll give Ye a chance and I’ll take your advance, and I’ll send Ye to sea once more.
(Chorus)

He shipped me aboards of a whalin’ ship bound for them Arctic seas
Where there’s ice and snow and the cold winds blow, why, Jamaica rum would freeze;
And worse to bear I’d no hard-weather gear, an’ I’d spent all my money ashore,
Ah, ‘twas then that I wished that I was dead, and could go to sea no more.
(Chorus)

Sometimes we’re catchin’ whales me boys, some days we’re catchin’ none.
With a twenty-foot oar stuck in your hand you row the whole daylong.
And when the shades of night come on, and you rest on your weary oar, 
Oh, your back’s so weak you could never seek a berth at sea once more.
(Chorus)

Come all you bold sea-faring men, and listen to my song
When you come off of them damn long trips, I’d have you not go wrong;
Take my advice, drink no strong drink and don’t go sleepin’ with no whore,
But get married, lads, and spend all night in, and go to sea no more!
(Chorus)
God Save the King

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord, our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hope we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
With heart and voice to sing,
God save the King.
Handsome Cabin Boy, The

It’s of a pretty female as you will understand
Her mind was set on rambling into a foreign land
She dressed herself in man’s attire and boldly did appear
And she engaged with a captain to serve him for a year.

The captain’s lady being on board, she seemed in great joy
To think that the captain had engaged such a handsome cabin boy
And many’s the time she cuddled and kissed, and she would have liked to toy
But ‘twas the captain found out the secret of the handsome cabin boy.

Her cheeks they were like roses, her hair was all a-curl
The sailors often smiled and said, he looks just like a girl
But eating the captain’s biscuit, well, her color it did destroy
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell, the handsome cabin boy.

As through the Bay of Biscay our gallant ship did plough
One night among the sailors there came an awful row
They tumbled from their hammocks for their rest it did destroy
They complained about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy.

It’s doctor, dearest doctor, the cabin boy did cry
My time has come, I am undone, surely I must die
The doctor ran with all his might, a-smiling at the fun
For to think a cabin boy could have a daughter or a son.

Now when the sailors heard the joke, they all began to stare
The child belongs to none of us, they solemnly did swear
And the lady to the captain said “My dear I wish you joy
For it was either you or I betrayed the handsome cabin boy.”
Come all of you bold fellows and we’ll drink success to trade
And likewise to the cabin boy who was neither man nor maid
And if the wars should rise again, us sailors to destroy
Well, here’s hoping for a jolly lot more like the handsome cabin boy.
Haul Away Joe

When I was a little lad and so me mother told me,
Way haul away, we’ll haul away Joe.
That if I did not kiss the girls me lips would grow all moldy.
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.

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution.
And then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his constitution.

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

Once I was in Ireland a’ digging turf and tatties.
But now I’m on a Yankee ship a’ hauling on the braces.
Once I had a German girl but she was fat and lazy. But now I got a Yankee girl, she damn near drives me crazy.

Way haul away, rock and roll me over. Way haul away, well roll me in the clover.
Haul Away For Rosie

Were you ever down on the Eastern Shore, It really is a treat, Oh!
Way, haul away, we’ll haul away for Rosie,
Way, haul away, we’ll haul away for Rosie, Oh.
Where the Baltimore whores in their purple drawers,
Come runnin’ out to greet you.
Way, haul away, we’ll haul away for Rosie,
Way, haul away, we’ll haul away for Rosie, Oh.

Oh, when I was a little boy, My mother often told me;
That If I didn’t kiss the girls, My lips would all get moldy.

I sailed the seas for seven years, Not knowin’ what I was missin’;
Then I trimmed my sails before the gales, And started in a’ kissin’.

Well, first I had an Irish gal, Her name was Kitty Brannigan;
She stole me boots, she stole me clothes, She pinched me plate and pannikin.

And then I got a German girl, And she was fat and lazy,
And then I got a New York girl, She damn near drove me crazy.

And then I got a Frenchie girl, She took things free and aisy;
But now I have an English girl, An’ sure she is a daisy.

So hearken while I sing to you, About my darlin’ Nancy;
She’s copper-bottomed, clipper-built, And just my cut and fancy.

Well, once in my life I married a wife, And Damn! But she was
lazy;
She never worked a day in her life, Which damn near drove me crazy.

She stayed out all night, a Hell of a sight! And where do you think I found ‘er?
Behind the pump, the story goes, With forty men around ‘er.

You call yerself a second mate, An’ cannot tie a bowline;
You cannot even stand up straight, When the packet she’s a rollin’.
Health To The Company (1)

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
And lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again.

Chorus: Here’s a health to the company
and one to my lass
    Let us drink and be merry all out of
one glass
    Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
    For we may and might never all meet here again.

Here’s a health to the dear lass that I love so well
Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
She smiles on my countenance and sits on me knee
Sure there’s no one in Erin as happy as we.
(Chorus)
Our ship lies at harbor, she’s ready to dock
I hope she’s safe landed without any shock
If ever I meet you by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me.
(Chorus repeated twice,
softly the first time, loudly the second!)
Health To The Company (2)

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Come lift up your voices, or grief to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Chorus: Here’s a health to the company and one to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let us drink and be merry, or grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again.

Here’s a health to the dear lass that I love so well
For style and for beauty, there’s none can excel
She puts a smile on my countenance as she sits upon me knee
Sure there’s no one in this wild world as happy as me.
(Chorus)
Our ship lies at anchor, she’s ready to dock
I wish her safe landing without any chalk
And if ever we should meet again by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me.
(Chorus repeated twice,
Softly the first time, loudly the second!)
Here’s To The Morning Glory

At the end of the day, I like a little drink to raise up me voice and sing
And an hour or two with a fine, brown brew and I’m ready for anything
At the Cross Keys Inn there were sisters four, the landlord’s daughters fair
And every night when they’d turn out the light I would tiptoe up the stair, singin’

Chorus: One for the morning glory, two for the early dew
Three for the man who will stand his round
And four for the love of you, me girl,
Four for the love of you.

I got the call from a foreign shore to go and fight the foe
And I thought no more of the sisters four, but still I was sad to go
I sailed away on a ship, the Morning Glory was her name
And we’d all fall down when the rum went ‘round, then get up and start again
(Chorus)

I bore once more for my native shore, farewell to the raging seas
And the Cross Keys Inn, it was beckonin’, and me heart was filled with glee
For there on the shore were the sisters four with a bundle upon each knee
There were three little girls and a bouncing boy, and they all looked just like me
(Chorus)
There were two lofty ships, from old England came
Blow High! Blow low! And so sailed we,
One was the Prince o’ Luther and the other Prince o’ Wales.
Cruisin’ down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

“Aloft, there, aloft!” our bully [jolly] bosun cried.
Blow high! Blow low! An’ so sailed we!
“Look ahead, look astern, look to weather an’ a-lee!”
All a’ cruisin’ down the coasts of the High Barbaree!

“There’s naught upon the stern, sir, there’s naught
upon the lee
But there’s a lofty ship to wind’ard an’ she’s sailin’
fast an’ free”
“O hail her! O hail her!’ our gallant cap’n cried,
Are you a man-o’-war or a privateer?” cried he.

“Oh, no I’m not a man-o’-war, nor privateer,” cried he,
“But I’m a salt sea pirate, all a’ lookin’ for me fee!”
For broadside, for broadside, a long time we lay,
Till at last the Prince o’ Luther shot the pirate’s mast away
“O quarter! O quarter!” those pirates they did cry,
But the quarter that we gave ‘em, was to sink ‘em in
the sea.
**Hilo, Johnny Brown**

Sally, she’m the gal that I love dearly
‘Way, sing Sally!
Sally, she’m the gal that I love dearly
**Hilo, Johnny Brown, stand to yer ground!**

Sally she’m the gal that I spliced nearly,
Her lips is red an’ her hair is curly,

Sally she’m a Badian beauty,
Sally-gal she’m know her duty.

Sally she’m a bright mulatter,
She drinks rum an’chaws terbacker

Seven long years Ah courted Sally,
But Ah doan care ter dilly-dally.

Never mind the weather, boys, keep yer legs tergether,
Haul away, me bully boys, an’ bust the chafin’leather

The mate he goes aroun’, boys, dinging an’ a-dangin’, 
Fair land o’ Canaan soon be a-showin’.
Hot Stuff

Come, each death-doing dog who dares venture his neck,  
Come, follow the hero who goes to Quebec,  
Jump aboard of the transport, and loose every sail,  
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail.  
And, Ye that love fighting, shall soon have enough,  
Wolfe commands us, boys; we shall give them Hot Stuff!

Up the river St. Lawrence, our troops shall advance.  
To the Grenadier’s March, we will teach them to dance.  
Cape Breton, we’ve taken, and next we will try,  
At their capitol, to give them, another black eye.  
Vaudreuil, ‘tis in vain, you pretend to look gruff,  
Those are coming who know how to give you Hot Stuff!

With powder in his periwig, and snuff in his nose,  
Monsieur will run down, our descent to oppose.  
And the Indians will come, but our Light Infantry,  
Will soon oblige them to take to a tree.  
From such rascals as these, shall we fear a rebuff?  
Advance, Grenadiers! And let fly your Hot Stuff!

When the Forty-Seventh Regiment is dashing ashore,  
While bullets are whistling, and cannons do roar,  
Says Montcalm, “Those are Shirley’s – I know their lapels.”  
“You lie!” Says Ned Botwood, “We are with Lascelles.”  
Though our clothing has changed, yet we scorn the powder puff,  
So at you! Ye bastards! Here’s give you Hot Stuff!

With Monckton and Townshend, those brave Brigadiers,  
I think we shall soon have the town about their ears.  
And when we have done with the mortars and guns,  
If you please, Madame Abbess, a word with your Nuns,
Each soldier shall enter the Convent in buff,
And then, never fear, we shall give them **Hot Stuff!**
Humors Of Whiskey, The

Let your quacks and newspapers be cuttin’
their capers
And curing the Vapours, the Scratch and the
Gout.
With their medical potions, their pills and
their lotions,
Upholdin’ their notions, they’re mighty put
out.

Who can tell the true physic of all things
pathetic
And pitch to the Devil Cramp, Colic and
Spleen?
Oh you’ll find them I think if you take a big
drink
With your mouth to the brink of a jug of
Poteen.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in
nature
For sinkin’ your sorrows and raisin’ your
joys.
Oh what botherations no bolt to the nation
Can bring consolation like Poteen me boys.

