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Bedlam Boys

Bedlam Boys (aka Tom of Bedlam)

(traditional)

1. To find my Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand years I travel
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
To save me shoes from gravel

CHORUS

**Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny.
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.**

2. I now repent that ever
Poor Tom was so disdain-ed.
My wits are tossed and semi-crossed
Which makes me thus go chain-ed.
3. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money
4. I went to Pluto's kitchen,
to beg some food one morning.
There I got souls spiking hot,
while on the spit a-turning.
5. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money
6. There I took up a caldron,
where I boiled ten thousand harlots.
Though still a-flame I drank the same,
with a health to all such varlets.
7. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.

8. Me staff has murdered giants,
me bag a long knife carries,
to cut mince pies from children's thighs,
with which to feed the faeries.
9. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
10. No gypsy, slut, or doxie,
shall win me mad Tom from me.
I'll weep all night with the stars I'll fight,
the fray shall well become me.
11. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
12. So drink to Tom of Bedlam,
fill all the seas and barrels.
I'll drink it all well brewed with gall,
and maudlin drunk I'll quarrel.
13. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
14. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.

Beer that Tastes Like Beer

Chorus:

Here's to beer that tastes like beer!
An amber glass of wholesome cheer
A noble brew that has no peer
Beer that tastes like beer!

1. For centuries the brewers craft
Produced the most exquisite draft
When he brews with what he ought'er
Barley malt, hops, yeast and water.
2. Among the most requested favors
Please avoid exotic flavors
Fruits and nuts and spices queer
Have no place in honest beer!
3. Oh stay the bung don't drive the spile
On concoctions rank with adjuncts vile
Cornflakes, rice and rats from sewers
Fine for cooks but not for brewers!
4. Let cheese be cheese and bread be bread
Don't serve us soap or sponge instead
While sausages may cause some fear
For goodness sake let beer be beer!
5. So stick with what is good and true
A beery tasting, smelling brew
Then you'll earn our highest rating
Refreshing yet intoxicating!

Here's to Beer that Tastes Like Beer

Nick Robertshaw

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (two sharps) and common time. The first staff is labeled 'Verse' and starts at measure 1. The second staff starts at measure 5. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and starts at measure 9. The fourth staff starts at measure 13. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent bass line in the first staff.

Beer, Beer, Beer

1. C

A long time ago, way back in history,

F

when all there was to drink was nothin' but cups of tea.

C

F

F

Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops,

G7

C

and he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

Refrain:

C

He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king,

G7

and to his praises we shall always sing.

C

F

C

Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!

G7

Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer.

(beer, beer,tiddly beer, beer, beer. . .)

2. The Curtis bar, the James' Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well

One thing you can be sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell

So all ye lads a lasses at eleven O'clock ye stop

For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops 1 2 3 4 5

Refrain

3. A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,

The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.

Corty pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.

Its only eight pence ha'penny and one and six in tax!

Refrain

The Lord bless Charlie Mops!

Being a Pirate

1. Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses an eye;

It stings like the blazes, it makes you pull faces,
You can't let your mates see you cry.
A dashing black patch will cover the hatch,
And make sure that the socket stays dry;
Being a pirate is all fun and games,
Till somebody loses an eye.

*But it's all part of being a pirate,
You can't be a pirate (you can't be, you can't be)
With all of your parts;
It's all part of being a pirate,
You can't be a pirate (you can't be a pirate)
With all of your parts.*

C	G7	G7
C		C
F		F
G7	C	C
F	C	C
G7	C	C
F	C	C
G7	C	C

2. Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a hand;

It spurts and it squirts and it jolly well hurts,
Pain only a pirate could stand.
The fash'nable look is a nice metal hook,
But now you can't play in the band;
Being a pirate is all fun and games,
Till somebody loses a hand.

3. Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses an ear;

It drips down your neck, and it falls on the deck,
Till someone shouts, "Oy, what's this 'ere?"
You can't wear your glasses, you can't poll the lasses,
Your friends have to shout so you'll hear;
Being a pirate is all fun and games,
Till somebody loses an ear.

YouTube Recordings

- http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j00n_1_104
- <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r9WWOmA5Or4>

4. Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a leg;

It hurts like the dickens, your pace never quickens,
Hopping around on a peg.

Ask your sweetheart to marry, but too long you've tarried,
'Cause now you can't kneel down and beg;
Being a pirate is all fun and games,
Till somebody loses a leg.

Recorded by Don Freed Saskatchewan, CA
(Live ARR! ©1992 Bushleague Records).

5. Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses their hair',

With cutlass or rapier, lest I put duct tape here,
I'll soon see my toupe down there.

Just like Errol Flynn, they swing their swords in,
and fling my rug who knows where.
Being a pirate is all fun and games,
'til somebody loses their hair.

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a 'wotsit',
Though you didn't choose it, you don't want to lose it,
You're hoping that somebody spots it,
Then the 'Doc' comes along and he sews it back on,
Or he ties it on tight then he knots it!
Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a 'wotsit'.

Bell Bottom Trousers

- When I was a serving maid down on Drury Lane,
My master he was good to me; my mistress much the same.
When along came a sailor ashore on liberty
And all to my woe, he took liberty with me.

*Typically, acapella with
vocal percussion:
Thrrrrumm Tum Tum, etc.*

Chorus: Singing the bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue,
Let ' the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

- I met him at a ball and he asked me for a dance.
I knew he was a sailor by the way he wore his pants.
His shoes were neatly polished, his hair was nicely combed
And when the ball was over he asked to take me home.

Chorus

- He asked me for a handkerchief to tie around his head
He asked me for a candlestick to light his way to bed.
And I, a foolish maiden, not thinking it no harm,
I jumped into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm.

Chorus

- I know'd he was no Samson, but that night he went to town.
And laid me in the bed there 'til my blue eyes turned to brown.
Then early in the morning, before the break of day
A five pound note he gave to me; some warning words to say:
- He said: "Take this my darling for the damage I have done.
For you may have a daughter, or you may have a son.
Now, if you have a daughter, you can bounce her on your knee.
But if you have a son, SEND THE BASTARD OFF TO SEE!"

Chorus x 2

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first five staves represent the instrumental accompaniment, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth-note patterns typical of a banjo or fiddle. The sixth staff is labeled 'Chorus' and shows the vocal melody in a simple, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Black Velvet Band

1. C G7
In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound.
C Em Am C F G7 C
And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town.
C G7
But bad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to stray from the land
C Em Am C F G7 C
Far away from my friends and relations. They follow the black velvet band.

Chorus:

C
Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds.
C G7
You'd think she was queen of the land,
C Em Am C
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
F G7 C
Tied up with a black velvet band.

2. Well, I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far,
When I met with a frolicsome damsels. She was selling her trade in the bar.
A watch she took from a customer, and slipped it right into my hand.
Then the law came and put me in prison.
Bad luck to her black velvet band!

Chorus.

3. Next morning, before judge and jury, for trial I had to appear.
And the judge, he said "my young fellow, the case against you is quite clear.
And seven long years is your sentence. You're going to Van Diemen's Land,
Far away from your friends and relations. You'll follow the black velvet band."

Chorus.

4. Now, come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have you take warning by me.
And whenever you're out on the liquor, my lads, beware of the pretty colleens.
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, til you are not able to stand.
And the very next thing that you know, my lads, you've landed in Van Diemen's Land.

Chorus 2x.

Blow the Man Down

Refrain

C Am7 C Am7
Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
C Am7 F G7
Weigh, hey! Blow the man down.
F G7
Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away.
G7 C
Give me some time to blow the man down!

1. C Am7 C Am7
As I was walking down Paradise Street.
C Am7 F G7
Weigh, hey! Blow the man down.
Dm G7 Dm G7
A pretty young damsel I wanted to meet.
G7 C
Walked with her man, O Blow the man down!

Refrain

2. I swung with my left and I swung with my right.
Weigh, hey! Blow the man down.
But, he was a guy who sure knew how to fight.
None of my blows could blow the man down.

Refrain

3. That adorable dame took her man by the arm.
Weigh, hey! Blow the man down.
And walked with her hero and all of her charms.
While me, I just lay all flat on the ground.

Refrain

4. All you sailors take warning, before you set sail
Weigh, hey! Blow the man down.
If he's big as a house and as strong as a whale,
Think twice before you blow the man down!

Refrain x 2

Blow Ye Winds Yo Ho

1. G

They Shanghai'd men in Boston, New York and Buffalo

C G A7 D

One hundred dirty scalliwags, a'pirating to go singing...

CHORUS After each verse

G

Blow ye winds in the morning and blow ye winds yo ho

C G A7 D G

Hoist the sails and [shouted] Damn the Whales! And blow boys blow.

