

## INHALTSVERZEICHNIS JANUAR 2010

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Tonart: E  
Speziell:

### A HANDY SHIP

1. A handy ship and a handy crew,  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*  
The crew is drunk and the captain, too!  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*
2. A handy skipper and first mate, too,  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*  
The mate likes gin and the sailors, too!  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*
3. A handy bo'sun and a handy sails,  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*  
A handy boss and a handy sails!  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*
4. A handy rope an a handy mast,  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*  
A handy sea and a storm so fast!  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*
5. A handy drink and a handy song,  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*  
A handy girl and we come along!  
*Handy, old boys, so handy!*

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Tonart: E  
Speziell:

### UN PETIT NAVIRE

1. Il était un petit navire,  
Il était un petit navire,  
Qui n'avait ja, ja, jamais navigué,  
Qui n'avait ja, ja, jamais navigué,  
Oh! Eh! Oh! Eh!  
  
*Oh! Eh! Oh! Eh! Matelot!*  
*Matelot navigue sur les flots...*  
*Oh! Eh! Oh! Eh! Matelot!*  
*Matelot navigue sur les flots...*
2. :Au bout de cinq à six semaines,:  
:Les vivres vinr', vinr' vinrent à manquer,:
3. :On tira z'à la courte paille,;  
:Pour savoir qui, qui, qui serait mangé,:
4. :Le sort tomba sur le plus jeune,;  
:Le mousse qui, qui, qui se mit à pleurer,:
5. :O Sainte Vierge ô ma Patronne!:  
:Je vous en prie, de moi ayez pitié,:
6. :Sur le pont du petit navire,:  
:Des poissons pleuv'pleuv'pleuvent par milliers:
7. :Si vous aimez bien cette histoire,;  
:Nous allons la, la, la recommencer,

## DE HAMBORGER VEERMASTER

1. Ick heff mol en  
Hamborger Veemaster sehn,  
to my hoodah, to my hoodah.  
De Masten so scheef  
as den Schipper sien Been,  
to my hoodah, hoodah ho.

*Blow boys blow, for Californio,  
there is plenty of gold,  
so I am told,  
on the banks of Sacramento.*

2. Dat Deck weer von Isen,  
vull Schiet un vull Smeer,  
dat weer de Schietgäng  
eer schönsten Pläseer.
3. Dat Logis weer vull Wanzen,  
de Kombüüs weer vull Dreck,  
de Beschüten de löpen
4. Dat Soltfleesch weer gröön  
un de Speck weer vull Maden,  
kööm geev dat bloss  
an'n Winachtsabend.

3

## GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

1. Good night ladies, good night ladies,  
good night ladies, we're going to leave you  
now.

*Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
roll along,  
Merrily we roll along over the dark  
blue sea.*

2. Fare well, ladies, fare well ladies,  
fare well, ladies, we're going to leave you  
now.
3. Sweet dreams ladies, sweet dreams ladies,  
sweet dreams, ladies, we're going to leave you now.

5

## DRUNKEN SAILOR

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
what shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
what shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
what shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
earli in the morning!

*Hooray and up she raises,  
hooray and up she raises,  
hooray and up she raises,  
hooray and up she raises,  
earli in the morning*

2. Put him in the long-boat, till he's sober,  
put him.... (3x)  
earli in the morning!
  3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over,  
pull out.... (3x)  
earli in the morning!
  4. Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin,  
heave him.... (3x)  
earli in the morning!
- Put him in the bed scuppers with the captains  
hose-pipe on him,  
put him.... (3x)  
earli in the morning!
6. That what we do with the drunken sailor,  
That what.... (3x) ... earli in the morning!

4

## FREESENLEED

1. Wor de Nordseewellen trecken an de Strand,  
wor de geelen Blomen bleuhn int gröne Land  
wor de Möven schrieen gell in Stormgebrus,  
dor is mine Heimat, dor bün ick to Hus,  
wor de Möven schrieen...
2. Well'n un Wogenruschen weern min Weegen-leed  
un de hogen Dieken seh'n min Kinnertied,  
markten ok min Sehnen un min heit Begehr,  
dör de Welt to flegen, ower Land un Meer,  
markten ok min Sehnen...
3. Woll hett mi dat Lewen all min Sehnen stillt,  
hett mi all dat gewen, wat min Hart erfüllt,  
all dat is verschwunnen, wat mi drück un dreev,  
hev dat Glück woll funnen, doch dat Heimweh  
bleev, all dat is verschwunnen..
4. Heimweh na min schönnet, gröne Marschen-land,  
wor de Nordseewellen trecken an de Strand,  
wor de Möven schrieen gell in Stormgebrus,  
dor is mine Heimat, dor bün ick to Hus,  
wor de Möven schrieen...

6

## JOHN KANAKA

1. I heard, I heard the old man say.  
*John Ka-na-ka-na-ka tu-lai-é!*  
To-day, to-day is a holiday.  
*John Ka-na-ka-na-ka tu-lai-é!*  
Tu-lai-é, oh Tu-lai-é!  
*John Ka-na-ka-na-ka tu-lai-é!*  
  
Tu-lai-é, oh Tu-lai-é!  
*John Ka-na-ka-na-ka tu-lai-é!*
2. We'll work tomorrow, but not to-day.  
we'll work tomorrow, but no work today.
3. We're bound away for frisco Bay.  
we're bound away at the break o'day.
4. We're bound to go around Cape Horn.  
tis goddam place where the devils been born.
5. Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away.  
Oh, haul away an' make yer pay.

7

4. Le maître donne un coup d'sifflet  
pour fair' monter les deux bordées,  
tout est paré pour l'abordage,  
hardis gabiers, fiers matelots,  
brav' canonnières, mousses petiots!

*Buvons un coup, buvons-en deux  
à la santé, des amoureux,  
à la santé du Roi de France,  
et merde pour la Reine d'Angleterre  
qui nous a déclaré la guerre*

5. Vir' lof pour lof en arrivant,  
je l'abordions par son avant,  
à coup de hache et de grenade,  
de piqu', de sabr', de mousqueton,  
en trois-cinq-sec, je l'arrimions!
6. Que dira-t-on du grand rafiote,  
à Brest, à Londres et à Bordeaux,  
qu'a laissé prendre son équipage  
par un corsair' de dix canons,  
lui qu'en avait trente et six bons!!!

