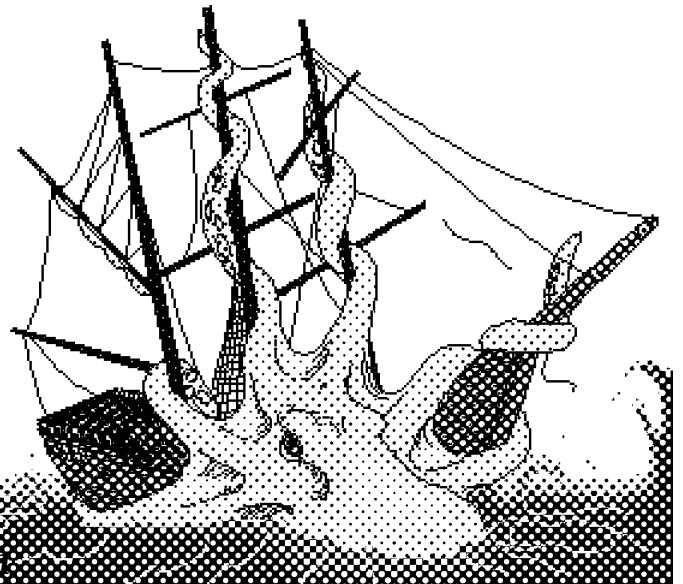
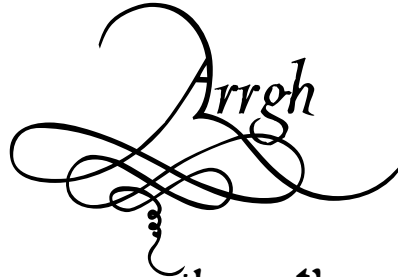


The Pirate Band

Song Book

- 2 **Arghhh!**
- 3 **Cabin Boy**
- 4 **Pieces of 8**
- 5 **Sea of Phlegm**
- 6 **Out to Sea**
- 7 **Land Ahoy**
- 8 **The Legend of Johnny Rumblood**
- 9 **Pee Pee the Sailor**
- 10 **Those Were the Days**
- 11 **Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald**
- 12 **Blow the Man Down**
- 13 **Friggin in the Riggin**
- 14 **Drunken Sailor**
- 16-17 **Battle of New Orleans**
- 18 **Pirate Mel**
- 19 **Yo Ho (a pirates life)**
- 20 **All for Me Grog**
- 21 **Down Below**





We're the sauciest pirates ever sail on the sea.
We take just what we want and we do what we please.
We pillage and we plunder - all in the name of greed.

Johnny Rumblood's in a whale of a mess.
The captain found him drunk - asleep in the nest.
He gave him forty lashes and a week in a treasure chest.
(Arghhh!)

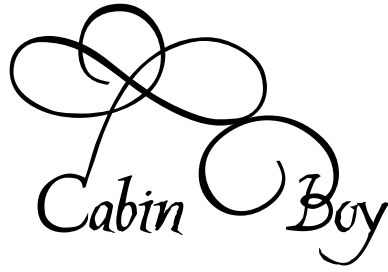
(Chorus)

Lock up yer daughters cuz here we come! (Arghhh!)
We drank a keg'a whiskey and we drank a keg'a rum!
Ain't gonna stop until the battle's won;
Arghhh! the booty can wait fer the killin' be done.

Eton Redbeard murdered Captain Bly
And now his reputation's known from here to Versaille
Never met a man - could look him square in the eye.

The Scurvy Skipper and ole Salty D.
They're guilty of treason in the highest degree.
The constable's hangin' from a weepin' willow tree.
(Arghhh!)

