



A Collection of Sea Shanties and Sea Songs

For the diversion of the hearty crew of the **HMS Bundy**

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ShipMates

A Rovin'

A pump shanty

In Syd - ney Town there lived Mark well what I do say!

In Syd ney Town there lived a maid, An' she wuz mis - tress of her

I'll go no more a - - ro - - o - - vin' with you fair maid.

A - - rov - - in', a - - rov - - in', Since rov - in's bin my ru - - i - - in,

I'll go no more a - - ro - - o - - vin' with you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk,x2
An' we had such a lovin' talk.

We had a drink - of grub a snatch,x2
We sent two bottles down the hatch.

Her dainty arms wuz white as milk,x2
Her lovely hair wuz soft as silk.

Her heart wuz poundin' like a drumx2,
Her lips wuz red as any plum.

I put me hand upon her toe x2
Sez she, "Young man, yer rather slow!"

I put me hand upon her knee,x2
Sez she, "Young man, yer rather free!"

I put my hand upon her thighx2,
Sez she, "Young man, yer getting nigh!"

I put me arm around her waist,x2
Sez she, "Young man, yer in great haste!"

She laid down upon her back,x2
An' then she let me take me whack.

She swore that she'd be true to me,x2
But spent me pay-day fast and free.

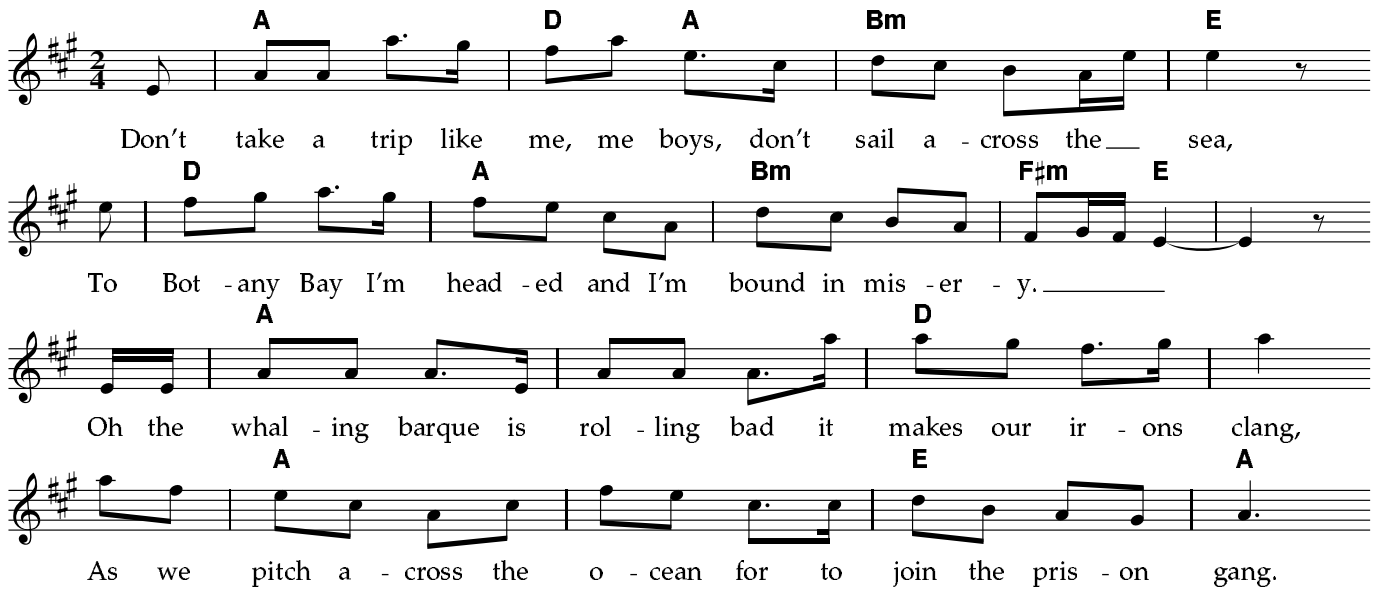
In three weeks' time I wuz badly bent,x2
Then off to sea I sadly went.