No liquid cosmetic to lovers athletic
Or ladies pathetic can bring such a bloom
As the sweet, by the powers to the garden of
flowers
Never brought it own powers such a darlin’
perfume.

And this liquid’s so rare if you’re willin’ to
share
To be takin’ your hair when its grizzled and
dead.
Oh the Sod has the merit to yield the true
spirit
So strong it’ll shake all the hairs from your
head.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in
nature
For sinkin’ your sorrows and raisin’ your
joys.
Oh since its perfection no doctor’s direction
Can cleanse the complexion like Poteen me
boys.

As a child in my cradle the nurse from her
ladle
Was swillin’ her mouth with a notion of
“Pep”
When a drop from her bottle fell into me
throttle,
I capered and scrambled right out of her lap.

On the floor I lay crawlin’ and screamin’
and bawlin’
Till Father and Mother soon came to the
fore.
Conceived I lay dying, all wailing and
crying
They found I was only a-cryin’ for more.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in
nature
For sinkin’ your sorrows and raisin’ your
joys.
Oh Lord how I’d chuckle if babes in their
truckle
Could only be suckled on Poteen me boys.

Through youthful digressions and times of
depression
My childhood impression still clung to me
mind.
In school and in college the basis of
knowledge
I never could gulp ‘till with whiskey
combined.

Now as older I’m growin’, time’s ever
bestowin’
On Erin’s potation a flavour so fine
And how e’re they may lecture on Jove and
his nectar
Itself is the only true liquid divine.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in
nature
For sinkin’ your sorrows and raisin’ your
joys.
Oh Lord it’s the right thing for courtin’ and
fightin’
There’s not so exciting as Poteen me boys.
Come guess me this riddle what beats pipes and fiddle
What’s hotter than mustard and wilder than cream?
What best wets your whistle, what’s clearer than crystal
Smother than honey and stronger than steam?

What’ll make the dumb talk, what’ll make the lame walk --
The elixir of life and philosopher’s stone?

And what helped Mr. Brunell to dig the Thames tunnel
Wasn’t it Poteen me boys from old Innishowen.

Then stick to the Cratur the best thing in nature
For sinkin’ your sorrows and raisin’ your joys.
Oh Lord knows I wonder if lightning and thunder
Was made from the plunder of Poteen me boys!
Isn’t It Grand, Boys

Look at the coffin, with silver handles…
Isn’t it grand, boys, to be bloody well dead?
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 widow, bloody great woman...

Look at the mourners, bloody great hypocrites…

Look at the preacher, bloody well sanctified...

Look at the choirboys, bloody young faggots...

&Etc.
Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor

Now, ‘twas twenty-five or thirty years
Since Jack first saw the light;
He came into this world of woe
One dark and stormy night.
He was born on board his father’s ship one day
As she was lying to,
‘Bout twenty-five or thirty miles
Southeast of Bacalhao.

Chorus: Jack was every inch a sailor,
Five and twenty years a whaler,
Jack was every inch a sailor,
He was born upon the deep blue sea.

When Jack grew up to be a man,
He went to Labrador,
He fished in Indian Harbor
Where his father fished before.
On his returning in the fog,
He met a heavy gale,
And Jack was swept into the sea
And swallowed by a whale.
(Chorus)

The whale went straight for Baffln’s Bay
‘Bout ninety knots an hour,
And ev’ry time he’d blow a spray,
He’d send it in a shower.
“Oh, now,” says Jack unto himself,
“I must see what he’s about.”
He caught the whale all by the tail
And turned him inside out.

(Chorus)
Johnny Jump-Up

Well, I’ll tell you a story that happened to me
One day as I went out to Youghal by the sea
The day it was hot, the sun it was warm
Says I, “A quick pint wouldn’t do any harm.”
I went in and called for a bottle of stout
Says the barman, “I’m sorry the beer’s all sold out
Try whiskey, young Paddy, ten years in the wood.”
Says I, “I’ll have cider; I’ve heard that it’s good.”

Chorus: But I’ll never, oh never, oh never again
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and ten
Well I fell to the ground and I couldn’t get up
After drinking the quart of the Johnny-Jump-Up

After leavin’ the third I came out by the yard
Where I walked into Brophy the big civic guard;
“Come ‘ere to me boy don’t you know I’m the law?”
I upped with me fist and I shattered his jaw.
Well he fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
‘Twas not I that hit him, but Johnny Jump-Up
(Chorus)

The next thing that I met down by Youghal by the Sea
Was a cripple on crutches and he said to me
“I’m afraid for me life I’ll be hit by a car
Won’t you help me across to the railwayman’s bar?”
But after drinkin’ a quart of the cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and danced in the street.
(Chorus)

Well I went down the Lee road a friend for to see,
They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the Sea
But when I got there sure the truth I will tell
They had the poor bugger locked up in a cell
Said the guard, testing him, “Say these word if you can:
‘Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran.’
“Tell them I’m not crazy, tell them I’m not mad
‘Twas only the sup of the bottle I had.”
(Chorus)

A man died in the Union by the name of McNabb
They washed him, they laid him outside on a slab
And after O’Connor his measurements did take
His wife took him home for a bloody fine wake.
Well, about twelve o’clock and the beer it was high
The corpse he sits up and says he with a sigh
“I can’t get to heaven, they won’t let me up
‘Till I bring them a quart of Johnny Jump-Up!”
(Chorus)
Jug Of Punch (1)

‘Twas early, early, in the month of June
I was sitting with my glass and spoon.
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

Chorus: Toor-a-loora-la, toor-a-loora-lie
Toor-a-loora-la, toor-a-loora-lie
(Repeat last two lines of verse)

If I were sick, and very bad
And were not able to go or stand,
I would not think it at all amiss
To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.
(Chorus)

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire,
Upon his knee a pretty wench
And upon his table a jug of punch.
(Chorus)

And when I’m dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I have,
I’ll dig a grave both wide and deep
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.
(Chorus)
Jug Of Punch (2)

It being on the twenty-third of June-o
As I sat weaving all on my loom
I heard a thrush singing on yon bush
And the song she sang was a jug of punch.

Chorus: Ladderly fol the dee
Ladderly fol the dee deedle eedel dum
Dithery idle dum dithery idle deedle dum
Dithery idle dum dithery idle deedle dum
Dithery idle deedle eedle eedle dum dum dee.

What more pleasure could a boy desire
Than to sit him down-o, beside the fire
And in his hand-o a jug of punch
Aye, and on his knee-o, a tidy wench.
(Chorus)

What more hardships could a boy desire
Than sit him down-o behind the door
And in his hand-o no jug of punch
Aye, and on his knee-o, no tidy wench.
(Chorus)

When I am dead, all my drinking’s o’er
I’ll drink one glass and I’ll drink no more
For fear I mightn’t get it on that day
I will drink it now and I’ll drink away.
(Chorus)

When I am dead and left in my mould
At my head and feet place a flowing bowl
And every young man that passes by
He can have a drink and remember I.
(Chorus)
Leave Her Johnny

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

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

O I thought I heard the old man say,
Tomorrow Ye will get your pay!

It’s Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,
It’s Yankee John the packet rat.

It’s rotten beef an’ weev’ly bread,
It’s pump or drown the old man said.

The wind was foul an’ the sea ran high,
She shipped it green an’ none went by.

We’d be better off in a nice clean gaol,
With all night in an’ plenty o’ ale!

The mate was a bucko an’ the old man a Turk,
The bosun was a beggar with the middle name o’ work!

It’s growl yer may an’ go yer must,
It matters not whether yer last or furst!

The cook’s a drunk, he likes to booze,
And ‘tween him an’ the mate there’s little to choose!

I hate to sail on this rotten tub,
No grog allowed and rotten grub!

The ship won’t steer, or stay, or wear,
An’ so us shellbacks learnt to swear.

No Liverpool bread, nor rotten crackerhash,
No dandyfunk, nor cold an’ sloppy hash.

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

Now I thought I hear the old man say,
Just one more pull an’ then belay.

We swear by rote for want o’ more,
But now we’re through so we’ll go on shore.
Louie Louie

Fine little girl she wait for me
Me catch da ship for cross da sea
Me sail da ship all alone
Me never think me make it home

Louie, Louie, oh, oh,
Me gotta go.
Louie, Louie, oh no,
Me gotta go now.

Three nights three days me sail da sea
Me thinks of girl constantly
On da ship me dream she there
Me smell da roses in her hair.

Louie, Louie, oh, baby,
Me gotta go
Louie, Louie, oh oh,
Me gotta go now
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Me see Jamaica moon above
It won’t be long me see me love,
Me take her in me arms and then
Tell her me never leave again.
MacPherson’s Lament

My father was a gentleman,             (Chorus)
Of fame and honor high,
Oh mother, would you ne’er had
borne
The son so doom’d to die.

Chorus:
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play’d a tune (sprig),
and danc’d it round (a jig)
Under the gallows-tree.

I’ve spent my life in rioting,
Debauch’d my health and
strength,
I squander’d fast, as pillage
came,
And fell to shame at length.
(Chorus)

Farewell, yon dungeons dark and
strong,
The wretch’s destinie!
M’Pherson’s time will not be
long
On yonder gallows tree.
(Chorus)

O what is breath but parting
breath?
On many a bloody plain
I’ve dar’d his face, and in this
place
I’ll scorn him yet again.

But vengeance I never did wreak,
When pow’r was in my hand,
And you, dear friends, no
vengeance seek,
It is my last command.
(Chorus)

Forgive the man whose rage
betray’d
MacPherson’s worthless life;
When I am gone, be it not said,
My legacy was strife.
(Chorus)

He took his fiddle in both his
hands
And he broke it all a stone,
Saying there’s nae a han’ shall
ply on thee
When I am dead and gone.
(Chorus)

Now farewell light, thou
sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his
name,
The wretch that dares not die!
(Chorus)

O reprieve was coming o the
Brig o’ Dans
for tae set MacPherson free,
For they set the clock a quarter before
And they hanged him from a tree.
(Chorus)
Marching Inland

Lord Nelson had a sure fire way of curing mal-de-mer
And if you pay attention, his secret I will share
To any seasick sailor, he’d give this advice for free
If you’re feeling seasick, sit underneath a tree.

Chorus: I’m marching inland from the shore
   Over me shoulder I’m carrying an oar
   When someone asks what is that funny thing you’ve got
   I know I’ll never go to sea no more, no more
   Than I know I’ll never go to sea no more.

Columbus he set sail to find out if the world was round
He kept up sailing to the West until he ran aground
He thought he found the Indians but he found the USA
I know some navigators who can still do that today.
(Chorus)

Drake is in his hammock and a thousand miles away
Grenville’s revenge is at the bottom of the bay
Many famous sailors never came home from the sea
Just take my advice, Jack, and come and follow me.