9

## LE TRENTE ET UN DU MOIS D'AOUT

1. Le trente et un du mois d'Août  
*le trente et un du mois d'Août,*  
on vit venir sous l'vent à nous,  
*on vit venir sous l'vent à nous,*  
une frégate d'Angleterre  
qui fendait la mer et les flots,  
c'était pour attaquer Bordeaux!  
  
*Buvons un coup, buvons-en deux  
à la santé, des amoureux,  
à la santé du Roi de France,  
et merde pour la Reine d'Angleterre  
qui nous a déclaré la guerre...*
2. Le commandant du bâtiment,  
fit appeler son lieutenant:  
"Lieutenant, te sens-tu capable,  
dis-moi, te sens-tu-z-assez fort  
pour prendre l'Anglais à son bord?"
3. Le lieutenant, fier-z-et hardi,  
lui répondit: "Capitain'-z-oui"  
fait's branlebas à l'équipage:  
Je vas hisser not' pavillon  
qui rest'ra haut, nous le jurons!!!

8

## MARY ANN

1. Mit vierzehn Jahren fing er als Schiffsjunge an  
Er war der Jüngste, aber er war schon ein Mann  
Ein Mann wie ein Baum und stark wie ein Bär  
So fuhr er das erste Mal übers Meer.

*Sie hiess Mary Ann, sie war sein Schiff  
Er hielt ihr die Treue, was keiner begriff.  
Es gab so viele Schiffe, so schön und gross  
die Mary Ann aber liess ihn nicht los.:*

2. Als Seemann hatte er seine achtzehn Karat,  
und nach der dritten Reise, da war er schon Maat.  
Und jeder Kap'tän war hinter ihm her,  
doch fiel ihm das Wechseln so furchtbar schwer.
3. Und als er eines Tags erster Steuermann war,  
da liebte er ein Mädchen mit strohblondem Haar  
Er gab ihr sein Herz, doch sie war nicht teu,  
So fuhr er bald wieder zur See, ahoi!
4. Nach jeder Reise schwor er: Jetzt muster' ich ab  
Er schwor's als Kapitän, doch sie wurde sein Grab.  
Die Mary Ann sank am neunzehnten Mai,  
bei einem Orkan vor der Hudson Bay!

10

## STRIKE THE BELL

1. Afton the quarter deck walking about  
there is the starbord watch, so sturdy  
and stout. / Thinking of their sweetheart  
and we hope they are well and I wish that  
you would hurry up and strike, strike  
the bell.

*Strike the bell, second mate, let us  
go below. Look well to windward, you  
will see it's gone to blow, look at  
the glass you will find it is well and  
I wish that you would hurry up and  
strike, strike the bell.*

2. Aft on the wheel a sailorboy he stands,/  
seizing the spokes with his could, mitten  
hands./ Thinking of his mother and he  
hopes she is well,/ and I wish that you  
would hurry up and strike, strike the  
bell.
3. Nothing in sight, Sir, the lights are bur-  
ning bright./ Relieve at the wheel then  
I wish you good night./ Dreaming of the  
sweethearts and I hope we sleep well / and  
I wish that you would hurry up and strike,  
strike the bell.

11

## ROLLING HOME

1. Up a loft, amid the rigging,  
swiftly blows the fav'ring gale,  
strong as springtime in its blossom  
filling out each bending sail.

*Rolling home, rolling home,  
rolling home across the sea,  
rolling home to dear old England  
rolling home, dear land, to thee.*

2. Now, it takes all hands to man the capstan,  
Mister, see your cables clear!  
You'll be sailing homeward bound, Sir,  
And for the channel you will steer.
3. Full ten thousand miles behind us,  
And a thousand miles before,  
Ancient ocean waves to waft us  
To the wellremembered shore.
4. Newborn breezes swell to send us  
To your childhood welcome skies,  
To the glow of friendly faces  
And the glance of loving eyes.

13

## NANCY LEE

1. Of all the wives I ever saw, ye ho,  
*ye ho lads ho, ye ho lads ho,*  
Ther's none like Nancy Lee I know, ye ho,  
*ye ho lads ho, ye ho.*  
See there she stands and waves her hands  
above the quai,  
And every day when I'm away she'll pray  
for me  
And whispers low when tempest blow for  
Jack at sea,  
*ye ho, lads ho, ye ho.*  
*The sailors wife the sailors star shall be  
ye ho, we go across the sea,  
the sailors wife the sailors star shall be  
the sailors wife his star shall be.*
2. The bootswain pipes the watch below, ye ho.  
Then here's a health before we go, ye ho,  
A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea  
And keep our bones from Davy Jones where  
ever we be,  
And may you meet a mate as sweet as  
Nancy Lee  
*ye ho lads ho, ye ho.*
3. The harbour's past, the breezes blow, ye ho,  
It's long ere we come back you know, ye ho,  
Best true and bright from morn till night my wife will be  
My home so neat and snug and sweet for Jack at sea,  
And Nancy's face to bless the place and wel-come me,  
*ye ho, lads ho, ye ho.*

12

## ROLLING HOME (YCB)

1. 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 grey dawn brings the light.

*Rolling home, rolling home,  
rolling home across the sea,  
rolling home to dear old England,  
rolling home, dear land, to thee.*

2. Up aloft amid the rigging  
blows the loud exulting gale,  
like a bird's wide out-streched pinions  
spreads on high each swelling sail;  
and the wild waves cleft behind us  
seem to murmur as they flow,  
there are loving hearts, that wait you  
in the land to which you go.
3. Many thousand miles behind us,  
many thousand miles before,  
ancient ocean heave 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.

14

4. Man your capstan, bars and swifters,  
every one that can clap on.  
As we heave around the pawls, boys,  
we will sing our well-known song.  
Up aloft amid the rigging,  
up amid the howling gale  
we will furl our big main-topsail,  
as we're rolling home again.
5. Now farewell Australians daughters,  
we shall leave your fruitful shores.  
We shall soon cross deep blue waters,  
to see our home and friends once more.  
We shall sing back-songs and shanties,  
say good bye to all friends here.  
We shall soon trip our anchor,  
and for old England we shall steer.
6. Eastward, eastward, ever eastward,  
to the rising of the sun;  
we have steered ever eastward,  
since our voyage has begun.  
Off Cape Horn on a winter's morning,  
setting sails in ice and snow,  
you could hear the shell-backs calling,  
hoist away and let her go.

