

Roll the Old Chariot Along (*Capstan*)

A little bit of pud wouldn't do us any harm

A little bit of pud wouldn't do us any harm

A little bit of pud wouldn't do us any harm

We'll all come back for more.

Chorus:

And we'll roll the old chariot along

We'll roll the old chariot along

We'll roll the old chariot along

And we'll all hang on behind.

A drop of Nelson's blood.....

Another pint of beer.....

A wee tot of rum.....

A night with a wench.....

Another night with a wench.....

Yet another night with a wench.....

Oh a roll in the clover.....

Roll the Woodpile Down *(Capstan/Halyard)*

Chorus:

*Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world round,
That pretty gal of mine's on the Georgia line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!*

**Away down South where the cocks do crow,
Way down in Florida
Them gals all dance to the old banjo.
And we'll roll the woodpile down.**

**When I was a young man in my prime,
Way down in Florida
I danced with the pretty gals two at a time.
And we'll roll the woodpile down.**

**We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low,
We'll hoist him up anyway we'll go.**

**Oh - roust and bust her is the cry,
A sailor's wage is never high.**

**My dear old mother wrote to me:
"Tom, my son, come home from sea."**

**She sent me money she sent me clothes,
I drank the money and I pawned the clothes.**

**One more pull and that'll do,
For we're the boys to kick her through.**

South Australia *(Capstan)*

**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 kings,
Heave away, haul away
Haul away you'll hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia.***

**Oh, South Australia is my native home,
From there I never more will roam.**

**Oh, South Australia is a damn fine place
To get blind drunk is no disgrace.**

**As I walked out in the morning fair,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair.**

**I shook her up, I shook her down,
I shook her round and round the town.**

**There is but one thing grieves my mind,
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.**

**And as we wallop around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born.**

**In South Australia I was born,
In South Australia round Cape Horn.**

Black Ball Line *(Halyard or Capstan)*

On the Black Ball Line I served my time
To me way hey hey hoo-rye-o!

On the Black Ball Line I wasted my prime
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

The Black Ball ships are good and true,
To me way hey hey hoo-rye-o!
They are ships for me and ships for you.
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

For once there was a Black Ball ship,
That fourteen knots an hour could clip,

Her yards were square, her gear all new,
She had a good and gallant crew,

From Liverpool, that packet school,
From Liverpool like any damned fool,

'Cross the Western Ocean in the month of May,
From the Western Ocean it's a damned long way,

For they take you through the ice and snow,
They take you where them winds don't blow,

From Liverpool to Frisco Bay,
To Frisco Bay is a damned long way,

On the Black Ball Line I served my time,
On the Black Ball Line I wasted my prime

Round the Bay of Mexico (*Capstan/Pump*)

**Round the bay of Mexico,
Way up Suzianna
Mexico is a place that I'm a goin' to
Round the bay of Mexico, Round the bay of Mexico.**

**Them slavish girls don't wear no clothes,
Way up Suzianna
They comb their hair with the chicken's backbone
Round the bay of Mexico, Round the bay of Mexico.**

**When I was young and in my prime,
I had them pretty girls nine at a time**

**Now he's old and going grey,
The young girls all look the other way**

**Lord give me strength before I'm done,
To love you pretty girls everyone.**

**Been to sea for a month or more
I'm looking forward to my time on shore.**

**The wind is high and the sky is blue
I'm bound to anchor in a day or two.**

1st verse again

Old Maui (*Forebitter*)

**It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife, *We whalermen undergo.*
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done, *How hard the winds did blow.***

For we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, With a good ship, taut and free

And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum, *With the girls of Old Maui.*

Chorus:

***Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys, Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, Rolling down to Old Maui.***

**Once more we sail with a northerly gale, *Through the ice and wind and rain.*
Them native maids, them tropical glades, *We soon shall see again.*
Six hellish months have passed away, On the cold Kamchatka Sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground, *Rolling down to Old Maui.***

**Once more we sail with a northerly gale, *Towards our island home.*
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, *And we ain't got far to roam.*
Our stuns'l bones is carried away, What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us, *Thank God we're homeward bound.***

**How soft the breeze through the island trees, *Now the ice is far astern.*
Them native maids, them tropical glades, *Is a-waiting our return.*
Even now their big brown eyes look out, Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales, *Rolling down to old Maui.***

**And now we're anchored in the bay, *With the Kanakas all around*
With chants and soft aloha oes, *They greet us homeward bound.*
And now ashore we'll have good fun, We'll paint them beaches red
Awaking in the arms of a wahine, *With a big fat aching head.***

Essequibo River (*Halyard*)

Essequibo River is the Queen of Rivers all

Buddy Ta-na-na we are somebody Oh

Essequibo River is the Queen of Rivers all

Buddy Ta-na-na we are somebody Oh

Chorus

Somebody Oh Johnny, somebody Oh

Buddy Ta-na-na we are somebody Oh

Essequibo Capen is the King of Capens all

Essequibo Bosun is the King of Bosuns all

Essequibo Sailors is the Chief of Sailors all

Essequibo Maidens is the Queen of Maidens all

Essequibo Sallies are the Queen of Sallies all

Essequibo River is the Queen of Rivers all

The Hog-Eye Man *(Pump)*

**Oh! go fetch me down my riding cane,
For I'm going to see my darling Jane!**

Chorus:

