



Pin Mill Sailing Club

Songbook

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1. BARGEMAN'S ALPHABET

A's for the Anchor that hangs at our bow
B's for the Bowsprit that we lower down
C's for the Cargo we help to unload
And D's for the Davits where our boat is stowed.

*CHORUS: So merrily, so merrily, so merrily sail we
There's none so blythe as a bargeman at sea
Sing high, sing low, we're sailing along
Give a bargeman a breeze and you cannot go wrong.*

E's for the Ensign that flies at our peak
F's for the Fo'c'sle where all the hands sleep
G's for the Gaskets we pass round and round
And H for the Halliards we haul up and down.

I's for the Irons that go round our hold
J's for the Jib on our bowsprit so bold
K's for the Keelson so long and so straight
and L's for the lamps that we light up at night.

M's for the Mizzen abaft our main horse
N's for the Needle that shows our course
O's for the Oars that do row our small boat
and P's for the Pumps that do keep us afloat

Q's for the Quarter-deck where the skipper do walk
R's for the Rigging so stout and so taught
S for the Shrouds that we set up so tight
and T's for the Truck on our topmast so bright.

U's for the uprights around our ship's wend
V's for the Vangs on our Spreet's joggle end
W's the Wheel where we all take a turn
and X, Y and Z is the name on our stern.

2. FISHES

As we were a-fishing off Haisboro light
Heaving and hauling and trawling all night.

*CHORUS: In this windy old weather, stormy old weather
When the wind blows we'll all pull together.*

Up come a Conger as long as a mile
You'll never catch me, he said with a smile.

Up come a Herring, the queen of the sea
Said he, old skipper, you'll never catch me.

Up come a roker, a-flapping his wings
Winds coming easterly old skipper he sings.

Up come a slipsole with spots on his back
Said he old skipper, you'll shift your main tack.

Up come a dogfish as strong as a horse
Said he old skipper, you're miles off your course.

Up come a mackerel with stripes on his side
Said he old skipper, these seas you can't rude.

Then said the skipper - these fishes are right
So haul in the gear and we'll steer for the light.

3. OPEN THE PANE

If you want to be a fisherman bold, and live till you grow old

*CHORUS: Do you open the pane and pop out the flame
Just to see how the wind do blow.*

When the cold North wind do blow, then you lay right snug below.

When the wind is from the East, it's no good to man or beast.

When the South wind softly blow, that's not enough for you to go.

When the wind is from the West, it'll blow hard at the best.

My wife she said to me "We shall starve if you don't go".

But if you want to be a fisherman bold, and live till you grow old.

4. WHEN I WAS SINGLE

When I was single I had a red shawl
Now that I'm married I've nothing at all.

*CHORUS: Still I love him, I'll forgive him
I'll go with him wherever he goes.*

He came to the window and whistled me out
And then he went off with young Jenny McLeod.

He took me to the alehouse and bought me some stout
But the very next minute he ordered me out.

I gave him a handkerchief, red, white and blue
And then to clean portholes he tore it in two.

My back is a-breaking, my fingers are sore
Gutting the herring he brings to the shore.

The storm is a-raging, his boat isn't in
The others won't tell me what's happened to him.

If he's gone to heaven, he'll come to no harm
If he's gone to hell, then he'll keep himself warm.

5. LOWER THE FUNNEL

(as sung by the late Hazeal Booth, onetime Mayor of Pin Mill)

Oh, take the wax out of your ears and listen to my song
For a story of the sea I will relate
I'm a sailor you can tell, by my old salt water smell
Many a time have I been shipwrecked, lost and found.

Once aboard a four-wheeled craft, silver plated for and aft
With a cargo of fried fish we did embark
And we hadn't been long at sea, when we struck a Christmas tree
And we all fell down a coal in the dark.