15

## THE OLD MOKE

1. He bang, she bang, daddy shot a bear,  
shot it in the stem, me boys  
and niver turned a hair.  
  
*We're all from the rail-road, too-rer-loo,  
oh the ol' moke pickin' on the banjo.  
Hoo-raw! What th'hell's the row?  
We're all from the rail-road, too-rer-loo,  
We're all from the rail-road, too-rer-loo,  
oh the ol' moke pickin' on the banjo.*
2. Pat, get back, take in yer slack,  
heave away, me boys,  
heave away, me bully boys,  
why don't ye make some noise?
3. Out chocks, two blocks,  
heave away or bust,  
bend yer backs, me bully boys.  
Kick up some flamin' dust.
4. Whisky-O, Johnny-O,  
the mudhook is in sight,  
tis a-hell-ov-a-way to the gals that wait,  
an' the ol' Nautucket light.

17

## SAILING

1. Y'heave ho! My lads, the wind blows free,  
a pleasant gale is on our lee,  
and soon across the ocean clear,  
our gallant barque shall bravely steer,  
but ere we part from England's shore to night,  
a song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.  
Then here's to the sailor and here's to the  
heart so true, who will think of him upon the waters blue.  
*Sailing, sailing over the bounded main,  
for many a stormy wind shall blow  
ere Jack comes home again.  
Sailing, sailing over the bounded main,  
for many a stormy wind shall blow  
ere Jack comes home again.*
2. The sailor's life is bold and free,  
his home is on the rolling sea,  
and never a heart more true and brave  
than he who launches on the waves.  
As far he speeds in distant climes to roam  
with y'ho and sons he rides the sparkling foam.  
Then here's to the sailor and here's to the  
heart so true, who will think of him upon the waters blue.
3. The tide is flowing with the gale,  
y'heave ho my lads, set ev'ry sail,  
the harbours bar we soon shall clear,  
fare well once more to home so dear,  
for when the tempest rages loud and long,  
that home shall be our guiding star among.  
Then here's to the sailor and here's to the  
heart so true, who will think of him upon the waters blue.

16

## THE WILD ROVER

1. I've been the wild rover for many the years,  
and I spent all my money on whisky and beer.  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,  
and I never will play the wild rover no more.  
  
*And it's no nay never...  
no nay never no more  
will I play, the wild rover,  
no never no more.*
2. I went down to an ale house, I used to frequent  
and I told the landlady, my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit she answered me nay,  
such customer as you, I can have any day.
3. So I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,  
and the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She said I have whisky and wine of the best,  
and the words that she told me were only in jest.  
in jest.
4. So I go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
And I ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And when they caress me as often before  
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

18

## WHISKEY JOHNNY

1. Oh whisky is the life of man,  
*oh, whisky, Johnny,*  
oh, I'll drink whisky when I can,  
*oh, whisky for my Johnny.*
2. Oh, whisky is the life of man,  
Oh, whisky from an old tin can.
3. Oh, whisky hot and whisky cold,  
oh, whisky new and whisky old.
4. Oh, whisky killed my poor old dad,  
oh, whisky drove my mother mad.
5. Oh, whisky made me pawn my cloth,  
oh, whisky gave me this red nose.
6. My wife and I do not agree  
She puts whiskey in her tea
7. Some likes whiskey, some likes beer  
I wisht I had a barrel here
8. If whiskey was a river and I was a duck  
I'd dive to the bottem and never come up
9. I thought, I heard the Old Man say,  
oh, whisky for all hands! - Belay!

19

## OOH, JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

1. I niver saw the lake since I bin born,  
Ooh, a big buck sailor with his seaboots on,  
  
*Ooh, Johnny comes down to Hilo,  
Ooh poor ol'man.*  
  
Ooh, wake her!  
  
*Ooh, shake her!*  
  
Ooh, wake that girl wid the blue dress on!  
  
*When Johnny comes down to Hilo,  
Ooh poor ol'man!*
2. I love a little girl acrosst the sea,  
she's a Badian beauty an'she sez tome,
3. Her eyes was blue, her dress the same,  
But always fell asleep before I came.
4. Did ye ever sea the d'plantation boss,  
an'his long-tailed filly, an'his big black hoss?
5. Ooh, go fetch me down me riding cane,  
for I'm off to sec me sweetheart Jane.

21

## THE BOWLINE

1. We'll haul the bowlin'  
so early in the morning.  
  
*We'll haul the bowlin',  
the bowlin' haul!*
2. We'll haul the bowlin'  
before the day wuz dawnin'.
3. We'll haul the bowlin'  
the fore'n'main t'bowlin'.
4. We'll haul the bowlin'  
the fore t'gallant bowlin'.
5. We'll haul the bowlin'  
the Cape Horn gale's a-howlin'.
6. We'll haul the bowlin'  
the cook he is a-growlin'.

20

## EINMAL NOCH NACH BOMBAY

1. Die erste Reise war angenehm,  
*Oh, oh Johnny*  
die zweite Reise war unbequem,  
*Oh, oh Johnny*  
die dritte Reise die war gesund  
*Oh, oh Johnny*  
die vierte Reise kam'n wir alle auf den Hund.  
*Oh, oh Johnny*  
  
*Einmal noch nach Bombay,  
einmal nach Schanghai,  
einmal noch nach Rio,  
einmal nach Hawai-nach Hawai,  
einmal durch den Suez  
und durch den Panama  
wieder nach St. Pauli,  
Hamburg Altonah.*
2. Der Káp'ten der zischt mir einen schiefen Blick,  
der Stürmann der zischt mir eine ins Genick  
der Bootsmann der zischt mir einen Klotz ans Bein,  
aber der Smut, der zischt mir einen aus der Bulle ein.
3. Wir sahen eine Seekuh und die war blond,  
wir haben zwischen Palmen und Eisberg'  
gesonnt,  
wir überlebten manchen Hafen und manchen Orkan,  
aber am schönsten ist's in Hamburg auf der  
Reeperbahn.

22

## DANS LE PORT DE TACOMA

1. C'est dans la cale qu'on met les rats,  
*Hou-là, là, hou-là!*  
C'est dans la cale qu'on met les rats!  
  
*Par' à virer  
Les gars, faut déhaler...  
On s'repos'ra  
Quand on arriv'ra  
Dans le port de Tacoma!*
2. C'est dans la mer qu'on met les mâts,  
C'est dans la mer qu'on met les mâts!
3. C'est dans la pipe qu'on met l'tabac,  
C'est dans la pipe qu'on met l'tabac!
4. C'est dans la gueul qu'on s'met l'tafia,  
C'est dans la gueul qu'on s'met l'tafia!  
  