(Chorus)

So sailors take a warning from these men of high renown
When you leave the ocean and its time to settle down
Never cast your anchor less than ninety miles from shore
There’ll always be temptation to be off to sea once more.

(Chorus)

Mary Ellen Carter, The

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.
The skipper, he’d been drinking and the Mate, he felt no pain.
Too close to Three-Mile Rock, and she was dealt her mortal blow,
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
There were five of us aboard her when she finally was awash.
We’d worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.
Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend. She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end. But insurance paid the loss to them, they let her rest below. Then they laughed at us and said we had to go. But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock, For she’s worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock. And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

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

All spring, now, we’ve been with her on a barge lent by a friend. Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I’ve had the bends. Thank God it’s only sixty feet and the currents here are slow Or I’d never have the strength to go below. But we’ve patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and porthole down. Put cables to her, ‘fore and aft and girded her around. Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain. And watch the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn’t leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale. She’d saved our lives so many times, living through the gale And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave They won’t be laughing in another day… And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

*Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken*  
And life about to end  
No matter what you’ve lost, be it a home, a love, a friend. Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.  
(Repeated Twice)
Mermaid, The

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

Chorus: And the ocean’s waves will roll (let em roll)(Whoosh!)
And the stormy winds do blow (let em blow)(Blow me, Blow me)
And we poor sailors go skipping ‘cross the top
While the landlubbers lie down below (below, below)
While the landlubbers lie down below.

And up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken man was he
I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
And tonight she a widow will be.
(Chorus)

And up spoke the cookie of our gallant ship
And a red hot cookie was he
Saying I care much more for my pots and my pans
Than I do for the bottom of the sea.
(Chorus)

Then up spoke the cabin boy, of our gallant ship
And a nasty little lad was he.
I’m not quite sure I can spell “mermaid.”
But I’m going to the bottom of the sea.
(Chorus)
Then three times around spun our gallant ship
And three times around spun she
Three times around spun our gallant ship
And she sank to the bottom of the sea. (What a Bummer!)
(Chorus)
Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus: Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;

Bring her head round, into the weather,

Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

What care we though, white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys; every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.
(Chorus)

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

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin’ bairns a-cryin’
They’ll return, though, when the sun sets
They’ll return to Mingulay.
(Chorus repeated twice)
Minstrel Boy, The

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;

“Land of Song!” cried the warrior bard,
(Should) “Tho’ all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman’s steel
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov’d ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav’ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!

ADD LAST VERSE: (American Civil War)

The minstrel boy will return we pray
When we hear the news we all will cheer it
The minstrel boy will return one day
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit
Then may he play on his harp in peace
In a world such as Heaven has intended
For all the bitterness of man must cease
And every battle must be ended.
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 street 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 shur ‘t was no wonder,
for so were her father and mother before.
And they wheeled their wheel barrows 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
And her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-oh”
(Chorus - Repeated Twice)
My Bonny

My Bonny is over the ocean,
My Bonny is over the sea.
My Bonny is over the ocean.
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

Chorus: Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonny to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

Last night as I laid at my pillow,
Last night as I laid in my bed.
Last night as I laid on my pillow
I dreamed that my Bonny was dead.
(Chorus)

The winds have gone over the ocean,
The winds have gone over the sea.
The winds have gone over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonny to me.
(Chorus)
Brought back, brought back,
Oh brought back my Bonny to me, to me.
Brought back, brought back,
Oh brought back my Bonny to me.
New York Girls (1)

Shanghaied in San Francisco,
We fetched-up in Bombay,
They set us afloat in a leasehold boat
That steered like a bale of hay.

Chours: And away, you Santee
My dear Annie
Oh, You New York girls
You love us for our money.

We know the streets of Santos,
the river at Saigon,
We’ve had a glass with a Chinese lass in houseboat in Canton.

Chours

They’ll pay us off in Liverpool
then after a spell ashore,
Again we’ll ship on a southern trip
in a week or barely more.

Chours

We’ve panted in the tropic,
While the pitch boiled-up on deck,
We saved our hides, little else besides
From an ice-cold, North Sea wreck.

Chours

We’ve drunk our rum in Portland,
We’ve thrashed through the Bering Strait,
We’ve ‘toed the mark’ on a Yankee barque,
With a hard-case, Down-East Mate.

As the purple disappears
And only the blue is seen,
Commend our bones to Davy Jones,
Our souls to Fiddler’s Green.

Chorus sung twice
New York Girls (2)

As I walked out on South Street,
A fair maid I did meet
Who asked me please to see her home,
She lived on Bleecker Street

Chorus: And away, you Johnny,
My dear honey
Oh you New York girls,
You love us for our money

I said, “My dear young lady,
I’m a stranger here in town
I left my ship just yesterday,
From Liverpool I was bound.”

(Chorus)

I took her out to Tiffany’s,
I spared her no expense
I bought her two gold earrings,
They cost me fifteen cents.

(Chorus)

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.

(Chorus)

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.

(Chorus)

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 shift and apron on
And headed for the dock.

(Chorus)

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?”

(Chorus)
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’s nothing but a whore.

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)
**New York Girls (3)**

As I walked down the Broadway  
One evening in July  
I met a maid who asked me trade  
And a sailor John says I.

**Chorus:** And away, you Santee  
My dear Annie  
Oh, You New York girls  
Can’t you dance the polka?

To Tiffany’s I took her  
I did not mind expense  
I bought her two gold earrings  
And they cost me fifteen cents.  
(Chorus)

Says she, ‘You Lime juice sailor  
Now see me home you may’  
But when we reached her cottage door  
She this to me did say.  
(Chorus)

My flash man he’s a Yankee  
With his hair cut short behind  
He wears a pair of long sea-boots  
And he sails in the Blackball Line.  
(Chorus)

He’s homeward bound this evening  
And with me he will stay  
So get a move on, sailor-boy  
Get cracking on your way.  
(Chorus)

So I kissed her hard and proper  
Afore her flash man came  
And fare Ye well, me Bowery gal  
I know your little game.  
(Chorus)

I wrapped me glad rags round me  
And to the docks did steer  
I’ll never court another maid  
I’ll stick to rum and beer.  
(Chorus)

I joined a Yankee blood-boat  
And sailed away next morn  
Don’t ever fool around with
gals
You’re safer off Cape Horn. (Chorus repeated twice)
No Man’s Land

Well, how do you do, Private William McBride,
Do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?
And rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,
I’ve been walking all day, and I’m nearly done.
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916,
Well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or, Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Chorus: Did they Beat the drum slowly,
did the play the pipes lowly?
Did the rifles fir o’er you
as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound The Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?
And, though you died back in 1916,
To that loyal heart are you always 19?
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Forever enshrined behind some glass pane,
In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained,
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?
(Chorus)

The sun’s shining down on these green fields of France;
The warm wind blows gently, and the red poppies dance.
The trenches have vanished long under the plow;
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard that’s still No Man’s Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man’s blind indifference to his fellow man.
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.
(Chorus)

And I can’t help but wonder, no Willie McBride,
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you “The Cause?”
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,
For Willie McBride, it all happened again, 
And again, and again, and again, and again. 
(Chorus)
Northwest Passage

Chorus:
Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;
Tracing one, warm line through a land so wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Westward from the Davis Strait ‘tis there ‘twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.
(Chorus)

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his “Sea of Flowers”
began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.
(Chorus)

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking
west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.
(Chorus)

How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again.
(Chorus)
Old Dun Cow

Some friends and I in a public house
Were playing dominoes one night
When into the room a fireman came,
His face all chalky white
“What’s up?” says Brown, “Have you seen a ghost?”
“Have you seen your Aunt Moriah?”
“Oh my Aunt Moriah be buggered,” says he,
“The bleeding pubs on fire!”

“Oh,” says Brown, “What a bit of luck
Everybody follow me
It’s down to the cellar if the fire’s not there
Then we’ll have a grand old spree.”
So we all went down with good old Brown
And the booze we could not miss
And we hadn’t been there ten minutes or more
Till we were quite like this.

Oh, there was Brown, up side down
Mopping up the whiskey on the floor
Its “Booze, booze” the firemen cried
As they come a knockin’ at the door.
“Well don’t let em in till it’s all mopped up
Somebody shouted, “MacIntyre!”
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Then Smith ran over to the port wine tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks
He started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks.
“Oh no,” says Brown, “That t’ain’t allowed
You can’t do that there
Don’t be washing your trotters in the port wine tub
When we got some Guinesses beer.”

Then there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody room caved in
And we were drowned by the fireman’s hose
Though we were almost happy.
So we got some tacks and some wet old sacks
And we packed ourselves inside
And we sat there getting bleery eyed drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.
Over The Water

Come boat me o’er, come row me o’er,
Come boat me o’er to Charlie;
I’ll gie John Ross anither bawbee
To boat me o’er to Charlie.

Chorus: We’ll o’er the water, we’ll o’er the sea,
    We’ll o’er the water to Charlie;
    Come weal, come woe, we’ll gather and go,
    And live or die wi Charlie.

I lo’e weel my Charlie’s name,
Tho some there be abhor him:
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie’s faes be ore him!
(Chorus)

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early!
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I’d die as aft for Charlie.

(Chorus)
Over The Water To Charlie

Come boat me over, come ferry me o’er
Come boat me over tae Charlie
Hear the call once but never again
To carry me over tae Charlie.

Chorus: It’s over the water, it’s over the sea,
It’s over the water tae Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we’ll gather and go,
To live or die wi Charlie.

O once I had sons, but now I’ve got nane
I treated them all sae sarely
But I would bear them all again
To live and die for Charlie.
(Chorus)

I swear by moon and stars sae bright
Sun that shines sae dearly
If I had twenty thousand lives
I’d live them all for Charlie.
(Chorus)

Come boat me o’er, come now or never
Come boat me o’er tae Charlie
I’ll gie John Ross another bawbee
To ferry me o’er tae Charlie.
(Chorus)

It’s well I lo’e me Charlie’s name
Tho some there be abhor him
But O tae see Auld Nick gaun hame
And Charlie’s face afore him.

(Chorus repeated twice)
Over The Hills And Far Away

Hark now the drums beat up again
For all true soldier gentlemen
So let us list and march I say
And go over the hills and far away.