(Chorus)



He came onto the deck one night - from where we do not know
His person was a horrid sight - one that i'd rather not know

He crept onto the ship that night - with evil on his mind
With his hook he killed the cook - and anyone he could find

With his knife he took the life - of my favorite cabin boy
With one cut that mangy mutt - stole my pride and joy

NOW GIVE ME YOUR BOOTY, AND YOUR CLAP RIDDEN FLOOZY
AND I'LL BE GONE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY TEA AND SCONES
IF YOU DON'T YOU CAN WAGER, THAT YOU'LL HAVE AS YOUR
NEIGHBOR THE LOCKER KNOWN AS DAVY JONES

CABIN BOY - CABIN BOY - WHERE HAVE YOU GONE (x2)

The captain spent a teary night - his heart most nearly broke
He tossed and turned with dreams so vile - that screaming he awoke

Without my precious cabin boy - my life cannot go on
Into the sea I'll cast myself - as early morning dawns

Suddenly he heard a sound - a knock upon the door
Before him stood the murderous one - naked as a whore

I've come tonight to take the place - of the one you held so dear
Together we shall rule the sea and - all lands far and near

CABIN BOY - CABIN BOY - WHERE HAVE YOU GONE (x4)



We sailed the sea our whole lives through
There's nothing that we wouldn't do
A pirate's life is hard and short
We're on the run from port to port

Pieces of 8 - pieces of ate - pieces of 8 -pieces of eight

I've gone where no man's been before
I've even slept with a Spanish whore
We smoke the pipe they call the hookah
And had our way with a tenfold hookers

Pieces of 8 - pieces of ate - pieces of 8 -pieces of eight

Lords and ladies walk the plank
And we'll rob blind the English Bank
We do all this for just one thing
Not one plan didn't bring

(3 Stoned Men tribute chorus)

Pieces of 8 - pieces of ate - pieces of 8 -pieces of eight
Pieces of 8 - pieces of ate - pieces o 8 -pieces of eight

Sea of Phlegm

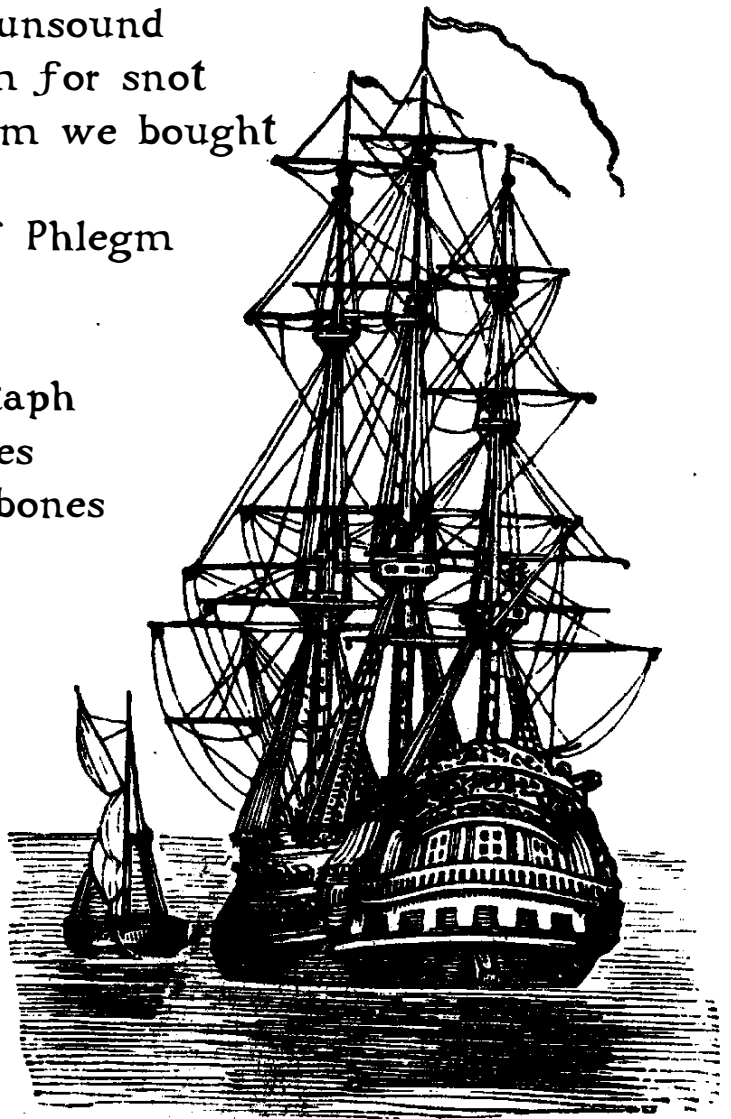
Pirate port - we took off
Each of us with a nasty cough
Sailing a-long the high seas
Each with an evil, infectious disease