ALLE
5. *Mais les filles, ça s'met dans les bras,  
Mais les filles, ça s'met dans les bras!*

## BLOW THE MAN DOWN

1. Oh, blow the man down,  
bullies, blow the man down!  
*Way-ay, blow the man down!*  
Oh, blow the man down, in the Liverpool town!  
*Give me some time to blow the man down!*
2. As I was awalking  
down Paradise Street,  
a saucy young p'liceman  
I happen'd to meet.
3. Says he: You're a deep-sea man  
by the cut of your hair,  
I know you're a deep-sea man  
by the clothes you wear.
4. You've sailed in that clipper  
there moored to the quay,  
you've robbed some poor Dutchman  
of boots, clothes and pay.
5. O p'liceman, o p'liceman,  
you do me great wrong,  
I'm a flying-fish sailor,  
just home from Hong-Kong.

## SHENANDOAH

1. Oh, Shenandoah, I'm glad to hear you.  
Away you rolling river.  
H, Shenandoah, I'm glad to hear you.  
Away, I'm bound to go,  
'cross the wide Missouri.
2. Oh, Shenandoah, my home, my valley.  
Beside your waters I love to daily.
3. Oh, Shenandoah, I tock a notion.  
To sail across the stormy ocean.
4. Oh, Shenandoah, you're a lovely river.  
You make me happy for now and ever.
5. Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughters.  
I love the music of your still waters.
6. For long, long years since last I saw you.  
My Shenandoah, I'll never leave you.

6. They locked me three months  
in the jail of the town,  
for booting and kicking  
and blowing him down.

ALLE

7. *Oh, blow the man down,  
bullies, blow the man down!  
Oh, blow the man down, in the Liverpool town!  
Give me some time to blow the man down!*

## FIRE DOWN BELOW

*Fire! Fire! Fire down below!*

1. Fire in the galley, fire down below,  
fetch a bucket of water boys, fire down below!  
*Fire! fire! fire down below!*  
*Fetch a bucket of water boys, fire down below!*
2. Feuer auf dem Vorschiff, Feuer brennt am Heck,  
jetzt schnell n'e Tüte voll Wasser her  
sonst brennt das Schiff uns weg.  
*Feuer, Feuer, Feuer brennt am Heck!*  
*jetzt schnell n'e Tüte voll Wasser her*  
*sonst brennt das Schiff uns weg.*
3. Fire in the fore peak, fire down below,  
fire in the fore chains, the bosun didn't know.  
*Fire! fire! fire down below!*  
*Fetch a bucket of water boys, fire down below!*
4. Feuer an der Reeling, Feuer am Besan!  
jetzt schnell n'e Tüte voll Wasser her  
sonst brennt der ganze Kahn.  
*Feuer, Feuer, Feuer am Besan!*  
*Jetzt schnell n'e Tüte voll Wasser her*  
*sonst brennt der ganze Kahn!*
5. Fire up aloft my boys, fire all aglow,  
fire in the galley,  
the Doc he didn't know.  
*Fire! fire! fire down below!*  
*Fetch a bucket of water boys, fire down below!*

27

## ROLL THE COTTON DOWN

1. Away down south where I was born,  
Oh, roll the cotton down.  
That's where the niggers blow their horn.  
Oh, roll the cotton down.
2. When I lived down in Tennessee,  
My old Massa then said to me:
3. Were ever you in Mobile bay,  
There we rolled the cotton day by day.
4. One dollar a day is a darkey's pay,  
Five dollars get's the white man each day.
5. When I was young before the war,  
Times were gay on the Mississippi shore.
6. When the work was over at the close of day.  
T'is then you'd hear the banjo play.
7. While the darkies would sit around the door.  
And the picaninnys played upon the floor.
8. But since the war there's been a change,  
To the darkey every thing seems strange.
9. No more you'll hear the banjo play,  
For the good old times have passed away.

29

## BALTIMORE - SONG

1. Und ich küsste ihr die Hände  
und die Crew, die lachte laut,  
wir fahrn nach Baltimore,  
sie wird nicht seine Braut;  
und ich küsste ihr die Arme  
und die Crew, die lachte laut,  
wir fahrn nach Baltimore,  
sie wird nicht seine Braut  
Heio, heio, er macht der Dirn was vor,  
denn, wenn es heute abend wird,  
muss er nach Baltimore.
2. Und ich küsste ihr den Hals  
und die Crew, die lachte laut,  
und ich küsste ihre Lippen  
und die Crew, die lachte laut,
3. Und ich küsste ihren Busen  
und die Crew, die lachte laut,  
und ich küsste ihre hm..., hm...  
und die Crew, die wurde stumm...  
hm..., hm...,  
er scheint uns gar dumm.  
Heio, heio, er flüstert der Dirn was ins Ohr,  
denn, wenn es heute Abend wird,  
fahr ich nicht nach Baltimore.  
Heio, heio, er flüstert der Dirn was ins Ohr,  
denn, wenn es heute Abend wird,  
ha ha ha ha...  
fahr ich nicht nach Baltimore.

28

## A LONG TIME AGO

1. A long, long time and a very long time.  
To my way, hay, hoo-o-dah.  
A long, long time and a very long time.  
It's a long time ago.
2. My mother she wrote a letter to  
me...
3. She wrote and asked me to come home  
again...
4. I could not come as my money was  
gone...
5. She sent me money, she sent me my  
cloth...
6. The cloth was pawned and the money was  
spent...
7. A skysailyarder lay out in the  
bay...
8. Awaiting fair wind to get under  
way...

30

## DEAD HORSE

1. Oh poor old man your horse will die,  
and we say so and we hope so.  
Oh poor old man your horse will die,  
oh poor old horse.
2. Oh poor old horse what brought you here,  
After carrying sand for many a year.
3. Now after years of such abuse,  
They salt you down for sailors' use.
4. They tan your hide and burn your bones.  
And send you of to Davy Jones.