*And a hog-eye
Railroad navvie with his hog-eye
Row the boat ashore, and a hog-eye O!
She wants the hog-eye man.*

**O the hog-eye man are all the go,
When they come down to San Francisco.**

**Now, its "Who's been here since I've been gone?"
A railroad navvie with his sea-boots on.**

**O Sally in the garden picking peas,
Her golden hair hanging down to her knees.**

**Oh Sally in the garden shelling peas,
A bold Jack Tar sitting on her knee.**

**Oh the hog-eye man is the man for me,
He was raised way down in Tennessee.**

**Now where have you been gone so long.
You Yankee Tar with your sea-boots on.**

**We're a hog-eye ship and a hog-eye crew,
With a hog-eye mate and a skipper too.**

1st verse again.

John Kanaka *(Halyard)*

I thought I heard the old man say

John Kanaka-naka too rie ay

Today, today is a holiday

John Kanaka-naka too rie ay

Chorus:

Too rie ay, ooooh, too rie ay

John Kanaka-naka too rie ay

We'll work tomorrow but no work today

We'll work tomorrow but no work today.

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay

We're bound away at the break of day.

We're bound away around Cape Horn

We wish to Christ we'd never been born.

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away

Oh haul away and make your pay.

We're Liverpool born and Liverpool bred

We're strong in the arm but we're thick in the head.

Serafina (*Halyard*)

In Caleo there lives a girl whose name is Serafina,

Serafina, Serafina.

She sleeps all day and works all night in the old Calay Marina

Serafina O, Serafina.

She is the queen of all the girls who work in the old casino,

Serafina, Serafina

She used to screw for monkey nuts but now she screws for Vino.

Serafina O, Serafina

At robbin' silly sailor boys, no girl was ever keener

She'll make you pay right through the nose, that lovely Serafina.

She'll guzzle pisco, beer and gin, on rum her ma did wean her

She smokes just like a chimney or a PSNC steamer.

Oh Serafina's got no draws, I've been ashore and seen her

She's got no time to put 'em on, that hard worked Serafina.

When I was young and in my prime I first met Serafina

In Caleo I saw the sights and then went up to Lima.

But the finest sight I saw that night was lovely Serafina

But the very next day, as we sailed away, I wish I'd never been there.

For me money was gone, me clothes was gone and so was Serafina

She robbed me down, she'd done me down, that dirty she hyena.

I used to love that little girl whose name is Serafina

But now she's run away with a big laddie who plays the concertina.

Mingulay Boat Song *(Gaelic tune)*

Chorus:

*Heel you ho boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round now all together
Heel you ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!*

**What care we boys how white the Minch is
What care we boys for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay!**

**Wives are waiting on the pierhead,
Looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her round boys, and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay!**

**Ships return now heavy laden
Mothers holding their bairns a-crying
They'll return though when the sun sets
They'll return to Mingulay.**

**Far behind us the hills of Quinton
Soon before us the hills of heather
And you know boys the candles glow boys
In the windows of Mingulay.**

Sally Brown *(Halyard)*

I shipped on board of a Liverpool liner
Way, hay, roll and go
And we rolled all night and we rolled till day
Gonna spend my money on Sally Brown

Sally Brown is a nice young lady...

Her mother doesn't like her tarry sailor...

She wants her to marry a one-legged captain...

Sally Brown is a wild young lady...

Sally Brown has a big fine figure....

Sally's teeth are white and pearly...

I've bought her gowns and I've bought her laces...

Seven long years I've courted Sally...

1st verse again

Alabama John Cherokee (*Halyard*)

This is a story of John Cherokee

Oo! Alabama John Cherokee

The Indian man from Miramashee

Oo! Alabama John Cherokee.

Hey, hey, ho. Oo! Alabama John Cherokee

Hey, hey, ho. Oo! Alabama John Cherokee

They put him aboard a whaling ship

Oo! Alabama John Cherokee

Again and again he gave them the slip

Oo! Alabama John Cherokee.

Hey, hey, ho. Oo! Alabama John Cherokee

Hey, hey, ho. Oo! Alabama John Cherokee

They catch him again and chain him tight

They starve him many a day and night.

They gave him nothing to eat or drink

All his bones they began to clink.

At the break of dawn he goes below

That is where the cocks do crow.

So they bury him by the old gate post

The very same day you can see his ghost.

And now his ghost is often seen

Sitting on the main deck all wet and green.

1st verse again

Shenandoah *(Capstan)*

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Aa-way, you rolling river!

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Aa-way, we're bound to go, cross the wide Missouri!

Oh, Shenandoah, it's far I wander.

Aa-way, you rolling river!

Oh, Shenandoah, it's far I wander.