Sailing - the Sea of Phlegm

On to the deck the waves came down
The ship ????? had left us unsound
We fought against the storm for snot
The hull splintered - the farm we bought

Shipwrecked on - the Sea of Phlegm

Pirate port - we took off
Now this so song is our epitaph
Hanging out with Davy Jones
Now we're just mucus and bones



Out to Sea

At first light, the first night - the clouds are closing in.
Rumblood sky says we're gonna die- ahead the ocean grins.

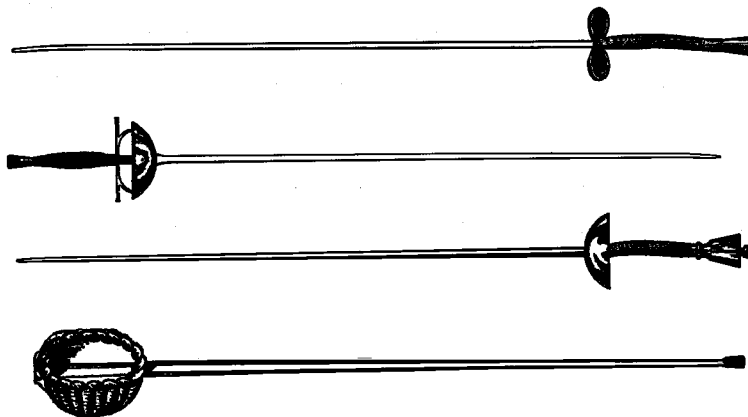
A hard one's gonna blow, it's the last thing we'll know.
A hard one's gonna blow us to sea!

We're out to sea - we're out to sea - we're out to see the end.
We're out to sea - we're out to sea - we're out to see the end.

A hard one's gonna blow, it's the last thing we'll know.
A hard one's gonna blow us to sea!

At first light, the first night - the clouds are closing in.
Rumblood sky says we're gonna die - ahead the ocean grins

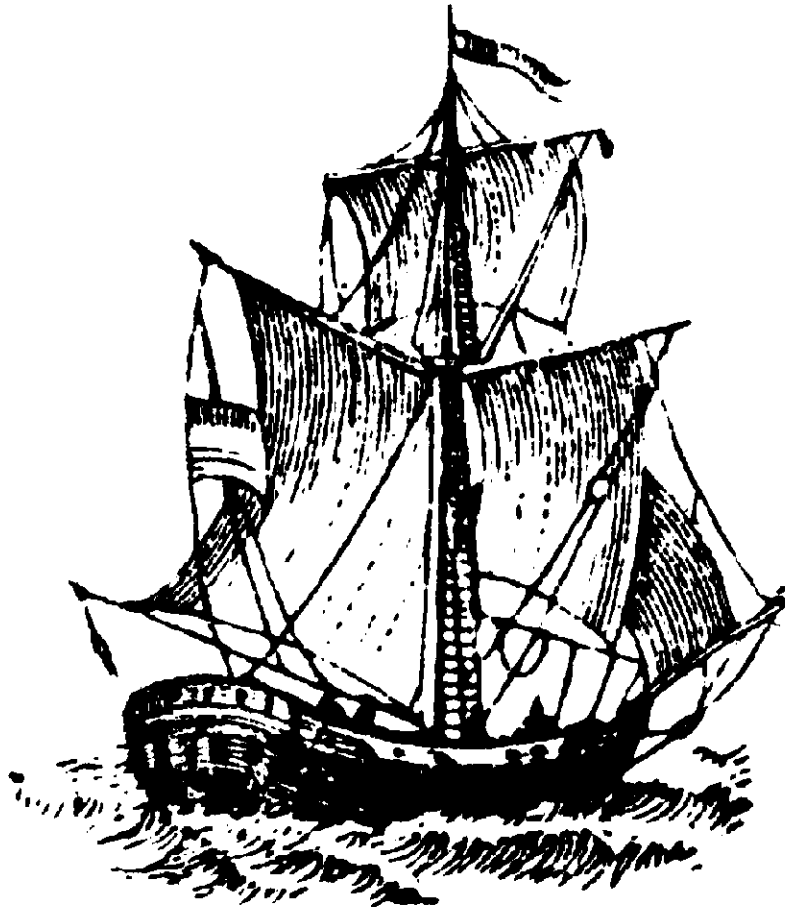
A hard one's gonna blow, it's the last thing we'll know.
A hard one's gonna blow us to sea!