Chorus: Over the hills, and o’er the main
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain
Queen Anne commands and we’ll obey
And go over the hills and far away

There’s twenty shillings on the drum
For him that with us freely comes
‘Tis volunteers shall win the day
Over the hills and far away.
(Chorus)

Come gentlemen that have a mind
To serve a queen that’s good and kind
Come list and enter in to pay
And go over the hills and far away.
(Chorus)

And we shall live more happy lives
Free of squalling brats and wives
Who nag and vex us every day
So it’s over the hills and far away.
(Chorus)

Prentice Tom may well refuse
To wipe his angry master’s shoes
For now he’s free to run and play
Over the hills and far away.
(Chorus)

No more from sound of drum retreat
When Marlborough and Galway beat
The French and Spaniards every day
Over the hills and far away.

(Chorus)
Over The Hills And Far Away (Ohio)

On fair Ohio’s banks we stand,
Musket and bayonet in hand
The French are beat, they dare not stay
But take to their heels and run away.

Chorus: Whoe’er is bold, whoe’er is free
Will join and come along with me
We’ll drive the French without delay
Over the hills and far away.

Over the rocks and over the steep
Over the waters, wide and deep
We’ll drive the French without delay
Over the hills and far away.

(Chorus)
Paddy Lay Back (1)

’Twas a cold and dreary morning in December
December
All of me money, it was spent,
Spent, spent
Where it all went, Lord I can’t remember
Remember
So down to the shipping office I went
Went, went!

Chorus:
A Paddy lay back,
Paddy lay back!
Take in the slack,
Take a turn around the capstan,
Heave a pawl!

Heave a pawl
About ship’s stations, boys, be handy
Be handy!
We’re bound for Valipariso ‘round the Horn!

Well, that day there was a great demand for sailors,
For the colonies, for ‘Frisco and for France.
So I shipped aboard a limey barque, the Hotspur,
An’ got paralytic drunk on my advance.

Now I joined her on a cold December mornin’,
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.

Now some of our fellers had been drinkin’,
An’ I meself was heavy on the booze.
An’ I was on me ol’ sea chest a’ thinkin’
I’d turn into me bunk an’ have a snooze.

I woke up in the mornin’ sick an’ sore,
I knew I was outward bound again;
I hears a voice a-bawlin’ at the door,
“Lay aft, ye sods, an’ answer to yer names.”

’Twas on the quarterdeck where I first saw ‘em.
Such an ugly bunch I never seen before,
For there was a bum and stiff from every quarter,
(For the captain had shipped a shanghai crew of Dutchmen)
An’ it made me poor ol’ heart feel sick and sore.

There was Spaniards an’ Dutchmen an’ Rooshians,
An’ Johnny Crapoos jist acrost from France.

An’ most of them could speak no word of English,
But answered to the name of ‘Month’s Advance!’

I wisht I was in the ‘Jolly Sailor,’”
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin’ beer,
An’ then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors,
An’ with me flipper I wiped away a tear.

I felt that I should skip an’ join another,
’Twas plain that I had joined a lousy bitch;
But the chances wuz that I might join a worser,
An’ we might git through the voyage without a hitch.

I axed the mate a-which a-watch was mine-O,
Says he, ‘‘I’ll soon pick out a-which is which,’”
An’ he blowed me down an’ kicked me hard a stern-O,
Callin’ me a lousy, dirty son o’ a bitch.

I swore I would become a beachie-comber,
An’ niver go to sea no ruddy more;
For niver did I want to be a roamer,
I’d shanghai the boardin’-master an’ stay ashore.

Although me poor ol’ head wuz all a-jumpin’,
We had to loose her rags the followin’ morn;
I dream the boardin’-master I was thumpin’,
When I found out he’d sent me around the Horn.

I swore I would become a beachie-comber,
An’ niver go to sea no ruddy more;
For niver did I want to be a roamer,
I’d shanghai the boardin’-master an’ stay ashore.

But when we got to bully ol’ Vallaparaiso,
In the Bay we dropped our mudhook far from shore;
The Ol’ Man he refused ter let us raise ‘er,
An’ he stopped the boardin’-masters comin’ aboard.

I quickly made me mind up that I’d jump ‘er, I’d leave the beggar an’ git a job ashore; I swum across the Bay an’ went an’ left ‘er, An’ in the English Bar I found a whore.

But Jimmy the Wop (Crimp) he knew a thing or two, sir,

An’ soon he’d shipped me outward bound again; On a Limey to the Chinchas for guanner, An’ soon wuz I a-roarin’ this refrain.

So there was I once more again at sea, boys, The same ol’ ruddy business o’er again. Oh, stamp the caps’n round an’ make some noise, boys, An’ sing again this dear ol’ sweet re-frain
Paddy Lay Back (2)

‘Twas a cold and windy morning in December

**December**
When all of me money, it was spent,

**Spent, spent**
And where the hell it went, I can’t remember,

**Remember**
So down to the shipping office I went,

**Went, went.**

**Chorus:**
A Paddy lay back,

**Paddy lay back!**
Take in the slack,

**Take in the slack**
Take a turn around the capstan,

**Heave a pawl!**
About ship’s stations, boys, be handy

**Be handy!**
We’re bound for Valipariso ‘round the Horn!

Well, that day there was a great demand for sailors,
For the colonies, for ‘Frisco and for France.
So I joined a limey barque they called the Hotspur,
An’ got paralytic drunk on my advance.
‘Twas on the quarterdeck where I first saw ‘em.
Such an ugly bunch I never seen before,
For the captain had shipped a shanghai crew of Dutchmen
An’ it made me poor ol’ heart feel sick and sore.

Well, I axed the mate a-which a-watch was mine-O,
He said he’d soon see which watch was which, ’m.
An’ he blew me down an’ he kicked me in the stern-O,
Callin’ me a dirty, lousy son o’ a bitch.

It was then I made me mind up that I’d leave ‘er,
I’d git a job an’ live me life ashore;
So, I jumped over board and swam ashore boys,
An’ in the English Bar I found a whore.

Ah, but Jimmy the Crimp he knew a thing or two, sir,
An’ quickly I was outward bound again;
On a Limey to the Chinchas for guano,
An’ here I am a singing the ol’ refrain.

So, here we are once again at sea, boys,
The same ol’ garbage, all o’er again.
So, won’t you stamp the caps’n round an’ make a noise, **boys**,  
An’ join wi’ me in singing the ol’ **re-frain**.
Parting Glass, The

Oh, all the money that e’re I had,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm that e’re I’ve done,
Alas! It was to none but me.
And all I’ve done for want of wit,
To memory now I can’t recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades that e’re I had,
They’re sorry for my going away,
And all the sweethearts that e’re I had,
Would wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot,
That I should rise and you should not,
I’ll gently rise and softly call,
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

(Extra verse)

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,
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.
Pay Me My Money Down

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

I thought I heard the captain say,
Pay me my money down,
“Tomorrow is our sailing day.”
Pay me my money down.
(Chorus)

The very next day we cleared the bar,
He knocked me down with the end of a spar,

I wish I was Mr. Howard’s son,
Sit in the house and drink good rum.

I wish I was Mr. Steven’s son,
Sit on the bank and watch the work done.
Pay Me The Money Down

Chorus:  Pay me, O pay me the money down
            Pay me the money down;
            Pay me, O pay me the money down
            Pay me the money down;

I went for a cruise, boys, around the town
Pay me the money down;
And there met a young gal called Sally Brown
Pay me the money down;
(Chorus)

I put me arm around her waist,
She says, “Young man, you’re in great haste.”

That fancy girl, she says to me
“I don’t give my love for free.”

“Oh the price of my love is half a crown
Pay me, O pay me the money down.”

That girl she says to me one day,
“You’ve had your fun so don’t delay.”

“Oh money, young man, is the object of me
And you won’t get my love for free.”
She said, “Me son, you’ll rue the day
The girls have worn your pride away.”
Pirate Song

My boat’s by the tower and my bark’s on the bay
And both must be gone at the dawn of the day
The moon’s in her shroud and to light thee afar
On the deck of the daring’s a love-lighted star

Chorus: So wake, lady wake, I am waiting for thee
        Oh this night or never my bride thou shalt be

Forgive me rough mood unaccustomed to sue
I woo not perhaps as you landlubbers do
My voice is attuned to the sound of the gun
That startles the deep when the combat’s begun (Chorus)

The Frenchman and Don will flee from our path
And the Englishman cower below at our wrath
And our sails shall be gilt in the gold of the day
And the sea robins sing as we roll on our way (Chorus)
A hundred shall serve - the best of the brave -
And the chief of the thousand shall keel as thy slave
And thou shalt reign queen and thy empire shall last
Till the black flag by inches is torn form the mast
(Chorus)
Queen Of Argyll

Gentle men it is my duty
To inform you of one beauty
Though I’d ask you of a favor,
Not to seek her for a while
Though I own she is a creature
Of character and feature
No words can paint the picture
of the Queen of all Argyll.

Chorus: And if you could have seen her there,
Boys if you had just been there
The swan was in her movement,
And the morning in her smile.
All the roses in the garden,
They bow and ask her pardon
For not one could match the beauty
Of the queen of all Argyll.

On that evening that I mention,
I passed with light intention
Through a part of our dear country
Known for beauty and for style
Being a place of noble thinkers,
Of scholars and great drinkers
But above them all for splendor
Shone the Queen of all Argyll.
(Chorus)

So my lads my needs must leave you,
My intention’s not to grieve you
Nor indeed would I deceive you,
Oh I’ll see you in a while
I must find some way to gain her,
To court her and to tame her
I fear my heart’s in danger
From the Queen of all Argyll.
(Chorus repeated twice)
**Rattlin’ Bog, The**

Chorus: Hey ho, the rattlin’ bog  
The bog down in the valley-o  
The rare bog, the rattlin’ bog  
The bog down in the valley-o

Now in this bog there was a tree  
A rare tree, a rattlin’ tree  
Tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o,  
(Chorus)

Now on this tree there was a limb  
A rare limb, a rattlin’ limb  
Limb on the tree, tree in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-o,  
(Chorus)

Now on this limb there was a branch  
A rare branch, a rattlin’ branch  
A branch on the limb, a limb on the tree, tree in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-o,  
(Chorus)

Now on this limb there was a twig  
A rare branch, a rattlin’ twig…
nest, egg, bird, wing, feather, bug, eye, gleam.
Recruiting Song of the British Isles

Good Morning, Good Morning, the sergeant did cry,
The Same to you Gentlemen, we did reply,
Intending no harm but meant to pass by,
The day being Christmas morning.

But he says, My fine fellows if you would enlist,
Ten guineas in gold I would slip in your fist,
And a Crown in the bargain to kick up the dust,
And drink the King’s health in the morning.