*CHORUS: Singing, Lower the funnel, stop the ship, reeve the anchor chain
Throw the main deck overboard and haul it back again.
Trice the lifeboats up aloft while stormy winds do blow.
Heave Ho! Ship struck a match! heave Ho! Heave Ho!*

Once while cruising on the lake we'd a marvellous escape
When the wind blew off the skipper's wooden leg.
And so to ease our woes, we all ran down below
Got blue blind paralytic drunk on castor oil

And as we laid there drunk, oh the poor old ship she sunk
So we all ran up on deck to see the fun
Then with the cargo on our backs, for the shore we all made tracks
And we went and dried out whiskers in the sun.

(CHORUS)

6. WHISKEY JOHNNY

*CHORUS: Whisky! Johnny!
Whisky for my Johnny!*

1. Oh whisky is the life of man.
Oh whisky is the life of man.
2. Oh whisky made me pawn my clothes
And whisky gave me this red rose
3. Oh whisky killed my poor old dad
And whisky drove my mother mad.
4. Oh whisky up and whisky down
And whisky all around the town.
5. Oh whisky here and whisky there
It's I'll drink whisky everywhere.
6. Oh whisky is the life of man
It's whisky in an old tin can.
7. I thought I heard the old man say
It's whisky for all hands - belay!

7. HAUL AWAY JOE

*CHORUS: Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.*

Way haul away, we'll haul away the bowline.
Way haul away, the packet is a-rolling

Way haul away, we'll hang and haul together.
Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather.

When I was a little boy and so me mother told me
That if I did not kiss the girls my lips would all go mouldy

Once I had a nigger girl but she was fat and lazy
Once I had a Spanish girl, she nearly druv me crazy

Geordie Charlton had a pig and it was double jointed
He took it to a blacksmith's shop to get its trotters pointed.

King Louis was the King of France before the revolution
But Louis had his head cut off and spoiled his constitution.

Once I had a scolding wife who wasn't very civil
I clapped a plaster on her mouth and sent her to the divvle

8. SHENANDOAH

*CHORUS: A-way, you rolling river
Away, I'm bound to roam, cross the wide Missouri)*

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
I'll take her cross yon rolling water.

The Chief refused the white man's offer
And vowed the white man should not have her.

Tis seven long years since last I seed thee
Tis seven long years since last I seed thee.

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion
To sail across the stormy ocean.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you.

9. THE WORST OLD SHIP

Oh, the old ship that ever did weigh
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day.

*CHORUS: Waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
 Waiting for the day when we get our pay.*

She was built in Roman time, hung together with pitch and twine.

The skipper's half Dutch and the mate's a Jew: the crew are 14 men too few.

I shipped aboard when I was drunk: when I woke up I was in my bunk.

Nothing in the galley, nothing in the old: the skipper's gone to bed with a bag of gold.

We laid close hauled round Orford Ness but the wind shot round to the S.S.W.

Off Covehithe Ness she sprang a leak: hear her poor old garboards creak.

Up through the Cockle past Cromer Cliff, steering like a wagon with a wheel adrift

Up the Humber and past the town: pump you bastards, pump or drown.

Our coal was shot by a Keadby crew but the bottom was rotten and it went right through.

10. ALL FOR ME GROG

*CHORUS: And it's all for me grog, me noggin, noggin grog.
All for me beer and tobacco,
For I've spend all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
Now across the Western Ocean I must wander.*

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots?
All gone for beer and tobacco,
For the uppers are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather.

CHORUS:

Where is me shirt, me noggin, noggin shirt?
All gone for beer and tobacco.
Though the collar is worn out and the front is knocked about
The tail's still sticking out for better weather.

Now where is me wife, me noggin noggin wife
For her back is all worn out and her front is knocked about.

CHORUS:

Now I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since I came ashore with me plunder.
I see centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches
So I think I'll steer a course for way out yonder.

CHORUS:

11. FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor and lived all alone, and I worked at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong was to woo a Suffolk maid.
I wooed her in the winter time and in the summer too
But the only, only thing that I ever did wrong was to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside, as I lay fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she dam near died. She said "What shall I do"?
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head, just to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor and live with my son and we work at the weaver's trade.
And every, every time that I look into his eyes he reminds me of that Suffolk maid.

