

Master's going to sell me  
 Master's going to sell me  
 Sell me for the dollar  
 Great big Spanish dollar  
 Oh, me clothes is all in order  
 And me packet leaves tomorrow  
 Fare thee well my Juliana  
 Fare thee well my Juliana  
 Oh, I'm leaving in the morning  
 Oh, I'm leaving in the morning  
 \* \* \* \* \*

**Strike the Bell**

Aft on the poopdeck  
 Walking about  
 There is the second mate  
 So sturdy and so stout  
 What he is thinking of  
 He only knows himself  
 Oh, we wish that he would hurry up  
 And strike, strike the bell  
*Strike the bell, second mate*  
*Let us go below*

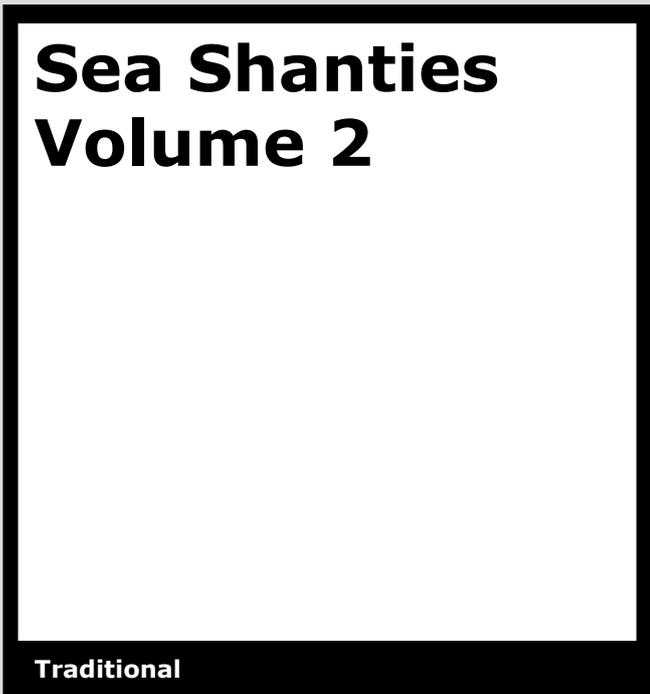
He fought for Spain and he gained his name  
 All on the plains of Mexico  
 And it's heave her up and away we'll go  
 Heave away Santayana  
 Heave her up and away we'll go  
 All on the plains of Mexico  
 Oh Santayana gained the day  
 And General Taylor he ran away  
 Oh General Taylor ran away  
 At Molly del Rey he gained his fame  
 When I was a young man in my prime  
 I'd kiss them pretty girls two at a time  
 But now I'm old and going grey  
 Oh rum's my sweetheart every day  
 \* \* \* \* \*

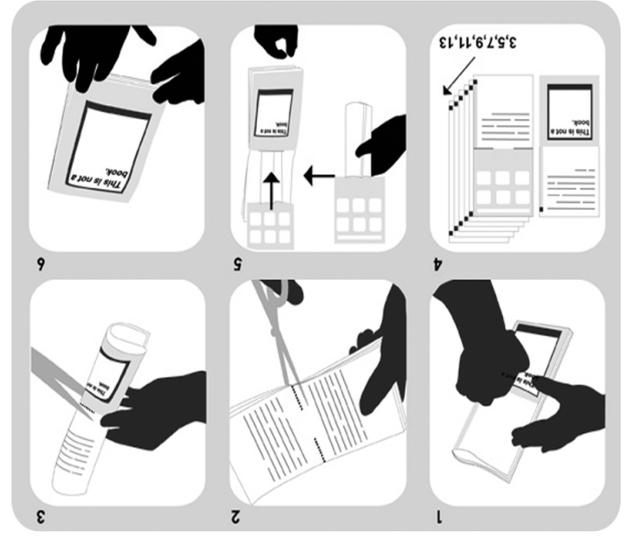
**Shallow Brown**

Oh, I'm going to leave her  
 Shallow, oh shallow brown  
 Oh, I'm going to leave her  
 Shallow brown, shallow brown  
 Bound away for St. Georges  
 Bound away for St. Georges