Now back in Sydney home from sea,x2
A soger had her on his knee.

ShipMates

Assisted Passage

Words and music by Harry Robertson, a Scottish-born, Australian seaman, engineer, folk-singer, songwriter, poet and activist.



Don't take a trip like me, me boys, don't sail a - cross the sea,
To Bot - any Bay I'm head - ed and I'm bound in mis - er - y.
Oh the whal - ing barque is rol - ling bad it makes our ir - ons clang,
As we pitch a - cross the o - cean for to join the pris - on gang.

'Twas on a cold and moonlit night the frost lay all around,
His lordship's keepers beat me 'til I fell upon the ground.

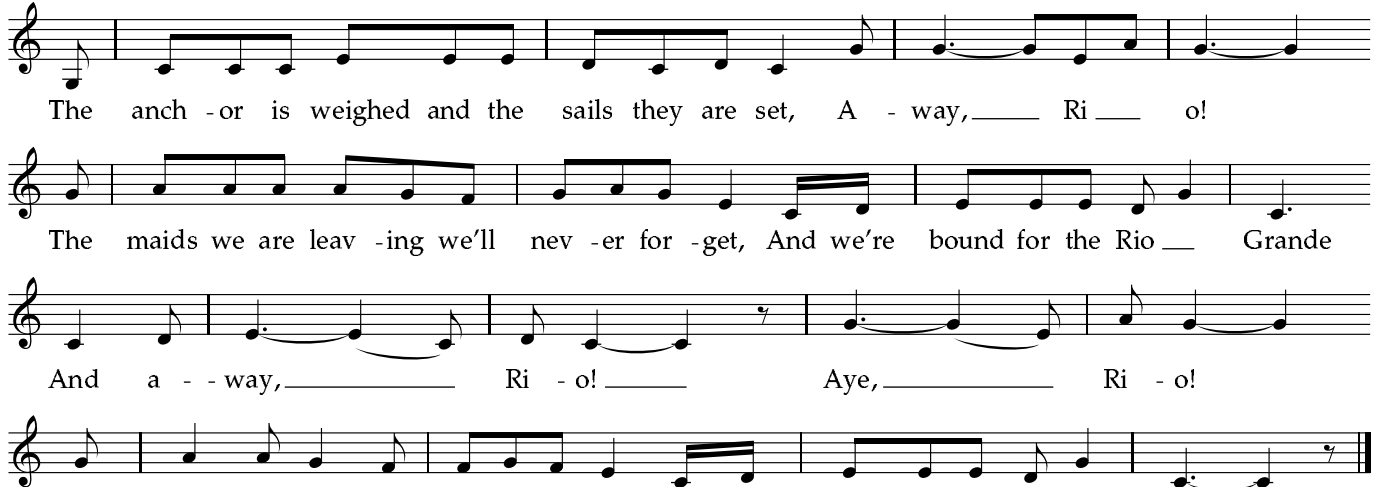
They took the rabbit I had caught to feed me child at home,
For fourteen years the judge he said my sins I must atone.

They took me from the dungeon on to a whaling barque,
And with rats and roaches now I sail and savage bureaucrats.

Oh Mother England's clever and her business methods stark,
For the ships that take the convicts out will bring the whale oil back.

ShipMates

Away Rio Rio Grande



The anch - or is weighed and the sails they are set, A - way, ____ Ri ____ o!

The maids we are leav - ing we'll nev - er for - get, And we're bound for the Rio ____ Grande

And a - - way, ____ Ri - o! ____ Aye, ____ Ri - o!

We're bound a - way this ver ____ y day, For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande!

So it's pack up your donkey and get under way,
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay.

We've a jolly good ship and a jolly good crew,
A jolly good mate and a good skipper, too.