2. They send you to the Carolines, a favorite pirate lair.
You get a silk wrap for your head, a gold ring for your ear singing...
3. They tell you of the merchant ships a'sailing to the South
And say your hold is filled with gold, before you're six months out singing...
4. And now you're out to sea and you're a'flying skull and bones
If French or Spaniard cross your path, they'll dine with Davy Jones singing...
5. The sailors are much more than crew, each one is like your brother
'Cept for the captain at the helm, who is a real mother singing...
6. The watch up in the crow's nest high's a'grinnin' and a'tallyin'
The chests of gold and silver in that nearby Spanish galleon singing...
7. That ship surrenders without fight and gives up all her booty
You burn and sink her anyway -- it is a pirate's duty singing...
8. You come home after 18 months, your pirating is done
To find your wife is waiting with a brand new baby son singing...

Bonnie Ship the Diamond

1. Am G
The Diamond is a ship me lads,
Am G
For the Spanish straits she's bound
Am G
And the Quay it is all garnish-ed
Em Am
With bonnie lassies 'round.
G
Cap'n Thompson gives the orders:
Am G
"Heave to the Spanish Main!
Am G
For there's battles to be won me boys,
Em Am
And glory for to gain!"

CHORUS

Am G Am
And it's cheer up, me lads
G Am
Keep your hearts brave and bold.
G
For the bonnie ship, The Diamond,
Em G
Goes a-hunting Spanish gold.

Chorus

2. Along the quay at Kingston, lads
The lassies stand around
With their shawls a-pulled about them
And the salt tears running down.
Ah, weep ye not me bonnie lass,
And be not filled with dread.
When we return with Spanish gold,
Upon that day we'll wed!

CHORUS

3. Here's a health to old King George, me boys.
Likewise to Eng-a-land.
And here's to the Golden Vanity
And the old Queen Anne's Revenge.
We'll fly what flags we want, me boys,
But our hearts will re-main true.
Ou lasses wait in Kingston, lads,
Let's give 'em what their due!

CHORUS

4. 'Twill be the dead of winter
When we return again
With a ship that's full of gold, me lads
And glory to our name!
We'll make the cradles for to rock
And the blankets for to tear.
And every lass in Kingston
Will sing "Hush-a-bye my dear."

CHORUS x 2

Cadgwith Anthem

Motley Tones verses for Cadgwith Anthem

- 1) Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry,
For to rob bags of plunder it is our intent.
As we...
- 2) We come from yonder mountain, and our pistols are loaded,
We will rob and we'll plunder as is our intent--As we...
- 3) Hush, Hush, in the distance, there's footsteps approaching.
Stand, stand and deliver, it is our watch cry.
As we...
- 4) Your gold and your jewels, - Your life if resisted!
We shall laugh at your agony, and scorn at your threats – As we...
- 5) Come fill up your glasses and let us be merry,
For to rob bags of plunder it is our intent.
As we...

History:

Evidence of the lyrics for this song indicate it was written before 1906, when it appeared in the (Royal?) Navy Song Book. It hails from Cornwall, England.

The story goes that there was a Cornish regiment which became the Duke Of Cornwall's Light Infantry that was stationed on the NW Frontier of India. Some members of the regiment were falsely accused of pilfering. They were so indignant of the charge that they wrote this song as a protest and parody of their false accusation.

The origin of the tune is less clear. One source suspects that they utilized or modified a tune local to this region which has since been "Chapelized" (as all good Cornish tunes are).

Cape Cod Girls

1. Cape Cod girls ain't got no combs,
Heave away, Haul away!
They comb their hair wiht the codfish bones
And We're Bound away for Australia!

Refrain:

**Heave her up, my bully, bully boys
Heave away, Haul away!
Heave her up, now don't you make a sound
For we're bound away for Australia**

2. Cape Cod girls ain't got no sleds
Slide down the hills on the Codfish heads
3. Cape Cod girls ain't take no pills
They get their pep from the Codfish gills
4. (alt)Cape Cod folk ain't got no ills
Cape Cod doctors give 'em codfish pills
5. Cape Cod men ain't got no ale
They fill their glasses with codfish tails
6. Cape Cod girls don't wear no clothes
We're Cape Cod bound just as straight as she goes
7. Cape Cod girls ain't bake no pies
They feed their babies with the codfish eyes!
8. Cape Cod cats ain't got not tails
They've all blown off in the Northeast gales

Devilmen Pirates

1. Am F Am F
The Devil Men pirates sail tonight
E
You better shut your portal tight
Am F Am F
They're sharpening their cutlasses and knives
E
And drinking all the rum by the cask

Chorus:

Am
'Cause everybody knows
F G Am
If you don't mind the captain's words
Am G F
A wicked wind will blow
G Am
And crash us on the shoals
Am F
Everybody knows, everybody shake,
E
The devil men pirates wanna steal you
Am
Away

2. They used to be just like me and you
They used to be sweet little boys
But something went horribly askew
Now piracy's their only source of joy.

[Chorus]

3. The devil men pirates on the rise
They're waiting till the dead of night
They're sharpening their cutlasses and knives
And strapping on their scabbards to their thighs

[Chorus]

[Final tag]
Am
The devil men pirates wanna steal you
Am
The devil men pirates wanna steal you
Am
The devil men pirates gonna steal you|
Am F
Away
Am F
Away
Am F
Away
Am F
shhhhhhhh

HYPERLINK "<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MIF9U4KDdWg>"

Do-Re-Mi of Beer

Main Verse:

C

Do I need, to buy my beer

G7

Re The guy who sells me beer

C

Me The one who needs the beer

G7

Fa The distance to the Head

C F

Sol I need another beer

Dm G7

La -ger is my favorite beer

Em Am

Ti --No thanks, I'll have a beer

F G7 C

Which means I need some Do!

Wafting Part:

C

Lager, Stout

F

Pilsner, Bock

C G7

Hefeweizen all in Stock!

C F C G7

When you need to buy your beer

C F C G7 C

You will travel far and near

Alt.

C F C G7

When you want to buy your beer

C F C G7 C

You can get your beer right here!

Ending tag:

So Give Me Do to Buy My Beer, Beer, Beer

Donald, Where's Your Trousers

Am
Just got in from the Isle of Skye
G
I'm not very big and I'm awfully shy
Am
The ladies shout as I go by
G Am
Donald where's your trousers?

Chorus:
Let the winds blow high, and the winds blow low,
Down through the street in my kilt I go
And all the ladies say "Hello!
Donald where's your trousers?"

A lady took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
I was afraid that I would fall
'Cause I nay had on me trousers

Chorus

They'd like to wed me everyone
Just let them catch me if they can
You canna put the brakes on a highland man
Who doesn't like wearing trousers.

Chorus

To wear the kilt is my delight,
It isn't wrong, I know it's right.
The highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in me trousers.

Chorus

Well I caught a cold and me nose was raw
I had no handkerchief at all
So I hiked up my kilt and I gave it a blow,
Now you can't do that with trousers.

Chorus

Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate

1. Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack.
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack.

Chorus:

Long we've tossed on the rolling main,
Now we're safe ashore, Jack.
Don't forget yer old shipmate,
Faldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

2. Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound,
four years gone, or nigh, Jack.
Was there ever chummies, now,
such as you and I, Jack?

Chorus

3. We have worked the self-same gun,
Quarterdeck division.
Sponger I and loader you,
Through the whole commission.

Chorus

4. When the middle watch was on
And the time went slow, boy,
Who could choose a rousing stave,
Who like Jack or Joe, boy?

Chorus

5. There she swings, an empty hulk,
Not a soul below now.
Number seven starboard mess
Misses Jack and Joe now.

Chorus

6. But the best of friends must part,
Fair or foul the weather.
Hand yer flipper for a shake,
Now a drink together.

Chorus

7. We've been plying you with song
Since we've first arrived Jack.
Now we'd better leave you here,
and go to get a beer, Jack! (?)

Chorus

Down Among The Dead Men

1. Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace
May faction end and wealth increase.
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he who would this toast deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let him lie!
2. Let charming beauty's health go round,
With whom celestial joys are found.
And may confusion yet pursue
That selfish woman-hating crew.
And he who'd woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let him lie!
3. In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasures to my soul.
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is the friend of love.
And he that would this health deny,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let him lie!
4. May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign.
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joy that both afford.
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,
Down, down, down;
Down among the dead men let them lie!

Dead men, or dead soldiers,
are empties, usually
adorning the floor under a
festive table.



Here's a health to the king, and a last-ing peace. May fac-tion end and wealth in-crease.



Come let us drink it while we have breath, for there's no drink-ing aft - er death. (and)He who would this



toast de - ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down, down down;



Down a-mong the dead men let him lie.

Drunken Sailor, What Do You Do With a

1. Am

What do you do with a drunken sailor?

G

What do you do with a drunken sailor?

Am

What do you do with a drunken sailor,

G

Am

Early in the morning?

Chorus:

Weigh-heigh, up she rises

Weigh-heigh, up she rises.

Weigh-heigh, up she rises,

Early in the morning.