**John Cherokee**  
 John Cherokee was an indian man  
 Alabama John Cherokee  
 He run away every time he can  
 Alabama John Cherokee, way, hey, yah  
 Alabama John Cherokee, way, hey, yah  
 Alabama John Cherokee  
 They put him aboard a Yankee ship  
 Again he gave the boss the slip  
 They catch him again and chain him tight  
 And starve him many a day and night  
 Nothing to drink and nothin to eat  
 He just fall dead at the boss's feet  
 So they bury him by the old gate post  
 The very same day you can see his ghost  
 \* \* \* \* \*

**John Cherokee (variant)**  
 This is the tale of John Cherokee  
 Alabama John Cherokee  
 Injun man of the Miramashsee  
 Alabama John Cherokee, way, hey, yah  
 Alabama John Cherokee, way, hey, yah





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 2  
 Traditional**

*Alabama John Cherokee*

They made him a slave down in Alabam'  
 He run away every time he can  
 They gave him nothing to eat or drink  
 How his bones began to clink  
 And now his ghost is often seen  
 Sitting in the middle of Galway Green

\* \* \* \* \*

**Juliana**

Juliana, Juliana where do you go?  
*Ah ha, me London Julie*  
 Juliana, Juliana where do you go?  
*Ah ha, me London Julie*  
 Juliana, Juliana where do you go?  
*Ah ha, me London Julie*  
 Juliana, Juliana where do you go?  
*Ah ha, me London Julie*

Up aloft, up aloft this spar must go  
 Up aloft, up aloft from down below

Around Cape Horn there's ice and snow  
 But around Cape Horn we've got to go

\* \* \* \* \*

The mate is a-bawlin' down below  
 So heave away, let's stamp and go  
 \* \* \* \* \*

**John Kanaka**

I thought I heard the old man say  
 John Kanaka-naka too lie ay  
 Today, today is a holiday  
 John Kanaka-naka too lie ay  
 John Kanaka-naka too lie ay  
 Too lie ay, oh, to lie ay  
 John Kanaka-naka too lie ay  
 We'll work tomorrow but no work today  
 We'll work tomorrow but no work today  
 We're bound away for Frisco Bay  
 We're bound away at the break of day  
 We're bound away 'round Cape Horn  
 We wish to Christ we'd never been born  
 Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away  
 Oh haul away and make your pay  
 And we are Liverpool born and bred  
 We're strong in the arm but we're thick in the  
 head

\* \* \* \* \*

When they gets the notion

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Yankee Ship

Well, a Yankee ship sailed down the river

*Blow, boys, blow*

Oh, a Yankee ship in the Congo River

*Blow, me bully boys, blow*

How do you know she's a Yankee clipper?

The Stars and Stripes they fly above her

And who do you think's the skipper of her?

Old Holy Joe the darkie slaver

And what do you think she's got for cargo?

Guns and shot, she runs the embargo

What do you think they'll have for dinner?

Hot water soup, but slightly thinner

Blow today, and blow tomorrow

Blow for all old tars in sorrow

Source: Andrew *Draskoy's Shanties & Sea Songs*

<http://shanty.rendance.org/>

### Leave her, Johnny

Oh the times was hard and the wages low

*Leave her, Johnny, leave her*

And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

*And it's time for us to leave her*

*Leave her, Johnny, leave her*

*Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her*

*For the voyage is done and the winds do blow*

*And it's time for us to leave her*

I thought I heard the Old Man say

You can go ashore and take your pay

Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long

The winds was bad and the gales was strong

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim

And heave the hungry packet in

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin

For there's many a worser we've sailed in

And now it's time to say goodbye

For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, then we'll walk down l!melight way  
And all the girls will spend our pay  
We'll not see more 'til another day  
Come and get your oats me son  
\* \* \* \* \*