We'll sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,
And you who are listening, goodbye to you.

Sing good bye to Nellie and good bye to Sue
And you who are listening, good bye to you

And good-bye, fare you well, all you ladies of town
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown

Now you Bowery ladies we'd have you to know
We're bound to the south'ard, O Lord, let us go!

Heave with a will and heave long and strong,
Sing the good chorus, for 'tis a good song.

Heave only one pawl, then 'vast heavin', belay!
Heave steady, because we say farewell today.

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum
And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has come

The chain's up and down, now the bosun did say,
Heave up to the hawsepipe, the anchor's aweigh.

Our good ship's a-going out over the bar
And we'll point her nose for the South-er-on Star

O say was you ever in Rio Grande?
O was you ever on that strand?

ShipMates

Being a Pirate

Don Freed

1. Be - ing a pir - ate is all fun and games, 'Til some - bod - y lose - s an ear. It
drips down your neck, and it falls on the deck, 'Til
some - - one shouts, "Oy, what's this 'ere?" You
can't wear your glass - - es, you can't pull the lass - - es, Your
friends have to shout so you'll hear;
Be - ing a pir - ate is all fun and games, 'Til some - bod - y lose - s an ear.
It's all part of be - ing a pir - - ate; You can't be a
pir - - ate with all of your pa - - - - rts. Oh,
it's all part of be - ing a pir - - ate; You can't be a
pir - - ate with all of your parts.

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
'Til somebody loses an eye.

ShipMates

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,
'Til somebody loses a hand.

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
'Til somebody loses a leg.

ShipMates

Blow the Man Down

A Long Drag Shanty

Come all ye young fel-lows that fol-lows the sea Way hey, blow the man down

All pay at - ten - tion and list - en to me Give me some time to blow the man down.

Oh, _____ Blow the man down bul - - - lies

Blow the man down to me Way hey, blow the man down

Blow the man down bul - - lies Blow him a - -

- way Give me some time to blow the man down.

I'm a deep water sailor just come from Hong Kong
You give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song

On a grim Black Ball liner I once did me time
On a grim Black Ball liner I wasted me prime.

When a trim Black Ball liner preparing for sea
You'll split your sides laughing such sights you would see

There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all
They're all shipped for sailors aboard the Black Ball

When a big Black Ball liner's a-leaving her dock
The boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock

Now, when the big liner, she's clear of land
Our bosun he roars out the word of command

Come quickly, lay aft to the break of the poop
Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot

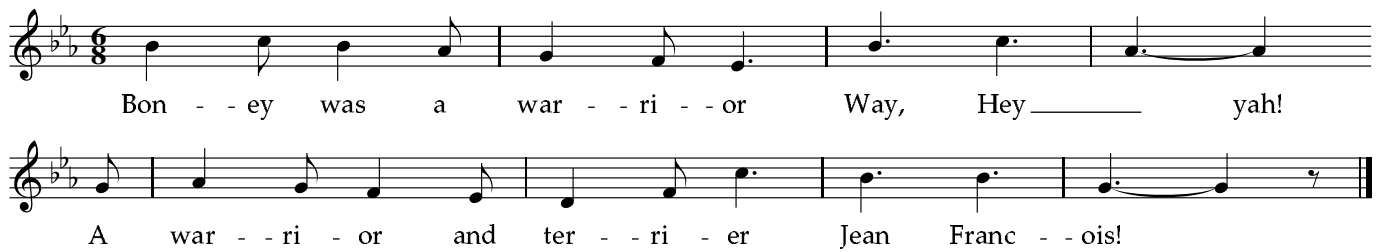
Pay attention to orders, now, you one and all
For see high above there flies the Black Ball

'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will sprawl
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball

ShipMates

Boney was a Warrior

A Long Drag Shanty



The musical notation is written on two staves in 8/8 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Bon - - ey was a war - - ri - - or Way, Hey _____ yah!

A war - - ri - - or and ter - - ri - er Jean Franc - - ois!

