

THE
SHANTY



CHOIR



Songbook

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All For Me Grog

Traditional Folk Song, collected in 1906

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

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

**4. I'm sick in the head and I haven't
been to bed,
Since first I came ashore from me
slumber,
For I spent all me dough on the lassies
don't you know,
Far across the western ocean I must
wander**

Barrett's Privateers

Stan Rogers, 1976

1. Oh, the year was 1778

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Well a letter of marque came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

Condemn them all!

**I was told we'd cruise the seas for American
Gold.**

We'd fire no guns, shed no tears.

**Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier the
last of Barrett's Privateers**

2. Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

For twenty brave men, all fisherman, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

Chorus

3. On the king's birthday we put to sea

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

Chorus

4. On the 96th day we sailed again

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to
fight

Chorus

5. Now the yankee lay low down with gold

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole
days

Chorus

6. Then at length we stood two cables away

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Our cracked four pounders made an awful
din

But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

Chorus

7. The Antelope shook and pitched on her side

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Main truck carried off both me legs

Chorus

(quietly)

8. So here I lay in my 23rd year

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now

It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Chorus

Blow the Man Down

Traditional Shanty, late 19th century

1. Come all ye young fellows who follow the sea **(hey!)**

Way hey, blow the man down

And pray pay attention and listen to me

Give me some time to blow the man down

Blow the man down, bullies

Blow the man down!

Way, hey, blow the man down

Blow him right back into Liverpool town

Give me some time to blow the man down

2. I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong **(hey!)**

Way hey, blow the man down

If you buy me a drink, then I'll sing you a song

Give me some time to blow the man down

Chorus

3. There's tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all **(hey!)**

Way hey, blow the man down

They all ship for sailors on board the Black Ball

Give me some time to blow the man down

Chorus

4. You'll see those poor devils how they will all scoot **(hey!)**

Way hey, blow the man down

Assisted along by the toe of a boot

Give me some time to blow the man down

Chorus

5. It's starboard and larboard on deck they will sprawl **(hey!)**

Way hey, blow the man down

For kickin' Jack Williams commands the Black Ball

Give me some time to blow the man down

Chorus

Bones in the Ocean

1. Oh, I bid farewell to the port and the land
And I paddle away from brave England's white sands
To search for my long ago forgotten friends
To search for the place I hear all sailors end

**As the souls of the dead fill the space of my mind
I'll search without sleeping 'til peace I can find
I fear not the weather, I fear not the sea
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?
When their bones in the ocean forever will be**

2. Plot a course to the night to a place I once knew
To a place where my hope died along with my crew
So I swallow my grief and face life's final test
To find promise of peace and the solace of rest

**As the songs of the dead fill the space of my ears
Their laughter like children, their beckoning cheers
My heart longs to join them, sing songs of the sea
I remember the fallen, do they think of me?
When their bones in the ocean forever will be**

The Longest Johns, 2022

3. When at last before my ghostly shipmates I
stand
I shed a small tear for my home upon land
Though their eyes speak of depths filled with
struggle and strife
Their smiles below say I don't owe them my life

**As the souls of the dead fill the space of my eyes
And my boat listed over and tried to capsize I'm
this far from downing, this far from the sea
I remember the living, do they think of me?
When my bones in the ocean forever will be**

4. Now that I'm staring down at the darkest abyss
I'm not sure what I want, but I don't think it's this
As my comrades call to stand fast and forge on
I make sail for the dawn 'til the darkness has gone

**As the souls of the dead live for'er in my mind
As I live all the years that they left me behind
I'll stay on the shore but still gaze at the sea
I remember the fallen and they think of me
For our souls in the ocean together will be**

(ending) I remember the fallen and they think of
me

For our souls in the ocean together will be

Bully Boys

Nathan Evans

And it's Row Me Bully Boys
We're in a hurry boys
We got a long way to go
We'll sing and we'll dance and
Bid Farewell to France
And it's Row me Bully Boys Row

We sailed away in the roughest of water
Row me Bully Boys Row
But now we return in the most royal
quarters
Row me Bully Boys Row