He reminds me of the wintertime and of the summer too:
Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms, just to save her from the foggy , foggy
dew.

12. ALOUETTE

(ALL) Alouette, gentille Alouette. Alouette, je te plumerai.

(SOLO) Je te plumerai la tete

(ALL) Je te plumerai la tete

(SOLO) A la tete

(ALL) Ala tete

(SOLO) Alouette

(ALL) Alouette.

(ALL) Alouette, gentille Alouette. Alouette, je te plumerai.

(SOLO) Je te plumerai les yeux ... (as above)

A les yeux, A la tete

(Sequence - La tete, les yeux, le bec, les ailes, le dos, les jambes, le pied.

13. CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

*CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine.*

Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, one fine morning just at nine,
Got her foot caught in her eyebrow - fell in where the ripples shine.

Ruby lips beneath the water blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas for me, I was no swimmer so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, six-foot-miner, for his gal began to pine,
In the water sought his daughter, so I lost my Clementine.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
So I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.

In the Churchyard, near the river, there a myrtle doth entwine,
With some roses and other posies, springing straight from Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, dripping wet - and yells "Be mine!"
Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, poor Clementine.

14. THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

Oh my father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there were three -
A porpoise and a porky and the other was me.

*CHORUS: Yo-ho-ho the wind blows free
Oh for a life on the rolling sea.*

One night as I was a-trimming of the glim
And singing a verse of the evening hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted 'Ahoy'
And there was me mother sitting on a boy.

Oh what has become of my children three
My mother then did ask of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish
And the other was served on a chafing dish.

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair.
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
But a voice came echoing out of the night
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light".

15. FIDDLER'S GREEN

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

*CHORUS: Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper,
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 Fiddler's Green.*

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where 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.

The sky's always blue and there's never a gale
And the fish jump aboard with a swish of their tail.
You can lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

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

I don't want a harp or 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 rigging to sing me a song.

16. LIVERPOOL JUDIES

From Liverpool to Frisco a-roving I went
For to stay in that country was my good intent.
But drinking strong whisky like other dam fools
I was very soon shanghaied back to Liverpool.

CHORUS: Singing "Row, row bullies row.
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow".

I shipped in the Alsska laying out in the bay,
We're waiting for a fair wind to get us away.
The sailors on board are all sick and sore
They've drunk all their whisky and can't get no more.

One night off Cape Horn I shall never forget.
And it's Oh but I sigh when I think of it yet.
She was going bows under, the sails were all wet.
We were running twelve knots with the mainkysails set.

Well, along comes the mate with his jacket of blue.
And he's looking for work for the matelots to do
And it's up to topsail halliards he loudly does roar
And it's jump to it Harry, you son of a whore

Well, now we are sailing down under the line.
When I think of it now we had had a hard time.
The sailors are hauling the yards all around
To catch that flash clipper that's Baltimore bound.

Well new we've arrived back in Bramley Mow dock
And all the flash judies to the pierhead do flock.
Our barrel's run dry and we've six quid advance
I think it' high time that I got up to dance.

17. SPANISH LADIES

Goodbye and farewell to you Spanish Ladies
Farewell and adieu, you ladies of Spain,
Fore we've received orders to sail for old England
And perhaps we shall never see you again.

*CHORUS: We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt sea
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England
From Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues.*

We hove our ship to: the wind was south-west boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take
T'was thirty-five fathoms with a white sandy bottom
We squared off our yards and up Channel did make.

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portland the White
We sailed right past Beachy, then Fairlight and Dover
And then we bore up to the South Foreland light.

And then came the order for the grand fleet to anchor
All there in the Downs, that night for to lay
Let go your shak painter, let go your cat stopper
Haul your main yards, let your sheets and tack fly.

And now let each man drink off a full bumper
And now let each man drink off a full glass
Let's drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy
And drink to the health of each true hearted lass.

18. WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
I will play the wild rover not never no more.

*CHORUS: And it's no, nay never: no, nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover, not 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 custom as yours I can get any day"

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
I've all kinds of whisky and wines of the best
And the hard words I told you were only in jest.

You can keep all your whisky and wines likewise too
For not one more penny I'm spending with you
For the money I've got ma'am I'm putting in store
And it's ne'er will I play the wild rover no more.

I'll go home to my parents and confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon the prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oft times before
Then I'll never play the wild rover no more.

19. SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born. Heave away, haul away
South Australia round Cape Horn. We're bound for South Australia

*CHORUS: Heave away you rolling king. Heave away, haul away.
Haul away you'll hear me sing. We're bound for South Australia.*

As I walked out one morning fair, heave away, haul away.
There I met this Nancy fair. we're bound for South Australia.

I took her up, I took her down. Heave away, haul away.
I took her round and round the town. We're bound for South Australia.

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind. Heave away, haul away.
To leave this Nancy fair behind. We're bound for South Australia.

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

20. YARMOUTH TOWN

In Yarmouth Town there lived a man
Who kept a tavern by the strand
This landlord had a daughter fair
A bold little thing with golden hair

*CHORUS: Won't you come down, won't you come down
Won't you come down to Yarmouth Town.*

To this tavern came a sailor man
He asked the daughter for her hand
Why should I marry you she said
I get all I want without being wed.

Tonight if you would like to linger
I'll tie a string around my finger
As you pass by just pull the string
And I'll come down and let you in.

So later on this sailorman
He went to the tavern by the strand
And then he went and pulled the string
And she came down and let him in.

He'd never seen such a sight before
The string on her finger was all she wore.

And when he went and pulled the string
She rolled back the blankets and let Jack in.

The sailor staved the whole night through
And early next morning went back to his crew.

And told them of that maiden fair
The bold young thing with golden hair.

Now this story soon got round
And the very next night in Yarmouth Town

There were 15 sailors pulling on the string
And she came down and let 'em all in.

So if you men to Yarmouth go
To see this girl with her hair hanging low

All you've got to do is pull on the string.
And she'll come down and let you all in.

21. LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to Prince's landing stage
River Mersey faire thee well
I am bound to California
A place I know right well

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

I am bound for California
By way of stormy Cape Horn
I will write to you a letter, my love
When I am homeward bound.

I have shipped on a Yankee clipper ship
Davy Crockett is her name
Dan Burgess is the captain of her
And they say she's a floating hell

I have sailed with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man's a sailor he will get along
If he's not then he's sure in hell.

So farewell to Lower Frederick Street
Anson Terrace and old Park Lane
For, I know it's going to be a long time
Before I see you again.

22. SMUGGLER BOY

On one cloudy morning abroad I did roam
Where the sea breaketh white on the beaches with foam
when I heard a poor boy who in sorrow did weep
“Oh alas my poor Father is drowned in the deep”

My father and mother so happy did dwell
In a trim little cottage by the River Orwell
But father would venture out on the salt sea
For a keg of good brandy from the land of the free.

For Holland we steered by the tempest did roar
And the lightnings flashed round us when far from the shore
The mast and the rigging were thrown to the wave
And with them went father to a watery grave.

I jumped overboard in the wild raging main
For to save my poor father but all was in vain
I grasped his cold corpse but quite lifeless was he
As he slipped from my arms and sand down in the sea.

So I clung to a plank and was soon washed ashore
With the sad news to tell them that he was no more
When she heard it poor mother of grief she did die
And all alone left me, so pity poor I.