Land ahoy

Sailed the sea for 16 days - ship nor land in sight
Haven't been with a wench - haven't seen a fight
Bleeding the lizard off the poop deck - eyeing the cabin boy
A cry comes from the crows nest - starboard land ahoy!
Ay me laddies - ay land ahoy - native wenches - ay land ahoy

Ay captain - let's bury the booty - when we get ashore
Then we'll spend days and nights - each with a Spanish whore
Bury the loot - ya buggerin' knave - now there's a moron's ploy
We'll spend the booty - on barrels of rum - and a fresh cabin boy
Ay me laddies - ay land ahoy - native wenches - fresh cabin boy



The Legend of Johnny Rumblood

Every sailor knows the legend of Johnny Rumblood
Few who've met him have lived to tell the tale
When the lookout spied his flag on the horizon
Each man bowed his head and prayed unto the lord

(Chorus)

Oh...oh, here comes Johnny Rumblood x2

Johnny ruled the sea through many a generation
He took the lives of a thousand mother's sons
His band of pirates were the scourge of the ocean
Till that fateful day back in '29

The shroud of fog hadn't lifted for a fortnight
The sea was still - ne'er a sound was heard
Every manjack dreamed of seein' dry land
Suddenly an albatross was heard

The fog cleared and Johnny was surrounded
Looked like he'd finally drew a losing hand
Cannons fired from every direction
Johnny swore I'll die a fightin' man!

(Chorus)

Oh...oh, here comes Johnny Rumblood x4

Pee Pee the Sailor

Pee Pee the sailor had a travelin' show,
with a dancin' cow and a talkin' crow,
He played for the town and off he'd go down the road

Years of travelin' and drinkin' too,
took a heavy toll on Pee Pee the sailor,
And the dancin' cow and the talkin' crow flew away

(Chorus)

Sleepy, sleepy Pee Pee, he got some money and he went to town,
He drank from a bottle and they blew him down
Now he sleeps in the gutter and he's all alone
Sleepy, sleepy Pee Pee, somebody carry him home

Pee Pee the sailor had a rock n' roll band,
now he takes his lunch from a garbage can
He begs for money cause he's got no job or no friends
Life in the gutter was a terrible plight,
for Pee Pee the sailor, he lost his fight
It's stinkin' in his trousers and it looks like the end

(Chorus)

Those were the Days

Once upon a time there was a tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Remember how we laughed away the hours
And dreamed of all the great things we would do

Chorus)

Those were the days my friend - we thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose - we'd fight and never lose
For we were young and sure to have our way

Then the busy years went rushing by us
we lost our starry notions on the way
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern
we'd smile at one another and we'd say

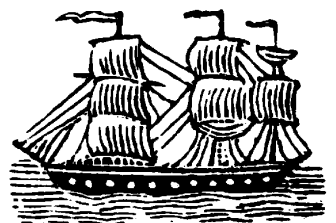
Just tonight I stood before the tavern
- nothing seemed the way it used to be
the glass I saw a strange reflection
- was that lonely pirate really me?
Through the door there came familiar laughter
- I saw your face and heard you call my name
Oh my friends we're older but no wiser
- for in our hearts the dreams are still the same

Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee."
The lake it is said never gives up her dead
when the skies of November turn gloomy.
With a load of iron ore, twenty-six thousand tons more
than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
when the gales of November came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side
comin' back from some mill in Wisconsin.
The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound
and a wave crashed over the railing.
And every man knew as the Captain did too
'twas the witch of November come stealin'.
Does any man know where the love of god goes
when the waves turn the minutes to hours?

