

Song Book

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1 The Songs

Aikendrum



Ken ya who a Whig can fight **Aikendrum, Aikendrum**
Ken ya who a Whig can fight **Aikendrum**
He can fight the hero bright? With his heels and armor light
And the wind of heav'nly might **Aikendrum, Aikendrum**
Is not Rowley in the right? **Aikendrum**

Did ya hear of Sunderland **Aikendrum, Aikendrum**
Did ya hear of Sunderland **Aikendrum**
That man of high command who has swor to clear the land
He is vanished from our strand
Or the eel has ta'en the sand **Aikendrum**

Donald's running around and 'round **Aikendrum, Aikendrum**
Donald's running around and 'round **Aikendrum**
But the cheif cannot be found and the Dutchmen they are drowned
And the King Jamie he is crowned
But the dogs will get a 'stound **Aikendrum**

We have heard of Whigs galore **Aikendrum, Aikendrum**
We have heard of Whigs galore **Aikendrum**
We have searched the country o'er with cannons and claymore
But still they are before
We may seek forever more **Aikendrum**

Ken ya who to gain a Whig **Aikendrum, Aikendrum**
Ken ya who to gain a Whig **Aikendrum**
Look jolly blithe and big, take his ain blest side a prig
And the poor worm eaten Whig
For opposition's sake we will win **Aikendrum**

The Banks of Newfoundland

Ye ramblin' boys of Liverpool, ye sailormen beware
When you go 'board a Yankee Packet ship no dungaree jumpers wear
But have yourself a monkey coat, and keep it close to hand
For there blow some cold Norwesters on the Banks of Newfoundland
We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her, with holystone and sand
And we'll say farewell to the virgin rocks on the Banks of Newfoundland

We had one Lynch from Ballynahinch, Spud Murphy and Mike Moore
'Twas in the winter of Seventy Three, those sea boys suffered sore
They Pawned their gear in Liverpool, they sold it out of hand
Not thinking on them cold nor winds on the Banks of Newfoundland

We had a lady fair aboard, Kate Connor was her name
To her I'd promised marriage, and on me she had her claim
She tore her flannel petticoat to make mittens for my hands
For she could not see her true love freeze on the Banks of Newfoundland

I dreamed a dream the other night, and I thought I was at home
Along side me my own true love, and she in Marlebone
A jug of ale upon my knee, and a glass in my hand
But when I awoke my heart was broke on the Banks of Newfoundland

Barrett's Privateers

Oh the year was seventeen seventy eight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a letter of mark came from the king
to the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen
God damn 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

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
For twenty brave men, all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew

Oh, the Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
She'd a list to port and sails in rags
And a cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

On the king's birthday we put to sea
It was ninety one days to Montego Bay
We were pumping like madmen all the way

On the ninety sixth day we sailed again
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

Oh, the Yankee lay low down with gold
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

At length we stood two cables away
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the yank stove us in

Oh, the Antelope shook and pitched on her side
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my twenty third year
Well it's been six years since I sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

The Blacksmith



A Blacksmith courted me, nine months and better
He fairly one my heart, wrote me a letter
With his hammer in his hand he looked quite clever
And if I was with my love, I'd live forever

But where has my love gone, with his cheeks like roses
And his good black billycock on, all decked 'round with primroses
I'm afraid the scorching sun will shine, and burn his beauty
And if I was with my love, I'd do my duty

Strange news has come to town, strange news is carried
Strange news flies up and down, that my love is married
I wish them both much joy, though they can't hear me
And may God reward him well for the slighting of me

Don't you remember when you lay beside me?
And you said you'd marry me, and not deny me
If I said I'd marry you, it was only for to try you
So bring your witness love, and I'll not deny you

But witness have I none, save God almighty
And may he reward you well for the slighting of me
Her lips grew pale and wan, it made her poor heart to tremble
To think she'd loved the one, and he proved deceitful

Bold McShane



My name is McShane from the plains of Kildare
A farmer I was until the last year
Till I took a notion oh via promotion
Went over to England the harvest the shear

Rum toora la rum toora laddie
Rum toora la musha rum toora lay

I parted with money so blithe and so jolly
Picked up a stick for a staff in me hand
And to keep myself cheery for fear I'd get weary
I sang Paddywhack as I went on my way.

I landed at Dumbarton on a fine summers evening
Me bundle and staff I held them in me hands
There were some of them laughing and some of them chaffin'
More of them trying to stick Paddy away.

I went into a woman to ask her for lodgings
She said "Me young man, now don't look so dull!
For I will tell you where you will get lodgings
With a woman who lives next door to The Black Bull.

So I went to this woman and asked her for lodgings
She instantly showed me to a bed in a room
And I being so tired and worn out from walking
I threw myself down on me bed in the room.

But a lump of a Tinker lay up in the corner
He swore 'pon his soul sure he'd kill all was there
Says I "Me bold Tinker, give over your braggin',
I'm bold McShane from the plains of Kildare!"