A lady of fortune then heard me complain
And she gave me shelter from wind and from rain
She said “I’ve no children for all that I’ve tried
So this poor smuggler boy in my bosom shall bide”

23. A-ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark well what I do say
In Amsterdam there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

*CHORUS: A-roving, a-roving
Since roving's been my ru-i-in
I'll go no more a-roving
With you fair maid.*

Her lips were red, her eyes were brown
Mark well what I do say
Her lips were, red, her eyes were brown
Her hair in ringlets hanging down
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk
and we had such a loving talk

I took her hand within my own
She said "It's time that I was home"

I set her down upon my knee
She said "Young man you're very free"

I put my arm around her waist
she said "Young man you're in great haste"

But when me money all was spent
"Twas off to sea I sadly went"

In Amsterdam there lives a maid
And she was mistress of her trade.

24. BLOW THE MAN DOWN

As I was a-rolling down Paradise Street
Whey, hey, blow the man down
A flash looking packet I chanced for to meet
O, give me some time to blow the man down.

*CHORUS: And it's blow the man down bullies, blow the man down
Whey, hey, blow the man down
Blow him right back into Liverpool town
O, give me some time to blow the man down.*

She was round in the counter and bluff at the bow (Whey, hey etc)
So I says to her "Naggie, way enough now" (Oh, give me some time etc.)

She was bowling along with the wind blowing free,
She clewed up her courses and waited for me.

Of the port that she hailed from I cannot say much
But the cut of her jib and I knew she was Dutch

I hailed her in English, she answered me clear
"I'm from the Black Arrow, bound for the Shakespeare"

Well, I tipped her me flipper and took her in tow,
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go

Oh, I packed up my sea chest and sailed the next day
For on that flash packet I'd spent all my pay.

25. CAN'T YE DANCE THE POLKA

As I walked down the Broadway,
One evening last July,
I met a maid who asked my trade
"A sailor John" said I

*CHORUS: And away, you Santy, my dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the Polka*

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
An' they cost me fifteen cents.

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
An' fare he well, me Bowery gel
I know your little game.

Sez she "You limejuice sailor,
Now see me home you may"
But when we reached her cottage
door
She this to me did say.

I wrapped me glad rags round me
An' to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

"My flash man, he's a Yankee,
Wid his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long seaboots
An' he's a bosun in the Blackball
Line"

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
An' sailed away next morn.
Don't ever fool around with girls
Yer safer off Cape Horn

26. THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor, what shall we do with a drunken sailor,
What shall we do with a drunken sailor early in the morning?

*CHORUS: Whey, hey and up she rises, whey, hey and up she rises
Whey, hey and up she rises, early in the morning*

Put him in the longboat till he's sober

Put him in the scuppers when she's yard arms under

Shave his belly with a hoop iron razor

What shall we do with a drunken skipper

Lock him in his cabin and cut off his liquor

27. LEAVE HER JOHNNY

I thought I heard the Old Man say
"Leave her Johnny, leave her"
"Tomorrow you will get your pay"
It's time for us to leave her.

We'll make her fast and pack our gear
Leave her Johnny, leave her

We'll leave her moored 'longside the pier
It's time for us to leave her

She'd neither stay, nor wear, nor steer
She shipped it green and she made us
swear.

The work was hard and the passage long
The seas were high and the gales were strong

The bunks were hard and the watches cold
The meat was green and the biscuit old.

We'll pray again we'll never be
On a hungry ship the likes of she

The sails were furled and our work is done
And now on shore we'll find our fun.

28. THE MERMAID

One Friday morn when we set sail, and our ship not far from the land
We there did spy a fair pretty maid, with a comb and glass in her hand, her hand, her hand.
With a comb and glass in her hand.

*CHORUS: While the raging seas did not roar and the stormy winds did blow
And we jolly sailor boys were up, were up aloft
And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below
And the land lubbers lying down below.*

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship, who at one our peril did see
"I've married a wife in fair London town and this night she a widow will be, will be, will be. And
this night she a widow will be.

And then up spoke the little cabin boy and a fair haired boy was he
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town and this night they will weep for me, for me,
for me. And this night they will weep for me.

Then three times round went our gallant ship and three times round went she
For the want of a lifeboat we all went down as she sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the
sea. As she sank to the bottom of the sea.