Aa-way, we're bound to go, cross the wide Missouri!

Oh, Shenandoah has rushing water.

Aa-way, you rolling river!

Oh, Shenandoah has rushing water.

Aa-way, we're bound to go, cross the wide Missouri!

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughters.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughters.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Drunken Sailor (*Stamp & Go*)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

Earl-eye in the morning

Chorus:

Hooray and up she rises, Hooray and up she rises

Hooray and up she rises, Earl-eye in the morning.

Put him the scuppers with a hose pipe on him

Shave his belly with a rusty razor

Shave his pole with a rusty razor

Give him a dose of salt and water

Put him in bed with the Captain's daughter

Have you ever seen the Captain's Daughter

Wake him! Shake him! Wet him all over!

That's what we do with a drunken sailor

**Were you ever in Quebec, Stowing timber on the deck
Where you'd break your bleeding neck? *Riding on a donkey!***

Chorus

*Way hey, away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding
Way hey, away we go
Riding on a donkey.*

**Were you ever off the Horn, Where it's always fine and warm
Where's there's a lion and a unicorn? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Were you ever in Cardiff Bay, Where the folks all shout, Hooray
Here comes Johnny with his six months pay? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Were you ever in Timbucktoo, Where the gals are black and blue
And they wiggle their arses at you? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Were you ever in Vallipo, Where the gals put on a show
Wriggle and dance with a roll and go? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Wuz ye ever down Mobile Bay, Screwing cotton all the day
A dollar a day is a white man's pay? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Wuz ye ever in Canton, Where the men wear pigtails long,
And the gals play hong-ki-kong? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Wuz ye ever in Mirramashee, Where you tie up to a tree
And the skeeters do bite we? *Riding on a donkey.***

**Wuz ye ever on the Broomielow, Where the Yanks are all the go
And the boys dance heel and toe? *Riding on a donkey.***

1st verse again

Doodle Let Me Go (Yeller Girls) (Capstan)

**One morning I was walking down by the riverside
Hoorah! Me yeller girls, doodle let me go!
And there I saw a yeller girl swimming in the tide
*Hoorah! Me yeller girls, doodle let me go!***

Chorus:

***Doodle let me go, me girls
Doodle let me go,
Hoorah! Me yeller girls, doodle let me go!***

**She was a merchant's daughter down in Callayo
Hoorah! Me yeller girls, doodle let me go!
She took me to her father's house to see if I would go
*Hoorah! Me yeller girls, doodle let me go!***

**About the hour of twelve o'clock her father he came home
He chased me round the sofa boys and wasn't that a show.**

**Around and round the sofa boys, wasn't that a show
He grabbed me by me bobstay and he wouldn't let me go.**

**There is a house called Madame Gashay's, up in Callayo,
A regular sort of knocking shop, a place you all should go.**

**I'll throw a rope 'round Madame Gashay's and take the place in tow
I'll tow it back to Liverpool and give the boys a show.**

Whip Jamboree *(Capstan)*

**And now me lads be of good cheer,
For the Irish coast will soon draw near
We'll steer a course for old Cape Clear,
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.**

Chorus:

*Whip jamboree, whip jamboree
With your pig-tailed sailor hanging down behind
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.*

**And now Cape Clear she is in sight,
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night
And we'll steer a course for the old rock light
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.**

**And now me lads we're off Holyhead,
No more salt beef nor weavily bread
One man in the bows to heave the lead
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.**

**And now me lads we're off the trots,
All hammocks lashed and all kit bags locked
We'll haul her into Waterloo Docks,
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.**

**And now me lads we're all in dock,
We'll go up to Dan Laurie's on the dot
We'll drink a pint from a big pint pot
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.**

Sloop John B *(Hauling)*

**We come on the Sloop John B,
My grandfather and me
Round Nassau town we did roam,
Drinkin all night, got into a fight,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.**

Chorus:

*So hoist up the John B sail, see how the main sail's set
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home,
Let me go home, let me go home
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.*

**The first mate he got drunk, he broke up the people's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff John Stone,
Please let me alone, I feel so broke up I want to go home.**

**The poor cook he got fits, throw away all the grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn
Let me go home, I want to go home
This is the worst trip, since I been born.**

1st verse again

Rosabella (*Capstan*)

Chorus:

*I'm goin' on board The Rosabella ,
I'm goin' on board The Rosabella,
I'm goin' on board, right down to the board
The salt sea Rosabella.*

**Well one Monday morning in the month of May,
One Monday morning in the month of May,
I thought I heard the old man say,
The Rosabella will sail today.**

**Well she's a deepwater ship with a deepwater crew
She's a deepwater ship with a deepwater crew
You can stick to the coast but we're damned if we do
On board The Rosabella.**

**Well them Bowery girls do make me grieve
Them Bowery girls do make me grieve
Well they spend me money and they make me leave
Aboard The Rosabella.**

**Well all around Cape Horn in the Month of May ,
All around Cape Horn in the Month of May,
All around Cape Horn is a bloody long way
Aboard The Rosabella.**

1st verse again