

Spanish ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
And we may never see you fair ladies again.

Refrain:

**We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old
England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.**

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did steer

Refrain

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Refrain

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Refrain

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass

Refrain

Good morning ladies

We are outward bound for Kingston town
With a heave-o, haul!
An' we'll heave the ol' wheel round an' round
Good mornin' ladies all!

An' when we get to Kingston town
With a heave-o, haul!
Oh, 'tis there we'll drink and sorrow drown
Good mornin' ladies all!

Them gals down south are free an' gay
With a heave-o, haul!
Wid them we'll spend our hard-earned pay
Good mornin' ladies all!

We'll swing around, we'll have good fun
With a heave-o, haul!
An' soon we'll be back on the homeward run
Good mornin' ladies all!

An' when we get to Bristol town
With a heave-o, haul!
For the very last time we'll waltz around
Good mornin' ladies all!

With Poll and Meg an' Sally too
With a heave-o, haul!
We'll drink an' dance wid a hullabaloo
Good mornin' ladies all!

So a long goodbye to all you dears
With a heave-o, haul!
Don't cry for us, don't waste yer tears
Good mornin' ladies all!

Maid of Amsterdam

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark you well what I say!
In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
And this fair maid my trust betrayed.

Chorus

**I'll go no more a rovin, with you fair maid.
A roving, A roving, since roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a roving, with you fair maid.**

Her eyes are like two stars so bright
Mark you well what I say
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light.

Chorus

I asked this fair maid to take a walk,
Mark well what I do say
I asked this maid out for a walk
That we might have some private talk.

Chorus

Then I took this fair maid's lily white hand,
Mark well what I do say
I took this fair maid's lily white hand
In mine as we walked along the strand.

Chorus

Then I put my arm around her waist
Mark well what I do say!
For I put my arm around her waist
And from her lips snatched a kiss in haste!

Chorus

Then a great big Dutchman rammed my bow
Mark well what I do say
For a great big Dutchman rammed my bow,
And said, "Young man, dit is mijn vrouw!"

Chorus

Then take warning boys, from me,
Mark well what I do say!
So take a warning, boys, from me,
With other men's wives don't make too free.

Chorus

For if you do you will surely rue
Mark well what I do say!
For if you do you will surely rue
Your act, and find my words come true.

Whiskey is the life of man
O, whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I drink whiskey when I can
Whiskey for my Johnny!
2. Whiskey from an old tin can,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I'll drink whiskey when I can.
Whiskey for my Johnny!
3. I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I drink it new, I drink it old.
Whiskey for my Johnny!
4. Whiskey makes me feel so sad,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey killed my poor old dad.
Whiskey for my Johnny!
5. I thought I heard the old man say,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I'll treat my crew in a decent way.
Whiskey for my Johnny!
6. A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
And a bottle full for the chanteyman.
Whiskey for my Johnny!
7. O whiskey hot and whiskey cold
Whiskey, Johnny!
Oh whiskey new and whiskey old
Whiskey for my Johnny!
8. Oh whiskey here and whiskey there
Whiskey, Johnny!
Oh I'd have whiskey everywhere
Whiskey for my Johnny!
9. Oh whiskey killed my poor old dad
Whiskey, Johnny!
Oh whiskey drove my mother mad
Whiskey for my Johnny!
10. Oh whiskey made me pawn my clothes
Whiskey, Johnny!
Oh whiskey gave me this red nose
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Lowlands Away

I dreamed a dream the other night,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
My love she came dressed all in white,
My Lowlands away.

I dreamed my love came in my sleep,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep.
My Lowlands away.

She came to me at my bed-side,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
All dressed in white like some fair bride.
My Lowlands away.

And bravely in her bosom fair,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
A red, red love did my love wear.
My Lowlands away.

She made no sound-no word she said,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
And then I knew my love was dead.
My Lowlands away.

I bound the weeper round my head,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
For now I knew my love was dead.
My Lowlands away.

She waved her hand-she said goodbye,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
I wiped the tear from out my eye.
My Lowlands away.

And then I awoke to hear the cry,
Lowlands, Lowlands, away, my John.
'Oh, watch on deck, oh, watch ahoy!'
My Lowlands away.

My Bonny

My Bonny is over the ocean,
My Bonny is over the sea.
My Bonny is over the ocean.
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.