Boney beatt the Russians,
And he beat the Prussians.

Moscow was a-blazing
And Boney was a-raging.

Boney went to Elba
Boney he came back again.

Boney went to Waterloo
There he got his overthrow.

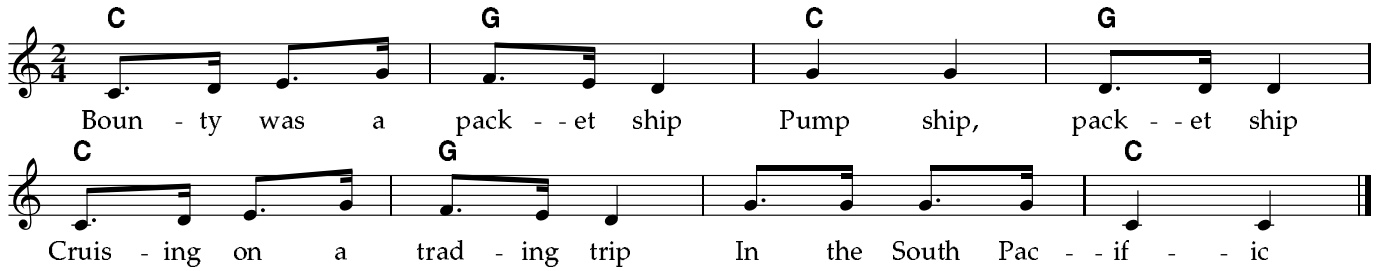
Then they took him off again
Aboard the Billy Ruffian.

He went to Saint Helena,
There he was a prisoner,

Boney broke his heart and died
Away in Saint Helena

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Bounty Was a Packet Ship



Billy Blight, that silly man
Was the master of command

He was growling day and night
Whether he was wrong or right

On the Bounty were the rules
Not for soft or holy souls

And the answer on complain
Handcuffs an' the iron chain

Spitting on the quarterdeck
Punishment - a broken neck

There was trouble every day
Many sailors ran away

And at last that Billy Blight
With his crew commenced to fight

Starving were the men and mates
Living by their master's threats

He was tramping down the lot
It resulted in a plot

Mates and sailors in the night
Overpowered Billy Blight

They put Billy Blight afloat
With his madness in a boat

Bounty then went out of sight
Left alone was Billy Blight

Billy Blight he reached the coast
But the Bounty she was lost

Many gales have crossed the sea
Since the Bounty went away

Never was there heard a word
From the crew that stayed on board.

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Cane Killed Abel

Words by seaman/folksinger Merv Lilley, with a tune by singer/songwriter Chris Kempster (1933-2004). Kempster's role in the Australian folk movement was a significant pioneering one - as a singer, songwriter, composer, collector and teacher.

I was a cane cut - - ter but now I'm at sea.

Stool it and top it and load it my boys.

Once Cane _____ killed A - - bel but it won't kill me.

Stool it and top it and load it my boys.

There was an old seaman who sang this refrain.
He stood at the bar and he filled up again.

I worked very hard until I went to sea.
Once Cane killed Abel but it won't kill me.

I rise every morning about half past three.
To cook my own breakfast, my dinner and tea.

This cutting of cane, it isn't much fun.
They melt it all down and make Bundaberg rum.

I was a cane cutter but now I'm at sea.
Once Cane killed Abel but it won't kill me.

ShipMates

The Codfish Shanty

Collected by Maryjean Officer and Norm O'Connor and published in 'Tradition' 1966. Extra verses Dave Johnson.

Mel - bourne girls, ain't got no combs, Heave a - way, heave a - way,
They comb their hair with cod - fish bones, And we're bound for Aus - tra - lia.
Heave a - way, my bull - y bull - y boys, Heave a - way, heave a - way,
Heave a - way, why don't you make a noise, And we're bound for Aus - tra - lia.

Melbourne boys, they have no sleds,
They slide downhill on codfish heads,

Melbourne wives have rusty pails,
To use when scrapin' codfish scales.