One Evening in April, Drums and Instruments of Musick
Charmed me. I repaired to a Publick House Where Mirth
and Gallantry was Highly Going on. I found many Lads of
my Aquantans which Seamed Determined to Go in to the Sarvis.
Rolling Down To Old Maui (1)

It’s a damn tough life full of toil and strife we whalermen undergo,  
And we don’t give a damn when the gale is done how hard the winds did blow,  
Cause we’re homeward bound from the Arctic Ground with a good ship taut and free,  
And we won’t give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of Old Maui.

Chorus:  Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,  
We’re homeward bound from the Arctic Ground,  
Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with the northerly gale through the ice and wind and rain,  
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands 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 the northerly gale towards our island home,  
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done and we ain’t got far to roam,  
Our stun’s’l bones is carried away, what care we for that sound,  
A living gale is after us, thank God we’re homeward bound!  
(Chorus)

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern  
Them native maids, them tropical glades is a-waiting our return  
Even now their big brown eyes look out hoping one fine day to see  
Our baggy sails, running ‘fore the gales, rolling down to Old Maui.  
(Chorus – Repeated twice)
Rolling Down To Old Maui (2)

Once more we sail with a favoring gale
A-bounding o’er the main
And soon the hills of the tropic clime
Will be in view again
Six sluggish months have passed away
Since from your shores sailed we
But now we’re bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to old Maui.

Chorus: Rolling down to old Maui, my boys
Rolling down to old Maui
But now we’re bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to old Maui.

We will heave our lead where old Diamond Head
Looms up on old Oahu
Our masts and rigging are covered with ice
Our decks are filled with snow
The hoary head of the Sea Gull Isles
That decks the Arctic Sea
Are many and many leagues astern,
Since we steered for old Maui.
(Chorus)

Oh welcome the seas and the fragrant breeze
Laden with odors rare
And the pretty maids in the sunny glades
Who are gentle, kind and fair,
And their pretty eyes even now look out
Hoping some day to see
Our snow-white sails before the gales
Rolling down to old Maui.
(Chorus)

Once more we sail with a favoring gale
Toward our distant home
Our mainmast sprung, we’re almost done
Still we ride the ocean’s foam
Our stun’s’ls booms are carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us
Hurrah, we’re homeward bound.
Rolling Down to Old Maui (3)

It’s a damned tough life, full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo.
And we don’t give a damn when the gale has stopped
How hard the wind did blow.
We’re homeward bound! ‘Tis a grand old sound
On a good ship taut and free,
And we don’t give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls on old Maui.

Chorus: Rolling down to old Maui, my boys,
Rolling down to old Maui.
We’re homeward bound from the arctic ground
Rolling home to old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and sleet and rain.
And them coconut fronds in them tropic lands
We soon shall see again.
Six hellish months we’ve passed away
In the cold Kamchatka sea,
And now we’re bound from the arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui.
(Chorus)

We’ll heave the lead where old Diamondhead
Looms up on old Oahu.
Our mast and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks are hid from view.

The horrid tiles of the sea-cut ice
That deck the Arctic Sea
Are miles behind in the frozen wind
Since we steered for old Maui.
(Chorus)

How soft the breeze of the tropic seas
Now the ice is far astern,
And them native maids in them island glades
Are awaiting our return.
Even now their big black eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running ‘fore the gales
Rolling down to old Maui.
(Chorus)

And now we sail with a favoring gale
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
And we ain’t got far to roam.
Our stuns’l booms are carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we’re homeward bound!
(Chorus)

And now we’re anchored in the bay
With the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha 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)
Rolling Home (1)
Pipe all hands to man the windlass,
See our cable running clear.
As we heave away the anchor,
For old England we will steer.

Chorus:
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea.
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home, fair land, to thee.

Let us all heave with a will, boys,
Soon our cable we will trip,
And across the briny ocean
We will steer our gallant ship.

Man the bars; heave with a will, lads,
Let all hands that can clap on;
And while we heave round the capstan
We will sing that well-known song.

To Australia’s lovely daughters
We will bid a fond adieu.
We shall ne’er forget the hours
That we spent along with you.

We will leave you our best wishes,
We will leave your rocky shores.
For we’re bound to dear Old England,
To return to you no more.

Up aloft amongst the rigging
Blows the wild and rushing gale,
Straining every spar and backstay,
Stretching stitch in every sail.

Eighteen months away from England,
Now a hundred days or more
On salt-horse and cracker-hash, boys,
Boston beans that made us sore.

Eastwards, ever eastwards
To the rising of the sun.
Homewards, ever homewards
To the land where we were born.

Ten thousand miles now lay behind us,
Ten thousand miles or more to roam.
Soon we’ll see our native country,
Soon we’ll greet our dear old home.

Round Cape Horn one winter’s morning,
All among the ice and snow
You could hear them shellbacks singing,
“Sheet her home, boys, let her go!”

Heave away, you sons-of-thunder,
For the nor’ard we will steer,
Where the gals and wives are waiting,
Standing there upon the pier.

Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair.
There are loving hearts to greet you
And kind welcomes everywhere.

And the gal you love most dearly,
She’s been constant, firm and true.
She will clap you to her bosom,
Saying, “Jack, I still love you.”

And we’ll sing in joyful chorus
In the watches of the night,
And we’ll greet the shores of England
When the grey dawn breaks the light.
Rolling Home (2)

Up aloft amid the rigging
Swiftly blows the loud favoring gale
Strong as springtime in its blossom,
Filling out each swelling sail
And the waves we leave behind us
Seem to murmur as they rise,
We have tarried here to bear you,
To the land you dearly prize.

Chorus:
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old England
Rolling home, dear land to thee!

Full ten thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before,
Ancient Ocean waves to waft us
To the well-remembered shore.
Cheer up Jack, bright smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair
And her loving eyes will greet you
With kind welcomes everywhere

Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable run down clear
Heave away and with a will boys
For old England we will steer
And we’ll sing in joyful chorus
In the watches of the night
And we’ll sight the shores of England
When the gray dawn brings the light.
Rye Whiskey

I’ll eat when I’m hungry,  
I’ll drink when I’m dry,  
If the hard times don’t kill me,  
I’ll lay down and die.

Chorus:  Rye whisky, rye whisky,  
Rye whisky, I cry,  
If you don’t give me rye whisky,  
I surely will die.

I’ll tune up my fiddle,  
And I’ll rosin my bow,  
I’ll make myself welcome,  
Wherever I go.

Beefsteak when I’m hungry,  
Red liquor when I’m dry,  
Greenbacks when I’m hard up,  
And religion when I die.

They say I drink whisky,  
My money’s my own;  
All them that don’t like me,  
Can leave me alone.

Sometimes I drink whisky,  
Sometimes I drink rum,  
Sometimes I drink brandy,  
At other times none.

But if I get boozy,  
My whisky’s my own,  
And them that don’t like me,  
Can leave me alone.

Jack o’ diamonds, jack o’ diamonds,  
I know you of old,  
You’ve robbed my poor pockets  
Of silver and gold.

Oh, whisky, you villain,  
You’ve been my downfall,  
You’ve kicked me, you’ve cuffed me,  
But I love you for all.

If the ocean was whisky,  
And I was a duck,  
I’d dive to the bottom

To get one sweet suck.

But the ocean ain’t whisky  
And I ain’t a duck,  
So we’ll round up the cattle  
And then we’ll get drunk.

My foot’s in my stirrup,  
My bridle’s in my hand,  
I’m leaving sweet Lillie,  
The fairest in the land.

Her parents don’t like me,  
They say I’m too poor;  
They say I’m unworthy  
To enter her door.

Sweet milk when I’m hungry,  
Rye whisky when I’m dry,  
If a tree don’t fall on me,  
I’ll live till I die.

I’ll buy my own whisky,  
I’ll make my own stew,  
If I get drunk, madam,  
It’s nothing to you.

I’ll drink my own whisky,  
I’ll drink my own wine,  
Some ten thousand bottles  
I’ve killed in my time.

I’ve no wife to quarrel  
No babies to bawl;  
The best way of living  
Is no wife at all.

Way up on Clinch Mountain  
I wander alone,  
I’m as drunk as the devil,  
Oh, let me alone.

You may boast of your knowledge  
An’ brag of your sense,  
‘Twill all be forgotten  
A hundred years hence.

(Variant chorus)
Rye whisky, rye whisky,
You’re no friend to me;
You killed my poor daddy,
Goddamn you, try me.
Sailor’s Alphabet, The

A is the anchor that holds a bold ship,
B is the bowsprit that often does dip,
C is the capstan on which we do wind, and
D is the davits on which the jolly boat hangs.

Chorus: Oh, hi derry, hey derry, ho derry down,
Give sailors their grog and there’s nothing goes wrong,
So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No matter who’s laughing at sailors at sea.

E is the ensign, the red, white, and blue,
F is the fo’c’sle, holds the ship’s crew,
G is the gangway on which the mate takes his stand,
H is the hawser that seldom does strand.

I is the irons where the stuns’l boom sits,
J is the jib-boom that often does dip,
K are the keelsons of which you’ve told, and
L are the lanyards that always will hold.

M is the main mast, so stout and so strong,
N is the north point that never points wrong,
O are the orders of which we must be ’ware, and
P are the pumps that cause sailors to swear.

Q is the quadrant, the sun for to take,
R is the riggin’ that always does shake,
S is the starboard side of our bold ship, and
T are the topmasts that often do split.

U is the ugliest old Captain of all,
V are the vapours that come with the squall,
W is the windlass on which we do wind, and
X, Y, and Z, well, I can’t put in rhyme!
Shallow Brown (1)

Fare thee well, me Juliana
Shallow, o shallow brown
Fare thee well, me Juliana
Shallow, o shallow brown.

And it’s shallow in the morning
Just as the day was dawning.

I’ve put me clothes in order
For our packet leaves tomorrow.

Yes, our packet leaves tomorrow
And it fills me heart with sorrow.

For I love to gaze upon you
And to spend me money on you.

O you are me only treasure
And I love Ye still full measure.

In me cradle lies me baby
I don’t want no other lady.

O my wife and baby grieve me
It just breaks me heart to leave Ye.

For I’m bound away to leave Ye
But I never will deceive Ye.
Fare the well me Juliana
Fare thee well, me Juliana.
Shallow Brown (2)

Oh! It’s shallow in the morning,
Shallow, shallow brown!
Just before the day is dawning,
Shallow, shallow brown!

Shallow brown’s a bright mulatter,
And she hails from Cincinatter!

Come and put me clothes in order,
For me packet sails tomorrow!