When suppertime came the old cook came on deck
sayin', "Fellas it's too rough t'feed ya."
At seven p.m. a main hatchway caved in;
he said, "Fellas it's been good t'know ya!"
The searchers all say they'd'a made Whitefish Bay
if they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'er.
And all that remains are the faces and names
of the sons and the wives and the daughters.





Blow the Man Down

Come all ye young sailors that follow the sea
(To me, way hey, blow the man down)
You must pay attention now listen to me
(Give me some time to blow the man down)

I'm a salty old pirate set sail from Hong Kong
(To me, way hey, blow the man down)
Give me some whiskey, I'll sing you my song
(Give me some time to blow the man down)

'Twas on a Black Baller I first served my time
(To me, way hey, blow the man down)
And on that Black Baller I wasted me prime
(Give me some time to blow the man down)

Now when the big liner, she's clear of land
(To me, way hey, blow the man down)
The bosun he roars out the word of command
(Give me some time to blow the man down)

Come quickly, lay aft to the break of the poop
(To me, way hey, blow the man down)
Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot
(Give me some time to blow the man down)
'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will sprawl
(To me, way hey, blow the man down)
For Captain Van Wrinkle commands the Black Ball
(Give me some time to blow the man down)
...give me some time to blow the man down)

Friggin' in the Riggin'

It was on the good ship Venus By Christ you shoud've seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed The mast, a rampant penis
The captain of this lugger He was a dirty bugger
He was fit to shovel shit From one place to another

Friggin' in the Riggin'
Friggin' in the Riggin'
Friggin' in the Riggin'
There was fuck all else to do

The captain's name was Morgan By Christ he was a gorgon
Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play On his fucking organ
The first mate's name was Cooper By Christ he was a trooper
He jerked and jerked until he worked Himself into a stupor

(Chorus)

The second mate was Andy, by Christ he had a dandy
Till they crushed his cock on a jagged rock for coming in the brandy
The Cabin boy was Chipper He was a fuckin' nipper
He stuffed his ass with broken glass and circumcised the skipper

The captain's wife Mabel, to fuck she wasn't able
So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits across the barroom table
The captain had a daughter, who fell in deep sea water
Delighted squeals revealed that eels had found her sexual quarter

(Chorus)

Drunken Sailor -

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (x3)
Early in the morning.

(Chorus)

Yo ho, up she rises (x3)

Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober (x3)
Pull out the bung and wet him all over (x3)
Put him in the scuppers with the deck pump on him (x3)
Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin' (x3)
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under (x3)
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it (x3)
Shave his belly with a rusty razor (x3)
Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts some flippers (x3)
Put 'im in bed with the Captain's daughter (x3)
to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under (x3)
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it (x3)
Shave his belly with a rusty razor (x3)
Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts some flippers (x3)
Put 'im in bed with the Captain's daughter (x3)



Battle of New Orleans

(Jimmy Driftwood; tune: Eighth of January, trad.)

Well, in and , we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Missisip
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we met the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began a running
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well, I seed Marse Jackson come a-walkin' down the street
And a-talkin' to a pirate by the name of Jean Lafitte;
He gave Jean a drink that he brung from Tennessee,
And the pirate said he'd help us drive the British to the sea.

Well the French told Andrew, You had better run
For Packenham's a-comin' with a bullet in his gun.
Old Hickory said he didn't give a damn
He's a-gonna whup the britches off of Colonel Packenham.

Well, we looked down the river and we seed the British come
And there must have been a hundred of them beating on the drum
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring
While we stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said we could take em by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked em in the eyes
We held our fire till we seed their face well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em well..

