

## Heave Away

Come get your duds in order  
For we're going to leave tomorrow  
*Heave away, me jollies, heave away*  
Come get your duds in order  
For we're going to cross the water  
*Heave away me jolly boys, we're all bound away*

Sometimes we're bound for Liverpool  
Sometimes we're bound for Spain  
But now we're bound for St. John's town  
To watch the girls a-dancing

Now it's farewell Maggie darling  
For it's now I'm going to leave you  
You promised me you'd marry me  
But how you did deceive me

I wrote me love a letter  
And I signed it with a ring  
I wrote me love a letter  
I was on the Jenny Lind

Sometimes we're bound for Liverpool  
Sometimes we're bound for Spain  
But now we're bound for St. John's town  
To watch the girls a-dancing

# Sea Shanties Volume 1

Traditional

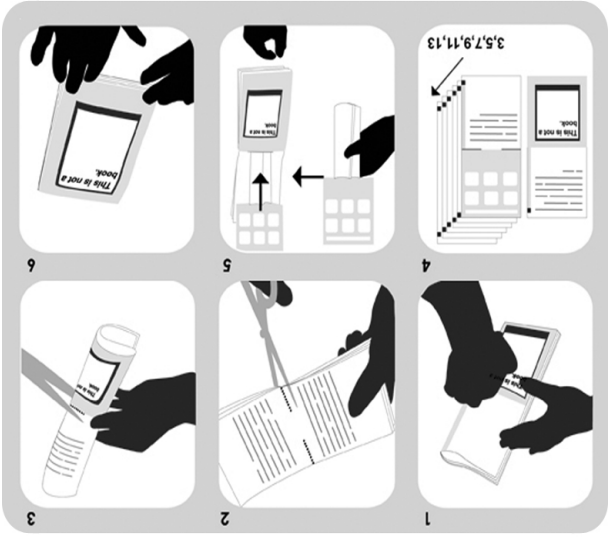
## Haul Away Joe

Louis was the king of France  
Before the revolution  
Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe  
But then he got his head chopped off  
Which spoiled his constitut-i-on  
Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe  
(To me) way, haul away  
We'll heave and hang together  
Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe  
Once I was in Ireland  
Digging turf and prattles  
And now I'm on a Yankee ship  
Hauling on sheets and braces  
Now when I was a little boy  
And so me mother told me  
That if I didn't kiss the girls  
Me lips would all grow mouldy  
Way haul away  
We'll haul away the bowline  
Way, haul away  
The packet is a-rollin'

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Alabama's keel was laid  
Roll Alabama, roll  
They laid her keel at Birkenhead  
Oh, roll Alabama, roll  
Oh, she was built in Birkenhead  
Built in the yard of Jonathan Laird  
Away down the Mersey she rolled one day  
And across the "Western" she ploughed her way  
With British guns, oh, she was stocked  
She sailed from Fayal, in Cherbourg she docked  
To fight the north Semmes did employ  
Any method to kill and destroy  
But off Cherbourg the Kearsage lay tight  
Awaiting was Winslow to start a good fight  
Outside the three mile limit they fought  
An Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht  
The Kearsage won - Alabama so brave  
Sank to the bottom of a watery grave

Alabama



www.diffusion.org.uk  
 DIFFUSION eBooks are designed to be freely available to download, print out and share.

created on : Fri Aug 29 22:54:28 2008

**Sea Shanties Volume 1  
 Traditional**

**The Black Ball Line**

In the Black Ball line I served my time  
*To me way-aye-aye, hurray-ah*  
 And that's the line where you can shine  
*Hurrah for the Black Ball Line*

The Black Ball Ships are good and true  
 They are the ships for me and you

For once there was a Black Ball Ship  
 That fourteen knots an hour could clip

They'll carry you along through frost and snow  
 And take you where the wind don't blow

You will surely find a rich gold mine  
 Just take a trip in the Black Ball Line

Just take a trip to Liverpool  
 To Liverpool, that Yankee school

The Yankee sailors you'll see there  
 With red-top boots and short-cut hair

At Liverpool docks we bid adieu  
 To Poll and Bet and lovely Sue

And now we're bound for New York Town  
 It's there we'll drink, and sorrow drown