31

## BLOW BOYS, BLOW

1. A Yankee ship came down the river,  
Blow, boys, blow!  
With a yankee crew and a yankee skipper.  
Blow, my bully boys blow.
2. She was a nicely sky-sail rigger,  
The stars and stripes were flying above her.
3. Her sails were old, her rides were rotten,  
His charts the skipper had forgotten.
4. The mate was Joe, the Frisco digger,  
The boatswain was a great black nigger.
5. The cook was Jim the Boston beauty,  
The steward had to learn his duty.
6. The crew were anything but frisky,  
They had never crossed the bay of biscay.
7. And what d'ye think they've got for cargo,  
Three, four hundred girls for Yokohama.

ALLE

8. Blow my boys, and blow for ever,  
Blow me down the Mississippi river.

33

## BOUND FOR RIO GRANDE

1. Oh say, was you ever in Rio Grande?  
Heave away for Rio.  
It's there, that the river runs down golden  
Sand.  
For we're bound for Rio Grande.  
  
*Heave away for Rio. Heave away for Rio.  
Sing fare you well, my bonny young girls  
for we're bound for Rio Grande.*
2. Our anchor we will weight and our sails we  
will set.  
The maidens we are leaving we shall never  
forget.
3. So man the good capstan and run it  
around.  
We will heave up our anchor to this jolly  
good sound.
4. We have a jolly good ship and a jolly  
good crew.  
We have a jolly good mate and a good  
skipper too.
5. Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue.  
And you who are listening good-bye to you.

32

## AROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
mark well what I do say!  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid  
and she was mistress of her trade,  
we'll go no more aroving with you fair maid,  
aroving, aroving, since roving's been my ruin,  
we'll go no more aroving with you fair maid.  
I met this fair maid after dark,  
and took her to her favourite park.  
I put my arm around her waist,  
says she: Young man, you're in great haste!  
I towed her to the maiden's breast,  
from south the wind veered west-southwest.  
Her heart was pounding like a drum,  
her lips were red as any plum.  
We laid down on a grassy patch,  
and I felt such a ruddy ass.  
She swore that she'd be true to me,  
but spent my pay-day fast and free.  
In three weeks'time I was badly bent,  
then off to sea I sadly went.  
And then back to the Liverpool docks:  
saltpetre stowed in our boots and socks.  
Now when I got back home from sea,  
a soger had her on his knee.

34

### A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR

1. Well my father often told me  
when I was just a lad  
a sailor's life was very hard  
the food was always bad.  
But now I've joined the Navy  
I'm on board a man of war  
and now I've found  
a sailor ain't a sailor any more.

*Don't haul on the rope!  
Don't climb up the mast!  
If you see a sailing ship  
it might be your last.*

*Just get your civvies ready  
for another round ashore.  
A sailor ain't a sailor ain't  
a sailor any more.*

2. Well a killick of our mess  
he says we've had it soft  
it wasn't like this in his day  
when he was up aloft.  
We like our bunks and sleepingbags  
but what's a hammock for  
swinging from the deckhead  
or laying on the floor.
3. Well they gave us an engine  
that first went up and down.  
Then with more technology  
the engine went around.

35

We know our steam and diesel  
but what's a mainyard for.  
A stoker ain't a stoker  
with a shovel any more.

4. Well they gave us an oldies lamp  
so we can do it right.  
They gave us a radio  
we signal day and night.

We now have coats and saiffers  
but what's a summer for.  
A bunting tosser doesn't toss  
the bunting any more.

*Don't haul on the rope!  
Don't climb up the mast!  
If you see a sailing ship  
it might be your last.*

*Just get your civvies ready  
for another round ashore.  
A sailor ain't a sailor ain't  
a sailor any more.*

5. Two cans of beer a day  
and that should bleeding lot  
now we get an extra one  
because they stop the top.

So we'll put on our civvy clothes  
and find a pub ashore  
a sailor is still a sailor  
just like he was before.

36

### FAUT AVOIR DU COURAGE

1. Pendant la morte-saison  
on voit sur le quai les patrons,  
qui demanden veux-tu que je t'engage,  
tu auras de forts bons gages;  
tu gagneras beaucoup d'argent  
si sur le banc il y a du flétan.  
*Faut avoir du courage, pour fair ce long voyage.*
2. Quand il faut appareiller  
chacun descend sur le quai  
faut faire ses adieux bien vite  
le capitaine appelle de suite  
répondez à votre nom  
embarquez donc les garçons.
3. L'équipage étant à bord  
chacun se dispose  
à prendre son petit déjeuner  
qui n'est pas grand chose  
après ce joli repas  
le guindeau vous casse les bras.
4. Quand on est sur les grands bancs  
on crie, on se déhausse  
chacun se lève soudain  
pour aller boire la goutte  
de tribord comme de babord  
les doris s'en vont dehors.
5. Dans le doris les hommes s'en vont  
pour pêcher toute la journée  
et quand il est plein de poissons  
faut encore le décharger  
hale dessus c'est de la morue  
hale dedans c'est de flétan

37

### JEAN-FRANÇOUE DE NANTES

1. C'est Jean-Françoué de Nantes,  
oué, oué, oué,  
gabier sur la Fringante, oh mes boués,  
Jean-Françoué.
2. De retour de campagne,  
fier comme un roi d'Espagne.
3. Il a dedans sa bourse,  
bientôt 20 mois de course.
4. Une montre et une chaîne,  
valant une baleine.
5. Il vide une bouteille,  
il rebande à merveille.
6. La plus belle servante,  
l'emène dans sa soupente.
7. Montre et chaîne s'envole,  
mais il prend la vérole.
8. A l'hôpital de Nantes  
Jean-Françoué se lamente.
9. Il ferait de la peine,  
même à son capitaine.
10. Pauvre Jean-Françoué de Nantes,  
plus jamais ne rebande.

38

## BRASSONS BIEN PARTOUT CARRE

1. A Nantes, à Nantes vient d'arriver  
un beau trois-mâts chargé de blé  
au bras tribord d'arrière.  
  
*Brassons bien partout carré  
nous sommes plein vent arrière.*
2. Au Quai de la Fosse est amarré  
le beau trois-mâts chargé de blé.
3. Joli marin, gentil gabier,  
combien vendez-vous la perrée?
4. La belle je vous l'apprendrai  
dans un joli grand lit carré.
5. Joli marin, je voudrais y aller  
dans ton joli trois-mâts carré.
6. La belle sur les trois-mâts carrés  
on n'embarque pas de poulies coupées.
7. De San-Francisco à Valparaiso  
j'enverrai mon trois-mâts carré.
8. Dans la tempête il a sombré  
le joli trois-mâts carré.
9. En talisman de fidélité  
au Quai de la Fosse est exposé.