29. HIGH BARBAREE

There were two lofty ships that from old England came
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.

One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales
Sailing down along the coast of Nigh Barbaree

Aloft there, aloft there, a jolly bosun cried
Look ahead, look astern, look a-weather and a-lee.

Oh there's nought upon the sternair and nought upon the lee
But there's a lofty ship to windward and she's sailing fast and free.

"Oh hail her, oh hail her" the jolly captain cried
"Are you a man of war or a privateer?" says he.

"Oh I'm not a man of war nor a privateer" says he
"But I'm a salt sea pirate a-looking for my fee.

It was broadsides and broadsides as hour on hour we lay
Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate's mast away.

"Oh quarter, oh quarter" the pirates then did cry
The quarter that we gave them did sink em in the sea.

And oh it was a cruel sight and grieved us to be sure
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim ashore.

30. OYSTER GIRL

As I was a-walking down a London street
A pretty little oyster girl I chanced for to meet
Her clothes they were ragged, no shoes upon her feet.
On her head was a basket full of oysters.

"Oh oysters, oh oysters, oh oysters" she cried
They are the finest oysters that ever yet you spied.
Two a penny, three a penny, five I'll give to thee
If you bargain for me basket of oysters.

"Oh oyster girl, oh oyster girl, oh oyster girl" says me
If you've the finest oysters I'll buy them all from thee
We'll find a quiet tavern and merry, merry be
And I'll bargain for your basket of oysters.

"Oh landlord, oh landlord, oh landlord, sir" says me
If you've a quiet, private room for oyster girl and me
Where we cans it down and merry, merry be
While I bargain for her basket of oysters.

We sat down to supper and drinks we had a few
But the pretty little oyster girl she knew a thing or two.
She picked all my pockets and down the stairs she flew
And she left me with her basket of oysters.

"Oh landlord, oh landlord, oh landlord, sir" I cried
"Have you seen the little oyster girl that I now took inside?"
She's picked all my pockets but the Landlord, he replied
"But you shouldn't be so fond of your oysters!"

P **31. YELLOW HANDKERCHIEF**

Once I loved a young girl as I loved my life
To keep her in flash company and make her my wife,
To make her my wife but she showed me the door
If it weren't for flash company I'd never have been so poor.

'Cos a-fiddling and a-dancing was my one delight
But keep her in flash company it ruined my life
It ruined my life like a great many more.
If it weren't for flash company I'd never have been so poor.

So, take this yellow handkerchief in remembrance of me
And tie it round your neck, love, in flash company.
In flash company boys, like a great many more.
If it weren't for flash company, I'd never have been so poor.

Once I had a colour as red as a rose
But now it's all gone like a lily that grows.
Like a flower in the garden, with the colour all gone
But that's what I've come to through a-loving this one.

So take this yellow handkerchief in remembrance of me
And tie it round your neck, love, in flash company.
In flash company, boys, like a great many more.
If it weren't for flash company I'd never have been so poor.

32. ROLLING HOME

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable flaked down clear.
Heave away and with a will boys.
For old England we will steer

Round Cape Horn, a winter's morning
Now among the ice and snow
Ye will hear our shellbaks singin
"Sheet her home boys, let her go.

*CHORUS Rolling home, rolling home:
 rolling home across the sea.
 Rolling home to dear old England
 Rolling home, fair land to thee.*

Eighteen months away from England
Only fifty days, no more
On salt horse and cracker hash boys
Boston beans that make us sore

Now this port we are a-leavin,
For old England give a cheer,
Fare ye well, ye dark eyed damsels
Think of us and shed a tear.

Now the Lizard light's a-shining
And we're bound up to the Nore
With the canvas full and drawing
Soon we'll be on England's shore.