He jumps on the deck saying "pull out the lead!"  
 Up jumps a dolphin with his chuckle-head  
*By a gentle nor'wester how steady she goes*  
*Singing blow the wind westerly, let the wind blow*  
 pegs"

Saying "You play the cribbage and I'll stick the  
 Up jumps a crab with his crooked legs

**Blow the Wind Westerly**

\* \* \* \* \*

For we're the bullies to kick her through  
 Oh it's one more pull and that will do

My darling son come home from sea  
 Oh my old mother she wrote to me

Chasing whales through ice and snow  
 It's round Cape Horn we've got to go

*Go down you blood red roses, go down*  
*Oh, you pink and posties*

*Go down you blood red roses, go down*  
 And it's mighty draughtly around Cape Horn

*Go down you blood red roses, go down*  
 My clothes are all in pawm

**Blood Red Roses**

Source: Andrew Draskoy's *Shanties & Sea Songs*  
<http://shanty.rendance.org/>

Up jumps a flounder so flat on the ground  
 Saying "damn your old chocolate, mind how you  
 sound"

Up jumps a salmon so bright as the sun  
 He jumped down between the decks and fired off  
 a gun

Up jumps a whale, the biggest of all  
 He jumped up aloft and he's pawl after pawl

Up jumps a herring, the king of the sea  
 He jumps up on deck saying "helms a-lee!"

Up jumps a shark with his big row of teeth  
 He jumped up between the decks and shook out  
 the reefs

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Blow the Man Down**

Come all ye young fellows that follows the sea  
*To me, way hey, blow the man down*  
 Now please pay attention and listen to me  
*Give me some time to blow the man down*

I'm a deep water sailor just come from Hong  
 Kong

You give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song

**The Island Lass**  
 Our packet is the Island Lass  
*Lowlands, lowlands, lowlands, low*  
 There's a laddie howlin' at the main topmast  
 Our skipper comes from Barbados  
 He's got the name of Hammer Toes  
 He feeds us bread as hard as brass  
 Our junk's as salt as a bailer's arse  
 The monkey wears a sailor's clothes  
 Now, where he got 'em from, God only knows  
 It's up aloft that yard must go  
 Up aloft from down below  
 We'll haul 'em high and let 'em dry  
 We'll trice 'em up into the sky  
 Lowlands, me boys, and up she goes  
 Get changed, me boys, for your shore-going  
 clothes

\* \* \* \* \*  
 When a trim Black Ball liner's preparing for sea  
 On a trim Black Ball liner I wasted me prime  
 When a trim Black Ball liner preparing for sea  
 They're all shipped for sailors aboard the Black  
 Ball  
 There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all  
 They're all shipped for sailors aboard the Black  
 Ball  
 When a big Black Ball liner's a-leaving her dock  
 The boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock  
 Now, when the big liner, she's clear of land  
 Our bosun he roars out the word of command  
 Come quickly, lay aft to the break of the poop  
 Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot  
 Pay attention to orders, now, you one and all  
 For see high above there flies the Black Ball  
 'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will  
 sprawl  
 For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball

**A Hundred Years Ago**

Well a hundred years on the eastern shore  
*Oh yes, Oh*

Oh, a hundred years on the eastern shore  
*A Hundred years ago*

Well its Bully John from Baltimore  
 Well I knew him well on the eastern shore

Well it's Bully John's the boy for me  
 He's a buckle on land and a bully at sea

Well its been a long time and a very long time  
 Well its been a long time since I made this rhyme

Well my old mother she wrote to me  
 Me darling son come home from sea

Well I thought I heard the first mate cry  
 That bleeding top main sheave is dry

