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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!

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 California,
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 schönstes Pläseer.
3. Dat Logis weer vull Wanzen,
de Kombüüs weer vull Dreck,
de Beschüten de löpen
4. Dat Soltfleisch weer gröön
un de Speck weer vull Maden,
kööm geev dat bloss
an'n Winachtsabend.

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!

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.

FREESLENLEED

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-lead
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 schönst, gröne Marschen-land,
wor de Nordseewellen trecken an de Strand,
wor de Möven schieen gell in Stormgebrus,
dor is mine Heimat, dor bün ick to Hus,
wor de Möven schrieen...

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.

LE TRENTE ET UN DU MOIS D'AOUT

1. Le trente et un du mois d'Août
le trente et und 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!!!

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' canonniers, 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!!!

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!

STRIKE THE BELL

1. Aft on the quarter deck walking about there is the starboard 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 cold, 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 burning 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.

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 everey 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.

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.

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.

4. Man your capstan, bars and swifeters,
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.

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 schall 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.

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.

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

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!

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'.

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.

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.

DANS LE PORT DE TACOMA

1. C'est dans la cale qu'on met les rats,
Hou-là, la, 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!*

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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...

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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!

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!

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 hopfaldera 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 smaekfuld 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!

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 hopfaldera hurra, slo i Pumperne et Sla.
2. Da den kom länger ul, begünde Säilene 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

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!

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.

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.

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...

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...

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.

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 release,
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 ---.

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

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

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 from 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!

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

How soft the breeze through 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 where old Diamond Head
Looms up on old Wahu
Our masts and yards are sheathed with ice
And our decks 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

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

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).

'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 acrosst 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 wisht 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).

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

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

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

My 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

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!

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 Tiffiney'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

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

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