I am bound away to leave Ye,
And never will deceive Ye.

How I long to look upon Ye,
And to spend me money on Ye.

Oh, me packet sails tomorrow,
And I’ll leave Ye with much sorrow.

In the cradle lies me baby,
I don’t want no other lady.

To leave my wife & baby grieves me,
`Tis a pain for me to leave Ye.

Be up on the pier to greet me,
With fond kisses I will greet thee.
Oh, we’re goin’ away tomorrow,
Bound away tomorrow.
Silly Slang Song

Do you remember the day when if you said that you were gay
It meant with joy, you could sing and shout?
When a fairy was enchanting and dressing up and camping
Was something you did with the Scouts?
That innocent age when an urgent case of aids
Was powdered milk we sent to the Sahara.
A fruit was something nice to eat, a poof was something for your feet
And a queen was an old tart in a tiara.

Chorus: Ah, look what we’ve done to the old Mother Tongue

It’s a crime, the way we’ve misused it.
It’s been totally tiswogged, tronged and longed and gollywobbled
And we’ve strangled, frangled, mangled and abused it.

Ah, those halcyon times when a bong meant a chime
And a buzz was a noise insecticidal
A joint meant something between bones and getting really stoned
Only happened to bad people in the Bible.
When if you had a bad trip it meant you fell and broke your hip.
Cold turkey just meant Christmas at Aunt Dottie’s.
Coke was something that you burned, smack was something that you earned
From your mumsy-wumsy when you had been naughty.
(Chorus)

The years have gone I’m afraid, when only eggs got laid,
And only the rhinoceros got horny.
Only kangaroos jumped and only camels humped
Getting stuffed meant a little taxidermy.
Swinging was for trapezes or Tarzan’s chimpanzeeses
Tossing off was something Scotsmen did with cabers.
Now it means something quite obscene while a heavy ugly scene
Is any movie starring Arnold Schwartzenegger.

(Chorus)

Coda: They’re only words, and words are what we use,
When we’ve got sod-all to say.
Skye Boat Song

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,
Thunderclouds rend the air;
Baffled our foe’s stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall Ye sleep
Ocean’s a royal bed,
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Many’s the lad fought on that day,
Well the Claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay,
Dead on Culloden’s field.

Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Scatter the loyal men,
Yet, e’er the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.
Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we have received orders to sail to old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

Chorus: We’ll rant and we’ll roar like true British sailors,
        We’ll rant and we’ll roar across the salt seas;
        Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England:
        From Ushant to Scilly ‘tis thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou’-west, my boys,
Then we hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
Then we filled the main topsail and bore right away, my boys,
And straight up the Channel of old England did steer.
(Chorus)

So the first land we made it is called the Deadman,
Next Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and the Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairly and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland light.
(Chorus)

Now the signal it was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
All on the Downs that night for to meet;
Then stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.
(Chorus)

Now let every man take off his full bumper,
Let every man take off his full bowl;
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy,
With a health to each jovial and true hearted soul.
(Chorus)
Stoutest Man In The Forty Twa, The

Chorus: The wind may blaw, the cock may craw, The rain may rain, and the snaw may snaw But ye winna frichten Jock McGraw, He’s the stoutest man in the Forty Twa.

The sergeant when he ‘listed me, he winked his e’e and then says he, “A man like you so stout and tall can ne’er be killed by a cannon ball!”
The captain then when he cam’ roon, he looked me up and he looked me doon, And said, said he, “I’ll tak a guess--Ye must be the beastie o’ Loch Ness!”

(Chorus)

At oor last fecht across the sea, the general he sends after me Fan I gaed there and my big gun, of course the battle it was won. The enemy a’ ran awa’, they were fast at the legs o’Jock McGraw A man like me so tall and neat, Ye ken yersel’ he could niver be beat.

(Chorus)

The King then held a grand review, we numbered a thoosand and sixty-two; The kiltie lads cam’ marchin’ past and Jock McGraw cam’ marchin’ last The royal party grabbed their sticks an’ a’ began tae stretch their necks Cries the King tae the Colonel, “Upon my soul, I took that man for a telegraph pole.”

(Chorus)
Strike The Bell Second Mate

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 know himself
And we wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

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

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

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

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

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,
Lookin’ out to windward with a spyglass in his hand,
What he is a-thinkin’ of we know very well,
He’s thinkin’ more of shortenin’ sail than strikin’ the bell.
(Chorus repeated twice)
Twa Recruitin’ Sergeants

Twa recruiting sergeants came fra the Black Watch
Tae markets and fairs, some recruits for tae catch
But a’ that they ‘listed was forty and twa:
Enlist my bonnie laddie an’ come awa

Chorus: And it’s over the mountain and over the main
Through Gibraltar, to France and Spain
Pit a feather tae your bonnet, and a kilt aboon your knee
Enlist my bonnie laddie and come awa with me.

Oh laddie ye dinna ken the danger that yer in
If yer horses was to fleg, and yer owsen was to rin
This greedy ole farmer, he wouldn’a pay yer fee
Sae list my bonnie laddie and come awa wi’ me
(Chorus)

With your tattie porin’ s and yer meal and kale,
Yer soor sowan’ soorin’ s and yer ill-brewed ale,
Yer buttermilk, yer whey, and yer breid fired raw
Sae list my bonnie laddie and come awa
(Chorus)

And its into the barn and out o’ the byre
This ole farmer, he thinks ye never tire
It’s slavery a’ yer life, a life o’ low degree
Sae list my bonnie laddie and come awa with me
(Chorus)

O laddie if ye’ve got a sweetheart an’ a bairn,
Ye’ll easily get rid o’ that ill-spun yarn
Twa rattles o’ the drum aye and that’ll pay it a’
Sae list my bonnie laddie and come awa.

(Chorus)
Topman And The Afterguard

As a topman and an afterguard was a-walkin’ one day,
Says the topman to the afterguard, I mean for to pray,
For the rights of all sailors and the wrongs of all men,
And whatever I do pray for, you must answer, Amen!

First I’ll pray for the bosun with his little stick;
Who bawls out, all hands, then gives us a lick,
 Strikes many a brave fellow and kicks him a-main
May the devil double triple damn him, says the afterguard, Amen!

Then I’ll pray for the purser who gives us to eat,
Spew-burgoo, rank butter and musty horse meat,
With weevily old biscuit, while he gets the gain,
May the devil double triple damn him, says the afterguard, Amen!

Then I’ll pray for them navy officers who hold up our due,
We’re owed three years’ wages and prize
money, too,
And it’s, you can’t have it yet, jack, try next voyage again,
May the devil double triple damn him, says the afterguard, Amen!

Then the last thing I’ll pray for is a jug of good beer,
For the lord sent the liquor our spirits to cheer,
And where we have one pot, I wish we had ten,
And never, never want for grog, my boy, says the afterguard, Amen!
Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong,
Under the shade of a coulibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You’ll come a waltzing matilda with me
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda
You’ll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You’ll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee
And he sang as he tucked jumbuck in his tuckerbag

Down came the stockman, riding on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
“Where’s the jolly jumbuck you’ve got in your tuckerbag?”
Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong,
“You’ll never catch me alive,” cried he
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong,
White Collar Holler

Well, I rise up every morning at a quarter to eight
Some woman who’s my wife tells me not to be late
I kiss the kids goodbye, I can’t remember their names
And week after week, it’s always the same

Chorus:
And it’s Ho, boys, can’t you code it, and program it right
Nothing ever happens in the life of mine
I’m hauling up the data on the Xerox line

Then it’s code in the data, give the keyboard a punch
Then cross-correlate and break for some lunch
Correlate, tabulate, process and screen
Program, printout, regress to the mean
(Chorus)

Then it’s home again, eat again, watch some TV
Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three
I dream the same dream when I’m sleeping at
night
I’m soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

(Chorus)

Someday I’m gonna give up all the buttons and things
I’ll punch that time clock till it can’t ring
Burn up my necktie and set myself free
Cause no one’s gonna fold, bend or mutilate me.

(Chorus)
Whiskey For My Johnny

O, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I drink whiskey when I can
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey from an old tin can,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I’ll drink whiskey when I can.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I drink it new, I drink it old.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey makes me feel so sad,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey killed my poor old dad.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I thought I heard the old man say,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I’ll treat my crew in a decent way.
Whiskey for my Johnny!
A glass of grog for every man,  
**Whiskey, Johnny!**  
And a bottle full for the chanteyman.  
**Whiskey for my Johnny!**
Whiskey In The Jar

As I was going over the far farm’d Kerry mountain,
I met with Captain Farrel, and his money he was countin’,
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier
Sayin’: “Stand and deliver for you are my bold deceiver.”

Chours: Musha ring dum a doo dum a da,
     Whack fol de daddy o,
     Whack fol de daddy o,
     There’s whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in my pocket, and I gave it to my Jenny,
She sighed, and she swore that she never would betray me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.
(Chorus)

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber,
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder,
But Jenny drew my charges, and she filled them up with water,
An’ she sent for Captain Farrell, to be ready for the slaughter.
(Chorus)

And ‘twas early in the morning before I rose to travel,
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise, Captain Farrell,
I then produced my pistol for she stole away my rapier,
But I couldn’t shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken.

(Chorus)

If anyone can aid me ‘tis my brother in the army,
If I could learn his station, in Cork or in Killarney,
And if he’d come and join me we’d go rovin’ in Killkenny,
I’ll engage he’d treat me fairer than my darling sporting Jenny.

(Chours – Repeated twice)
Whiskey Johnny

Whiskey is the life of man
Whiskey, Johnny!
I’ll drink whiskey while I can
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh whiskey straight and whiskey strong,
Give me some whiskey and I’ll sing you a song.

O whiskey makes me wear old clo’es,
Whiskey gave me a broken nose.

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey druv my mother mad.

If whiskey comes too near my nose,
I tip it up and down she goes.

I had a girl, her name was Lize,
She puts whiskey in her pies.

My wife and I can not agree;
She puts whiskey in her tea.

Here comes the cook with the whiskey can,
A glass of grog for every man.

A glass of grog for every man,
And a bottle full for the shantyman.
Whiskey, O (John, Rise Her Up)

Whiskey is the life of man
I’ll drink whiskey when I can,

Chorus: Whiskey, O, Johnny, O
John rise her up from down below.
Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey, O
Up aloft this yard must go,
John rise her up from down below.

I like whiskey hot and strong,
I’ll drink whiskey all day long.

Whiskey made my mother cry
Of whiskey she was always shy.

Champagne is good, and so is rum
And beer is good enough for some.