Chorus

See now we feast on pheasants by the
flock
Row me Bully Boys Row
it's a long, long way from the gruel and
the stocks
Row me Bully Boys Row

Chorus

A wee dram of whisky for every man
Row me Bully Boys Row
And a Barrel of Rum for the shanty man
And it's Row me Bully Boys Row

Chorus

We sailed away in the roughest of water
Row me Bully Boys Row
But now we return and so lock up your
daughters
Row me Bully Boys Row

Chorus

Bully in the Alley

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way, hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down in Shinbone Al

1. Now Sally is a girl in Shinbone Alley
Way, hey, bully in the alley
Sally is the girl that I spliced dearly
Bully down in Shinbone Al

Chorus

2. Now Sally could dance and Sally could spin
Way, hey, bully in the alley
I bought her rum and I bought her gin
Bully down in Shinbone Al

Chorus

Traditional "Long Haul" Shanty, 19th century

3. For seven long years I courted little Sally
Way, hey, bully in the alley
But all she did was dilly and dally
Bully down in Shinbone Al

Chorus

4. But now I've spent a total folly
Way, hey, bully in the alley
I'll go to sea, I'll heave and holly
Bully down in Shinbone Al

Chorus

5. If I ever get back, I'll marry little Sally
Way, hey, bully in the alley
Have six kids and live in Shinbone Alley
Bully down in Shinbone Al

Crossing the Bar

Poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1889), arr. The Longest Johns 2018

1. Sunset and evening star

And one clear call for me!

(And may there be) no moaning of the
bar

When I put out to sea

When I put out to sea

When I put out to sea

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea

2. (But such a) tide as moving seems

asleep

Too full for sound and foam

(That which drew) from out the
boundless deep

Turns again home

Turns again home

Turns again home

**That which drew from out the boundless
deep Turns again home**

3. Twilight and evening bell

And after that the dark!

(And may there be) no sadness of
farewell

When I embark

When I embark

When I embark

**And may there be no sadness of
farewell**

When I put out to sea

4. (For tho' from) out our bourne of
Time and Place

The flood may bear me far

(I hope to see) my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar

When I have crossed the bar

When I have crossed the bar

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar

The Derby Ram

Traditional English Folk Song, 18th century

1. As I was going to Derby,
T'was on a market day.
I met the finest ram, sir,
that ever was fed upon hay!

That's a lie, sir, that's a lie, sir!
Oh, yes! Me bullies,
I know you're telling a lie!

2. The ram and I got drunk, sir,
as drunk as drunk could be.
And when we sobered up, we
were far away at sea!

Chorus

3. This wonderful, beautiful ram, sir,
was playful as a kid.
He swallowed the captain's spyglass and
stepped on the bo'suns fid!

Chorus

4. This wonderful, beautiful ram, sir,
grew two horns of brass.
One grew out of his shoulder blade,
the other turned into a mast!

Chorus

5. And when the ram was killed, sir,
the butcher was covered in blood.
Five and twenty butcher boys were
carried away by the flood!

Chorus

6. And when the ram was dead, sir,
they buried him in St. Joans.
It took ten men and an elephant
to carry away the bones!

Chorus

Chorus

Drunken Sailor

Traditional "Stamp-and-go" Shanty, 19th century

1. What will we do with a drunken sailor?

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

What will we do with a drunken sailor?

Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Way hay and up she rises

Early in the morning!

2. Shave his belly with a rusty razor

3. Put him in a long boat till he's sober

4. Stick him in a scupper with a

hosepipe bottom

5. Pull out the plug and wet him all over

6. Heave him by the leg in a runnin

bowline

Eliza Lee

1. The smartest clipper
you can find is

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

She's the Margaret Evans of the Blue
Star Line

**Clear away the track an' let the
bullgine run!**

To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting gun

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

With Liza Lee all on my knee

**Clear away the track an' let the
bullgine run!**

2. O, we're outward bound for the West
Street Pier

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

With Falway shale and Liverpool beer

**Clear away the track an' let the
bullgine run!**

Chorus

Traditional Capstan Shanty, 19th century

3. Oh, The Margaret Evans of the Blue
Star Line

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

She's never a day behind her time!