Well they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

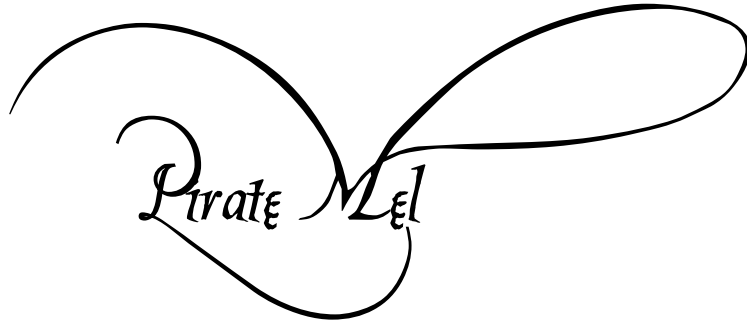
Well we fired our cannons till the barrels melted down
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
We filled his head with minie balls and powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind

They lost their pants and their pretty shiny coats
And their tails was all a-showin' like a bunch of billy goats.
They ran down the river with their tongues a-hanging out
And they said they got a lickin', which there wasn't any doubt.

Well we marched back to town in our dirty ragged pants
And we danced all night with the pretty girls from France;
We couldn't understand 'em, but they had the sweetest charms
And we understood 'em better when we got 'em in our arms.

Well, the guide who brung the British from the sea
Come a-limping into camp just as sick as he could be,
He said the dying words of Colonel Pakenham
Was, You better quit your foolin' with your cousin Uncle Sam.

Well, we'll march back home, but we'll never be content
Till we make Old Hick'ry the people's president.
And every time we think about the bacon and the beans
We'll think about the fun we had way down in New Orleans.



A man owar from the gloom - Shot her iron straight.
It blasted through our deck - And through the bosuns mate

Cannons boomed, splinters flew - there was fire in the ocean
The air was choked was foul black smoke -salt spray and commotion

(Chorus)

Yo Ho Ho Pirate Mel
Forever at the ready
Yo Ho Ho Pirate Mel
Always sure and steady

Through the night, we fought till light -turned each other to wrecks
You could see brain, blood and guts - running down the decks

In time we broke her back - But our hull she found
We had time to watch her sink - And hear her swabbies drown.

(Chorus)

Adrift on a smoldering heap - taking on the sea
Heading towards a briny end - Drunk and singing shanties

Pirate Mel sing us home - To our watery grave
We fought our fight for wrong or right -Died pirates, proud and brave
(Chorus)



Yo Ho! Yo Ho! A Pirate's Life For Me
We Pillage, We Plunder - We Rifle, We Loot
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!
We Kidnap, We Ravage - and Don't Give a Hoot!
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!

Yo Ho! Yo Ho! A Pirate's Life For Me
We Extort, We Pilfer - We Filch and Sack
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!
Maraude and Embezzle - and even Hijack
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!

Yo Ho! Yo Ho! A Pirate's Life For Me
We Kindle with Charm - Enflame and ignite
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!
We Burn up the City - We're Really a Fright
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!
We're Rascals, Scoundrels - Villians and Knaves
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!
We're Devils and Black Sheep - Really Bad Eggs
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!

Yo Ho! Yo Ho! A Pirate's Life For Me
We're Beggars and Flaggers - and Neer-do-well Cads
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!
Aye, but We're Loved - By our Mommies and Dads
Drink Up Me Hardies - Yo Ho!

All for me Grog

(Chorus)

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog.
It's all for me beer and tobacco.
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Far across the western ocean I must wander.

(Verses)

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,
They're all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather.

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,
It's all gone for beer and tobacco.
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn,
And the tail is looking out for better weather.

Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
I lent it to a whore and now the sheets they are all tore
And the springs are looking out for better weather.

Where is me wench, me noggin' noggin' wench
She's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well her (clap) is all worn out and her (clap) is knocked about
And her (clap) is looking out for better weather.

I feel sick in the head and I haven't been to bed,
Since first I came ashore with me plunder.
I see centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches,
And I think that I should push out over yonder

(Going) Down below

A night before hell's own storm
swallowed half the crew
smashed us up and bashed us down
cracked our timbers through

In the drink we will sink
covered by the sea
the swells around will drag us down
the water we will breathe

Soon we'll go down below
we're going down below

So long crew our time is through
till the locker of davy jones
Beneath the waves in coral caves
Will rest our salty bones

Soon we'll go down below
we're going down below
Soon we'll go down below
we're going down below

