

# Song Book

Ed Yother  
ed@edyother.com  
edyother.com

February 19, 2023

## Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>The Songs</b>	<b>3</b>
	Aikendrum . . . . .	3
	The Banks of Newfoundland . . . . .	4
	Barrett's Privateers . . . . .	5
	The Blacksmith . . . . .	6
	Bold McShane . . . . .	7
	Dirty Old Town . . . . .	9
	Farewell and Adieu . . . . .	10
	Felix the Soldier . . . . .	11
	Go to Sea Once More . . . . .	12
	Hangin' Johnny . . . . .	15
	Haul Away Joe . . . . .	16
	Henry Joy . . . . .	17
	High Barbaree . . . . .	19
	In Praise of Alcohol . . . . .	20
	Jack Tar . . . . .	21
	Jolly Roving Tar . . . . .	22
	Larry Marr . . . . .	23
	The Leaving of Liverpool . . . . .	24
	Man You don't Meet Everyday . . . . .	25
	Mauling Live Oak . . . . .	27
	Mingulay Boat Song . . . . .	28
	The Old Chariot . . . . .	29
	Paddy on the Railway . . . . .	30
	Paddy West . . . . .	31
	Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth . . . . .	32
	Ranzo Ray . . . . .	33
	Rocky Road to Dublin . . . . .	34
	Rolling Down the River . . . . .	36
	Roving Peddler . . . . .	37
	Row Bullies Row . . . . .	38
	Santa Anna . . . . .	39
	Seaman's Hymn . . . . .	40
	Shove Around the Jug . . . . .	41
	The Well Below the Valley . . . . .	42
	Topman and the Aftergaud . . . . .	43

While Cruising 'Round Yarmouth . . . . .	44
Whiskey in the Jar . . . . .	45
Whiskey you're the Devil . . . . .	46
Wild Rover . . . . .	47
Wild Goose Nation . . . . .	48
Wings of a Goney . . . . .	49
The Wreck of the Lady Washington . . . . .	50
You are my Sunshine . . . . .	51

# 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

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

12



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 taugtly 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

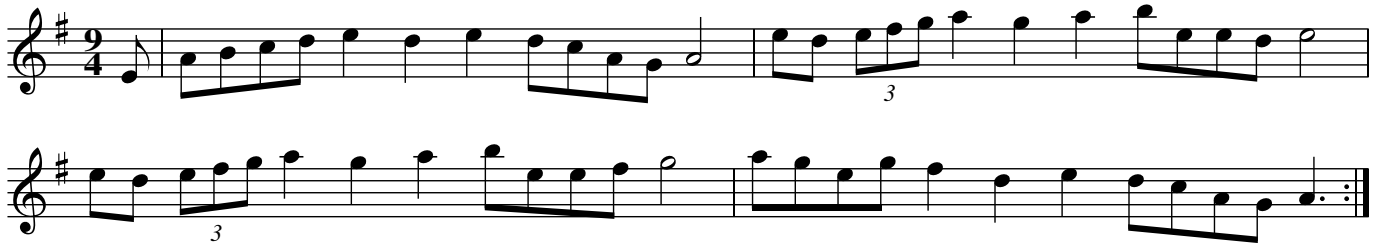
Down by the dockgates where the work is done

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 ashoal  
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