Chorus after each verse

2. Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober.
3. Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
4. (get line from audience)
5. (again) That's too dirty, we can't sing that. (But, I like it!)
6. Put a lobster down his britches.
7. Put him in bed with the captain's daughter.
8. Have you seen the Captain's Daughter? (various)

Alternate verses:

1. Put him in a boat and row him over.
2. Put him in the brig until he's sober.
3. Hoist him up to the topsail yardarm.
4. Make him clean out all the spit-kids.
5. Put him in a dress and call him "Nancy."
6. Put him in the bilge and make him bail her.
7. Lock him in the guard room 'til he's sober.
8. Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him.
9. Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
10. Give 'im a dose of salt and water.
11. Stick on his back a mustard plaster.
12. Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end. [5]
13. Tie him to the mast and then you flog him.
14. Keel haul him till he's sober.
15. Give 'im the hair of the dog that bit him.
16. Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.
17. Hit him on the head with a drunken soldier
18. Take him to the pub and get him drunker

Eliza Lee

1. G D
The smartest clipper you can find is,
G D
Ho eh, ho ah, are you most done?
C D
She's the Margo Evans of the Blue Star Line!
D
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run.

Refrain

C D
To my aye rig a jig in a jaunting gun,
D
Ho-way, ho, are you most done?
D G Em
With 'Liza Lee all on my knee,
Em
Clear away the track and let the bulgine run.

2. Oh the Margo Evans on the Blue Star Line,
She's never a day behind the time
3. And when we're over in New York Town,
We'll dance their Bowery girls around!
4. Oh, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier,
With Galway shale and Liverpool beer.
5. Oh, when we're back in Beaufort town,
I'll stand you whiskeys all around!

This is a capstan shanty, and a favorite in Yankee Packets. It was also known as "Clear the Track", and "Let the Bulgine Run". There are lots of versions out there. Packets were so-called because they were ships that carried mail from Britain to America. Bulgine was a slang term at the time for engine.

From

http://brethrencoast.com/shanty/Eliza_Lee.html

Fathom the Bowl

Come all ye brave heroes, give ear to me song
I'll sing you in praise of good porters and rum
There's the clear crystal fountain o'er England shall roll
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

From France we get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

Chorus

*I'll Fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl*

My father doth lie in the depths of the sea
No stone for his head, but what matters to he?
There's a clear crystal fountain and near him doth roll
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

Chorus

My man do disturb me when I lay at my ease
He scolds and he throws things and he hates the sea (all gasp)
That man is is the devil, no worse storm doth roll ("oops, sorry honey!")
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

Chorus

My husband takes care when I lay at my rest
He does what he does, and he does it the best
He cleans up after me and sings with his soul ("I love you honey!")
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

Chorus

Now this here ol' bloke be the Captain for me
He let's me drink rum as we sail on the sea
So we're all drunken pirates, and liquor doth roll
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

Fiddler's Green

As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt waters and take in the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh, take me away boys me time is not long

Wrap me up in me oilskin and blankets
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Now when you're in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
And the girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gail
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze-box as we sail along
With the wind in the riggin to sing me a song

verse:
C F G G
G F C G
F G C
C F C G7

chorus:
C G C
F G
F
C
C F G C

(Key D)

Finnegan's Wake

1. Tim Finnegan lived on Walkin' Street,
a gentle Irishman mighty odd;
He had a brogue both rich and sweet,
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of a tippler's way;
With a love of the whiskey poor Tim was born,
And to help him on with his work each day
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

Chorus:

**Whack fol the darn O, dance to yer partner,
Whirl the floor yer trotters shake;
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake!**

2. One morning Tim was feelin' full,
His head was heavy which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
And laid him out upon the bed,
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus.

3. His friends all gathered at the wake,
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First she brought in tay and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Then Biddy O'Brien began to bawl,
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?
"O Tim mavourneen, why did you die?"
Arragh, "Shut yer your gob!" said Paddy McGee.

4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
"O Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure."
So, Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob
That left her sprawling on the floor!
And then the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh Law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus

5. Then Mickey Maloney, he ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed! And falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim!
Behold the corpse! See how he rises!
Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, "Whirl your own whiskey around like blazes,
"Thanum and dhul! Do ye think I'm dead?"

Chorus x 2

Fish in the Sea

1. Em D Em
Come all you young sailor men, listen to me
Em D Bm
I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea:

Refrain:

Em D Bm D
And it's windy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys
Em D Bm D
When the wind blows, we're all together, boys;
Em D Bm D
Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow
Em D Bm Em
Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes

2. Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail
3. Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth
Saying, "You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef!"
4. Up jumps the whale, the largest of all
"If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall!"

Florie

1. C

F

Oh, they built the ship The Florie to sail the ocean blue,

C

G7

And they claimed it was a ship that the sea would not go through,

C

C7

F

Cdim

But the good Lord raised his hand, said "This ship will never land".

C

G7

C

It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus:

F

It was sad, so sad,

C

It was sad, too bad,

C

G7

It was sad when the great ship went down -- to the bottom of the (sea)

C

C7

F

Cdim

Captain and crew—Davy Jones has got his due—

C

G7

C

It was sad when the great ship went down.

2. They were nearing to the shore, when the rain began to pour.

And they found a scurvy stowaway sleeping on the floor,

So they sent him/her down below where he'd/she'd be the first to go.

It was sad when the great ship went down.

[Chorus]

3. Now the moral of the story is very plain to see,

You should wear a life preserver when you go out to sea.

The Florie never made it and never more shall be.

It was sad when the great ship went down, down, down.

[Chorus]

Kerplunk, she sunk. Too bad, how sad.

The Grog Song

Chorus:

Grog, Grog, Grog, Grog beverage of the Seas.
Grog, Grog, Grog, Grog drink it when you please
What's the sea dog's tightener? (Grog!)
What's the drink of bliss (Grog!)
Have yourself a cup or two and watch your cannon's miss.

1. Back in the beginning when when seamen went to sea.
They braved the wind and water wild and suffered from scurv-ee.
Lime juice'd guard against it, but was liked by only some.
'Til an admiralty genius said, "Let's mix it with some rum!"

Chorus:

Grog, Grog, Grog, Grog beverage of the Seas.
Grog, Grog, Grog: it helps us stand the fleas.
What's the sea dog's tightener? (Grog!)
What's the drink of bliss (Grog!)
Have yourself a mug or two--how about a kiss? (uhhh, sorry.)

2. Draw yourself some water, mix it with some lime.
Cut yourself some sugar cane, crush it nice and fine.
Then add the lovely licquor; good strong naval rum.
Mix it up and let it set. Now let those pirates come. (Arrrrr!)

Chorus:

Grog, Grog, Grog, Grog beverage of the Seas.
Grog, Grog, Grog: Damn the first to pee.
What's the sea dog's tightener? (Grog!)
What's the drink of bliss (Grog!)
Have yourself a mug or two--I think I need toRest.

Final Chorus:

Grog, Grog, Grog, Grog beverage of the Seas.
Grog, Grog, Grog: Drink it when you please.
What's the sea dog's tightener? (Grog!)
What's the drink of bliss (Grog!)
Have yourself a mug or two and watch your cannons miss.

Handy with a Sword

1. C F G7 C
Some men love a noble lady bred so prim and tight.
F C D7 G
Some go for a tavern wench who's good for all the night.
F C F G7
Some men love a sorceress who sees with 2nd sight
C G7 C
Me I fall for any girl who beats me in a fight.

Chorus:

F C
I've known me many a willing girl whose left me cool & bored.
G7 C
But I'm always hot & bothered when she's handy with a sword.

2. Boast about your good wife who can bake a bread so rare.
Sing about your milkmaid with her long and shining hair.
Brag about your dancer with her legs so long and bare.
Me I want a woman who wears armor everywhere.

Chorus:

I've known me many a willing girl who promised great reward
But I always get excited when she's handy with a sword.

3.
[Interlude]

4. Girls who blush and giggle are the sort that some men love.
Girls who act demure and sweet and coo like turtle doves,
Girls who dress in scanty clothes and flounce & flaunt their
charms.
Me I want a woman who can thrash a man at arms.

Chorus:

I've known me many a willing girl who made me feel adored.
But desire's always greatest when she's handy with a sword.

Final Chorus:

I've known me many a willing girl whose charms I could afford
I'd spend it all on any girl who's handy with a sword.

Hard by a Fountain

Soprano Alto

Hard by a foun - tain, hard by mourn'd the foun - tain, Da - mon op -
 Thus mourn'd the shep - hard, thus mourn'd the shep - hard, all op -

Tenor Bass

5
 sat com - plain - ing, Hard by a foun - tain, hard by mourn'd the foun -
 press'd with an - guish, thus mourn'd the shep - hard, thus mourn'd the foun -
 op -

9
 tain, Da - mon op - sat com - plain - ing, Of "O Daph - ne fair maid, and for -
 hard, all op - press'd with an - guish.