Goodbye friends, we're bound to leave you
Haul the tow rope all inboard
We will leave this country starnwards
Clap on all sail we can afford

33. RIO GRANDE

A ship went a-sailing over the bar
Way down Rio
They've pointed her bow for the South-er-en star
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

*CHORUS: And away, bound away. Way down Rio.
Sing fare ye well, ye bonny young gel
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.*

It's goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue
Way down Rio
And all of you others it's goodbye to you
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

So pack up your sea-cheat and get under way
For the girls we are leaving have took all our pay.

Goodbye, fare thee well to the girls of the town
If you'd left us the money we'd buy yez a gown.

So it's fill up your glasses and say "Fare thee well"
To the pretty young girls that you loved far too well.

We're a Liverpool ship and a Liverpool crew
We've a Liverpool skipper and bully mate too.

34. SALLY BROWN

Sally Brown was a bright young mulatto
Way, hay, roll and go.
She drank beer and chewed tobacco.
Spent me money on Sally Brown.

Sally lives on the old plantation
Way, hay, roll and go.
She's a daughter of the Wild Goose
nation.
Spent me money on Sally Brown.

Seven long years I courted Sally.
All she did was dilly-dally.

Sally Brown, what is the matter?
Pretty girl, but I can't get at her.

Sally Brown, she has a daughter.
Made me sail across the water.

Sally Brown, I'll take a notion.
To sail across the raging ocean.

Now my troubles they are over.
Sally's married to a soldier.

Sally Brown I'm bound to leave
you.
Sally Brown, I'll not deceive you.

35. STRIKE THE BELL

Aft on the quarter-deck, walking about,
There is the starboard watch , so steady and so stout.
Thinking of their sweethearts and we hope that they are well;
And I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

*CHORUS: Strike the bell, Second Mate, let us go below.
Look well up to windward, ye'll see it's gonna blow.
Look at the glass, ye'll see it as well.
An' I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.*

Aft on the maindeck, working at the pumps.
There is the larboard watch a-longing for their bunks.
Looking out to windward, they see a great swell.
They're wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Aft at the wheel, the poor helmsman stands,
Grasping at the spokes with him his cold mittened hands.
Looking at the compass, the course clear to tell.
He's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Foward on the fo'c'sle head, keeping sharp lookout,
There is Johnny standing, he's ready for to shout
"Lights burning bright sir and everything is well"
He's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

36. THE SHOALS OF HERRING

Oh it was a fine and a pleasant day.
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was fairing
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

Oh, the work was hard and the hours were long.
And the treatment surely took some bearing.
There was little kindness and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

Oh, we fished the Swart and the Broken Bank
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing.
And I used to sleep standing on my feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

We left the home grounds in the month of June
And to canny Shields we soon were bearing
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

Now you're up on deck. You're a fisherman.
Now you can swear and show a manly bearing.
Take a turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring.

Oh I earned my keep and I paid my way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing.
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

37. BALL OF YARN

When I came home from sea, to the country I did flee
For a visit to my old grandfather's farm.
And I spied a pretty maid, who was laying in the shade.
She was winding up her little ball of yarn.

*CHORUS: And the blackbird and the thrush, they sang out from every bush
"Keep your hand on your little ball of yarn"
And the blackbird and the thrush, they sand out from every bush
"Keep your hand on your little ball of yarn."*

A pretty maid was she as she laid there in the Lee
And the scene it was so quiet and so calm.
I dropped down where she lay and to here I did say
"Let me wind up your little ball of yarn."

"Oh no kind sir" said she, "you're a stranger unto me"
"Though to foreign girls you may posses some charm"
"So sailor sail away and come back some other day
Just to help me wind my little ball of yarn."

I gazed into her eyes and I took her by surprise,
Not intending to do her any harm.
Because the blackbird and the thrush , they sang out from every bush
"Keep your hand on you little ball of yarn."

Ten weary months had passed ere I saw that girl at last,
As she went by with a baby on her arm.
But she didn't know 'twas me, a sailor home from sea
Who had wound up her little ball of yarn.

38. ROUND THE CORNER SALLY

Oh, around the corner we will go,
Round the corner Sally
To Callao we're bound to go,
Round the corner Sally.