Chorus:

***Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonny to me, to me.***

***Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Bonny to me.***
2. Last night as I laid at my pillow,
Last night as I laid in my bed.
Last night as I laid on my pillow
I dreamed that my Bonny was dead.

Chorus:

3. The winds have gone over the ocean,
The winds have gone over the sea.
The winds have gone over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonny to me.

Chorus:

***Brought back, brought back,
Oh brought back my Bonny to me, to me.
Brought back, brought back,
Oh brought back my Bonny to me***

South Australia

In South Australia I was born
To me heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn

Chorus

*We're bound for South Australia
Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia*

2. As I walked out one morning fair
To me heave away, haul away
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

Chorus

3. I shook her up and I shook her down
To me heave away, haul away
I shook her round and round the town

Chorus

4. I run her all night and I run her all day
To me heave away, haul away
And I run her until we sailed away

Chorus

5. There ain't but one thing grieves me mind
To me heave away, haul away
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

Chorus

6. And as we wallop around Cape Horn
To me heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been born

Chorus

7. In South Australia my native land
To me heave away, haul away
Full of rocks and thieves and fleas and sand

Chorus

8. I wish I was on Australia's strand
To me heave away, haul away
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

Chorus

Don't forget your old shipmate

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 raldee rye-eye-doe!**

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound, four
years gone, or high, Jack.

Was there ever chummies, now, such as you
and I, Jack?

Chorus

We have worked the self-same gun,
quarterdeck division.

Sponger I and loader you, through the whole
commission.

Chorus

Oftentimes have we laid out, toil nor danger
fearing,

Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather
earing.

Chorus

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

There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul
below now.

Number seven starboard mess misses Jack
and Joe now.

Chorus

But the best of friends must part, fair or foul
the weather.

Hand yer flipper for a shake, now a drink
together.

Chorus

Leave her johnny

O I thought I heard the old man say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Tomorrow ye will get your pay!
An' it's time for us to leave her!

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is done an' the winds don't
blow,
An' it's time for us to leave her!

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,
She shipped it green an' none went by.

I hate to sail on this rotten tub,
No grog allowed and rotten grub!

We swear by rote for want o' more,
But now we're through so we'll go on shore

Zusatz:

O the times are hard and the wages low,
I think it's time for us to go!

It's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,
It's Yankee John the packet rat.

It's rotten beef an' weev'ly bread,
It's pump or drown the old man said.

We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol,
With all night in an' plenty o' ale!

The mate was a bucko an' the old man a turk,
The bosun was a beggar with the middle name
o' work!

It's growl yer may an' go yer must,
It matters not whether yer last or furst!

The cook's a drunk, he likes to booze,
&'tween him an' the mate there's little to
choose!

No Liverpool bread, nor rotten crackerhash,
No dandyfunk, nor cold an' sloppy hash.

The old man shouts, the pumps stand by,
Oh, we can never suck her dry.

Now I thought I hear the old man say,
Just one more pull an' then belay.

Ten thousands Miles away

Sing Ho! for a brave and a valiant bark, And a brisk
and lively breeze,
A jovial crew and a Captain too, to carry me over the
seas,
To carry me over the seas, my boys, To my true love
so gay,
She has taken a trip on a gallant ship Ten thousand
miles away.

Refrain

So blow the winds, Heigh-ho; A roving I will go,
I'll stay no more on England's shore, So let the
music play!
I'll start by the morning train, To cross the raging
main,
For I'm on the move to my own true love, Ten
thousand miles away.

Verse 2

My true love, she is beautiful, My true love she is
young;
Her eyes are as blue as the violet's hue, and silvery
sounds her tongue

And silvery sounds her tongue, my boys, But while I
sing this lay,
She is doing the grand in a distant land, Ten thousand
miles away.

Verse 3

Oh! that was a dark and dismal day When last she left
the strand
She bade good-bye with a tearful eye, and waved her
lily hand -
And waved her lily hand, my boys, As the big ship left
the bay
"Adieu" says she, "remember me, Ten thousand miles
away."

Verse 4

Oh! if I could be but a bo' s'n bold, Or only a
bombadier,
I'd hire a boat and hurry afloat, and straight to my true
love steer =
And straight to my true love steer, my boys, Where the
dancing dolphins play,
And the whales and the sharks are having their larks,
Ten thousand miles away.