Well I thought I heard the old man say  
 Well it's one more pull and then belay

\* \* \* \* \*

**Bold Riley**

Our anchor's aweigh and our sails are all set  
*Bold Riley, oh, boom-a-lay*

The folks we are leaving, we'll never forget  
*Bold Riley, oh, gone away*

*Goodbye, me darling. Goodbye, me dear, oh*  
*Bold Riley, oh, boom-a-lay*

*Goodbye, me darling. Goodbye, me dear, oh*  
*Bold Riley, oh, gone away*

Wake up Mary Ellen and don't look so glum  
 By Whitestocking time you'll be drinking hot rum

The rain it is raining now all the day long  
 And the northerly wind, it does blow so strong

We're outward and bound for Bengal bay  
 Get bending, me boys, it's a hell of a way

\* \* \* \* \*

**Bully in the Alley**

So help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley  
*Way, hey, bully in the alley*

So help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley  
*Bully down in Shinbone Al*

Oh, Sally is the girl down in our alley

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hurray, he's outward bound*  
*For he knows he's outward bound*  
 And says farewell to the Liverpool shore  
 So stows his gear like he did before  
 There's ships in the harbour needing hands  
 And so poor Jack must understand  
 Saying "Rise up Jack, let John sit down"  
 Then in comes Archie with a frown  
 Nor more to be had, no more to be lent  
 When poor Jack's money is gone and spent  
 "Drink up me boys, it's worth your while"  
 When in comes Archie with a smile  
 Where there's good vittles there to sell  
 Next we go to the Dog and Bell  
 "Here comes Jack with his twelve-month pay"  
 Them pretty girls, we hear 'em say  
 Them bloomers all come 'round in flocks  
 And when we're hauled into Liverpool docks  
 She's a pilot standing out from the land"  
 "Can you make her out?" "I think I can;  
 Proclaims a sail with a joyful shout

They tie their hair with codfish gills  
 Cape Cod girls ain't got no frills  
 They slide down the hills on codfish heads  
 Cape Cod kids ain't got no sleds  
*And we're bound away for Australia*  
*Heave her up and don't you make a noise*  
*Haul away, haul away*  
*So heave away, me bully, bully boys*  
*And we're bound away for Australia*  
 They brush their hair with codfish bones  
*Haul away, haul away*  
 Cape Cod girls ain't got no combs

**Cape Cod Girls**

\* \* \* \* \*

So help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley  
 So help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley  
 I'll leave my gal and go a-whalin'  
 I'll leave my Sal to go a-sailin'  
 So help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley  
 So help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley  
 Now, Sally is the gal that I spliced nearly

**Homeward Bound**

From Liverpool docks we bid adieu  
 To Suke, and Sal, and Kittie too  
 The anchor's weighed and the sails unfurl  
 We're bound to cross the watery row  
*For we know we're outward bound*  
*Hurrah, we're outward bound*

The wind it blows from the east nor'east  
 Our ship will scud ten knots at least  
 The purser would our wants supply  
 So while with life we'll never say die

And should we touch at Malabar  
 Or any other quarters far  
 Our purser he will tip the chink  
 And just like fishes we will drink

Then at last our captain comes on board  
 Our sails are bent, we're manned and stored  
 The Peter's hoisted at the fore  
 Good-bye to the girls we'll see no more  
*For we know we're homeward bound*  
*Hurrah, we're homeward bound*

One day the man on the look-out

Cape Cod cats ain't got no tails  
 They lost them all in the northeast gales

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Dead Horse Shanty**

Oh, poor old man your horse will die  
*And we say so, and we know so*  
 Oh, poor old man your horse will die  
*Oh, poor old man*

We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm  
 We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm

Say, I old man your horse will die  
 Say, I old man your horse will die

We'll drop him down to the depths of the sea  
 We'll drop him down to the bottom of the sea

We'll sing him down with a long, long roll  
 Where the sharks'll have his body  
 and the devil have have his soul

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, it's who's been here since I've been gone  
 Well, a railroad navie with his sea boots on  
 Oh, Sally in the garden, picking peas  
 Her golden hair hanging down to her knees  
 Oh, sally in the garden, shelling peas  
 With a little hog-eye all sitting on her knees  
 Well, a hog ship, and a hog-eye crew  
 Hog-eye mate and a skipper too