Around the corner in the ice and snow.
Round the corner Sally.
If I had a little gal in tow

Round the corner Sally.

Her little hog eye's the thing for me.
They say it's blind and cannot see.

Oh, the finest place in Callao
Is madam Gashee's you all know.

Around the corner we will roll.
For Madam, she's a cheery soul.

She says "My son, you'll rue the day"
When the girls have worn your woodpecker
away.

Well, round her up and stretch her luff
I think, by God, we've hauled enough.

39. WHIP JAMBOREE

Now me lads be of good cheer,
For the Irish coast will soon draw near.
Then we'll set a course for old Cape Clear.
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.

*CHORUS: Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree.
Oh you pigtailed sailor hanging down behind
Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.*

Now Cape Clear it is in sight.
We'll be off Holy head by tomorrow night.
Then we'll steer a course for the old Rock Light.
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.

And next, me lads, we're off Holyhead.
No more salt beef or weevilly bread.
One man in the chains for to heave the lead.
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.

And now, me lads, we're off Fort Perch Rock.
All hammocks lashed and all chests locked.
We'll haul her into Waterloo Dock.
Oh Jenny get you oat cakes done.

Now, me lads we're all in dock.
We'll be off to Dan Lowry's on the spot
And then we'll drink a big pint pot.
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.

40. I AINNA GONNA GRIEVE

There are three things I must not do. I must not gamble, spit or chew.
There are three things I must not do. I must not gamble, spit or chew.
I ainna gonna grieve, my Lord no more.

*CHORUS: I ainna gonna greive my Lord. I ainna gonna grieve my Lord
I ainna gonna grieve, my Lord no more.*

I ainna goin to heaven in a rocking chair.
Cos the Lord don't want no lazybones there.

I ainna gonna heaven on roller skates.
Cos I'll roll right past those pearly gates.

I ainna gonna heaven in an old Ford car.
Cos an old Ford car won't get that far.

I ainna gonna heaven in a limousine; cos the Lord ain't got no gasoline.

I ainna gonna heaven on a dancing floor
Cos I'll fall right through the devil's trap door.

If you get to heaven before I do, just dig a little hold and pull me through.

41. GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, HO!

I'll sing you one, Oh! Green grow the rushes, Hoh!
What is your One Oh?

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

SEQUENCE: Twelve for the twelve apostles
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven
and Ten for the ten commandments
Nine for the nine bright shiners
Eight for the April rainers
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
and Six for the six proud walkers
Five for the symbols at your door
and Four for the gospel makers
Three, three the rivals
Two, two and the Lilly white boys, clothed all in green oh!
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

42. MAGGIE MAY (E. COAST VERSION)

Oh come all you sailormen and listen to my plea
For when you've heard it you will pity me.
Oh I was a goddam fool, in the port of London Pool
On the first day the barge came home from sea.

I was paid off at Greenhithe, from a voyage to north of Blyth.
And four-pound-ten a month it was my pay.
But as I jingled with my tin, I was very soon taken in
By a pretty girl, they called her Maggie May.

Well do I remember where I first met Maggie May
She was cruising up and down in Woolwich Place
She wore a crochet fine like a trigate of the line
And like a bargemen I gave chase.

I boarded her aback. She altered her main tack.
For Maggie she had busted her main stay.
But next morning when I woke, was my heart so sorely broke
Cos Maggie had skedaddled with my pay.

And next morning when I woke, not only was I broke,
No pants, no shirt, no weskit could I find.
I wrote her where they were. She replied "My dear Sir"
"They are down In Ipswich pawnshop, number nine.

To the pawnshop I did go but I could not find my clo'
So a bobby came and took the girl away.
And the judge he guilty found her, for robbing of a homeward bounder
And they paid her passage back to Buttermen's Bay.

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they are talking you away
To toil upon those dim and troubled shores.
And you've done so many sailors and you've robbed so many whalers
That you'll never see a bargeman any more.

