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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 river 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 whalersmen, 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 and 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 bleeze, an hour before the  
dawning.**

**Crawing, crawling, 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.

# Clean Song (Almost) , A

There was a young sailor  
Who looked through the  
glass,  
And spied a fair mermaid  
With scales on her island

Where seagulls  
Fly over their nests  
She combed the long hair  
That hung over her shoulders

And caused her  
To tickle and itch.  
The sailor cried out  
“There’s a beautiful  
mermaid,

A-sitting out  
There on the rocks,”  
The crew came around  
A-grabbing their glasses

And crowded four deep  
To the rail,  
All eager to share  
In this fine piece of news

Which the captain soon  
Heard from the watch.  
He tied down the wheel  
And he reached for his  
crackers

And cheese which  
He kept near the door.  
In case he might someday  
Encounter a mermaid

He knew he must  
Use all his wits  
Crying “Throw out a line.  
We’ll lasso her flippers

And then we will  
Certainly find  
If mermaids are better  
Before or be brave

My good fellows”  
The captain then said  
“With fortune we’ll break  
Through her mermaiden  
head”-

-ing to starboard  
They tacked with dispatch  
And caught that fair mermaid  
Just under her elbows

And hustled her  
Down below decks,  
And each took a turn  
At her feminine setting

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 toil 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 Tennessee  
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 Tennessee,  
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 Tennessee,  
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 tangleness;  
Whigging and prigging and a'newfangleness,  
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 Baggot 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 ship's 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 taties.  
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)**

# High Barbaree

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 starn, 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  
Smoother 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 eedle 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,  
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.

## **(Chorus)**

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 track to Auckland,  
The light at the Kinsale Head,  
We've crept close-hauled while the  
leadsman bawled  
The depth of the Channel bed.  
**(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 know the quays of Glasgow,  
The boom of the lone Azores,  
We've had our grub from a salt-horse  
tub  
Condemned by the Navy stores.  
**(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.

**(Chours)**

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)**

So - Goodbye Sal and Lucy,  
It's time we were afloat,  
With a straw-stuffed bed, an aching  
head,  
A knife and an oilskin coat.  
**(Chours)**

Sing: TIME FOR US TO LEAVE  
HER,  
Sing: BOUND FOR THE RIO  
GRANDE  
As the tug turns back we'll follow her  
track  
For a last long look at land.  
**(Chours)**

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.

**Chours: 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 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 knew that in me box I had a **bottle,**

By the boardin'-master 'twas put **there;**

An' I wanted something for to wet **me throttle,**

Somethin' for to drive away dull **care.**

So down upon me knees I went like **thunder,**

Put me hand into the bottom o' the **box,**

An' what wuz me great surprise **an' wonder,**

Found only a bottle o' medicine for the **pox.**

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 worsen,**

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.**

Now we singled up an' got the tugs **alongside,**

They towed us through the locks an' out to **sea;**

With half the crew a-pukin' o'er the **ship's side,**

An' the bloody fun that started sickened **me.**

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' Vallaparaizer,

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!

**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**,"

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 **guanno**,

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 Gollantry was Highly Going on. I found many  
Lads of  
my Aquantans which Seamd Detarmined 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 stuns'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 stuns'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 tiswoggled, tringed 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 chimpanzees  
Tossing off was something Scotsmen did with cabers.  
Now it means something quite obscene while a heavy ugly scene  
Is any movie starring Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**(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,  
Graspin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,  
Lookin' at the compass through the course is clear as hell  
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.  
(Chorus)

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,

Lookin' out to windward with a spyglass in his hand,  
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well,  
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strikin' the bell.  
**(Chorus 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 wouldna 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 stiff and stark  
**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 yawing 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) **Barrett’s 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) **Bonny 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.

- 32) **Cow That Ate The Piper, The** -From Colm O'Lochlainn's More Irish Street Ballads.
- 33) **The Cremation Of Sam McGee** – By Robert W. Service.
- 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?
- 39) **Edmund Fitzgerald, The** – By Gordon Lightfoot, copyright Warner Brothers, Inc.
- 40) **Finnegan's Wake** - An Irish folk tune recorded by the Clancys.
- 41) **Friggin' In The Rigg'n** - A Bawdy sea song.
- 42) **Gallant Forty Twa, 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 Shantey?
- 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. Robertson, 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.
- 109) **Wild Mountain Thyme** - A favorite campfire tune arranged by Jimmy McPeake from Sondra Stigen, 1984 copyright Jimmy McPeake recorded by the McPeake Family, Redpath, The Clancys etc. A.K.A. “The Lassie or Dog Song” by various members of the Regiment.
- 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.