**The Wild Goose Shanty**

Did you ever see a wild goose  
Sailin' o'er the ocean  
They're just like them pretty girls  
Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh, heigh  
The other mornin'  
I was walkin' by the river  
When I saw a young girl walkin'  
With her topsails all a-quiver  
I said pretty fair maid  
And how are you this mornin'?  
She said "None the better  
for the seeing of you."  
Did you ever see a wild goose  
Sailin' o'er the ocean  
They're just like them pretty girls  
Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh, heigh  
When they gets the notion  
Ranzo, Ranzo, weigh, heigh

When I was young lad I sailed with the rest  
On a Liverpool packet bound out to the west  
We anchored one day in the harbour of Cork  
Then put out to sea for the port of New York  
And it's row, row bulles row  
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow  
For 42 days we were hungry and sore  
The winds were against us, the gales they did  
roar  
Off Battery Point we did anchor at last  
Our jib boom hove in and our canvas all fast  
The boardinghouse masters came aboard in a  
trice  
A shouting and a promising all that was nice  
Til one fat old crib took a liking to me  
Says he you're a fool, lad, to follow the sea  
Says he there's a job as is waiting for you  
With lashings of liquor and beggar-all to do  
Says he what you say lad, will you ? or two  
Says I you old bastard, I'm damned if I do  
Next I remember I woke in the morn

I wisht I knew where whiskey grew  
I'd eat the leaves and the branches too

A tot of whiskey all around  
And a bottle full for the shanty man

\* \* \* \* \*

### Whup Jamboree

*Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree*  
*Oh a long-tailed sailor man comin' up behind*  
*Whup Jamboree, whup jamboree*  
*Come an' get your oats me son*

The pilot he looked out ahead  
The hands on the cane and the heavin' of the lead  
And the old man roared to wake the dead  
Come and get your oats me son

Oh, now we see the lizzard light  
Soon, me boys, we'll heave in sight  
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle of Wight  
Come and get your oats me son

Now when we get to the black wall dock  
Those pretty young girls come out in flocks  
With short-legged drawers and long-tailed frocks  
Come and get your oats me son

On a the three skysail yarder bound south round  
Cape Horn  
With an old set of oilskins and two pair of socks  
And a blooming great head and a case of the pox

So come all you young sailors take a warning by  
me  
Keep your eye on the drinks when liquor is free  
Don't pay no attention to runner or whore  
Or your head'll be thick and your throat will be  
sore

\* \* \* \* \*

### One More Day

Oh, have you heard the news, me Johnny  
*One more day*  
We're homeward bound tomorrow  
*One more day*  
*Only one more day, me Johnny*  
*One more day*  
*Oh, rock and roll me over*  
*One more day*

Don't you hear the old man growlin'  
Don't you hear the mate a howlin'  
Don't you hear the caps'n pawlin'

She puts whiskey in her tea  
I had a girl and her name was Lize  
She puts whiskey in her pies  
Oh whiskey straight, and whiskey strong  
Give me some whiskey and I'll sing you a song  
If whiskey comes too near my nose  
I tip it up and down she goes  
Some likes whiskey, some likes beer  
I wisht I had a barrel here  
Whiskey made me pawn me clothes  
Whiskey gave me this broken nose  
Oh the mate likes whiskey, the skipper likes rum  
The sailors like both but me can't get none  
Whiskey is the life of man  
Whiskey from that old tin can  
I thought I heard the first mate say  
I treats me crew in a decent way  
If whiskey was a river and I could swim  
I'd say here goes and dive right in  
If whiskey was a river and I was a duck  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up

Don't you hear the pilot dawlin'  
Only one more day a-howlin'  
Can't you hear the gals a-callin'  
Only one more day a-rollin'  
Can't you hear the gulls a-callin'  
Only one more day a-furlin'  
Only one more day a-cursin'  
Oh, heave and sight the anchor, Johnny  
For we're close aboard the port, Johnny  
Only one more day for Johnny  
And your pay-day's nearly due, Johnny  
Then put out your long-tail blue, Johnny  
Make your port and take your pay, Johnny  
Only one more day a-pumpin', Johnny  
Only one more day a-bracin'  
Oh, we're homeward bound today, Johnny  
We'll leave her without sorrow, Johnny  
Pack your bags today me Johnny  
Oh, an' leave her where she lies, Johnny  
Only one more day a-workin', Johnny  
Oh, come rock 'n' roll me over

I thought I heard the first mate say  
I treats me crew in a decent way

A glass of whiskey all around  
And a bottle full for the shanty man

(Spoken: Up she blew!)