**Clear away the track an' let the
bullgine run!**

Chorus

4. O, and when we're back in Liverpool
town

Ho-way, ho, are you 'most done?

We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!

**Clear away the track an' let the
bullgine run!**

Chorus

Excursion Around the Bay

Johnny Burke (1851-1930), arr. Great Big Sea 1993

1. Well it was on this Monday Morning
And the day be calm and fine
A harbor grace excursion
With the boys who had the time
And just before the sailor
Took the gangway from the pier
I saw some fellow haul me wife
Aboard as a volunteer

**Oh me, oh my, I heard me old wife cry
Oh me, oh my, I think I'm gonna die!
Oh me, oh my, I heard me old wife say,
"I wish I'd never taken this excursion
around the bay" (Hey!)**

2. Me wife she got no better, oh
she turned a sickly green
I fed her cake and candy
fat pork and kerosene
Castor Oil and sugar of candy,
I rubbed pure oil on her face
And I said she'll be a dandy when we
reaches Harbor Grace

Chorus

3. My wife she got no better,
my wife me darling dear
The screeches from her trolley
you could hear in Carbonear
I tried every place in Harbor Grace,
Tried every store and shop,
To get her something for a cure
or take her to the hop

Chorus

4. She died below the brandy's
as we were coming back
We buried her in the ocean,
wrapped up in a Union Jack
So now I am a single man,
in search of a pretty face
And the woman that says she'll have me,
I'm off for Harbor Grace!

Chorus

Chorus

Fire Marengo

Traditional "Cotton-Screwing" Shanty, 19th century

1. Lift him up and carry him along

Fire Marengo, fire away

Put him down where he belongs

Fire Marengo, fire away

2. Ease him down and let him lay

Fire Marengo, fire away

Screw him in and there he'll stay

Fire Marengo, fire away

3. Now stow him in his hole below

Fire Marengo, fire away

Stay he must and then he'll go

Fire Marengo, fire away

4. Well I wish I was old Stormy's son

Fire Marengo, fire away

I'd build a ship ten thousand tonne

Fire Marengo, fire away

5. We'll load her up with ale and rum

Fire Marengo, fire away

That every shellback should have some

Fire Marengo, fire away

6. We'll dig his grave with a silver spade

Fire Marengo, fire away

His shroud of finest silk is made

Fire Marengo, fire away

Four Hours

The Longest Johns (2020), Sea Song

1. Come me boys and heave with me
Let's get off this cursed sea
Let's be home to lovers and wives
And leave behind these four hour lives

Four hours

Workin' on the swell

Four hours

Sloggin' in the rain

Four hours

Workin' to the bell

Then four hours

'Til it starts again

2. Come me boys and heave with me
The wind's my friend and my enemy
It carries me home, but it must be tamed
Everything lost or everything gained

Chorus

3. Come me boys and heave with me
Got scabrous hands and bloody knees
But when the bell tolls, I'll go below
My hands will callous, and my strength will
grow.

Chorus

4. Come me boys and heave away
Soaked and heavy heaving under the spray
Will I ever shed this salt on my brow?
Better the dust from under my plow

Chorus

(Everyone sings last verse)

5. When I'm back in Bristol town

I'll buy my love a silken gown

We'll lie in each others arms and rest

Until that bell sounds in my chest

Chorus

Four hours

Haulin' on the sheets

Four hours

Keepin' our feet

Four hours

Wrap me in the shroud

And four hours

Lay me in the ground

General Taylor “Old Stormalong” Traditional Shanty 1830-40, arr. The Longest Johns 2018

1. General Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Well General Taylor gained the day
Carry him to his burying ground

Way, hey, Stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Way, hey, Stormy
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

2. We'll load her up with ale and rum
Walk him along, John, carry him along
That every shellback should have some
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

3. We'll dig his grave with a silver spade
Walk him along, John, carry him along
His shroud of finest silk is made
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

4. We'll lower him down on a golden chain
Walk him along, John, carry him along
On every link, we'll carve his name
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

5. Well General Taylor is dead and gone
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Well General Taylor's dead and gone
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

Haul Away Joe

Traditional "Short-drag" Shanty, 19th century

1. When I was just a little lad or so me
mammy told me,
(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)
That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips would
grow a-moldy.