I’ll drink it hot, I’ll drink it cold
I’ll drink it new, I’ll drink it old.

Whiskey made me sell my coat,
Whiskey’s what keeps me afloat.

Whiskey killed my sister Sue
Whiskey killed my brother, too

Some likes whiskey, some likes beer
I wish I had a barrel here.

Whiskey made the bosun call
Hang together one and all.
Whiskey stole me brains away
One more pull and we’ll belay!
Wild Colonial Boy

There was a wild colonial youth, Jack Doolan was his name
Of poor but honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine
He was his father’s only hope, his mother’s only joy
The pride of both his parents was the wild colonial boy.

Come all my hearties, we’ll range the mountainside
Together we will plunder, together we will ride
We’ll scour along the valleys and gallop o’er the plains
We’ll scorn to live in slavery, bowed down in iron chains.

In sixty-one this daring youth commenced his wild career
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear
He held up the Beechworth mailcoach and he robbed
Judge MacEvoy
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountainside along
A listening to the little birds their pleasant laughing song
Three mounted troopers came in view - Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy
And thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy.

“Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there’s three to one
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman”
He drew a pistol from his belt and spun it like a toy
“I’ll fight, but I won’t surrender,” said the wild colonial
boy.

He fired at trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound
All shattered through the jaws, he lay still firing at Fitzroy
And that’s the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy.
Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus: Will you go, lassie, go?
And we’ll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather,
Will you go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear and crystal fountain,
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.
(Chorus)

If my true love, she won’t have me,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
(Chorus)

Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.
(Chorus repeated twice)
Wild Pirate (Heave-to Bugger)

I’ve been a wild pirate for many a year
And the merchants they treat me with dread and with fear,
And now I’m returning with gold in great store
And I’ll spend it on rum and I’ll fall to the floor.

Chorus: And its heave-to, bugger, (Right to the floor!)
   Heave-to, bugger some more,
   And I’ll be a wild pirate
   ‘Til my ship runs ashore.

I went to an alehouse I used to burn down
And I told the landlady that I was in town.
I chased all her daughters, they answered me “nay”
So I tied them in sacks and threw them in the bay.
Chorus (Right in the bay!)

I pulled from me pocket doubloons gold and bright
And the landlady said “Not for even a night
You’re dirty and vulgar and smell like Belugas”
So we burned the place down and sailed for the Tortugas!
Chorus (For the Tortugas!)

I’ll go home to me parents, confess what I’ve done
And I’ll ask them to pardon their piratical son.
And if they forgive me as oft times before
Sure I never will be a wild pirate no more.

Chorus (I’ll pirate no more!)
Wild Rover (No Nay Never)

I’ve been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
And now I’m returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus:  And it’s no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me “nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day.”
(Chorus)

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady’s eyes opened wide with delight.
She said “I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure 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 (forgive) me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.
(Chorus)
Yo Ho Ho (And A Bottle Of Rum)

Fifteen men on a dead man’s chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
The mate was fixed by the bosun’s pike
The bosun brained with a marlinespike
And cookey’s throat was marked belike
It had been gripped by fingers ten;
And there they lay, all good dead men
Like break o’day in a boozing ken
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

Fifteen men of the whole ship’s list
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist!
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion’s axe his cheek had shore
And the scullion he was stabbed times four
And there they lay, and the soggy skies
Dripped down in up-staring eyes
In murk sunset and foul sunrise
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

Fifteen men of ‘em good and true
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the murder mark!
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
‘Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead
Or a yawning hole in a battered head
And the scuppers’ glut with a rotting red
And there they lay, aye, damn my eyes
Looking up at paradise
All souls bound just contrawise
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

Fifteen men of ‘em good and true
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Ev’ry man jack could ha’ sailed with Old Pew,
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest of Spanish gold
With a ton of plate in the middle hold
And the cabins riot of stuff untold,
And they lay there that took the plum
With sightless glare and their lips struck dumb
While we shared all by the rule of thumb,
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through a sternlight screen...
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Chartings undoubt where a woman had been
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
‘Twas a flimsy shift on a bunker cot
With a dirk slit sheer through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff dry in a purplish blot
Oh was she wench or some shudderin’ maid
That dared the knife and took the blade
By God! She had stuff for a plucky jade
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

Fifteen men on a dead man’s chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
We wrapped ‘em all in a mains’l tight
With twice ten turns of a hawser’s bight
And we heaved ‘em over and out of sight,
With a Yo-Heave-Ho! And a fare-you-well
And a sudden plunge in the sullen swell
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell,
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
**Page Song**

1) **Auld Lang Syne** – (Robert Burns) In the original letter to Mrs. Dunlop the line “And never brought to mind” was “And never thought upon” but the above is what he sent to Thompson for publication. Note: This is an accurate transcription of Burn’s holographic original.

2) **All For Me Grog** - A hearty drinking song arranged by P./T./& L. Clancey with Tommy Makem.

3) **Ballad of the Green Berets** - Barry Saddler.

4) **Barnacle Bill The Sailor** - A traditional dirty sea shanty.

5) **Barbaree** - A Rowing or Paddling song from Traditional American Folk Songs, by Warner & Warner, collected from C.K. “Tink” Tillett, 1940, and recorded by Jeff Warner and Jeff Davis. Very similar to High Barbaree as well.

6) **Barretts Privateers** - A favorite song sung round the campfires as arranged by Stan Rogers.

7) **Band Played Waltzing Matilda, The** – By Eric Bogle, copyright Larrikin Music, Ltd.

8) **Battle of Bannockburn** - By Jean Smith From Rainy Book 1 tune: Battle of New Orleans

9) **Bedlam Boys** - From Pills to Purge Melancholy Vol. IV, D’Urfey (words and tune). Recorded by John and Tony on Dark Ships.

10) **Black Jack Davey (1)** - Sung by Putnam County String Band.

11) **Black Jack Davey (2)** - A New World version of the traditional “Gypsy Davey” song with a tune from Almeda Riddle.

12) **Black Velvet Band** - A favorite campfire ballad as recorded by the Irish Rovers.

13) **Blow The Man Down (1)** - Probably the most famous of the traditional Hauling Shanties (Halyards: Long-haulers). The old melody rarely varies, but there are many different versions of the words.

14) **Blow The Man Down (2)** - Bob Pfeffer was the source for this particular version of this Hauling Shanty (Halyards: Long-haulers).

15) **Blow The Man Down (3)** – As Bawdy Songs and Bilge-water Ballads go, this is Mister Spitt’s favorite version of this well-known Hauling Shanty (Halyards: Long-haulers).

16) **Blow Ye Winds** – A General Hauling Shanty from the Oxford Book of Sea Songs, Palmer.

17) **Blue Bells Of Scotland** - Trad.?

18) **Bold Riley** - A traditional Hauling Shanty (Halyards: Long-haulers) recorded by Warner and Davis.

19) **Bonnie Dundee** - A traditional Scottish folk ballad.

20) **Bonnie Light Horseman, The (1)** - Recorded by Planxty on After the Break.

21) **Bonnie Light Horseman, The (2)** - Note: “Boney” in this song is, of course, Napoleon Bonaparte. “George” is George III, who was English king during the Napoleonic Wars, though by this time he was usually mad. The regent was his son, also George (later George IV). One of Napoleon’s favored tactics was to line up his artillery just outside musket range and use canister (casings containing many small projectiles) to tear the opposing infantry or cavalry to shreds (see the second verse). The theme of dressing in man’s apparel found in the third stanza of this version is lacking in other versions of the song. This version recorded by Lisa Null with Bill Shute on “American Primitive.”

22) **Bonnie Light Horseman, The (3)** - From Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia, Creighton.

23) **Bonne Ship The Diamond, The** - A traditional song of the sea.

24) **Bring ‘Em Down** - A sea shanty reportedly composed by Bert Lloyd, and recorded by Killen, LLoyd.

25) **Bully In The Alley** - A favorite sea shanty among the men, many of who come from fishing and sailing families. The author is unknown but has very similar lyrics to Hilo, Johnny Brown, a traditional sea shanty arranged by Tom Lewis. “My distinguished researcher worked overtime on this but still failed to confirm any of the legendary sources and references. However, SHINBONE was unrefutably, a whistle-stop town in the turn-of-the-century ALABAMA. Shinbone, Al. perhaps?” According to Hugill, this is “another halyard shanty of Negro origin which [he] came across in the West Indies.

26) **Burning Of Auchindoun** - Printed in Buchan and Hall The Scottish Folksinger.

27) **Calton Weaver** - One of James Keuhl’s favorites, recorded by MacColl from Steam Whistle Ballads, and the Clancys Isn’t It Grand?

28) **Cape Cod Girls (Alt.: “South Australia” or “The Codfish Shanty”)** - A favorite rowing song of Eric Nelson and Patrick Schifferdecker.

29) **Clean Song (Almost), A** - A Bawdy Sea Song recorded by Oscar Brand.

30) **Coast Of Peru, The** - from Doerflinger, Shantymen and Shantyboys.