But he tried for to hit me a punch in the stomach
I instantly fetched him a one in the throat
And he tumbled heels over his head in the corner
And put all his head in an old rusty pot.

He lay on the floor like a sheep he was bleeding
I swore 'pon my soul sure I'd cut off his life
But I lifted him up and sent down for to Megan
Me and the Tinker we ended the strife.

Dirty Old Town

Ewan McColl



I found my love by the gas works croft
 Dreamed a dream by the old canal
 I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town
Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Out springs a girl from the streets at night

I heard a siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind

I'm gonna make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll cut you down like an old dead tree

I found my love by the gas works wall
 Dreamed a dream by the old canal
 I kissed my girl by the factory wall

Farewell and Adieu

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
For we've recieved orders to sail for New England
And we hope in a short time to see you again

**We'll rant and we'll roar like a true Yankee whaleman
We'll rant and we'll roar on dack and below
Until we sight Gayhead off old Martha's Vinyard
And straight through the channel to New Bedford we'll go**

I've been a ship's cook, and I've been a rigger
I can dance, I can sing, I can walk the jib boom
I can handle a harpoon, I cuts a fine figure
Whenever I gets in a ship's standing room

I went to a dance one night in old Tomby's
There were plenty of girls as fine as you'd wish
And one fat old thing she was chewing tobacco
Just like a young kitten a-chewing fresh fish

So let every man take of his full bumper
So let every man take of his full glass
We'll sing and be jolly and drown melancholy
And drink a good health to each true hearted lass

Felix the Soldier



Well they took away me brouges and they robbed me of my spade
Put me in the Army and a soldier of me made
But I could not beat the drum and I could not play the flute
So they put me in the Army and they taught me how to shoot

Then they put me on a ship and they sent me home again
With all the Army's training after battle strife and then
Well we headed for the down and we landed at the keys
Me mother came to see me and these words did say to me
Oh Felix were you drunk, and Felix were you mad
oh what has become of the fine two legs you had?

Well I bid my spade adieu, for I could not dig the bog
But I can play my fiddle and I can drink my grog
I've learned to smoke a pipe, and I can fire a gun
To the devil with the fighting I am glad this war is done

Go to Sea Once More



At once I landed in Liverpool, I went upon a spree
Me money at last, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be
And when me money was all gone, 'twas then that I wanted more
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more

**Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more**

I spent the night with Angelie, too drunk to roll in bed
Me watch new, and me money too, in the morning with them she'd fled
And as I wandered the streets of town, oh how them whores did roar
Why there goes Jack Sprat, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more

**Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
Why there goes Jack Sprat, the poor sailor lad, he must go to sea once more**

As I went walking down London road, I met with rapper Brown
I asked him if he'd take me in, he looked at me with a frown
He said last time you was paid off, with me you've chalked no score
But I'll give yas a chance, and I'll take your advance, and I'll send you to sea once
more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But I'll give yas a chance, and I'll take your advance, and I'll send you
to sea once more

He shipped me aboards of a whaling barque, that was bound for them arctic seas
Where there's ice and snow, and them cold winds blow, why Jamakee rum would
freeze
And hardest to bear, I'd no hard weather gear, for I'd spent all me money ashore
Why 'twas then that I wished that I was dead, and could go to sea no more.

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
Why 'twas then that I wished that I was dead, and could go to sea no
more.

Some days we was catching whales me boys and some days we was catching none
With a twenty foot oar in your hand you roll the whole day long
And when them shades of night come you rest on your weary oar
Why your back is so weak, that you never would seek a berth at sea once more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
Why your back is so weak, that you never would seek a berth at sea once
more

So come all you hard weather sailing men, and listen to me song
When you get back from them long trips, I'll have you not go wrong
Take my advice, drink no strong drink, and go sleeping with no whore
But get married instead, and have all night in, and go to sea no more

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But get married instead, and have all night in, and go to sea no more

Hangin' Johnny

They calls me Hangin' Johnny **Away Boys Away**
They says I hangs for money **So hang boys hang**

They says I hang for money
But 'cause hangin' is so funny

They says I hangs me granny
I strung her up so canny

They says I hangs me mother
Me sisters and me brother

They says I hangs me Pappy
Because it made me happy

A rope, a beam, a ladder
I'd hangs ya's all together

They calls me Hangin' Johnny
But I ain't hangs nobody

Haul Away Joe

Louis was the king of France, before the revolution

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Then he got his head cut off, and it spoiled his constitution