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)

*Away! **HO! Haul away, we'll haul away
together**

Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

*Away! **HO! Haul away, we'll hope for
better weather**

Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

2. I used to have an Irish girl, but she got
fat and lazy

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)

But now I've got a Bristol girl, and she just
drives me crazy

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)

Chorus

3. You call yourself a second mate, you
cannae tie a bowline,

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)

You can't even stand up straight, when
the packet she's a rollin'

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)

{Chorus}

4. Well now can't you see the black
clouds a-gatherin'.

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe.)

Well now can't you see the storm clouds
a-risin'.

(Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

John Kanaka

1. I thought I heard the old man say
(hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

Today, today it's a holiday (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

Too-rye-ay, oh! Too-rye-ay

John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay

2. We'll work tomorrow but no work
today (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

We'll work tomorrow and we'll earn our
pay (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

3. We're bound away at the break of day
(hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

Chorus

Traditional "Long Haul" Shanty, 19th century

4. Them Frisco girls ain't got no combs
(hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

They brush their hair with herron
back-bones (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

5. Just one more heave and that'll do
(hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

'Cause we're the crew to pull her
through (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

Chorus

6. I thought I heard the old man say
(hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

Today, today it's a holiday (hoo!)

(John, Kanaka-naka, too-rye-ay)

Chorus

The Last Shanty

Tom Lewis, 1987

1. Well me father often told me
when I was just a lad
A sailor's life is very hard,
the food is always bad
But now I've joined the navy,
I'm aboard a man-o-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 run-ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor,
ain't a sailor anymore**

2. Well the killick of our mess
he says we had it soft
It wasn't like that in his day
when we were up aloft
We like our bunks and sleeping bags,
but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead,
or lying on the floor?

Chorus

3. They gave us an engine
that first went up and down
Then with more technology
the engine went around
We know our steam and diesels
but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker
with a shovel anymore

Chorus

4. They gave us an Aldiss Lamp
so we could do it right
They gave us a radio,
we signaled day and night
We know our codes and cyphers
but what's a sema for?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss
the bunting anymore

Chorus

5. Two cans of beer a day
and that's your bleeding lot
And now we've got an extra one
because they stopped The Tot
So we'll put on our civvy-clothes
find a pub ashore
A sailor's just a sailor
just like he was before

Chorus

Leave Her Johnny

Traditional "Windless" or "Capstan" Shanty, 19th century

1. I thought I heard the Old Man say:

"Leave her, Johnny, leave her."

Tomorrow you will get your pay,

And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!

**For the voyage is long and the winds
don't blow**

And it's time for us to leave her.

2. Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran
high.

"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"

She shipped it green and none went by.

And it's time for us to leave her.

3. I hate to sail on this rotten tub.

"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"

No grog allowed and rotten grub.

And it's time for us to leave her.

Chorus

4. We swear by rote for want of more.

"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"

But now we're through so we'll go on
shore.

And it's time for us to leave her.

Chorus

London Julies

Polish Sea Shanty, 20th century

Julianna, Julianna, Oh, where do you go?

Ah, ha! Me London Julie.

Julianna, Julianna, Oh, where do you go?

Ah, ha! Me London Julie.

1. Up a loft, up a loft this yard must go.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Up a loft, up a loft, from down below.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Chorus

2. Well around Cape horn, we all must

go. Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Well around Cape Horn through the Ice
and Snow.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Chorus

3. Well the mate he is a' bailling down below.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Its time for us to stamp and go.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Chorus

4. Oh, when I gets home from across that
sea.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

I'd ask Julianna to marry me.