13
 her un - kind dis - dain - ing, And ev - er and a - non, and ev - er and a - non, and
 ev - er must I lan - guish?" "Fa ev - er and a - non, and ev - er and a - non, and
 la la la la la, fa la la la la la, fa

Haul Away Joe

Am Em

When I was a little lad

 Dm Em

Or so my mother told me,

Am Em Dm E Am

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

 Am Em

That if I did not kiss the gals

 Dm Em

Me lips would all grow moldy.

Am Em Dm E Am

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Way, haul away, the good ship is a-bolding,

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Way, haul away, the sheet is now unfold-ing,

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

King Louis was the king of France

Before the revolution

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

But then he got his head cut off

Which 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!

Way haul away, we'll haul away together

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

The cook is in the galley boys

Making duff so handy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

The captain's in his cabin lads

Drinking wine and brandy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Way, haul away, I'll sing to you of Nancy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Way, haul away, she's just my cut and fancy

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!

Way haul away, we'll haul away together

Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe!

Health to the Company

3

Here's a health to the company and come
1. Kind friends and com - pa - ny and
2. Here's a health to the com - pan - ions, come
3. Our ship lies at the wee lass that she's

4

one to my lass. Let us drink and be
join me in rhyme. Come For lift up your
I love so well. For I style and for
rea dy to dock. I wish her safe

7

mer - ry all out of one glass. Let us
voi - ces in chor - us with mine. Let us
beau - ty there are none can ex - cel. She
lan - ding with - out a - ny shock. And if

10

drink and be mer - ry all grief to re -
drink and be mer - ry all grief to re -
smiles on my coun - ten - ance as she sits on my
e - ver we meet a - gain by land or by

13

frain For we may and might ne - - - ver all
frain For we may and might ne - - - ver all
knee. Sure, there's no one on earth who's
sea. Sure I'm al - - ways re - mem - ber - in' your

16

meet here a - - - gain.
meet here a - - - gain.
hap - py as me.
kind - ness to me.

Hole in the Bottom of the Sea

1. C G7

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

C

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

There's a hole.

F

There's a hole.

C

G7

C

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.

2. There's a log in the hole

3. There's a bump on the log

4. There's a branch on the bump

5. There's a twig on the branch

6. There's a leaf on the twig

7. There's a frog on the leaf

8. There's a fly on the frog

9. There's a flea on the fly

10. There's a wing on the flea

11. There's a spot on the wing

12. There's a hole in the spot

Repeat verse 1.

Homemade Sour Mash & Gin

Chorus:

C F C
Homemade sour mash and gin,
C G7 C
Take your mason jars, jelly jars pour it right in.
C
You'll be surprised all the friends you can win
G7 C
Making homemade sour mash & sour mash and gin.

1. C

'Tis an old recipe from my father to me
G7 C
And to my father from his.
C
So have you a round, it's so smooth goin' down
G7 C
And soon we'll be singing in bliss.

Chorus

2. The sheriff came 'round to shut it all down,
He said, "hey, you're breaking the law!"
So we gave him a drink & he certainly did think
That it wasn't so bad after all.

Chorus

3. One night last week an old widow stopped by,
She had a big jug in her hand.
" Word is in town, if I keep this around,
I could possibly catch me a man!"

Chorus

4. The Priest dropped in and said, "It's a sin
To be wastin' your efforts this way."
He tasted a dram, then a cup, then a pint
And ended up staying all day.

Chorus

5. The schoolmarm showed up with her wee little cup
In secret, in shame, and in stealth
She said, "I'm dismayed for my nerves are quite frayed
So I need a nice nip for my health."

Chorus

6. The tax man dropped by to raise a levy so high,
We thought that we were in trouble
But he said, "have no frets, we can settle your debts
But first you must give me a double! "

Chorus

7. A pirate came by, with a patch on one eye,
And a hook where his hand used to be.
He threw back a glass and fell flat on his ____
And said, "Yarr, I be switching to tea."

Chorus

8. In heaven they have no whiskey.
In heaven they have no beer.
So while we're all here together
We must enjoy it here

Chorus

9. So raise your glass to times of the past
To friends both far and near.
Raise your glass, steal a kiss from your lass,
For the good times we wished for are here.

Chorus 2x

Iko Iko

(2 chords: G and D7)

1. My first mate and your first mate
Were Sit-tin' by the fire.
My first mate said to Your first mate:
"I'm gon-na set your ship on fire.

Chorus:

Talk-in' 'bout, Hey now! Hey now! I-KO, I-KO, un-day
Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-nee. - Jock-a-mo fee na-nee.-

2. Look at my captain all dressed in red.-
I-KO, I-KO, un-day.
I bet-chu five dol-lars he'll kill you dead
Jock-a-mo fee na-nay.
Everyone:

Chorus

3. My bosun and your bosun were
sit-tin' by the fire.
My bosun said to Your bosun:
"I'm gon-na set your ship on fire."
Everyone:

Chorus

4. See that pirate all dressed in green?
I-KO, I-KO, un-day.
He's not a man;
He's a killin' ma-chine.
Jock-a mo fee na-nee.-

Chorus 2x

After some research, it is believed that the words in the chorus date back to the early 1700s, so we can tell the story, which people probably don't know.

History:

<http://www.americanbluesscene.com/2012/02/iko-iko-jock-a-mo/>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0wNSHPQj0W8> Dixie Cups version
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_8IifQjYuI Captain Jack version (fab video)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XlGimpEg7GA> Greatful Dead version

John Kanaka Naka

1. I thought I heard the First Mate say
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
You'll work tomorrow, but not today
John Kanaka naka, tulai e

Chorus

Tulai e, oh, tulai e!
Oh, John Kanaka naka, tulai e.

2. I thought I heard the old man say
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
Today, today is a sailing day
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
3. We're outward bound from Frisco Bay
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
We're outward bound at the break of day
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
4. It's rotten meat and weevily bread
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
In two months out you wish you were dead
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
5. I thought I heard the Bosun say
John Kanaka naka, tulai e
It's one more pull and then belay
John Kanaka naka, tulai e

(Make up your own verses...)

Chorus 2x

Jug O' Punch

Jug of Punch

One evening in the month of June
As I was sitting in my room
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch."

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
A small bird sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch."

What more diversion can a man desire?
Than to sit him down by an alehouse fire
Upon his knee a pretty wench
And upon the table a jug of punch.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Upon his knee a pretty wench
And on the table a jug of punch.

Let the doctors come with all their art
They'll make no impression upon my heart
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
T too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

And if I get drunk, well, me money's me own
And them don't like me they can leave me alone
I'll chune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
T oo ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
I'll chune me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay,
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

CHORDS

verse/chorus:
G C G D7
G C G D7 G

(Key G)

Last Shanty, The

1. D

M' father often told me, when I was just a lad,
D
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad,
D
But now I've joined the navy, I'm on board a man-o-war,
A D
And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor any more!

Chorus:

D
Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,
A
If you see a sailing-ship it might be your last,
D
Get your 'civvies ready for another run-ashore,
A
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more!

2. The 'killick' of our mess, he says we've had it soft,
It wasn't like this in his day, when he was up aloft,
We like our bunks and sleeping bags but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead or lying on the floor?
3. They gave us an engine that first went up and down,
Then with more technology the engine went around,
We're good with steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more!
4. They gave us an Aldiss Lamp, we can do it right,
They gave us a radio, we signal day and night,
We know our codes and ciphers but what's a 'sema' for?
A 'bunting-tosser' doesn't toss the bunting any more!
5. They gave us a radar set to pierce the fog and gloom,
So now the lookout's sitting in a tiny, darkened room,
Loran does navigation the Sonar says how deep,
The Jimmy's 3 sheets to the wind, the Skipper's fast asleep.
6. Two cans of beer a day, that's your bleeding lot!
But now we gets an extra two because they stopped The Tot,
So, we'll put on our civvy-clothes and find a pub ashore,
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before!

Leave Her Johnny

1. Oh I thought I heard the old man say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Tomorrow ye will get your pay!
And it's time for us to leave her!
2. *Chorus:*
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her;
It's a long hard pull to the next pay day
And it's time for us to leave her.
3. Oh, the work was hard and the voyage was long,
The sea was high and the gales were strong.
4. Oh, the grub was bad and the wages low,
But, now once more ashore we'll go.
5. Well the Sails are furled and the work is done,
So, now ashore, we'll have our fun.
6. So lets, make her fast and stow her gear,
The gals are waiting on the pier.
7. There was weevily meat and weevily bread,
"Take the less of two weevils, the captain said."
8. Well, you've heard Motley Tones and you've drunk your beer,
You don't have to go home, but you can't stay here.

