

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

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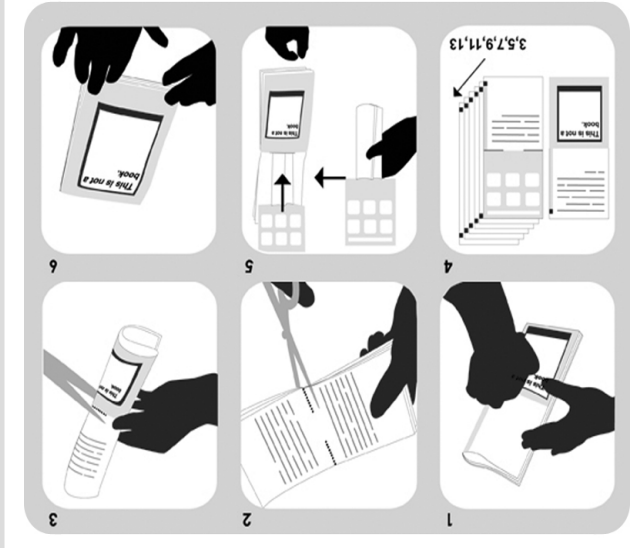
The packet is a-rollin'
 Way, haul away
 We'll haul away the bowline
 Way haul away
 Me lips would all grow mouldy
 That if I didn't kiss the girls
 And so me mother told me
 Now when I was a little boy
 Hauling on sheets and braces
 And now I'm on a Yankee ship
 Digging turf and praties
 Once I was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

Haul Away Joe

* * * * *

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

Alabama



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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

Blow the Wind Westerly
 Up jumps a crab with his crooked legs
 Saying "you play the cribbage and I'll stick the
 pegs"
Singing blow the wind westerly, let the wind blow
By a gentle nor'wester how steady she goes
 Up jumps a dolphin with his chuckle-head
 He jumps on the deck saying "pull out the lead!"

My clothes are all in pawn
Go down you blood red roses, go down
 And it's mighty draughtly around Cape Horn
Go down you blood red roses, go down
Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down you blood red roses, go down
 It's round Cape Horn we've got to go
 Chasing whales through ice and snow
 Oh my old mother she wrote to me
 My darling son come home from sea
 Oh it's one more pull and that will do
 For we're the bulles to kick her through
 * * * * *

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
 You'll split your sides laughing such sights you
 would see
 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

* * * * *

Hurrah, 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 vittie 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-whal'in'

I'll leave my Sal to go a-sal'in'

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

* * * * *

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
 Now, it's who's been here since I've been gone
 Well, a railroad navie with his 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

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

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
Hoarah, me boys, we're homeward bound
 We're going away to leave you now
Good bye, fare thee well
 We're going away to leave you now
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