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

When I was a little boy, me mother often told me

That if I did not kiss the girls, me lips would grow all moldy

First I had a Spanish girl, but damn it she was lazy

She wouldn't cook, she wouldn't clean, she damn near drove me crazy

Then I had an Irish girl, her name was Katy Flannagan

She stole me boots, she stole me clothes, she took me plates and panakin

Then I had a Frenchie girl, she took things free and easy

Now I have an English girl, and sure she is a daisy

Sit and listen while I tell you 'bout me darlin' Nancy

She's taughtly rigged, and clipper built, she's just me style and fancy

Henry Joy

An Ulsterman I am proud to be
From the Antrim glens I come
Although I have laboured by the sea
I have followed fife and drum
I've heard the martial tramp of men
I've seen them fight and die
Ah! Lads, I well remember when
I followed Henry Joy

I pulled my boat in from the sea
And I hid my sails away
I hung my nets upon a tree
And I scanned the moonlit bay
All the boys were out, and the red coats too
I kissed my wife good-bye
And through the shade of the greenwood glade
I followed Henry Joy

It was for Ireland's cause we fought
For home and sire, we bled
Though our hearts were true, and our numbers were few
And ten to one lay dead
And many a lassie mourned her lad
And mother mourned her boy
For the youth was strong in the daring throng
That followed Henry Joy

In Belfast town they built a tree
And the redcoats mustered there
I saw him come as the sound of a drum
Rolled out on the barrack square
He kissed his sister and went aloft
He bade his last good-bye
He turned and died, My God, I cired
They have murdered Henry Joy

High Barbaree

There were two lofty ships from Old England came

Blow high, blow low and so sailed we

One was the Prince Luther and the other Pince of Whales

Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree

Aloft there aloft our jolly bos'n cried

Look ahead look astern look to weather and a-lee

There's naught upon our stern sir and naught upon our lee

But there's a lofty ship to wind'rd and she's sailin' fast and free

O hail her, O hail her our gallant captain cried

Are you a man o' war or a privateer cried he

I am not a man o' war nor a privateer cried he

But I am a jolly pirate out a sailing for my fee

For broadside to broadside a long time we lay

Until the Prince Luther shot the pirate's mast away

Oh quarter oh quarter the pirates they did cry

But the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea

In Praise of Alcohol

Of vintage wine I am a lover To drink deep would be my delight
if not for the bleak hangover I'd get loaded every night

**I'd whoop it up with song and laughter
Whoop it up with song an laughter
Whoop it up with song an laughter
If it were not for the morning after**

Although to soberness I'm given It is a thought I've often thunk
The nearest that is Earth to Heaven Is to get sublimely drunk

**Is to achieve divine elation
To achieve divine elation
To achieve divine elation
By means of generous libation**

But although wine cups claim their payment And as the price is often paid
If we could know what morning gray meant We never would get soused again

**Rather than buy a hobnailed liver
Rather than buy a hobnailed liver
Rather than buy a hobnailed liver
I'm sure that we'd abstain forever**

But though I love the glow of liquor As joyfully I drink it up
Hoping that until life's last flicker With praise I'll raise the ruby cup

**So let me like a jolly monk
So let me like a jolly monk
So let me like a jolly monk
Proceed to get sublimely drunk**

Jack Tar

So come all you ladies gay who delights is sailor's joy
Listen while I sing to you a song
When Jack Tar he comes ashore with his gold and silver store
There's no one can get rid of it so soon

The first thing Jack requires is a fiddler to his hand
Likewise the best liquor of every kind
And a pretty girl likewise with two dark and rolling eyes
And Jacky he is suited to his mind

The landlady she comes in dressed all in her Sunday best
She looks like some bright and morning star
She's ready to wait on him when she finds he's plenty of tin
Chalk him down to the one behind the bar

His wages were soon gone and his friends they are all flown
And the flash girls, they departed for another
And the landlady, she cried pay your score and get outside
Your cargo's gone and you've hit stormy weather

Now Jack all in his rage he threw bottles at her head
And likewise all the glasses he let fly
And the poor girl in her fright called the watchman of the night
Saying take this young sailor lad away

Now Jack did understand that a ship lay wanting hands
And to her he went straight down
With a sweet and pleasant gale he unfurled his lofty sail
And bid adieu to the flash girls of the town

So he laid her on a tack like a cutter or smack
As she rolled from the lee to the weather
And he kept a full on eye close to the wind as she would lie
We were bound for black wall and stormy weather

Jolly Roving Tar

Ships may come and ship may go As long as the sea does roll
Each sailor lad just like his dad He loves the flowing bowl
And a trip ashore he does adore With a girl that's plump and round
But when the money's all gone it's the same old song Get up Jack John sit down

**Come along, Come along you jolly brave boys there's lots of grog in the jar
And when the money's all gone it's the same old song get up Jack John sit down**

When Jack gets in he'll spend his tin in some old boarding house
They'll welcome him with rum and gin and feed him on pork souce
He'll lend and spend, and not offend, until he lies drunk on the ground
But when the money's all gone it's the same old song Get up Jack John sit down

He'll take a trip upon a ship to India or Japan
In nations there, the ladies fair they love a sailor man
He'll go ashore upon a tour and buy some girl a gown
But when the money's all gone it's the same old song Get up Jack John sit down