\* \* \* \* \*

### Whiskey Johnny

Whiskey is the life of man  
Always was since the world began

*Whiskey-o, Johnny-o*

*John rise her up from down below*

*Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o*

*Up aloft this yard must go*

*John rise her up from down below*

Whiskey here, whiskey there

Whiskey almost everywhere

Whiskey up and whiskey down

Whiskey all around the town

Whiskey killed me poor old dad

Whiskey drove me mother mad

My wife and I do not agree

No more gales or heavy weather

Only one more day together

\* \* \* \* \*

### 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 when the gale is done

How hard the winds do blow

We're homeward bound from the Arctic Sound

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

Through the ice, and wind, and rain

Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands

We soon shall see again

Six hellish months we passed away

On the cold Kamchatka sea

But now we're bound from the Arctic ground

Whiskey from that old tin can  
Now whiskey is the life of man  
And whiskey made me pawn me clothes  
Now whiskey gave me a broken nose  
Always was since the world began  
Now whiskey is the life of man  
*John rise her up from down below*  
*Up aloft this yard must go*  
*Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey-o*  
*Rise her up from down below*  
*Whiskey-o, Johnny-o*

### Whiskey-o

\* \* \* \* \*

She'd robbed him blind and left him broke  
He'd had enough, gave her the poke  
His half-pay went, it went like chaff  
She hung around for the other half  
She drank and boozed his pay away  
With her weather eye on his next payday  
Oh Tommy's gone and left her flat  
Oh Tommy's gone and he won't come back

Rolling down to Old Maui  
Once more we sail 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 is carried away  
What care we for that sound  
A living gale 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, brown eyes look out  
Hoping some fine 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 desks are hid from view  
The horrid ice of the sea-caked isles  
That deck the Arctic sea  
Are miles behind in the frozen wind

*Hey, ho, below, below*  
*Stowing sugar in the hold below*

The J.M. White, she's a new boat  
 Stem to stern she's mighty fine  
 Beat any boat on the New Orleans line  
 Stowing sugar in the hold below

The engineer shouts through his trumpet  
 "Tell the mate we got bad news.  
 Can't get steam for the fire in the flue"  
 Stowing sugar in the hold below

The captain's on the quarter deck  
 Scratchin' 'way at his old neck  
 And he cries out, "Heave the larboard lead"  
 Stowing sugar in the hold below

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Tom's Gone to Hilo**

Tommy's gone on a whaling ship  
*Away to Hilo*  
 Oh, Tommy's gone on a damn long trip  
*Tom's gone to Hilo*

He never kissed his girl goodbye  
 He left her and he told her why

Since we steered for Old Maui  
 And now we're anchored in the bay  
 With the Kanakas all around  
 With chants and soft aloha-ooos  
 They greet us homeward bound  
 And now ashore we'll have good fun  
 We'll paint them beaches red  
 Awakening in the arms of an island maid  
 With a big fat aching head

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Roll the Woodpile Down**

Away down south where the cocks do crow  
*Way down in Florida*  
 The gals they all play the old Banjo  
*And we'll roll the woodpile down*

*Rollin', rollin', rollin' the whole world round*  
*That brown gal o' mine's down the Georgia line*  
*And we'll roll the woodpile down*

When I was a young man in my prime  
 I'd clench them yellin' girls two at a time  
 We'll roll 'em high and we'll roll 'em low  
 We'll heave 'em up and away we'll go

*Stowing sugar in the hold below*  
*Hey, ho, below, below*

Below, below, below,  
 But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below,  
 the day  
 I wish I was in Mobile Bay, screwing cotton all of