Other verses

1. Oh a dollar a day is a shellback's pay,
To pump all night and haul all day.
2. "It's pump or drown," the old man said,
"It's pump ye whores or we'll all be dead."
3. No more Cape Horn, no more stand by,
We'll pump 'er out and we'll leave 'er dry.
4. Oh the rats are gone and we the crew,
Now it's high time we left 'er too.
5. Well I thought I heard the old man say,
"Just one suck, oh! And then belay."
6. The captain was bad but the mate was worse,
He could blow you down with a sigh & a curse
7. And a dollar a day is a sailor's pay
Then it's pump all night and it's work all day

Now the times are hard and the wa- ges low, Leave her John- ny leave her. An' I

think it's time for us to go. And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her John- ny leave her. Oh it's leave her John- ny leave her! 'Cause the

voy- age is done an' the winds don't blow, And it's time for us to leave her.

Maggie Mae

1.

Now gather round you sailor boys, and listen to me plea

And when you've heard me tale, you'll pity me

For I was a bloody fool in the port of Liverpool

The first time that I came home from the sea

2. We paid off at the home from the port of Sierra Leone

And four pounds ten a month that was me pay

With a pocket full of tin I was very soon taken in

By a girl with the name of Maggie May

Chorus:

Oh Maggie, Maggie May they have taken her away

And she'll never walk down Lime Street anymore

For she robbed so many sailors and captains of the whalers

That dirty, robbin' no good Maggie May

3. Oh well do I remember when I first met Maggie May

She was cruising up and down old Canning Place

She'd a figure so divine, like a frigate of the line

So me being a sailor, I gave chase

4. Well in the morning I awoke, and I was flat and stony broke

No jacket, trousers, waistcoat I could find

When I asked her where they were she said "My very dear sir,
They're down in Kelly's knocker number nine."

Chorus:

[POSSIBLE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK]

5. To the pawnshop I did go but no clothes there I did find

So the policeman came and took that girl away

The judge he guilty found her, of robbing a homeward-bounder

And paid her passage out to Botany Bay

Chorus x 2

After second chorus, add this tag line:

My dirty, robbin' ex-wife Maggie May.

Marching Inland

1. G C G
Lord Nelson knew the perfect way to cure your 'mal-de-mer',
A7 D
So if you pay attention, his secret I will share,
G C A7
To any sea-sick sailor he'd give this advice for free:
G C D G
"If you're feeling sea-sick, sit underneath a tree!"

Chorus:

G C G
I'm marching inland from the shore,
G A7 D
Over m' shoulder carrying an oar,
G C A7
When someone asks me: "What - is that funny thing you've got?"
C D G D G
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more, no more,
C D G
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!

2. Columbus he set-sail to find out if the world was round,
He kept on sailing to the West until he ran aground,
He thought he'd found The Indies but he'd found the U.S.A.,
I know some navigators who can still do that today.
 3. Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away,
Grenville's REVENGE is at the bottom of the bay,
Many's the famous sailor never came home from the sea,
Just take my advice, Jack, come and follow me.
 4. Sailors take a warning from these men of high renown,
When you leave the ocean and it's time to settle down,
Never cast your anchor less than ninety miles from shore,
There'd always be temptation to be off to sea once more.

Mermaid Song

1. G C G
Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
C D G
And we were not far from land, (from the land)
G C
When the Captain spied a lovely mermaid,
C D G
With a comb and a brush in her hand. (in her hand)

Chorus G

Oh the ocean waves they roll,
G D
And the stormy winds they blow,
G C G
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
C D G
And the land lubbers lie down below, below, below
C D G
And the land lubbers lie down below.

2. Then up spoke the Cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a right smart lad was he (yes, he was)
"I cannot even spell mermaid
but I'm going to the bottom of the sea." (yes, he is)

Chorus

3. Then up spoke the Cook of our gallant ship,
And a red-hot/greasy cook was she/he (yes he/she was)
"I care much more for my pots and my pans,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea." (yes he/she does)

Chorus

4. Then up spoke the Bo'sun of our gallant ship,
And a right bossie man was he. (yes he was)
"I tell all the sailors exactly what to do
but they hardly ever listen to me." (never ever)

Chorus

5. Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he. (Yes, I am)
"I married me a wife in Salem town,
But tonight a widow she will be." (others: yes she will)

Chorus

6. Then three times 'round went our gallant ship,
And three times 'round went she, (yes, she did)
And the third time that she went 'round
And sunk to the bottom of the sea.

Chorus

Mingulay Boat Song

D
What care we how white the Minch is?
A G
What care we now for wind or weather?
D
For we know that every inch is
A G D
Bearing closer on Mingulay.

Chorus:

D
Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;
A G
Turn her head round, into the weather,
D
Heel you ho, boys, let her go, boys
A G D
Sailing homeward for Mingulay

Wives are waiting, on the banks
Or gazing seaward from the heather;
Turn her round, boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus

Longer, longer, shall I tarry
Where all hearts are both light and merry
Turn her round, boys, and she'll carry
Hearts to hearth, home, and Mingulay

Chorus X 2

Mist Covered Mountains

Chorus:

Em
Hoh-rah, soon will I see them, oh,
D
Hay-roe, see them, oh see them, oh.
G D Em Bm
Hoh-roe, soon will I see them
C D Em
The mist covered mountains of home!

1.

Em
Soon I will gaze on the mountains again.
D
And the field and the wood and the valley and the glen
G D Em Bm
And the wave of the courage beyond human ken!
C D Em
In the haunts of the deer I shall roam.

Chorus

2. Hail to the mountains with summits of blue!
And the valleys in spring time with their sunshine and dew.
And the women and the men ever constant and true,
Ever ready to welcome one home!

Chorus

3. Soon I will visit the place of my birth.
They'll give me a welcome the warmest on earth.
So loving and kind, full of music and mirth,
in the sweet sounding language of... (home.)

Chorus

O chi, chi mi na morbheanna
O chi, chi mi na corrbheanna
O chi, chi mi na coireachan
Chi mi na sgoran fo cheo.

(Pronunciation:

Oh Hhi, Hhi mi na MORE-vuh-na
Oh Hhi, Hhi mi na CORE-vuh-na
Oh Hhi, Hhi mi na CORE-uh-khan
Hhi mi na SKA-ran fo Hyah)

Chorus (English)

Molly Malone

1.C

In Dublin's fair city,
G7

Where the girls are so pretty,
C G7

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
C

As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
G7

Through streets broad and narrow,
C G7

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Refrain:

C
Alive, alive, oh,
G7

Alive, alive, oh",
C G7 C
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh.

2. She was a fishmonger,
But sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Refrain

3. She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
(chorus) [6]

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

1. C F C
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
C F G7
My Bonnie lies over the sea
C F C
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
F G7 C
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

Refrain: C F
Bring back, bring back
G7 C
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
C F
Bring back, bring back
G7 C
Bring back my Bonnie to me

2. Last night as I lay on my pillow
Last night as I lay on my bed
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead

Refrain

3. Oh, blow the winds o'er the ocean
And blow the winds o'er the sea
Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me

Refrain

4. The heather is blooming around me,
The blossoms of spring now appear
The meadows with green'ry surround me
Oh, Bonnie, I wish you were here

Refrain

5. The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me

Refrain

Nelson's Blood

1. Am

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

G

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

Am

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

Am

Em Am

And we'll all hang on behind.

Refrain:

So we'll roll the old chariot along

An' we'll roll the golden chariot along.

So we'll roll the old chariot along

An' we'll all hang on behind!

2. Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm

3. Tall Strapping Pirate

4. Tight-waisted Girl

5. Roll in the clover

6. A dose of penicillin

7. A small dop of gin

8. Round on the House

9. Nice fat cook

10. A strum on the Twanger

11. A damn good floggin'

12. A nice watch, below

13. Long spell in Gaol

14. If the devil's in the road, we'll roll it over him

Final: Repeat Verse 1

Paddy Lay Back

1. It was a cold and dreary morning in December (**December**)
And all of me money it was spent (**spent, spent**)
Where it went to, I can't remember (**remember**)
So down to the shipping office I went (**off I went**)

Chorus

Paddy lay back, (Paddy lay back)
Take in your slack (take in your slack)
Take a turn around your capstan heave a pawl.
'Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy!)
We're bound for Valparaiso 'round the horn

2. Well it seems there was a great demand for sailors (**for sailors**)
For the colonies, and for Frisco and for France (**France, France**)
Well, I shipped aboard the limey barque the Hotspur (**the Hotspur**)
And got paralytic drunk on my advance (**my ad-vance**)
3. Well, I joined her on a cold December morning (**morning**)
A-flapping of me flippers to keep me warm (**keep me warm**)
With the south cone hoisted as a warning (**a warning**)
To stand by the coming of a storm
4. Well, I woke up in the morning stiff and sore (**sore**)
And I knew that I was outward bound again (**bound again**)
And a voice come a-bawling at the door (**door**)
Lay aft men, and answer to your name (**to your name**)
5. Now it was on the quarter deck when first I seen 'em (**seen 'em**)
Such an ugly bunch I never seen before (**seen before**)
Cause there was a bum and stiff from every quarter (**quarter**)
And it made my poor old heart feel sick and sore (**sore, sore**)

Chorus 2x

Parting Glass, The

Am C G
Of all the money e'er I had
Am G
I spent it in good company
Am C G
And all the harm that e'er I've done
C G Am
Alas it was to none but me
C
And all I've done for want of wit
F C G
To memory now I can't recall
Am C G
So fill to me the parting glass
C G Am
Goodnight and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They're sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They'd wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should go and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Goodnight and joy be with you all

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile,
There is a fair maid in this town
Who sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart in thrall
So fill to me the parting glass
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Pint Sized Pirate

1. What do you do with a Pint-Sized Pirate?
What do you do with a Pint-Sized Pirate?
What do you do with a Pint-Sized Pirate,
Early in the morning?