39

## ALABAMA

1. Oh, this is the tale of John Cherokee,  
Alabama John Cherokee  
The Injun man of Miramashee,  
Alabama John Cherokee.  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!  
Alabama John Cherokee
2. They made him a slave down in Alabam,  
He run away every time he can  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!
3. They shipped him aboard of a whaling ship,  
Agen an'agen he gave'em the slip,  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!
4. But they cotchet him agen an' chaned him tight,  
Kept him in the dark without any light,  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!
5. They gave him nuttin' for to eat or drink,  
All of his bones began to clink,  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!

41

## FAREWELL SHANTY

1. It ist time to go now  
Haul away your anchor  
Haul away your anchor  
tis our sailing tide.
2. Get some sails upon her  
Haul away your halyards  
Haul away your halyards  
tis our sailing tide.
3. Get her on her course there  
Haul away your foresheets  
Haul away your foresheets  
tis our sailing tide.
4. Waves are surging under  
Haul away down Channel  
Haul away down Channel  
On the evening tide.
5. When my days are over  
Haul away to Heaven  
Haul away to Heaven  
Lord be by my side.

40

6. An' now his ghost is often seen,  
Sittin' on the main-truck-all wet an' green  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!
7. At the break o'dawn he goes below,  
And that is where the cocks they crow.  
With a hauley high an' a hauley low!

42

**MELLEM ENGLAND**

1. Mellem England og Jylland der gaar en gammel Brig,  
Forfalden er dens Tovvaerk og sliden er dens Rig  
Og paa Kryds og paa tvaers er den tjaeret som en  
Ravn,  
det er en gammel Skude, vi har kobt in Kobenhaven,  
Og heisingen hopfalldera hurra, slaa i Pumperne et  
Slag.
2. Da den kom laenger ud, begyndte Sejlene at gaa  
Vy havde ingen bedre, ej heller kunde faa.  
Men saa pyt! Sa Kaptajnen, det skal vi nok faa i Stand  
Vi har en gammel Kaffesaek, torn du efter den en  
Mand!
3. Da den kom laenger ud, begyndte Taljerebet at gaa,  
Vi havde ingen bedre, ej heller kunde faa,  
Men saa pyt! Sa Kaptajnen, det skal vi nok faa i Stand,  
Vi har en gammel Kattelort, torn ud elfter den en  
Mand!
4. Kompas i vort Nathus vi aldrig fik sat,  
Vi sejled efter Pulden paa Kaptajnens gamle Hat,  
Fuld of Rotter og Mus, ingen Kat i vort Hus,  
Kaptajnen ligger agter og er smækfuld af Lus.
5. Og hvis i nu vil vide, hvem Visen digtet har  
Saa kig i Almanakken, helst naar Maanen skinner klar,  
Ja, med Flasken i min Hand og med Tosen i min Favn,  
hvem er vel saa glad, som en Somand i Havn!

43

**TIRE VA DONC SUR LES AVIRONS**

1. Mon père a fait bâtir maisons  
tire va donc sur les avirons  
par quatre vingt jolis maçons  
tire , tire marinier tire,  
tire va donc sur les avirons!
2. Par quatre vingt jolis maçons,  
le roi a passé aux environs.
3. Le roi a passé aux environs,  
demande: à qui est cette maison?
4. Demande: à qui est cette maison?  
C'est pour ma fille Jeanneton.
5. C'est pour ma fille Jeanneton,  
mais à une seule condition.
6. Mais à une seule condition:  
C'est qu'elle n'épouse pas de garçons!
7. C'est qu'elle n'épouse pas de garçons,  
j'aimerais mieux que la maison.
8. J'aimerais mieux que la maison,  
soit coulée dans la mer à fond.
9. Soit coulée dans la mer à fond,  
pour y nourrir les petits poissons!

45

**MELLEM ENGLAND (PHONETIK)**

1. Mellem England o Jüüland der goor en gammel Brig,  
Forfalden er den(s) Töivvääk o sliden er den(s) Rig  
O po krüds o po twärs er den tjäret som en Ravn,  
det er en gammel Skude, vi har köbt in Köbenhawn,  
Og heisingen hopfalldera hurra, slo i Pumperne et Sla.
2. Da den kom länger ul, begünde Säillene at goo,  
Wi hawde ingä bedre, äi häller gunde foo.  
Menso püt! Sa Kaptainen, dei skal wi no foo i Stan(d)  
Wi har e(n) gammel Gaffesäk, törn ul efter den en Maan!
3. Da den kom länger ul, begrüde Taljerebet at goo,  
Wi hawde ingä bedre, ei häller gunde foo,  
Menso püt! Sa Kaptainen, dei skal wi no foo i Stan(d)  
Wi har e(n) gammel Kaatelord, törn ul efter den en Maan!
4. Kombass i woret Naathus wi aldrig fik sat,  
Wi säiled efter Pulden po Kaptainens gamle Hat,  
Fuld of Rotter o Muus, ingen Kat i wort Huus,  
Kaptainen liger agder o är smägd fuld af Luus.
5. O wissi nu wil wilde, wem Wiesen digded haar  
So kig i Almanake, helst norr Moonen skinner klaar,  
Ja, mel Flasken i mi Hand o mi Tössen i min Fauwn,  
Wem er wel soo glaal, som an Söman i Hauwn

44

**GENERAL TAYLOR**

1. General Taylor came to die,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
And Santiano run away,  
*Carry him to his burying ground,*  
So my way-hay is stormy,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
To me  
Way-hay is storm and blow,  
*Carry him to his burying ground.*
2. Old General Taylor died long ago,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
We bury him where the wind dont blow,  
*Carry him to his burying ground,*  
To me  
Way-hay is stormy,  
*Walk him along John carry him along.*  
To me  
Way-hay storm and blow,  
*Carry him to his burying ground.*
3. They dug his grave with a silver spade,  
*Walk him along John cary him along,*  
His shroud was of the finest silk made,  
To me  
Way-hay is stomy,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
To me  
Way-hay storm and blow,  
*Carry him to his burying ground.*

46

4. I'd build a ship of a thousand tons,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
I'd fill it up with Jamaica rum,  
*Carry him to his burying ground,*  
To me  
Way-hay is stormy  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
To me  
Way-hay is storm and blow,  
*Carry him to his burying ground.*

5. I'd give a cup to every man,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
And I'd double the cup to the shanty man,  
*Carry him to his burying ground,*  
To me  
Way-hay is stormy,  
*Walk him along John carry him along,*  
To me  
Way-hay is storm and blow,  
*Carry him to his burying ground.*

47

## MIDDLE WATCH

Here's another middle watch,  
Another hair upon my chest,  
There's just an hour or two to lie,  
Can go an'get some rest,  
Morning dogs or afternoon,  
The four noon or the first,  
Well it's none of them comes easy,  
But the middle is the worst.