### **Sugar in the Hold**

\* \* \* \* \*

With a bottle of whiskey in my hand  
 I wish I was on Australia's strand  
 Full of rocks and thieves and fleas and sand  
 In South Australia my native land  
 You'll wish to God you'd never been born  
 And as we wallop around Cape Horn  
 To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind  
 There ain't but one thing grieves me mind  
 And I run her until we sailed away  
 I run her all night and I run her all day  
 I shook her round and round the town  
 I shook her up and I shook her down  
 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair  
 As I walked out one morning fair

And you who are listening, good bye to you  
 Sing good bye to Nellie and good bye to Sue  
 And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has come  
 We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum  
 The girls we are leaving can take our half pay  
 So it's pack up your donkey and get under way

I'll pack up my bag and go out to sea  
 Oh, New York town is no place for me

*For we're bound to the Rio Grande*  
*Sing fare you well my pretty young girls*

*Way, you Rio*  
*And away, boys, away*

*For we're bound to the Rio Grande*  
 It's there that the river runs down golden sand  
*Way, you Rio*  
 O say was you ever in Rio Grande?

### **The Rio Grande**

\* \* \* \* \*

For we're the bulles to kick her through  
 Oh, one more heave, and that'll do  
 A black man's wage is never high  
 It's rouse and bust'er is the cry

There is Johnny standing  
 Ready for to shout  
 "Lights' burning bright, sir  
 And everything is well"  
 He's wishing that the second mate  
 Would strike, strike the bell

Aft the quarterdeck  
 The gallant captain stands  
 Looking to windward  
 With his glasses in his hand  
 What he is thinking of  
 We know very well  
 He's thinking more of shortening sail  
 Than strike, strike the bell

\* \* \* \* \*

### South Australia

In South Australia I was born  
*(To me) heave away, haul away*  
 In South Australia round Cape Horn  
*We're bound for South Australia*  
*Haul away you rolling kings*  
*To me heave away, haul away*  
*Haul away, you'll hear me sing*  
*We're bound for South Australia*

And good-bye, fare you well, all you ladies of  
 town  
 We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown  
 Now you Bowery ladies we'd have you to know  
 We're bound to the south'ard, O Lord, let us go!  
 Our good ship's a-going out over the bar  
 And we'll point her nose for the South-er-on Star  
 Oh say was you ever in Rio Grande?  
 Oh was you ever on that strand?

\* \* \* \* \*

### Roll the Old Chariot Along

Well a night on shore wouldn't do us any harm  
 Well a night on shore wouldn't do us any harm  
 Well a night on shore wouldn't do us any harm  
*And we'll all hang on behind*  
*And we'll roll the old chariot along*  
*And we'll roll the old chariot along*  
*And we'll roll the old chariot along*  
*And we'll all hang on behind*

Well a nice watch below  
 Well a nice glass of beer  
 Well night with the girls

Look away to windward  
 You can see it's going to blow  
 Look at the glass  
 You can see that it is fell  
 We wish the you would hurry up  
 And strike, strike the bell  
 Down on the maindeck  
 Working at the pumps  
 There is the larboard watch  
 Ready for their bunks  
 Over to windward  
 They see a great swell  
 They're wishing that the second mate  
 Would strike, strike the bell  
 Aft at the wheel  
 Poor Anderson stands  
 Grasping the spokes  
 In his cold, mitted hands  
 Looking at the compass  
 The coarse is clear as hell  
 He's wishing that the second mate  
 Would strike, strike the bell  
 For'd in the fo'c'sle head  
 Keeping sharp lookout

Santayana fought for Spain  
*Heave away Santayana*

### Santayana

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh Sally she'n the gal that I love dearly  
 Way, sing Sally oh  
 Sally she'n the gal that I love dearly  
*Hilo Johnnie Brown stand to your ground*  
 Oh Sally she's the gal that I splice nearly  
 Her lips is red and her hair is curly  
 Oh Sally she'n my 'Badian beauty  
 Sally gal she know her duty  
 Oh Sally she'n my bright mulatta  
 Sally gal she do what she ought to  
 Oh seven long years I courted Sally  
 But I don't care for her dilly dally  
 So I signed onboard of a New Bedford whaler  
 When I come home she was married to a tailor

### Sally

\* \* \* \* \*

Well a big pot of gold