Chords: Am & G

Chorus:

Way-heigh, up she rises.
Way-heigh, up she rises.
Way-heigh, up she rises,
Early in the morning.

1. Make him take the galley trash out.
2. Make him do the Captain's laundry.
3. Throw him in the brig for running with scissors.
4. Make him wear a hat when he goes topside.
5. Take his sword—he'll poke his eye out.
6. Take away his cake and ice cream.
(Because he didn't drink his grog!)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Send him fishing with an empty bait hook.
2. Make him swim the English Channel.
3. Throw him in the brig for running with scissors.
4. Make him drink-his-grog and eat-his-broc'li.
5. Send him to the crow's nest for a time-out.
6. Take away his home computer. | 7. Make him clean the parrot's cage out.
8. Make him wear a hat when he goes topside.
9. Make him spend time with his sister.
10. Make his wash & dry the dishes.
11. Make him work on summer vacations. |
|--|--|

Pirate's Alphabet

1. C F C
A is for Article, the rules that we make.
F G C
B is for Booty, the stuff that we take.
F G C
Cat-o-nine Tails is the C that we fear.
C G7 C
D is for Drinking, our rum and our beer.

Chorus

C C
Merrily, Merrily,
G G C
So Merry sail we; No mortal on earth like a sailor at sea.
C Em F C
Away again, haul away, the ship rolls along
C G7 C
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

2. E is for Earrings we wear of pure gold.
F is for Four Pounders we shoot when we're bold.
Gangplanks, the G we walk when we're bad.
H is the Hornpipes we dance when we're glad.

Chorus

3. I is for Islands, sunny and hot.
J is for Jack, a captain he's NOT.
Keelhauling's the K we practice for speed.
Letters of Marque are the Ls that we need. (Loser)

Chorus [then key change, up]

4. Modulation's the M which we're known for.
Navigation's the N of which we need more.
O is for Oilskins that keep us all dry.
Polly Rogers the P that we proudly do fly.

5. Q is for Questions the captain won't hear.
R is for Arrrrrrr! (Arrrrrrr!!)
S is for Seadog, the ship that we lost.
T is for treasure that's gained at high cost.

6. Unfurl is the U we do to the sail.
V is for Vermin with whiskers and tails.
Weather's that W around which we plot.
Booty is found where X marks the spot.

7. Y is the question we're asked and we'll say,
"We sail for adventure the rum and the pay." (you get paid?)
Z is the sound we make when we snooze,
Marking the end of a profitable cruise.

Chorus (Last line: Give a sailor his grog and he breaks into song.)

Pirate's Life, The

Key of A(capo 2) in "three-four

1.A

E A

I worked as a clark for a penny a day

A

E

A

For a boss who would scream if he'd not got his way

A

D

A

So I threw all my pens and ink into the sea

A

E

A

It's the pirate's life for me!

Refrain:

It's the pirate's life for me

The pirate's life for me

No more slaving away

for a pittance of pay

It's the pirate's life for me

2.I worked as a longshoreman loading the boats

Breaking my back to fill anything that floats

I envied the lads living life on the sea

It's the pirate's life for me!

Refrain:

It's the pirate's life for me

The pirate's life for me

No more pacing the planks

getting sore back and shanks

It's the pirate's life for me

3.I married a sweet girl named Sally McDuff

Seemed to handle the seas When the going got rough

But from three years of naggin' I'm finally free!!!

It's the pirate's life for me!

Refrain:

It's the pirate's life for me

The pirate's life for me

No more hard-hearted women

I'd rather be swimming

It's the pirate's life for me

Repeat Refrain.

Rattlin Bog

Chorus:

G C G D
Rare Bog, the Rattlin Bog, the Bog down in the valley-o
G C G D
Rare Bog, the Rattlin Bog, the Bog down in the valley-o

1. G D
Well in that bog there was a hole, a rare hole, a rattlin hole,
G D G
A hole in the bog and the bog down in the valley-o

Verse sequence:

1. 0)	BOG	down in the (D) VALLEY- (G) O
2. 1)	HOLE	in the BOG
3. 2)	TREE	in the HOLE
4. 3)	LIMB	on the TREE
5. 4)	BRANCH	on the LIMB
6. 5)	TWIG	on the BRANCH
7. 6)	NEST	on the TWIG
8. 7)	EGG	on the NEST
9. 8)	BIRD	on the EGG
10. 9)	FEATHER	on the BIRD
11. 10)	WORM	on the FEATHER
12. 11)	HAIR	on the WORM
13. 12)	LOUSE	on the HAIR
14. 13)	TICK	on the LOUSE
15. 14)	RASH	on the TICK

- Now in the bog there was a tree, A rare tree, a rattlin' tree; The tree in the bog, And the bog down in the valley-o.
- (Chorus)
- And on that tree there was a limb
- And on that limb there was a branch,
- Now on that branch there was a twig...
- Now on that twig there was a nest...
- Now in that nest there was an egg...
- Now in that egg there was a bird...
- Now on that wing there was a feather...
- Now on that feather there was a flea...

Rio Grande

1. I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
Way, Rio!

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Chorus:

**Then away, love, away,
Way, Rio!**

**So fare ye well, my pretty young gal,
We are bound for the Rio Grande!**

2. It's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,
Way, Rio!

And you who are listening goodbye to you,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Chorus

3. So man the good capstan and run it around,
Way, Rio!

We'll heave up the anchor to this jolly sound,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Chorus

4. Our ship went a-sailing out over the bar,
Way, Rio!

We pointed her nose for the southeren star,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Chorus

5. The anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,
Way, Rio!

The maids that we're leaving we'll never forget,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Chorus x 2

Sailor's Prayer (MacDonald)

1. Though my sails be torn and tattered,
And the mast be turned about,
Let the night wind chill me to my very soul;
Though the spray might sting my eyes,
And the stars no light provide,
Give me just another morning light to hold.

Chorus:

**And I will not lie me down,
This rain a-ragin',
I will not lie me down in such a storm;
And if this night be unblessed,
I shall not take my rest,
Till I reach another shore.**

2. Though the only water left,
Is but salt to wound my thirst,
I will drink the rain that falls so steady down;
And though night's blindness be my gift,
And there be thieves upon my drift,
I will praise this fog that shelters me along.

Chorus

3. Though my mates by drained and weary,
And believe their hopes are lost,
There's no need for their bones on that blackened bottom;
And though death waits just off the bow,
They shall not answer to him now,
He shall stand to face the morning without us.

Chorus

#####.... Rod MacDonald ©1978#####

Recorded by Rod MacDonald [b.1948], American folksinger/songwriter (No Commercial Traffic, trk#8, ©1983, Cinemagic Pictures; ©2002, Rod MacDonald).

Sailor's Prayer (Bad Beer)

1. This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing,
But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner go out whaling,

Chorus:

**Oh lord above, send down a dove with beak as sharp as razors,
To cut the throats of them there blokes what sells bad beer to sailors!**

2. Paid off m' 'score' and then ashore, m' money soon was flying,
With Judy Lee upon my knee and in my ear she's lying.

Chorus

3. With m' new-found friends, m' money spends, just as fast as winking,
But when I make to clear the slate the landlord says: "Keep drinking!".

Chorus

4. With m' payoff gone, m' clothes in pawn and Judy set for leaving,
Six months' of pay's gone in three days but Judy isn't grieving.

Chorus

5. When the crimp comes round I'll take his pound and his hand I'll be shaking,
Tomorrow morn' sail for The Horn just as the dawn is breaking.

Chorus

6. For one last trip from port I'll ship but next time back I'm swearing,
I'll settle down in my home town, no more I'll go seafaring.

Chorus

Sam's Gone Away

Refrain

Pretty work, me boys, pretty work, they say;
Sam's gone away, aboard a Man o' War.

1. Cabin Boy
2. Deckhand
3. Gunner
4. Bo'sun
5. Officer
6. Ship's Cat
7. Captain (aye, aye!)
8. Surgeon
9. Helmsman
10. Pilot
11. Cannoneer (Boom!)
12. Carpenter (Bang, bang)
13. Bo'sun
14. Purser (ca-ching!)
15. Steward
16. Cook(ie) (Yum!)
17. Cooper Roll out the...
18. Admiral

Make up all the positions you like! Ove 700 people served on a Man of War.