*Keep your engine goin' round  
Your Diesel goin' up and down,  
Keep the old ship goin' home with bound.*

2. How did I get into this,  
When I was just a boy,  
My mother wouldn't let me go,  
I was her pride and joy,  
When she tried to stop me  
I just run away to sea,  
But mother always know best now  
That's very plain to me, so.

*Keep your engine...*

49

## ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS

All hands to the pumps  
*well then tell us a story,*  
All hands to the pumps  
*well then sing us a song,*  
All hands to the pumps and I'll sing of the girls  
*they're a sailorman's port in the storm.*

1. Now I've been in trouble the most of my life  
And I've been a Fairlander o since I was born,  
Before I had girls I found out that the girls  
*Are a sailorman's port in the storm.*  
All hands...
2. When cruisin' the docks I didnt search in some comfort  
They know all the best ways to keep a tar worm.  
Free girls or hired they all make you tired  
*They're sailorman's port in the storm.*  
All hands...
3. Through lonely night watches you're dreamin' of  
girls where  
there're beats in up channel or rounds in the horn,  
Married or single they make your heart tingle  
*They're sailorman's port in the storm.*  
All hands...
4. There's big girls and small girls, there's short  
girls and tall girls,  
There's girls of all sizes all shapes and all forms,  
*There's black girls and white girls, there's thin  
girls and bright girls*  
*They're sailorman's port in the storm.*  
All hands...

48

3. I'd never heard of watch-keepin',  
The counter been to bright,  
I thought that when the sun went down,  
We'd anchor for the night,  
But my old sea that put me straight,  
He said we're one in three,  
That's four hours on and eight hours off,  
And workin' in between, so.

*Keep your engine...*

4. At four o'clock next morning  
I was down below in hell,  
Scrubbing plates and buntches away,  
As makin' tea as well,  
After four long hours  
I was really kicked to drop,  
I'd one hour off for breakfast  
Thevn a turn to up on top, so.

*Keep your engine goin' round  
Your Diesel goin' up and down,  
Keep the old ship goin' home with bound.*

5. Then I heard in submarines  
Is extra money paied,  
And only two hours watche  
So I thought I'd got it made,  
I quickly volunteered,  
I'm lead to find I had been green,  
That was two hours on an four hours off  
And workin' between, so.

50

*Keep your engine...*

6. After twenty years you find,  
There's not much left to learn  
And when it comes the watch-keepin',  
You have to take your turn,  
When your're shakin' just roll out,  
To get yourself below,  
Don't your oppose waiting for releave,  
So off watch he can go, so.

*Keep your engine...*

7. Cause here's another middle watch,  
Another hair upon me chest,  
Here's just an hour or two to lie,  
Can go and get some rest,  
Morning dogs or afternoon,  
the four noon or the first,  
Well it's none of them comes easy,  
but the middle is the worst ---.

51

## SPANISH LADIES

1. Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies  
farewelland adieu to you ladies of Spain  
For we received orders for to sail for old England  
but we hope in a short time to see you again
2. We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors  
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea  
Untill we strike soundings in the channel of  
old England  
from Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues
3. We hove our ship to with the wind from  
southwest boys  
We hove our ship to our soundings for to see  
Then the signal was made for the grand fleet  
to anchor  
and all in the downs that night for to meet
4. Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,  
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;  
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,  
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain  
For we received orders for to sail for old England  
but we hope in a short time to see you again

53

## THE MEN OF WAR

1. And I wish I were a sailor a bord the men of war  
*Sons gone away a board the men of war*  
And I wish I were a sailor a bord the men of war  
*Sons gone away a board the men of war,*  
*Plenty of work brave boys,*  
*Plenty of work I say,*  
*Sons gone away a board the men of war!*
2. And I wish I were a sailor a bord the  
men of war  
*Sons gone away....*  
And I wish I were a guner a bord the  
men of war  
*Sons gone...*  
*Plenty of....*
3. And I wish I were a look-out a bord the  
men of war  
And I wish I were a loader a bord the  
men of war
4. And I wish I were a steward a bord the  
men of war  
And I wish I were a captain a bord the  
men of war
5. And I wish I were a comerer a bord the  
men of war

52

## I'M MARCHING INLAND

1. Lord Nelson knew the perfect way to cure your  
mal-de-mer,  
And if you pay attention, his secret I will share,  
To any sea-sick sailor he'd give this advice for free:  
'If you're feeling sea-sick, sit underneath a tree!'  
  
*I'm marching inland from the shore,  
Over m' shoulder I'm carrying an oar,  
When someone asks me:  
"What - is that funny thing you've got?"  
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more, no more  
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more*
2. Columbus, he set-sail to find out if the world was  
round  
He kept on sailing to the West until he ran-a-ground,  
He thought he'd found the Indies but he'd found the USA  
I know some navigators who can still do that today!
3. Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away  
Grenville's Revenge is at the bottom of the bay  
Many's the famous sailor never came home  
from the sea  
Just take my advice - Jack - come and follow me
4. Sailor's, take a warning form these men of high  
reknown,  
When you leave the ocean and it's time to settle down,  
Never cast your anchor less than ninety miles from shore,  
There'd always be temptation to be off to sea once more!