Ah, ha! Me London Julie

Chorus

Lowlands Away

Traditional Shanty and Ballad, 19th century

1. I dreamed a dream the other night

Lowlands, lowlands away my John

My love she came, dressed all in white

Lowlands away

2. I dreamed my love came in my sleep

Lowlands, lowlands away my John

Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep

Lowlands away

3. She came to me at my bedside

Lowlands, lowlands away my John

All dressed in white, like some fair bride

Lowlands away

4. And bravely in her bosom fair

Lowlands, lowlands away my John

Her red, red rose, my love did wear

Lowlands away

5. She made no sound, no word she said

Lowlands, lowlands away my John

And then i knew my love was dead

Lowlands away

6. Then I awoke to hear the cry

Lowlands, Lowlands away my John

Oh watch on deck. Oh watch, ahoy

Lowlands away

The Maid of Amsterdam

1. 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

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

2. I asked this maid out for a walk

Mark well what I do say!

I asked this maid out for a walk, that we
might have some private talk

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

A-rovin', a-rovin'

Since rovin's been my ru-I-N

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

3. Then I took this fair maid's lily white hand

Mark well what I do say!

I took this fair maid's lily white hand, in mine
we walked along the strand

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

"A-Rovin", Traditional Shanty, 1600's

4. I put my arm around her waist

Mark well what I do say!

I put my arm around her waist,
she said "young man, you're in great haste"

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

Chorus

5. Then a great big dutchman rammed my
bow

Mark well what I do say!

Then a great big dutchman rammed my bow
and said "Young man, *das ist meine Frau!*"

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

6. So take fair warning, boys, from me

Mark well what I do say!

So take fair warning, boys, from me, with
other men's wives, don't make too free!

I'll go no more a-rovin' with you, fair maid!

Chorus

Chorus

Northwest Passage

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

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

Chorus

2. Three centuries thereafter, I take passage
overland,
un the footsteps of brave Kelsey, where his
Sea of Flowers began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind
me sink again
this tardiest explorer, driving hard across the
plain

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

Old Maui

1. It's a real tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we won't care at all when the gale is done
How hard the winds do blow
For We're homeward bound from the Arctic
Ground
With a good ship taut and free
And we don't have a care 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

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

Chorus

3. Once more we sail the Northerly gale
Towards our Island home
Our whaling done, out mainmast
sprung
And we ain't got far to roam
Our stans'l booms is carried away
What care we for that sound
A living gale is after us
Thank God we're homeward bound

Chorus

4. 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, brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales
Rolling down to Old Maui

Chorus

The Old Triangle

Source: Dicky Shannon, Ireland 1950s

Arranger: The Longest Johns

1. A hungry feeling

Came o'er me stealing

And the mice were squealing

In my prison cell

And that auld triangle went

jingle-jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

2. To begin the morning

The screw was bawling

"Get up ya loser and clean up your cell!"

And that auld triangle went

jingle-jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

3. Now the screw was peeping

As the lag lay sleeping

Dreaming about his girl Sal

And that auld triangle went

jingle-jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

4. Oh! the wind was rising

And the day declining

As a lady, I'm praying

In my prison cell

And that auld triangle went

jingle-jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal

One More Pull

1. It's been a long time since you've seen her
Could have been three years or more.
Will she be waiting when we dock, boys
Or like the others will she be gone?

**It's one more pull boys, that'll do boys
Soon we'll draw alongside.
Hoist her upward, swing her inboard
For the journey's nearly done.**

2. Well you're looking mighty smart, boy
Dressed up in your number ones
You've scrounged a new blade from the
purser
To take the bum-fluff from off your chin.

Chorus

3. When we've fixed those bow and stern
lines
And you've scuttled down the gangway
If she's waiting there, just kiss her
Turn around, give us a smile.

Chorus

4. Well, we too will go ashore soon
(Get drunk in the clubs and bars,)
Then stagger homeward, pockets empty
Like so many times before.

Chorus

5. Well a man may take a wife, boy
And a man may take a mistress,
But a sailor has his ship, boys
And his mistress it is the sea.