Sea Serpent of Cape Ann

Key of G

Chorus:

All hail his snake ship;
The great sea serpent of Cape Ann.
Long may his tail flip (*clap*)
The Great Sea Serpent of Cape Ann

1. Oh ye may scoff and ye may grin
And think the serpent is not genuine
But many eyes, on sea and shore
Have seen a sight they never saw before

Chorus

2. Way back in sixteen thirty eight
John Josuslen did contemplate
Of firing at this beast but then
His hand was stayed by an Indian

Chorus

3. In August eighteen seventeen
In Goster Bay the mighty snake was seen
He was as long, one skipper swore
As the main mast of a seventy-four

Chorus

4. The chase was on, rewards to win
But no net ever caught the likes of him
For custom fees, he was not seized
But entered port any time he pleased

Chorus

5. 'Tis many years, since he was seen
Me thinks that he prefers his water clean
As motors roar, and traffic grows
To all our folly, he's turned up his nose

Chorus X2

This giant creature has been reported over the centuries by many observers, dating back to 1638. The song appears on Diane Taraz' CD *Beat of the Heart* (2003); it's also on the Gloucester Hornpipe & Clog Society's "Liberty" CD (2008). A YouTube version can be heard at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=capJ9Lrlats>

Sharks of the Open Sea

Chorus:

We are the sharks of the open sea.

We are the scourge of the king's navy.

We are the hard and the wild and free.

We are the sharks of the open sea.

1.

 Hard as the rock where the breakers roll.

 Hard as the iron cannon cold.

 Hard as the hard as the fight for a merchant's gold.

 and hard as the royal judge's soul.

Chorus.

2.

 Wild as the ways of the northern coast.

 Wild as the fur-assed horsemen's boast.

 Wild as a drunken captain's toast.

 Wild as a pirate's wandering boast.

Chorus.

3.

 Free to sail where e're we may.

 Free to crawl in a bar room fray.

 Free to shout what we want to say.

 and free to hang on the reckoning day.

Chorus.

We are the sharks of the Open Sea.

Shenandoah

1. Chorus:

C F C
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you

F C
Away, you rolling river.

F Am F C
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you

C Am C
Away, we're bound away

F C G7 C
'Cross the wide Missouri.

2. Shenandoah, I love your daughter

Look away, you rollin' river
It was for her I'd cross the water
Look away, we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

3. Mis-sou-ri, She's a mighty river,

Look away, you rolling river.
When she rolls down, her topsails shiver,
Look away, I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide, Mis-sou-ri.

4. Well, it's fare-thee-well, I'm bound to leave you

Away, you rollin' river
Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
away, we're bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Sloop John B

1. G

We come on the sloop John B

For Half Tone: Capo 1 Fret
(Key of G#)

My grandfather and me

D7

Around Nassau town we did roam

G G7

Drinking all night

C

Got into a fight

G

Well I feel so broke up

D7

G

I want to go home

CHORUS

G

So hoist up the John B's sail

See how the mainsail sets

Call for the captain ashore

D7

G

G7

Let me go home, let me go home

C

I wanna go home, yeah yeah

G

Well I feel so broke up

D7

G

I wanna go home

2. The first mate he got drunk

And broke in the capn's trunk

The constable had to come and take him away

Sheriff John Stone

Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah

Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

CHORUS

3. The poor cook he caught the fits

And threw away all my grits

And then he took and he ate up all of my corn

Let me go home

Why don't they let me go home

This is the worst trip I've ever been on

South Australia

In South Australia I was born!
Heave away! Haul away!
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn!
We're bound for South Australia!

Chorus:

Haul away, you rolling king,
Heave away! Haul away!
Haul away! Oh, hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia!

As I walked out one morning fair,
Heave away! Haul away!
For there I met Miss Nancy Blair.
We're bound for South Australia!

I shook her up, I shook her down,
Heave away! Haul away!
I shook her 'round and 'round the town.
We're bound for South Australia!

And as we wallop around Cape Horn,
Heave away! Haul away!
You'll wish to God you'd never been born.
We're bound for South Australia!

Wish I was on some lonsome strand,
Heave away! Haul away!
Bottle of Rot-Gut in my hand
We're bound for South Australia.

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind,
Heave away! Haul away!
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.
We're bound for South Australia!

Chorus [2x]

Spanish Ladies

1. Em D Em D
Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Em D Em D
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
G D C Bm
For we've received orders for to sail to old England,
Em D Em
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

Refrain:

Em D Em D
We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
Em D Em D
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas;
G D C Bm
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England:
Em D Em
From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

2. Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
Then we filled the main topsail and bore right away, boys,
And straight up the Channel of old England did steer.

Chorus

3. So the first land we made it is called the Deadman,
Next Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and the Wight;
We sailed hy Beachy, by Fairly and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland light.

Chorus

4. Now the signal it was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
All on the Downs that night for to meet;
Then stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

Chorus

5. Now let every man take off his full bumper,
Let every man take off his full bowl;
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy,
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

Chorus 2x

Strike the Bell

The lyrics of this tune refer to the practice of keeping "Bell Time." The sailor's workday was divided into shifts of 4 hours on duty and 4 hours off. Every half-hour the mate would mark the time by ringing the ship's bell, adding one more strike with each half hour. This culminated after four hours with eight bells being rung, signaling the shift change, a moment the sailors waited for enthusiastically. This was the sailor's version of a 19th century music hall song called "Ring the Bell Watchman," by Henry C. Work, a popular song writer of the time.

1. C F
Down on the quarter deck and walking about,
C G7
There's the second mate so steady and so stout;
C F
What he is a-thinkin' of he doesn't know himself
G7 C
And we wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

G7 C C7
Strike the bell second mate, let us go below;
F C G7
Look ya well to windward you can see it's gonna blow;
C F
Look at the glass, you can see that it has fell,
G7 C
Oh we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

2. Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps,
There is the starboard watch just longing for their bunks;
Look out to windward, and see a great swell,
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell
3. Forward on the fo'c'sle head and keepin' sharp lookout,
Yonder Johnson standin', a-longin' fer to shout,
Lights' a-burnin' bright sir and everything is well,
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.
4. Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands,
Grasin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,
Lookin' at the compass through the course is clear as hell
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.
5. Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,
Starin' out to sea with a spyglass in his hand,
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strikin' the bell.

Thank God I'm a Buccaneer

1. D G
Well life as a pirate is kinda laid back,
D C A
Ain't much an old sailor man like me can't hack.
D Bm A G
There's treasure to find, villages to sack,
D A D
Thank God I'm a buccaneer.
2. Well, the pirate kinda life is the life for me,
A-raisin' up a ruckus and a-sailin' on the sea.
Maybe die young, but I'm gonna die free,
Thank God I'm a buccaneer.
- Chorus:** A D
Well, I got me a peg leg, I got my own parrot,
A D
Got a bottle of rum, and I don't mind to share it.
D A
Life's pure gold and it's 24-karat,
D A
Thank God I'm a buccaneer.
3. When we [D]spy a big ship with a likely re-[G]ward,
I [D]pull out my pistol and I [C]sharpen up my [A]sword.
[D]Hoist the [Bm]colors and [A]prepare to [G]board,
Thank [D]God I'm a [A]buccan-[D]eer.
4. I'd [D]drink dark rum all day if I [G]could,
But the [D]crew and my liver wouldn't [C]take it very [A]good.
So I [D]drink when I [Bm]can, [A]loot when I [G]should,
Thank [D]God I'm a [A]buccan-[D]eer.
5. Well, I've [D]always had a likin' for diamonds and [G]jewels,
I [D]guess I'm just one of those [C]money-hungry [A]fools.
[D]Rather have my [Bm]pistol than a [A]farmin' [G]tool,
Thank [D]God I'm a [A]buccan-[D]eer.
6. Yeah, [D]Navy folk sailin' in big man o' [G]war,
A [D]pirate like me's gotta [C]wonder what [A]for?
[D]Sailin' with the [Bm]navy gets ya [A]nothing but [G]poor,
Thank [D]God I'm a [A]buccan-[D]eer.
- Chorus**
7. Well, my [D]daddy was a pirate 'til the day he [G]died,
And he [D]took me by the hand and held me [C]close to his [A]side.
Said, "[D]No one lives for-[Bm]ever, but I [A]damn sure [G]tried;
Thank [D]God you're a [A]buccan-[D]eer."
8. My [D]daddy taught me young how to pillage and to [G]plunder,
[D]Taught me how to sail and to [C]fight like the [A]thunder.
[D]Taught me how to [Bm]drink, so it [A]ain't no damn [G]wonder...
Thank [D]God I'm a [A]buccan-[D]eer.

Chorus (...24 karat...Yeehaw, thank God I'm a buccaneer!

Tie Me Kangaroo Down

[Chorus]

D G
Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
A D
Tie me kangaroo down.
D G
Tie me kangaroo down, sport,
A D
Tie me kangaroo down.