When Jack gets worn and weather beat, too old to roam about
In some gin shop they'll let him stop till eight bells calls him out
Then he'll raise his eyes up to the sky and say "Boys we're homeward bound"
But when the money's all gone it's the same old song Get up Jack John sit down

Larry Marr

In Frisco town there lived a man whose name was Larry Marr
And in the days of the Cape Horn trade, Oh he used his big stone jar

In the old Virginia lowlands, lowlands low
In the old Virginia lowlands, low

In Larry's place, down on the coast where lived old Larry Marr
The Missus and Larry would prime the beer, in the old five gallon jar

Now a hell ship she be short of hands, of full red-blooded tars
The Missus and Larry would prime the beer, in the old five gallon jar

Shellbacks and farmers just the same, strolled into Larry Marr's
And sailed away, around Cape Horn, helped by the five gallon jar

In Frisco town their names is know, and in the Cape Horn bars
And the stuff they sell out to old Jack, in the old five gallon jar

From the Barbary coast stay clear me boys, and from old Larry Marr's
Or else damn soon Shanghai'd you'll be, by the old five gallon jar

Shanghai'd away on a skys'l ship around Cape Horn so far
Goodbye to all the boys and girl, and to Larry's five gallon jar

The Leaving of Liverpool

Fare thee well to Prince's Landing Stage
River Mercy Fare thee well
I am bound for California
a place I know right well

**So fare thee well, my own true love
Oh when I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of you**

I am bound for California
by way of stormy Cape Horn
I will write to you a letter love
when I am homeward bound

I've signed on a yankee clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
Burgess is the captian of her
and they say that she's a floating shame

I have sailed with Burgess once before
I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor he can get along,
and if not then he's sure in hell

Farewell to lower Fredrick Steet
River Mercy and Park Lane
I am bound away for to leave you
and never see you again

Man You don't Meet Everyday



Arranged mandolin part



My name is Jock Stewart, I'm a crafty young boy
And a roving young fellow I have been
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet everyday

I have acres of land, I have men I command
I have always a shilling to spare
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet everyday

So fill up your glasses with brandy and wine

Whatever it costs I will pay

So be easy and free when you're drinking with me

I'm a man you don't meet everyday

I went out with my dog, and with him I did shoot

All down in the county kildare

So be easy and free when you're drinking with me

I'm a man you don't meet everyday

So fill up your glasses with brandy and wine

Whatever it costs I will pay

So be easy and free when you're drinking with me

I'm a man you don't meet everyday

Mauling Live Oak

One day I was traveling I happened to think
My pockets are empty, I can't buy a drink
I am an old bumner completely dead broke
There's nothing to do but go mauling live oak
Derry down, down, down derry down

So I went right away for to meet Captain Swift
To see and find out could he give me a lift
He looked me all over, from top unto toe
He said you're the boy who live oaking must go

He brought out the contract which both of us signed
To keep and secure if we both were inclined
But the very best wages that he could afford
'Twas only five dollars a month and my board

So I had to get ready without much delay
For the schooner was sailing the very next day
With two pints of whiskey, a pipe and a spoon
Away we set sail for mosquito lagoon

Bluff was the game that we played every night
And in it Charles Douglas he took great delight
He won my tobacco while others cracked jokes
He said you'll get more when you're mauling live oak

Well mauling this live oak, I'll say it's great fun
Especially the dry ones that makes the sweat run
It'll make your axe handles to glimmer and smoke
You need iron handles for mauling live oak

It's mosquitoes by day and it's minges by night
The sand fleas and bed bugs they bother me quite
And if ever back home, my head I do poke
To Hell I'll kick Swift and his God damn live oak

Mingulay Boat Song

**Heel ya ho boys, let her go boys
Bring her head 'round, into the weather
Heel ya ho boys let her go boys
Sailing home boys, to Mingulay**

What care we though, white the Minch is
What care we for the wind or weather
Let her go boys, every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting, by the pier head
Or looking seaward, from the heather
Pull her 'round boys and we'll anchor
E're the sun sets on Mingulay

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mother's a holding bearings a crying
They'll return though, when the sun sets
They'll return to Mingulay

The Old Chariot

Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

And we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

A few nights ashore wouldn't do us any harm
A few nights ashore wouldn't do us any harm
A few nights ashore wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

A night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm
A night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm
A night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

If the Devil's in the way, then we'll run it over him
If the Devil's in the way, then we'll run it over him
If the Devil's in the way, then we'll run it over him
And we'll all hang on behind

Paddy on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty one, I put my corduroy britches on
for I heard that there was work to be done, a workin' on the railway

Filla me oo ree oo ree ay, filla me oo ree oo ree aye
Filla me oo ree oo ree ay, a workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty my corduroy britches still were new
I didn't know what that I should do to work upon the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty three, I sailed away across the sea
I sailed away for Amerikee, a workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty four, we landed on Columbia's shore
I had a pick axe, and nothin' more, for working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty five, I found myself more dead than alive
I found myself more dead than alive, from workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty six, I found myself in a hell of a fix
I switched my trade to carryin' bricks, from workin' on the railway