Chorus

Padstow Farewell

Source: Johnny Collins, *The Traveller's Rest*, 1973

Arranger: Nils Brown, Sean Dagher, Clayton Kennedy, 2014.

1. It is time to go now,
Haul away your anchor,
Haul away your anchor,
It's our sailing time.

2. Get some sail upon her,
Haul away your halyards,
Haul away your halyards
It's our sailing time.

3. Get her on her course now,
Haul away your foresheets,
Haul away your foresheets,
It's our sailing time.

4. Waves are surging under,
Haul away down Channel,
Haul away down Channel,
On the evening tide.

5. When your sailing's over,
Haul away for Heaven,
Haul away for Heaven,
God be by your side.

6. It's time to go now,
Haul away your anchor,
Haul away your anchor,
It's our sailing time

Patty Doyle's Boots

1. To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll pay Patty Doyle for his boots.
To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll all throw muck at the cook

2. To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll all shave under the chin.
To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll all drink whiskey and gin.

3. To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll all drink gallons of beer.
To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll all be of good cheer.

4. To me, way, hey, hey, Yah!
We'll pay Patty Doyle for his boots.

Randy Dandy Oh

Source: Traditional Capstan or Pump Shanty, Capt. John Robinson, 1917

Arranger: The Longest Johns, 2016

1. Now we're ready to head for the Horn
(hey!)

Way, hey, roll and go!

Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in
the pawn

To me rollicking randy dandy-oh

Heave a pawl, oh heave away!

Way, hey, roll and go.

The anchor's on board and the cable's all
stored

To me rollicking randy dandy-oh

2. Come breast the bars, bullies, heave with
a will! (hey!)

Way, hey, roll and go!

Soon we'll be drivin' her way down the hill

To me rollicking randy dandy-oh

Chorus

3. Soon we'll be warping her out through
the locks! (hey!)

Way, hey, roll and go!

Where the pretty young girls all come down
in their frocks

To me rollicking randy dandy-oh

Chorus

4. Heave away, bullies, ye
parish-rigged bums (hey!)

Way, hey, roll and go!

Take yer hands from your pockets and
don't suck your thumbs

To me rollicking randy dandy-oh

Chorus

5. We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay
(Hey!)

Way, hey, roll and go!

Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way

To me rollicking randy dandy-oh

Chorus

Chorus

Red is the Rose

1. Come over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass
Come over the hills to your darling
You choose the road, love, and I'll make the vow
And I'll be your true love forever

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows
Fair is the lily of the valley
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
But my love is fairer than any

2. 'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we
strayed
When the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden
hair
And she swore she'd be my love forever

Chorus

3. It's not for the parting that my
sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother
It's all for the loss of my bonny Irish
lass
That my heart is breaking forever

Chorus (x2)

Roll the Old Chariot

Source: Traditional African-American Spiritual, *Cabin and Plantation Songs*, 1901. Developed into a “stamp and go” shanty.

Arranger: The Longest Johns, 2023

1. We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
We'd be alright if the wind was in our sails
And we'll all hang on behind...

And we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!

We'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!

We'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!

And we'll all hang on behind!

2. Oh, we'd be alright if we make it round The
Horn
We'd be alright if we make it round The Horn
We'd be alright if we make it round The Horn
And we'll all hang on behind...

CHORUS

3. Well a night on the town wouldn't do us any
harm

A night on the town wouldn't do us any harm

Oh, a night on the town wouldn't do us any
harm

And we'll all hang on behind...

CHORUS

4. Now, another festival wouldn't do us any
harm

Oh, another festival wouldn't do us any harm

Woah, another festival wouldn't do us any
harm

And we'll all hang on behind...

CHORUS

CHORUS

Runnin' Down to Cuba

1. Runnin' down to Cuba with a load of sugar

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!

Make her run, you lime juice squeezers

Runnin' down to Cuba.

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!

Runnin' down to Cuba.

2. O, I got a sister, she's nine feet tall

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!

Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall

Runnin' down to Cuba.

CHORUS

3. The captain he will trim the sails

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!

Winging the water over the rails

Runnin' down to Cuba.

CHORUS

4. Give me a gal that can dance Fandango

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!

Round as a melon and sweet as a mango

Runnin' down to Cuba.

CHORUS

4. Load this sugar and home-ward go

Weigh, me boys, to Cuba!

Mister mate, he told me so

Runnin' down to Cuba.

CHORUS

CHORUS

Santiana

Source: Traditional Capstan Shanty, United States, 19th century

Arranger: The Longest Johns, 2018

1. Oh Santiana gained the day

Away Santianna

Napoleon of the West they say

Along the plains of Mexico

(Well) heave her up and away we'll go

Away Santiana

Heave her up and away we'll go

Along the plains of Mexico

2. She's a fast clipper ship and a bully
good crew

Away Santiana

And an old salty Yank for a captain too

Along the plains of Mexico

Chorus

3. Santiana fought for gold

Away Santiana

Around Cape Horn through the ice and
snow **Along the plains of Mexico**

Chorus

4. 'Twas on the field of Molly-Del-Rey

Away Santiana

Well both his legs got blown away

Along the plains of Mexico

Chorus

5. It was a fierce and bitter strife

Away Santiana

The general Taylor took his life

Along the plains of Mexico

Chorus

6. Santiana now we mourn

(slowly) Away Santiana

We left him buried off Cape Horn

Along the plains of Mexico

Shenandoah

Source: Traditional Capstan Shanty, United States, 19th century

1. Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you.

Away, you rolling river

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.

Away, I'm bound away

Far across the wide Missouri

2. Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.

Away, you rolling river

For her, I'd cross your roaming waters.

Away, I'm bound away

Far across the wide Missouri

3. 'Tis seven long years since last I've seen you.

Away, you rolling river

And seven more years, I've longed to hear you.

Away, I'm bound away

Far across the wide Missouri

4. I told you I would have no other

Away, you rolling river

She would not take me for a lover.

Away, I'm bound away

Far across the wide Missouri

5. It's fair-thee-well, I'm bound to leave you.

Away, you rolling river

Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

Away, I'm bound away

Far across the wide Missouri

6. So I'll drink rum and I'll drink plenty

Away, you rolling river

I'll fill my cup and drink it empty.

Away, I'm bound away

Far across the wide Missouri

South Australia

1. In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

Haul away you rolling kings
Heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

2. As I walked out one morning fair
Heave away, haul away
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

3. I shook her up and I shook her down
Heave away, haul away
I shook her round and round the town
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

4. I run her all night and I run her all
day
Heave away, haul away
And I run her until we sailed away
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

5. There ain't but one thing grieves me
mind
Heave away, haul away
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

6. And as we wallop around Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been
born
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

Spanish Ladies

Source: Traditional Naval Song, United Kingdom, 18th century.

Arranger: The Longest Johns, 2018

1. 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, very soon, we shall see you
again

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true British
sailors**

**We'll rant and we'll roar along the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of
Old England
From Ushant to Scilly is 35 leagues**

2. We hove our ship to, with the wind at West
boys
We hove our ship to, our soundings to see
We rounded and sounded got 45 fathoms
We squared our main yard and up channel
steered we

Chorus

3. Then the signal was made for the
grand fleet to anchor
All in the Downs that night for to lie
Then it's stand by your stoppers, steer
clear your shank-painters
Haul up your clew garnets, let tacks and
sheet fly

Chorus

4. So let every man toss off a full
bumper
And let every man drink off a full glass
We'll drink and be merry and drown
melancholy
Singing, here's a good health to each
true-hearted lass

Chorus

Strike the Bell

1. Up on the poop deck
walkin' all about.
There stands the 2nd mate,
so sturdy and so stout.
What it is he's thinkin',
he doesn't know himself.
And we wish that he would hurry up
and strike the bell!