Go fetch me down me riding cane  
 For I'm off to see me darlin' Jane  
*With a hog-eye*  
*Railroad navie with his hog-eye*  
*Roll ashore and a hog-eye, oh*  
*She wants the hog-eye man*  
 Oh, the hog-eye men are all the go  
 When they come to San Francisco

**The Hog-Eye Man**

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh quarter, oh quarter"  
 Those pirates they did cry  
 But the quarter that we gave them  
 Was we sank 'em in the sea

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*

**Essiquibo River**

\* \* \* \* \*

Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober  
 Pull out the bung and wet him all over  
 Put him in the scuppers with the deck pump on  
 Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin'  
 Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under

Early in the morning  
*Way-hay, up she rises*  
*Way-hay, up she rises*  
*Way-hay, up she rises*  
 Early in the morning?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?  
 What shall we do with a drunken sailor?  
 What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

**Drunken Sailor**

The other Prince of Wales  
*All a-cruisin' down the coast*  
*Of High Barbary*

"Aloft there, aloft there"  
 Our jolly bosun cried  
 "Look ahead, look astern,  
 Look to weather an' a-lee"

"There's naught upon the stern, sir  
 There's naught upon our lee  
 But there's a lofty ship to wind'ard  
 An' she's sailin' fast and free"

"Oh hail her, oh hail her"  
 Our gallant captain cried  
 "Are you a man-o-war  
 Or a privateer?" cried he

"Oh, I'm not a man-o-war  
 Nor privateer," said he  
 "But I am salt sea pirate  
 All a-looking for me fee"

For Broadside, for broadside  
 A long time we lay  
 'Til at last the Prince of Luther  
 Shot the pirate's mast away

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

Essiquibo capen is the king of capens all  
 Essiquibo bosun is the king of bosuns all  
 Essiquibo sailors is the chief of sailors all  
 Essiquibo sallies is the queen of sallies all  
 Essiquibo maidens is the queen of maidens all

\* \* \* \* \*

### General Taylor

General Taylor gained the day  
*Walk him along, John, carry him along*  
 General Taylor gained the day  
*Carry him to his burying ground*  
 To me way hay, you stormy  
*Walk him along, John, carry him along*  
 To me way hay, stormy  
*Carry him to his burying ground*

General Taylor died long ago  
 He's gone, me boys, where the winds never blow

We lowered him down with a silver chain  
 We made sure he wouldn't rise again

One was the Prince of Luther  
*And so sail we*  
*Blow high, blow low*  
 From old England came  
 There were two lofty ships

### High Barbary

\* \* \* \* \*

Where the girls are all the go  
 Was you ever in Balville bay  
 Dancin' on that sanded floor  
 Was you ever in Baltimore  
 Where you stayed fast to tree  
 Was you ever in Merashee  
*Bonny hieland ladie*  
*Hey ho and away we go*  
*Bonny laddie, hieland laddie*  
*Hey ho and away we go*  
*Bonny hieland ladie*

Stowing timber on the deck  
*Bonny laddie, hieland laddie*  
 Was you ever in Quebec

### Hieland Laddie

The friends we are leaving we'll never forget  
 Our anchor we'll weigh, our sails we will set  
 We're homeward bound with eleven months pay  
 We're homeward bound I hear them say  
 And drink to the girls we leaving behind  
 So fill up your glasses for those who were kind  
 Homeward bound to Liverpool town  
 So fare you we're homeward bound  
 Your hair of brown is the talk of the town  
 Ah, give me the girl with the bonny brown hair  
*Hoorah, me boys, we're homeward bound*  
 We're going away to leave you now  
*Good bye, fare thee well*  
*Good bye, fare thee well*  
 We're going away to leave you now

### Good Bye, Fare Thee Well

\* \* \* \* \*

General Taylor gained the day  
 General Taylor gained the day  
 His shroud of finest silk was made  
 We dug his grave with a silver spade