Paddy West



As I went walking down London road, I come to Paddy West's house
He give me a plate of American hash, and calls it Liverpool scouse
He said there's a ship that's wanting hands, and on her you must sign
The mate's a bastard, the bosun's worse, but she will suit you fine

**Take off your dungaree jacket, and give yourself a rest
And we'll think on them cold n'or westers that we had at Paddy West**

After I finished the plate me boys, the wind began to blow
He sent me up to the attic, the mail royal for to stow
But when I get up to the attic, no main royal could I find
So I turned around to the window and I furled the window blind

Paddy he piped "All hands on deck, their stations for to man"
His wife, she stood in the doorway, with a bucket in her hand
Paddy he cried "Now let her rip" and she flung the water our way
Saying "Clew up yer 'fore t'gansls boys, she's takin' in the spray"

Since your headed away to the south me boys, to Frisco you are bound
Paddy he called for a length of rope and layed on the ground
He had us step over and back again and he says to me "that's fine"
And if ever they ask was you ever at sea, you can say you've crossed the line

There's only one thing left that you must do before you sail away
Walk around the table, where the bullocks horn does lay
And if ever they ask, was you ever at sea, you can say ten times 'round the Horn
And be'Jesus that you was a sailorman since the day that you was born

**Put on your dungaree jacket, and walk up looking your best
And tell 'em that you're an old sailorman that's come from Paddy West**

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth

Pretty Nany of Yarmouth she's my joy and delight
I have a love letter I am going to write
It is to inform you what we undergo
While on the salt seas boys where the stormy winds blow

It happened one night, just before it grew dark
Our honorable captain, he showed us the mark
The mark that he showed us it appeared in the sky
And it showed us for sure that the storm it was nigh

It came rattling down upon us and tossed us about
'Twas many a bold seaman with a heart bold and stout
To stand shivering and shaking like one in despair
One moment in the ocean, and the next in the air

Oh a ship in distress is a most dismal sight
Like an army of soldiers they are going to fight
A soldier he can fight my boys to the sound of his gun
While a sailor is committed to a watery tomb

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth, she's me heart's delight
She waits for her sailor by day and by night
What can she do for him so far from the shore?
She can wait for her sailor, what can she do more?

Ranzo Ray

We're outward bound for China On board of a Yankee liner

Ranzo, Ranzo, Hurray, Hurray

When we get home to meet you's It's with kisses we will greet you

T'me Hilo m' Ranzo Ray

We're bound for old Gulana(?) For a load of ripe bannanas

And down to Buenos Aires For a load of green canaries

Rio De Janeiro and I ain't got much dinero

And the around the horn And we'll see you in the morn'

Then we'll sail to Calio And a dancin' we will go

Guzzle gin and sisco? And we'll sail off to Frisco

Then we'll cross to Yokohana To unload this grand piana

Then we'll sail down to Samoa To hear old Krakatoa

Then it's back to Monteray And we'll dance away the day

Then we'll cross to Mango Tango? And we'll dance the old Fandango

We'll go back to Santa Barbara And dance the old al hombra?

Then we'll get ourselves to Boston And won't it be exhaustin'

Rocky Road to Dublin

In the merry month of June from my home I started
Left the girls in Tuam Nearly broken hearted
Saluted Father dear kissed me darlin mother,
Drank a pint a beer, me grief and tears to smother
Then off to reap the corn, leave where I was born
Cut a stout blackthorn, to banish ghost and goblin
Brand new pair of brogues, to rattle over the bogs
And frightening all the dogs On the rocky road to Dublin
One, two, three, four, five
Hunt the hare, and turnin' her
Down the rocky road
and all the way to Dublin
Whack fol-lol-dee-dah

In Mullingar last night I rest me limbs so weary
Started by daylight, me spirits blythe and airy
Took a drop of the pure to keep me heart from sinking
That's the Paddy's cure whene'er he's out for drinking
To see the lassies smile, laughing all the while
At me curious style set your hear a bubblin'
Asked me was I hired the wages I required
Till I was almost tired of the rocky road to Dublin

In Dublin next arrived I thought it such a pity
To be so soon deprived a view of that fine city
So then I took a stroll all among the quality
Bundle it was stole in a neat locality
Something crossed me mind And when I looked behind
No bundle could I find upon me stick a wobbling
Inquiring after the rogue they said me Connaught brogue
Wasn't much in vogue on the rocky road to Dublin

So then I get away me spirits never failing
Landed on the Quay just as the ship was sailing
Captain at me roared said I've no room Paddy
As I jumped aboard a cabin found for Paddy
Down among the pigs, did some funny rigs
We danced some hearty jigs water 'round me bubbling
Off of Holy Head, wished m'self was dead
Better far instead down the rocky road to Dublin