31) **Coming Down With Old VD** - A humorous parody sung to the same tune as Old Maui arranged by Mark Cohen.
34) Donald MacGillavry - From MacColl, Folk Songs and Ballads of Scotland.
35) Dreadnaught, The (Alt.: The Flash Packet) - A song of the sea recorded by Killen, on 50 South to 50 South. According to Hugill, The Dreadnaught was The Liverpool packet, delivering mail to Liverpool, rather than hailing from there.
36) Drinking Song, The - A drinking song (duh) by Robert Ferguson (1750-1774) sung to the tune of “Lump Pudding.”
37) Drunken Sailor (Alt.: “Way Hay up She Rises” or “What Shall We Do With A…?”) – According to Hugill in his book, “Shanties from the Seven Seas,” this is a very old stamp-n-go song or walkway or runway shanty, sung in the Indiamen of the John Company. Olmstead gives a version in his book “Incidents of a Whaling Voyage” (1839).
38) Dublin Jack Of All Trades – A Traditional Irish Folk Song?
40) Finnegans Wake - An Irish folk tune recorded by the Clancys.
41) Friggin’ In The Riggin’ - A Bawdy sea song.
42) Gallant Forty Twas, The - As favorite songs go, this one recorded by The Clancys goes without saying.
43) Go To Sea No More (Alt.: Shanghai Brown, We’ll Go to Sea No More, and Off to Sea No More) – Irish Sea Shanty?
44) Go To Sea Once More (Alt.: Off to Sea Once More) - A sea shanty recorded by Killen, 50 South to 50 South. About half the published versions don’t use a chorus.
45) God Save The King: Trad.?
46) Handsome Cabin Boy, The - A popular Broadside Ballad of shipboard carryings-on. This version from Louis Killen derives from that sung by one of the greatest ballad singers of all times, Jeannie Robertson of Aberdeen. Recorded by John Roberts and Tony Barrand on “Mellow with Ale from the Horn.”
47) Haul Away, Joe – “A famous tack and sheet [hauling] shanty (Halyards: Long-haulers) used mainly for hauling aft the foresheet after reefing the fores’l“ (Hugill).
48) Haul Away For Rosie, Oh - A Hauling Shanty (Tacks and Sheets: Short Haulers) collected by A. L. Lloyd and recorded by Stu Frank. Verses are interchangeable with Haul Away, Joe; these are a sort of hash from R. Greenhaus, D. Diamond, S. Hugill. First verse by Bob Hitchcock?
49) Health To The Company (1) - A favorite drinking and parting tune as recorded by McDermott’s Handy.
50) Health To The Company (2) - A version of a favorite drinking and parting tune favored by the Ren Fest court Revelers.
51) Here’s To The Morning Glory - A traditional off watch song.
52) High Barbaree - A Rowing or Paddling song similar to Barbaree. Hugill gives two tunes: an older one, used as a forebitter, and a faster one, used as a shanty. Both are supplied. RG From several sources; tunes from Hugill.
53) Hilo, Johnny Brown - A traditional Hauling Shanty (Halyards: Long-haulers) very similar to “Bully In The Alley.”
54) Hot Stuff - Circa 1759, first printing in 1774, from “Songs, Naval and Military” by James Rivington, NY, NY 1779. Sometimes attributed to others, but evidence indicates that this song was written by Serjeant Ned Botwood, a Grenadier who died in the ill-fated attack at Montmorenci River during the Quebec campaign of the French & Indian War.
55) Humors Of Whiskey, The - A traditional Irish drinking song?
56) Isn’t It Grand, Boys - A favorite song sung at Regimental funerals as well as bachelor parties, as recorded by The Clancys and others.
57) Jack Was Every Inch A Sailor - A traditional sea shanty.
58) Johnny Jump Up - A traditional Irish drinking song. You have to hear Lojo Russo sing it her way!
59) Jug Of Punch (1) - A traditional Irish drinking song recorded by The Clancys, and Galvin.
60) Jug Of Punch (2) - A traditional Irish drinking song recorded on Folksongs of Britain 3, Jack of all Trades collected from Edward Quinn of County Tyrone, Ireland.
61) Leave Her Johnny - A traditional Rowing or Paddling song as well as a Capstan or Heaving Shanty.
62) Louie Louie - Na’Wick’s favorite marching tune.
63) **MacPherson’s Lament** - A Regimental campfire tune, recorded by Jeannie Robertson on Heather and Glen.

64) **Marching Inland** - A naval battle tune arranged by Tom Lewis.

65) **Mary Ellen Carter, The** - Another favorite campfire song by Stan Rogers. Written and recorded by Stan Rogers on “Between the Breaks... Live,” copyright Fogarty’s Cove Music.

66) **Mermaid, The** - A traditional Broadside Ballad.

67) **Mingulay Boat Song** - This song is a particular favourite of the men. Arranged by Hugh S. Roberton, founder of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, from Lorrie Wyatt’s Folk Legacy Album. Originally recorded by the McPeake Family.

68) **Minstrel Boy, The** - The song is by Thomas Moore (1779-1852) and the tune is the ancient Irish air “the Moreen.”

69) **Molly Malone** – Traditional Irish?

70) **My Bonny** – Traditional Scottish folk song?

71) **New York Girls (Alt.: “Can’t Ye Dance the Polka?”) (1)** - A traditional song collected by Stan Hugill and arranged by Tom Lewis. “This early version (i.e. from before the polka arrived in the New World) is respectfully taken from Stan Hugill’s: “SHANTIES FROM THE SEVEN SEAS.”

72) **New York Girls (Alt.: “Can’t Ye Dance the Polka?”) (2)** - A tune from John Roberts and Tony Barrand.

73) **New York Girls (Alt.: “Can’t Ye Dance the Polka?”) (3)** - The author of this version is unknown. This is James Keuhl’s favorite version of this song.

74) **No Man’s Land** – By Eric Bogle, copyright Larrikin Music, Ltd., recorded by Bok et al on Ways of Man.

75) **Northwest Passage** - Not a period piece, but near and dear to the Fur-trade Rendezvous crowd. By Stan Rogers. Copyright Fogarty’s Cove Music, Inc.

76) **Old Dun Cow** – by Harry Wincott, 1893.

77) **Over The Water** - By Robert Burns.

78) **Over The Water To Charlie** - A tune sung on the Golden Ring. This is one of Eric Nelson’s favorite dirges to sing as a lullaby to the wee bairns.

79) **Over The Hills And Far Away** - From Songs and Music of the Redcoats? Change “Queen Ann” to “King George.”

80) **Over The Hills And Far Away (Ohio)** - Another version of The Wind it Blew my Plaid Awa’ From the French and Indian War; possibly sung by Burl Ives in the late 40’s.

81) **Paddy, Lay Back (Alt.: “Mainsail Haul,” “The Liverpool Song,” and “Valparaiso Round the Horn”) (1)** - A forebitter and a capstan shanty sung whilst weighing the anchor. “It is a fairy old song dating back to the Mobile cotton Hoosiers” (Hugill). Warner and Davis recorded this version.

82) **Paddy, Lay Back (Alt.: “Mainsail Haul,” “The Liverpool Song,” and “Valparaiso Round the Horn”) (2)** - Another version of a popular forebitter and capstan shanty, sung whilst weighing the anchor.

83) **Parting Glass, The** - A favorite traditional song upon parting, as arranged by P. Clancey.

84) **Pay Me My Money Down** - A traditional sea shanty.

85) **Pay Me The Money Down** - A traditional sea shanty?

86) **Pirate Song** – Traditional folk song?

87) **Queen Of Argyll** - Still another favorite campfire song about a racehorse, from the singing talents of Silly Wizard.

88) **Rattlin’ Bog, The** - Sung by Dildine Family, Seamus Ennis.

89) **Recruiting Song of the British Isles** - By Peter Pond of Milford Connecticut in 1756. From the on-site Museum at Fort Ticonderoga, New York.

90) **Rolling Down To Old Maui (1)** - A traditional Rowing or Paddling song. A favorite Regimental song of the sea as arranged by Stan Rogers.

91) **Rolling Down To Old Maui (2)** - A traditional Rowing or Paddling song by an Unknown Author.

92) **Rolling Home (1)** – A traditional Rowing or Paddling song.

93) **Rolling Home (2)** – A traditional Rowing or Paddling song.

94) **Rye Whiskey** - One of the more exhaustive texts from American Ballads and Folk Songs, Lomax.

95) **Sailor’s Alphabet, The (Alt.: “The Bosun’s Alphabet”)** – A traditional forebitter also used at the pumps (Hugill).
96) Spanish Ladies (Alt.: “Fairwell and Adieu to You”) - A traditional Rowing or Paddling song from the Oxford Book of Sea Songs.

97) Shallow Brown (1) - A traditional “Pumping” sea shanty, possibly of West Indian origin, or one used to bowse down tacks and sheets (Hugill).

98) Shallow Brown (2) - A traditional “Pumping” sea shanty, possibly of West Indian origin, or one used to bowse down tacks and sheets (Hugill).

99) Silly Slang Song – By Eric Bogle, copyright Larrikin Music from the album “I Wrote This Wee Song”

100) Skye Boat Song - A song by Sir Harold Boulton, 1884 with music by Annie MacLeod. Another of Eric Nelson’s favorite “Lullaby Dirges,” The Duke of Cumberland routed Charles Edward Stewart, the Young Pretender, on Culloden Moor in 1745. Aided by a Jacobite heroine, Flora MacDonald, Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped to the island of Skye in the Inner Hebrides. A French vessel finally took him to Morlaix on the coast of Bretagne. The first half of the tune is said to be an old sea shanty; the other half is traditionally attributed to Miss MacLeod.

101) Strike The Bell Second Mate - A traditional General Hauling Shanty. Hugill lists three shore songs which have the same tune as this pumping shanty: the Scottish tune “Ring the Bell Watchman”, the Australian tune from the shearing sheds, “Click Go the Shears”, and the Welsh air “Twill Back y Clo.” At the end of an 8-hour watch, everyone is ready to lay below, and the last thing anyone wishes to hear is a call for all hands.

102) Stoutest Man In The Forty Twa, The - This song is from The Scottish Folksinger, Buchan and Hall.

103) Twa Recruitin’ Sergeants - This version is from Cilla Fisher and Artie Trezise, although probably originally from Jeannie Robertson.

104) Topman And The Afterguard - A traditional sea shanty? Aboon = above. Tattie pourin’s= water in which potatoes have been boiled. Soor sooin’ sourin’s = Sowans, a dish made by steeping and fermenting the husks, seeds, or siftings of oats in water, then boiling; likely a poor substitute for beer.

105) Waltzing Matilda - A Nineteenth century Australian bush song by Banjo Patterson.

106) White Collar Holler - A funky chant sung by Stan Rogers and Nigel Russell. Copyright Nigel Russell and dedicated to the city of Bramalea, Ontario, Canada.

104) Whiskey For My Johnny – A traditional long drag shantey.

105) Whiskey In The Jar - A traditional Irish drinking song, arranged by the Dubliners. Yes, before Metallica did it, there were the Dubliners!

106) Whiskey Johnny - A Hauling Shanty (Halyards: Long-haulers) from Roll and Go, Colcord. Possibly “of great antiquity, dating back to Elizabethan times” (Hugill).

107) Whiskey, O (John, Rise Her Up) - A favorite drinking song of John Neitz. Recorded by Killen, “50 South to 50 South.”

108) Wild Colonial Boy - A song recorded by The Clancys, and Burl Ives.


110) Wild Pirate (Heave to Bugger) - Sung by the King’s Own Privateers to the tune of “Wild Rover.”

111) Wild Rover (No Nay Never) - Sung by Clancy Brothers.

112) Yo Ho Ho (And A Bottle Of Rum) - A song by Allison and Waller, from a 1901 Broadway musical. Inspired by quatrain in Stevenson’s Treasure Island. Reportedly, “Dead Man’s Chest” was a Caribbean Island rendezvous of buccaneers and smugglers. The last verse was supplied by JY, corrected by DE, & others. Printed in Songs of the Navy, USNA RG.