[Verse 1]

D G
Watch me wallabies feed, Steve,
A D
Watch me wallabies feed.
D G
Look, they're a dangerous breed, Steve.
A D
So watch me wallabies feed.

All together now! [Chorus]

[Verse 2]

D G
Keep me cockatoos cool, Curl,
A D
Keep me cockatoos cool.
D G
Now don't go acting the fool, Curl.
A D
Just keep me cockatoo coo l.

All together now! [Chorus]

[Verse 3]

D G
Take me koalas back, Jack.
A D
Take me koalas back.
D G
They're over there in that sack, Mack.
A D
So just take me koalas back.

[Verse 4]

D G
Mind me platypus duck, Bill,
A D
Mind me platypus duck!
D G
Don't let him go runnin' a muck, Bill,
A D
Just mind me platypus duck!

[No chorus]

[Verse 5/Bridge?]

D G
Play your digeri doo, Blue.
A D
Play your digeri doo!
D G
Keep playin' til I shoot through, Blue.
A D
Play your digeridoo!

All together now! [Chorus]

[Verse 6/]

D G
Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
A D
Tan me hide when I'm dead.
[Spoken]
So we tanned his hide when he died, Clyde
A D
And that's it hangin on the shed!

All together now! [Chorus x2]

Tom of Bedlam

1. To find my Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand years I travel
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
To save me shoes from gravel

CHORUS

**Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.**

1. To find my Tom of Bedlam
Ten thousand years I travel
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
To save me shoes from gravel
2. I now repent that ever
Poor Tom was so disdain-ed.
My wits are tossed and semi-crossed
Which makes me thus go chain-ed.
3. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money
4. I went to Pluto's kitchen,
to beg some food one morning.
There I got souls spiking hot,
while on the spit a-turning.
5. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money
6. There I took up a caldron,
where I boiled ten thousand harlots.
Though still a-flame I drank the same,
with a health to all such varlets.
7. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
8. Me staff has murdered giants,
me bag a long knife carries,
to cut mince pies from children's thighs,
with which to feed the faeries.
9. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
10. No gypsy, slut, or doxie,
shall win me mad Tom from me.
I'll weep all night with the stars I'll fight,
the fray shall well become me.
11. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
12. So drink to Tom of Bedlam,
fill all the seas and barrels.
I'll drink it all well brewed with gall,
and maudlin drunk I'll quarrel.
13. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.
14. Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys,
Bedlam boys are bonny,
for they all go bare and they live by the air,
and they want no drink nor money.

Traigli Bay

It was June and it was hot, when on board the ship we got
With shot and powder for the guns and a hogshead full of rum
And salt cod to last until the winter squalls
We made for the southwest where the hunting would be best
Where the Spanish ships of trade down with Aztec silver laden
Were the fairest game for gentlemen of fortune

Chorus:

And with tar on our pigtails and blood on our rapiers
We'll fly the skull & crossbones & by God, we'll take no prisoners
It's hi-ho away boys, we'll sail from Traighli Bay boys
Hoist the Jolly Roger at the break of day

From up the crows nest then, called the third mate, Mr. Flynn
"Set the course and hold 'er steady and for action make 'er ready
There's a Spanish merchant off the starboard bow"
We raised the black flag high, fast the Spaniard turned to fly
We followed in her wake until we could overtake
And dismasted her with chain from cannon fired

(Chorus)

We pulled up alongside with our grappling hooks and lines
Guns and cutlasses in hand on the gunwales we did stand
Every hand from the Captain to the cabin boy
Saw three dead the chains had flayed,
then we raised & crossed our blades
To their mates we gave our best as the sun set in the west
With pikes and swords, pistols, fists and feet

(Chorus)

From the darkness till the dawn as the battle raged on
We fought with manly fitness as we meant to leave no witness
We lost Mr. Flynn and one leg from the cabin boy
But with their treasure we retired and we set a canvas fire
Left her sinking to the deep where their silent bones will sleep
And we forged a leg of gold for the cabin boy

(Chorus)

It was August and still warm when to Traighli we returned
Fifty-eight days on the main and we've no need to sail again
We've gold and silver more than we could spend
Now half a century has passed and of that crew I am the last
Fifty years I've roamed these docks and when I get a chance to talk
I tell of how I got this golden leg

(Chorus)

Am
..... F C Em
..... Am
Am
..... F C Em
..... Am

Chorus:

C
F C G
C Am F
Dm F G C (Am)

Wellerman

1. Am

There once was a ship that put to sea
Dm Am
And the name of the ship was the Billy of Tea
Am
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
E Am
O blow, my bully boys, blow

Chorus: F C

Soon may the Wellerman come
Dm Am
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
F C
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
E Am
We'll take our leave and go

2. She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow

[Chorus]

3. Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down below

[Chorus]

4. No line was cut, no whale was freed;
The Captain's mind was not of greed
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed;
She took the ship in tow

[Chorus]

5. For forty days, or even more
The line went slack, then tight once more
All boats were lost (there were only four)
But still that whale did go

[Chorus]

6. As far as I've heard, the fight's still on;
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all

[Chorus x 2]

Whiskey in the Jar

C Am
As I was a going over the Gillgarry Mountain,
F C
I spied Colonel Farrell and his money he was countin'.
C Am
I first produced me pistols and then I drew me rapier,
F C
Sayin', "stand and deliver for I am yer bold deceiver."

Chorus:

G
Musha ringum duraham da
C F
Whack foll the daddy oh, whack foll the daddy oh
C G C
There's whiskey in the jar.

Well, I robbed Colonel Farrell up on old Gillgarry Mountain
And I took the gold to Jenny for to help me with the countin'
But Jenny called the guards, why I never seen so many
I nearly lost me freedom from me darlin' sportin' Jenny

Chorus

They put me into jail with a judge all a writin'
For robbin' Colonel Farrell up on old Gilgarry Mountain.
But they didn't take me fists so I knocked the jailer down,
And bid a fond farewell to this tight-fisted town.

Chorus

Well, there's none that can aid me, but me brother in the army,
And I don't know where he's stationed, in Cork or in Killarney.
Together we'd go roving o'r the mountains of Killkenney,
And I swear he'd treat me better than me darling' sportin' Jenny.

Chorus

Well it was early in the mornin' at the barracks of Killarney,
My brother took his leave, friends, but he never told the army!
Our horses they were speedy. 'Twas all over but the countin'
And we lie in wait for Farrell up on old Gillgarry Mountain.

Chorus

Oh, there's some takes delight in the carriages a'rollin',
And some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
And courtin' pretty pretty women in the morning bright and early.

Chorus x 2

Whup! Jamboree

1. Em D

The pilot stands and he looks ahead,

Em D

And a crewman swings the sounding lead,

Em D

We'll soon be off from old Nags Head,

Em D Em

Oh, Jenny get your oatcakes done!

Chorus:

**Whup! Jamboree, Whup! Jamboree,
With a pig-tailed sailor, hanging down behind,
Whup! Jamboree, Whup! Jamboree,
Oh, Jenny get your oatcakes done!**

2. And now we have reached old Cape Fear,
To Bald Head Island we must steer,
So roll up your hammocks and stow yer gear,
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done!

Chorus

3. And now we have quit Old Bald head,
No more salt beef or weevilly bread,
We see that Southport's just ahead,
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done!

Chorus

4. And now, me lads, we're all in dock
It's to the dock house on the spot;
We'll have ourselves a round about,
Oh, Jenny, get your oat cakes done.

Chorus

5. And now we are in Beaufort port,
Where wenching is a full time sport,
The Dock House shot glass holds one quart,
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done.

Chorus

6. At Ocracoke we're on the beach
That once was trod by Edward Teach.
Now Blackbeard's Gold is in our reach,
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done.

Now Cape Clear it is in sight. We'll be off Ho- ly- head by to- mor- row night, And we'll

shape our course for the Rock light, Oh, Jen- ny get your oat- cake done. Whip

Jam- bo- ree, whip jam- bo- ree, Oh you long tailed black man poke it up be- hind me, Whip

Jam- bo- ree, whip jam- bo- ree, Oh Jen- ny get your oat- cake done.

Wild Rover

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.

Chorus

*And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never, no more,
Will I play the rover
No never, no more.*

I went down to an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, but she answered me "Nay.
Such custom like yours I could have any day."

Chorus...

[Traditional version of this verse:]

So I pulled from my pocket a handful of gold
And upon the round table, it glittered and rolled
She said, "We have whiskey and beer of the best,
What I told you before twas only in jest!"

[Alternate, more contemporary version:]

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight,
She said, "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,
For the words that you told me were only in jest."
[OR: And I'll take you upstairs, and I'll show you the rest.]

Chorus...

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oft times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more!

Chorus...

CHORDS

Verse:
G C
G D7 G
G C
G D7 G

Chorus:
D7 D
D C
C G C
G D7 G