The boys of Liverpool when we safely landed
Called m'self a fool I could no longer stand it
Blood began to boil, temper I was loosing
Poor old Erin's Isle they began abusing
Hurrah me soul says I, a shillelagh I let fly
Some Gallway boy were by as I was a hobbling
With a loud Hurray they joined me in the fray
We quickly cleared the way for the rocky road to Dublin

Rolling Down the River

Once I was a Rigger and I worked like hell

Rolling up, rolling down

But now I'm sailing with the OCL, to go

Rolling down the river

Rolling up, rolling down. We all get drunk in Tillbury Town

Twenty four hours to turn around and go,

Rolling down the River

When first I saw a TEU

I wondered where they stowed the crew, to go

Cargo comes in TEUs

A twenty foot box boys filled with booze, to go

There's a Tillbury girl called Kettle Jane

She's first on the boil, then off again, to go

She's got a mate called Teapot Anne

She gets well brewed just like a man, to go

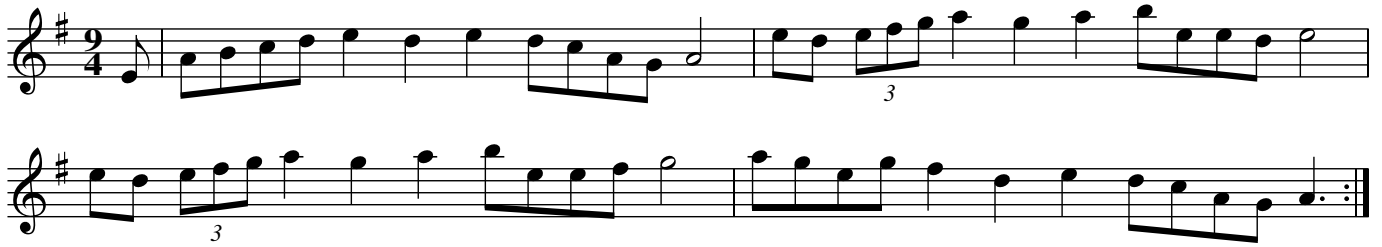
Down by the dockgates where the work is done

You can pick those girls up one by one and go

Well we are the bullies that'll see her through

So to hell with the Channel and the TEU, well go

Roving Peddler



I am a jolly peddler and I've roamed this country 'round
Until I took a notion to view some other ground
With my pack upon my shoulder and my cudgel in my hand
I went into New Hampshire to view that happy land

I went into New Hampshire and the girls all jumped for joy
Said one girl to another "There's that handsome peddler boy"
They invited me to dine with them, they took me by the hand
The toast they gave primarily, Success to the peddler man

I went into New Hampshire where the girls they are so neat
They're kind in every feature, their kisses are so sweet
There's handsome Jane and Molly and fair young Betsy, too
Along with one of these fair maids I'll roam the country through

I went into New Hampshire and there among the maids
With my bold conversation they seemed but not afraid
While such fine things I sold to them they came to understand
The humor and good nature of the handsome peddler man

I went into a tavern and there all night I stayed
The landlady's fair daughter of me was not afraid
She held me and she kissed me, she took me by the hand
And shyly told her momma that she loved the peddler man

But early the next morning as I was going away
The landlady's fair daughter these words to me did say
"How can you be so cruel and treat me so unkind
And go onece more a roaming and to leave me here behind"

But I'll leave off my peddling and I'll take to me a wife
For with this handsome fair maid I'd gladly spend my life
I'll embrace her late and early and do the best I can
To make her bless the day she wed the handsome peddler man

Row Bullies Row

From Liverpool to 'Frisco a roving I went
For to stay in the country it was my intent
But girls and strong whiskey, like other damn fools
I soon was transported back to Liverpool

Singing row, row bullies row

Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow

I shipped out in the Alaska lying out in the bay
Waiting for a fair wind to get underway
The sailors all drunk and their backs is all sore
Their whiskey's all gone and they can't get no more

Along comes the mate with his jacket of blue
Looking for work for the sailors to do
It's "jib tops'l halyards" he loudly does roar
Saying "lay aloft paddy, you son of a whore"

One night off Cape Horn we were crossing the line
When I think on it know, sure we had a good time
She was diving bows under, the sailors all wet
She was doing twelve knots with her main skys'l set

Here's a health to our captain where 'ere he may be
He's a friend to all sailors on land or on sea
But as for our first mate, that dirty old brute
I hope when he dies, straight to Hell he'll skyhoot

And now we'll arrive at the Bramley More Dock
Where the fair maids and lasses around us will flock
Me whiskey's all gone, and me six quid advance
And I think it's high time for to get up and dance