54

## ROLLIN' DOWN TO OLD MAUI

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife  
We whalermen undergo  
And we don't give a damn wehn the gale is done  
How hard the winds did blow  
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground  
With a good ship taut and free  
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum  
With the girls of Old Maui

*Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys  
Rolling down to Old Maui  
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground  
Rolling down to Old Maui*

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale  
Trough the ice, and wind, and rain  
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands  
We soon shall see again  
Six hellish months we've passed away  
On the cold Kamchatka sea  
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground  
Rolling down to Old Maui

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 stans'l booms are carried away  
What care we for that sound  
A living gale is after us  
Thank God we're homeward bound

55

How soft the breeze trough the island trees  
Now the ice is far astern  
Them native maids, them tropical glades  
Is 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

We'll heave the lead wehre old Diamond Head  
Looms up on old Wahu  
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice  
And our desks are hid from view  
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles  
That deck the Arctic sea  
Are miles behind in the frozen wind  
Since we steered for Old Maui

56

## THE FRENCH DRINK WINE

The French drink wine, the English tea  
The Yankee gulps hit hot black coffee  
Child drinks milk five times a day  
The Scotsman sips his whiskey funny

Keep your wine and keep your tea  
Be coursing him that gives me coffee  
I'll have Porter if I may  
That makes me feel content and happy

*Porter falls down with a lough  
The gentry have their egg and livers  
Water is alright in tea  
For fish and things that swim in rivers*

The foreman and the beggar too  
The poet in the corner thinking  
If they had money enough to spend  
Pints of Porter they'd be drinking

Buys the horse and stores his gold  
The bee collects the summer's honey  
When that miser's dead and gone  
Have someone else will piss his money

Some go in for counting bees  
More go in for chasing women  
Scoolar stays at home and reads  
Give me the glass with porter brimming

57

## PADDY, LAY BACK

'Twas a cold an' dreary mornin' in December  
(December),  
An'all of me money it was spent (spent spent),  
Where it went to Lord I can't remeber (remember)  
So down to the shippin' office went, (went, went)

*Paddy, lay back (Paddy, lay back)!*  
*Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)!*  
*Take a turn around the capstan – have a pawl - heave*  
*a pawl*  
*Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy)*  
*We're bound for Valaparaíso 'round the Horn!*

That day there wuz a great demand for sailors (sailors),  
For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France (France,  
France),  
So I shipped aboard a Limey barque the Hotspur  
(Hotspur),  
An' got paralytic drunk on my advance ('vance, 'vance),

Now I joined her on a cold December mornin, (mornin),  
A-frappin 'o' me flippers to keep me warm (warm,warm),  
With the south cone a-hoisted as a warnin (warnin),  
To stand by the comin 'O' a storm (storm storm),

Now some of our fellers had bin drinkin' (drinkin),  
An' I meself wuz heavy on the booze (booze booze)  
An' I wuz on me ol' sea-chest a-thinkin' (a-thinkin),  
I'd turn into me bunk an' have a snooze (snooze snooze).

58

'Twas on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em (saw 'em),  
Such an ugly bunch I'd niver seen afore (fore fore),  
For there wuz a bum an' stiff from every quarter,  
(quarter),  
An' it made me poor ol' heart feel sick an' sore (sore  
sore),

There wuz Dutchmen an' Spaniards an' Rooshians  
(Rooshians),  
An' Johnny Crapoos jist acrossst form France (France  
France),  
An' most o' 'em couldn't speak a word o' English  
(English)  
But answered to the name of Month's Advance.

I wist I wuz in the 'Jolly Sailor' ( Sailor),  
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer (beer beer),  
An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors (sailors),  
An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear (tear tear).

Although me poor ol' head wuz all a-jumpin' (jumpin),  
We had to loose her rags the followin' morn (morn morn),  
I dreamt the boarding'-master I wuz thumpin (thumpin)  
When I found out he'd sent me around the Horn (Horn  
Horn).

59

## ESSIQUIBO RIVER

Essiquibo river is the queen of rivers all

Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh

Essiquibo river is the queen of rivers all

*Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh  
Somebody, oh Johnny, somebody, oh  
Buddy ta na na, we are somebody oh*

Essiquibo capten is the king of captens all

Essiquibo sailors is the chief of sailors all

Essiquibo maidens is the queen of maidens all

61

## THE ARABELLA

1. Oh the Arabella set her main lopsail  
the Arabella set her main lopsail  
the Arabella set her main lopsail  
rollin' down the river

*Rollin' down, rollin' down, rollin' down the river  
rollin' down, rollin down,  
said the Bucko's mate to the greaser's wife*

*pumkin pudding and a bulgine pie  
pumkin pudding and a bulgine pie  
pumkin pudding and a bulgine pie  
on board the Arabella*

2. fortopsail

3. main royal

4. Forskysail

60

## HAUL AWAY, JOE

When I was a little boy

My mother used to tell me,

*Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!*

*That if I didn't kiss the gals*

Me lips would all grow moldy.

*Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!*

An' I sailed the seas for many a year

Not knowin' what I was missin'

*Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!*

Then I set me sails afore the gals

An' started in a-kissin

*Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!*

Now first I got a Spanish gal

And she was fat and lazy

An' then I got a dark black tart,

She nearly drove me crazy

I found meself a Yankee gal

An' shure she wasn't civil

So I stuck a plaster on her back

An' sent her to the Divil

Then I got meself an Irish gal

an her name was Flannigan

She stole me boots, she stole me clothes

she pinched me plate an' pannikin

62

I courted then a Frenchie gal  
She took things free an' easy  
But now I've got an English gal  
an' shure she is a daisy

So listen while I sing to you  
About me darlin' Nancy  
She's copper-bottemed, clipper-built  
She's just me style and fancy

You may talk about your Yankee gals  
An' round the corner Sallies  
But they couldn't make me grade me boys  
With the gals from down our alley

And way haul away  
We haul and sing together  
*Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!*  
And way haul away  
We haul for better weather  
*Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!*

63

## ALL FOR ME GROG

*All for me grog, me jolly jolly grog*  
*All for me beer and tobacco*  
*For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin*  
*Far across the western ocean I must wander*

1. Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?

*It's 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

2. Where is me shirt, my 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

3. Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin bed

*It's all gone for beer and tobacco*

Well I lent it to a whore and now the sheets they are  
all tore  
And the springs are looking out for better wheather.

4. Where is me wife, me noggin' noggin wife

*She's all sold for beer and tobacco*

See her front it got worn out and her tail been kicked  
about  
And I'm shure she's looking out for better weather

65

## NEW YORK GIRLS

As I went down to Brodway, one evening last July  
I met a maid she asked my trade, a sailor lad am I

*An away Santy, my dear Annie*  
*Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the Polka*

To Tiffney's I took her, I did not mind expense  
I bought her a pair of golden rings, and they cost me 15  
cents.

She said to me fine Sailor, now take me home you may'  
But when we reached her cottage door, She this to me did  
say

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

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

I kissed her hard and proper, Afore her flash man came  
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal, I know your little game

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

I joined a Yankee blood-boat, And sailed away next morn  
Don't ever fool around with gals, You're safer off Cape  
Horn

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