Verse 5

Oh! the sun may shine through a London fog. and the
Thames run bright and clear,
The oceans' brine be turned to wine, And I may forget
my beer -
And I may forget my beer, my boys, And the landlord's
quarter-day;
But I'll never part from my own sweetheart, Ten
thousand miles away!

Fish in the seas

Come all you young sailor, listen to me
I tell you a story of fish in the seas and it's

**Windy weather boys, stormy weather boys
When the wind blows we're all together boys.
Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds blow,
Johnny sou'wester boys, steady she goes.**

Up jumps the eel with this slippery tail
Climbs up aloft and reef the topsails.

Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows teeth,
Saying: "You eat the dough boys and I eat the beef!"

Up jumps the lobster with his heavy claws,
Bites the main boom of right by the jwas.

Up jumps the halibut lies on the deck.
He says: "Please Mister Captian, don't step on me neck!"

Up jumps the herring the king of the sea.
Saying: "All other fishes now you follow me!"

Up jumps the codfish with his chuckle head.
He runs out up foreward and throws out the lead.

Up jumps the whale, he's the largest of all.
"If you want any wind, well I blow you a squal!"

Randy Dandy

Now we are ready to sail for the hoorn,
Way hay roll an' go!
Our boats an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn.
Timme rollickin' Randy Dandy oh!

**Heave a pawl, oh heave away
Way hay roll an' go!
The anchors on board an' the cables are stored.
Timme rollickin' Randy Dandy oh!**

Soon we'll be warping her throughout the locks,
Where pretty young gals all come down in their flocks.

Come breast the bars, bullies, an' heave her away,
Soon we'll be rollin' her way down the bay.

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,
For we are the boys who can kick'er through.

Oh man the stout caps 'an heave her away,
Soon we'll be driving her way down the hill.

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums,
Take ye hands from ye pockets and don't suck ye thumbs.

Roust'er up, bullies, the wind's drawing free,
Let's get the glad-rags on an' drive 'er to sea.

We're outward bpund for Vallipo Bay,
Get crackin' me lads it's a hell of a way.

Running Down to Cuba

Running down to Cuba with a load of sugar
Way me boys to Cuba.
Make her run you lime juice squeezers
Running down to cuba.

Way me boys to Cuba, running down to Cuba.

To Cuba' coast we are bound away.
To Cuba's coast at the breaking of day.

Oh, I got a sister she's nine feet tall.
She sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.

The captian he will trim the sails.
Winging the water over the rails.

Oh my god how the winds do blow.
Running away from the ice and snow.

Give me gal who can dance fandango.
Round as a mellon and sweet as a mango.

Load this sugar and homeward go.
Mister mate he told me so.

Off to sea once more

1. When first I landed in Liverpool
I went upon the spree
While money lasts, I spent it fast
Got drunk as drunk could be
And when me money was all gone
On liquors and the whores,
I made up me mind that I was inclined
To go to sea no more

Ref: **No more,no more**
To go to sea no more
I made up me mind that I was inclined
To go to sea no more

2. As I was walking down the street
I met with Angeline
She said: "come home with me, my lad
And we'll have a cracking time"
But when I awoke it was no joke
I found I was all alone,
My silver watch and my money to
And my whole bloody gear was gone

Ref: **Was gone, was gone**
My whole bloody gear was gone
It was when I awoke it was no joke
For my whole bloody gear was gone

3. As I was walking down the street
I met Big Rapper Brown
I asked him if he would take me in
And he looked at me with a frown,
He said: "last time you was paid off with me
You chalked up no score
But I'll take your advance
And I'll give youse a chance
To go to sea once more

Ref: **Once more,once more**
To go to sea once more
I'll take your advance
And I'll give youse a chance
To go to sea once more

4. He sent me aboard of a whaling ship
bound for the arctic seas
where cold winds blow
and there's frost and snow
and jamaica rum would freeze
but worst of all; I'd no hardweather gear
for I'd lost all my dunnage ashore
it was the that I wished that I was dead
and go to sea no more

Ref: **No more,no more**
To go to sea no more
It was then that I wished that I was dead
And go to sea no more

5. Sometimes we're catching whales me lads,
but mostly we get none
with a twenty foot oar in every paw
from five o'clock in th mor'n
and when daylight's gone
and the noghts coming on
we rest upon our oars
and o'boys you wish that you was dead
or snug with the girls ashore

Ref: **Ashore, ashore**
Or snug with the girls ashore
O'boys you wish that you was dead
Or snug with the girls ashore

6. Come all you sea-faring lads
that listen to me song
when you go a-big boating, boys
make sure you do not go wrong
You take my tip when you come off a trip
Don't go with any whores
But get married instead, and have all night in bed
And go to sea no more

Ref: **No more, no more**
To go to sea no more
Get married instead and have all night in bed
And go to sea no more

A Drop of Nelson's Blood

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

So we'll roll the old chariot along
we'll roll the golden chariot along.
So we'll roll the old chariot along
An» we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm
A bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm
A bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

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!