Santa Anna

Santee Anna fought for fame

Heave away Santee Anna

He fought for fame and gained his name

All along the Plains of Mexico

Santee Anna gained the day

And General Taylor ran away

Santee Anna fought for gold

And the deeds he'd done have oft been told

I thought I heard the old man say

He'd give us rum this very day

Santee Anna fought for fame

He fought for fame and gained his name

Seaman's Hymn

Come all ye bold seamen wherever your bound
And always let Nelson's proud mem'ry go round
And pray that the wars, and these tumults may cease
For the greatest of gifts is a sweet lasting peace
May the Lord put an end to these cruel and old wars
And bring peace, and contentment to all our brave tars

Shove Around the Jug

Shove around the jug me boys
Chorus around the room
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home

I courted a girl in Albany
Likewise in Montreal
Another in Philadelphey
But the best was in Lewiston Falls

If you go up Albany
To give the girls a call
They're not at all to be compared
With the girls from Lewiston Falls

I came hear from Ireland
When I was just a lad
So working these canal boats is
The only life I've had

A dollar in the tavern
Is very eas'ly spent
If I was back in Ireln
I'd have to pay out rent

The drunkards in the tavern
The fish is in the sea
The cork is in the bottle
And the whiskey it's in me

The Well Below the Valley

**At the well below the valley O
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O**

A gentleman was passing by He asked for a drink as he got dry
**At the well below the valley O
Green grows the lily O
Right among the bushes O**

My cup is full unto the brim If I were to stoop I might fall in

If your true love were passing by You'd give him a drink if he were dry

She swore by grass, she swore by corn that her true love had n'ere been born

He said young maid you're swearing wrong For six young children you have born

If you be a man of noble fame You'll tell to me what did happen t' them

There's two of them beside the tree
At the well below the valley O
Another two beneath the stone
At the well below the valley O
Another two beside the wall

If you be a man of noble fame You'll tell me what will happen m'self

You'll be seven years a ringing the bell
At the well below the valley O
You'll be seven years a burnin' in Hell
At the well below the valley O
But the Lord above will save me soul

Topman and the Aftergaud

A topman and an aftergaud we a walkin' out one day
Says the topman to the aftergaud "I mean for the pray
for the rights of all sailors, and the wrongs of all man.
And whatever I do pray for, you must answer **Amen**

First I'll pray for the bos'n and his little stick
Who balls out all hands, and then gives us a lick
He strikes many a bold seaman, and kicks him a main
May the Devil double, triple damn him
Says the aftergaud **Amen**

Next I'll pray for the purser who gives us to eat
Old burgoo, rank butter, and musty horse meat
And the weavoly old biscuits, so that he can keep the gain
May the Devil double, triple damn him
Says the aftergaud **Amen**

Next I'll pray for them Navy officers who holds back our due
We're owed three years wages, and prize money too
But it's "No you can't have it yet Jack, try next voyage again"
May the Devil double, triple damn them
Says the aftergaud **Amen**

And lastly I'll pray for a jug of good beer
Oh the Lord sends us liquor, our spirits to cheer
And if we find one pot, I'll hope we get ten
May we never, ever want for grog boys
Says the aftergaud **Amen**

While Cruising 'Round Yarmouth

While cruising 'round Yarmouth one day for a spree
I met a fair damsel, the wind blowing free
I'm a fast going clipper, my kind sir said she
I'm ready for cargo, my hold is quite free
Singing Fol-de-rol-laddie-aye-fol-de-rol-day
Fol-de-rol-laddie-aye-fol-de-rol-day

What country she comes from I cannot tell which
By her appearance I thought she was Dutch
Her flag wore it's colors, her masthead was low
She was round in the quarter, and bluff in the bow

I gave her the rope, and I took her in tow
Yardarm to yardarm a towing we'll go
We both towed together till we came to the head
We both towed together through Trafagary bay

She took me upstairs, and her tops'l she lowered
In a neat little parlor she soon had me mowed
She put in her fors'ls her stays'ls and all
With her lilly white hand on my reef tackle full

I said pretty fair maid it's time to give oar
For 'twix wind at water you've run me ashoad
My shot locker's empty, the powder's all spent
I can't fire a shot, for it's chocked to the vent

Here's luck to the girl with the black curly locks
Here's luck to the girl who ran Jack on the rocks
Here's luck to the doctor who eased all his pain
He's squared his main yard, he's a cruisin' again

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was a goin' over the far famed Kerry mountains
I spied with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver
Mush-a ring durum do durum di
Wack fall the daddy-o, wack fall the daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
But the devil's in the women and they never can be easy

I went up to my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure 't was no wonder
But Jenny stole me charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

'Twas early in the morning, just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen and likewise captain Farrell
I first produced me pistol for she stole away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water, so a prisoner I was taken

If anyone can aid me 't is my brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll go with me, we'll go rovin' through Killkenny
And I'm sure he'll treat me better than my own a-sporting Jenny

Now there's some take delight in the carriages a rolling
and others take delight in the hurling and the bowling

but I take delight in the juice of the barley
and courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

Whiskey you're the Devil

**Whiskey, you're the devil, you're leadin' me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Americae
You're sweeter, stronger, decenter, you're spunkier than tae
O whiskey, you're my darlin' drunk or sober**

Oh, now, brave boys, we're on the march and off to Portugal and Spain
The drums are beating, banners flying, the devil at home will come tonight
Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, Me rikes fall tour a laddie oh
There's whiskey in the jar. Hey!