**Strike the bell, 2nd mate
and let us go below!
We're lookin' well to windward,
you can see it's going to blow.
Look at the glass,
you can see that it has fell.
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike
the bell!**

2. Down on the main deck,
working on the pumps
Is the poor laboured watch
wishing for their bunk.
Looking out to windward
you can see a mighty swell
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike
the bell!

Chorus

3. Down in the wheelhouse,
Old Anderson stands
grasping at the helm with his
frost bitten hands.
Looking cockeyed at the compass,
but the course is clear as hell!
And we wish that you would hurry up and
strike the bell!

Chorus

4. Well down in the cabin,
our gallant captain stands
looking out the transom with a
spyglass in his hands.
What he is a-thinkin' well,
we all know very well.
He's thinkin' more to shorten sail
then striking the bell

Chorus

5. Upon the main deck,
Captain Cleave does stand
on the hunt for mermaids with a spyglass in
his hand.
What he is a thinkin' of, we all
know very well.
He's dreamin' more of chasin' tail than strikin'
the bell!

Whiskey Johnny O'

Source: Traditional Halyard Shanty, Minister Singers, 1905

Arranger: Michiel Schrey, Sean Dagher, 2013

1. Whiskey is the life of man,

Whiskey, Johnny!

O, whiskey is the life of man,

Whiskey for my Johnny O!

2. O, I drink whiskey when I can

Whiskey, Johnny!

I drink whiskey from an old tin can,

Whiskey for my Johnny O!

3. Whiskey gave me a broken nose!

Whiskey, Johnny!

Whiskey made me pawn my clothes,

Whiskey for me Johnny O!

4. Whiskey drove me around Cape
Horn.

Whiskey, Johnny!

It was many a month when I was gone,

Whiskey for my Johnny O!

5. I thought I heard the old man say;

Whiskey, Johnny!

I'll treat my crew in a decent way,

Whiskey for my Johnny O!

6. A glass of grog for every man!

Whiskey, Johnny!

And a bottle for the chanteyman.

Whiskey for my Johnny O!

The Wellerman

Source: New Zealand Folk Ballad, 1970s

Arranger: Nathan Evans, 2021

1. There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
Blow, me bully boys, blow **(Huh!)**

**Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing' is done
We'll take our leave and go**

2. She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow **(Huh!)**

Chorus

3. Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her.
When she dived down below **(Huh!)**

Chorus

4. No line was cut, no whale was freed
An' the captain's mind was not on greed
But he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow **(Huh!)**

Chorus

5. For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
And still that whale did go **(Huh!)**

Chorus

6. As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, **and the whale's not gone**
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all

Chorus

The Wild Rover

Source: Traditional Irish Folk Song, *The American Songster*, 1845

Arranger: The High Kings

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

Chorus

Well it's no, nay, never (table hit)

No, nay, never, no more,

Will I play the Wild Rover

No never, no more!

2. I went to an alehouse i used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit,
she answered me "Nay!"
Such a custom as yours I can have any day.

Chorus

Chorus

3. I bought from me pocket ten
sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide
with delight
She said "I have whiskeys and wines
of the best...
And the words that you told me were
only in jest"

Chorus

4. I'll go home to my parents,
confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their
prodigal son
And when they've caressed me, as
oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no
more

Woodpile

1. Ah-way down South where the cocks do
crow **(hey)**

(Way down in Florida)

Them girls all dance to the old banjo

(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Rollin' **(Rollin)** Rollin' **(Rollin)**

Rollin' the whole world round!

That fine gal a-mine's on the Georgia line

And we'll roll the woodpile down!

2. Oh, what can you do in Tampa Bay? **(hey)**

(Way down in Florida)

But give them pretty girls all your pay

(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Chorus

3. We'll roll'em high, and we'll roll'em low!

(hey)

(Way down in Florida)

We'll roll'er up and away we'll go

(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Chorus

4. Oh, roust and bust her is the cry **(hey)**

(Way down in Florida)

A sailor's wage is never high

(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Chorus

5. Oh, one more pull and that will do **(hey)**

(Way down in Florida)

For we're the boys to kick her through

(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Chorus