Oh, a tight waisted girl wouldn't do us any harm
A tight waisted girl wouldn't do us any harm
A tight waisted girl wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

So we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the golden chariot along.
We'll roll the old chariot along
An» we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, big breasted girl wouldn't do us any harm
A big breasted girl wouldn't do us any harm
A big breasted girl wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

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!

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

So we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the golden chariot along.
We'll roll the old chariot along
An» we'll all hang on behind!

SALLY BROWN SONGTEXT

Oh, Sally Brown, she's a nice young lady,
Way, hay, roll and go.
And we rolled all night,
And we rolled all day,
Spend our money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown, she's a bright mulatto.
Way, hay, roll and go.
Well, she drinks dark rum,
and she chews tobacco.
Way, hay, roll and go.
And we rolled all night,
And we rolled all day,
Spend our money on Sally Brown.

Well, her father likes a tarry sailor.
Way, hay, roll and go.
And we rolled all night,
And we rolled all day,
Spend our money on Sally Brown.

Ah, Sally Brown, she likes a good Scrumpy.
Way, hay, roll and go.
She likes a bit on a Rumpy-pumpy.
Way, hay, roll and go.
And we rolled all night,
And we rolled all day,
Spend our money on Sally Brown.

Oh, Sally Brown, she's a nice young lady,
Way, hay, roll and go.
Yeah, Sally Brown, she's a fine young lady!
Way, hay, roll and go.

And we rolled all night,
And we rolled all day,
Spend our money on Sally Brown.
And we rolled all night,
And we rolled all day,
Spend our money on Sally Brown.

Greenland Whalefisheries

They took us jolly sailor lads
A-fishing for the whale
On the fourth day of August in 1864,
Bound for Greenland we set sail.

The lookout stood on the crosstrees high
With a spyglass in his hand
«There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale fish,» he
cried,
«And she blows at every span.»

The captain stood on the quarterdeck
And a sod of a man was he
«Overhaul, overhaul, let your davitackles fall
And we'll launch them boats to sea.»

We struck that whale and the line played out
But she gave a florish with her tail
The boat capsized, we lost seven of our men
And we never caught that whale

Now the losin» of seven fine seamen
Oh, it grieved the captain so
That the losin» of the bloody sperm whale
Oh, it grieved him ten times more

Now Greenland is a horrid place
Where us whaling lads have to go
Where the rose and the lillies never bloom in spring
Oh there's only ice and snow

The winter star doth now appear
So boys we'll anchor a-weigh

It's time to leave this cold count'ry
Now let's homeward sail away
Now let's homeward sail away

Strike the Bell

1. Aft on the main deck, walking about,
there is the starboard watch so sturdy and so stout;
Thinking of the 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's go below;
Look well to windward you can see it's gonna blow;
Look at the glass, you can see it has fell,
And I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

2. Aft on the wheel a sailor boy he stands
Seizing the spokes with his cold mitten hands
Thinking of his mother and we hope that she is well
And I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Chorus:

3. Nothing in sight, Sir, the lights are burning bright
Relieve at the helm and I wish you good night
Dreaming of our sweethearts and we hope that we'll sleep
well
And I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus:

Rolling Home

Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable run down clear
Heave away and with a will boys
For old England we will steer
And we'll sing in joyful chorus
In the watches of the night
And we'll sight the shores of England
When the grey dawn brings the light

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea
Rolling home to dear old England
Rolling home, dear land to thee

Up aloft amid the rigging
Blows the loud exulting gale
Like a bird's wide out-streached pinions
Spreads on high each swelling sail
And the wild waves cleft behind us
Seem to murmur as they flow
There are loving hearts that wait you
In the land to which you go

Chorus

Many thousand miles behind us
Many thousand miles before
Ancient ocean have to waft us
To the well-remembered shore
Cheer up Jack, bright smiles await you
From the fairest of the fair
And her loving eyes will greet you
With kind welcomes everywhere