Said the mother: "Do not wrong me, don't take my daughter from me
For if you do I will torment you, and after death a ghost will haunt you
Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, Me rikes fall tour a laddie oh
There's whiskey in the jar. Hey!

The French are fighting boldly, men dying hot and coldly
Gives ev'ry man his flask of powder, his farlock on his shoulder
Love, fare thee well, with me tithery eye the doodelum the da
Me tithery eye the doodelum the da, Me rikes fall tour a laddie oh
There's whiskey in the jar. Hey!

Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my 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

**And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never, no more
And I'll play the wild rover
No never, no more**

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit. She answered me nay
Such a cust'mer as yours I can have any day

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

I went to my parents and confessed what I'd done
And I asked them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they caressed me, as oft times before
I never will play the wild rover no more

Wild Goose Nation

I'm a ramblin' son of the Wild Goose Nation

Haul away, haul away, haul away, hold high

And I left me wife on the big plantation

Haul away, me boys haul away

On the first day out from the Wild Goose Nation

I sore did lament and regret me situation

For it's Pat, do this and that and mind yer station

Yer a lousy son on the Wild Goose Nation

So I turned around and I give 'em all a pastin'

For I am a true son of the Wild Goose Nation

I'm a ramblin' son of the Wild Goose Nation

And I'm off to Amerikee to get an education

Wings of a Goney



Oh if I had the wings of a goney boys I'd spread 'em and fly home
I'd leave all of Greenland's icy shores, for the right whale here is none
Oh the weather's rough and the winds do blow, and there's little comfort here
I'd rather be snug in a Deptford pub a-drinking a strong beer

Oh a man must be mad or wanting money bad to go venture catching whales
For he may be drowned when the fish turns around or his head smashed in by its' tail
They world seems grand to a young greenhand, and his heart is high when he goes
In a very short burst he'd as soon as hear a curse as the cry of "There she blows"

All hands on deck, now for God's sake, move quickly if you can
Oh he stumbles on deck, so dizzy and so sick, for his life he don't give a damn
High overhead the great flukes spread, and the mate gives the whale the iron
And soon the blood, in purple flood, from his spout all comes a-flyin'

Oh these trials we bare for neigh on four years, till our flyin' jib points to home
We're supposed for our toil to get a bonus on the oil, and an equal share of the bone
So we go to the agent to settle for our debt, and it's there we have cause to repent
For we've slaved away four years of our lives, and we've earned about three pounds ten

The Wreck of the Lady Washington

© Mikki Perry

It was nineteen hundred and ninety one
On October the seventeenth day
When the gallant ship, The Lady Washington
From Pasco sailed away (brave souls),
From Pasco sailed away.

The lookout on the foremast peak Teddy Keyes so young and fair
He would guide them under The railroad bridge,
With only four feet to spare (brave souls),
With only four feet to spare.

They were one hundred feet From the railroad bridge When a green light turned to red
“Reverse engines, come about”, Ted cried out
“The bridge is coming down ahead” (brave souls),
“The bridge is coming down ahead”.

They were doing four knots And the current was swift, That ship just could not stop.
Captain Sandy pulled the tiller, And he turned her half around,
As the bridge continued to drop (brave souls),
As the bridge continued to drop.

As the bridge came down The lookout aloft Tried to push that bridge away.
It was a reflex thing And he knew that it was dumb,
But he tried it anyway (brave souls),
He tried it anyway.

And the bridge came down She was struck broadside, And the mainmast and gaff did crack
But she didn't capsize, And no lives were lost,
And she'll probably never come back (any more),
She'll probably never come back.

The twenty six passengers Aboard that ship were shaken, dazed and pale.
They never reached Umatilla that day
But they'll never forget that sail (brave souls)
They'll never forget that sail.

“To lose our mast”, the captain said, “It grieves my heart full sore,
But to be struck down by a railroad bridge,
It grieves me ten times more (brave souls),
It grieves me ten times more.”

Oh Pasco is a dreadful place it's a land that's seldom green,
Where the dust storms blow, and the trains come and go,
But the tall ships are seldom seen (brave souls).
The tall ships are seldom seen.

You are my Sunshine

**You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away**

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
But when I woke dear, I was mistaken
And I hung my head down, and cried

You told me once dear, that you loved me
That nothing else could come between
But you've gone and left me for another
And you've shattered all of my dreams

I'll always love you and make you happy
If you'll only say the same
But if you leave me for another
You'll regret it all someday