Liza Lee, she promised me,
When I return she'll marry me.

Melbourne folks don't have no ills,
Doctors feed 'em codfish pills.

Melbourne cats don't have no tails,
Lost them all in southeast gales.

Melbourne girls don't clip their nails
They file them down with codfish scales

Our anchor's dropped, our sails are furled
It's the finest harbour in the world

ShipMates

The Cyprus

Collected by Ian Coggins from Maeve Chick, Hobart Tas in 1968 and published in *Australian Tradition* in March 1969.
Australian Tradition was published 1963-75 by The Victorian Folk Music Club and the Folklore Society of Victoria

There was a ship, the "Cy -prus" was her name, She sailed from Ho -bart__ Town.

Three and thir -ty con -victs were a -board; All Mac -quar -ie Har -bour__ bound, were they;

All Mac -quar -ie Har -bour__ bound.

A life in chains is sorrow to a man,
'Twere better he were dead,
And sooner than a soldier mercy show,
The cruel sea will turn red, I swear,
The cruel sea will turn red.

You may plead for pity's blessed sake
But a tyrant's eye is blind
And sooner than a soldier mercy show,
The cruel sea will turn kind, I swear,
The cruel sea will turn kind.

Aboard this ship and loaded down with chains
Was a man named Brian Malone.
Twas he who said "Now we can take this ship
And sail her away on our own, brave boys
And sail her away on our own"

They took the ship lined the soldiers on the deck
And they were craven men,
But Brian Malone he pitched them overboard
And the convicts were free men again, at last
The convicts were free men again

They set their course and northerly did sail,
Far from Van Diemen's Land
And swore that they never again would bow down
Beneath the tyrant's hand, no more,
Beneath the tyrant's hand.

They were lost and never seen again
But when the moonlight pales,
And waves ride high and lightning splits the night
They say the Cyprus sails, once more,
They say the Cyprus sails,

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The Dead Horse Shanty

learnt from Alex Hood, with extra verses added from various sources. Alex was a prominent performer in the Folk Revival in Sydney folk clubs like PACT Folk. He spent most of his working life touring schools all round Australia presenting Australian songs and stories.

I say old man your horse will die. We say so for we know so.

Poor old man your horse will die. Poor old man.

One month a rotten life we've led.
While he lay on his feather bed.

For thirty days we've ridden him,
And when he dies we'll tan his skin,

But now the month is up, old turk.
Get up, ye swine, and look for work.

And if he lives, I'll ride him again,
I'll ride him with a tighter rein.

We'll hoist him up to the fore yard-arm,
Where he won't do sailors any harm.

It's up aloft the horse must go,
We'll hoist him up and bury him low,

So now, old horse your time has come.
We'll say goodbye with a tot of rum.

So goodbye, old horse, we say goodbye.
Poor old horse you were bound to die.

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails,
And the iron of his shoe to make deck nails.

We'll drop him down with a long, long roll,
Sharks'll have his body and the devil take his soul.

ShipMates

Drunken Sailor

The musical score for 'Drunken Sailor' is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staves: Am, G, G, Am, Em, G, Am, Am, G, G, Am, Em, G, Am. The lyrics are: 'What shall we do with the drunk -en sail -or,? What shall we do with the drunk -en sail -or,? what shall we do with the drunk -en sail - or, Earl -eye in the morn - ing? Way - - hay, and up she ris - - es, Way - - hay, and up she ris - - es, Way - - hay, and up she ris - es, Earl - eye in the morn - - ing.'

Am G G

What shall we do with the drunk -en sail -or,? What shall we do with the drunk -en sail -or,?

Am Em G Am

what shall we do with the drunk -en sail - or, Earl -eye in the morn - ing?

Am G G

Way - - hay, and up she ris - - es, Way - - hay, and up she ris - - es,

Am Em G Am

Way - - hay, and up she ris - es, Earl - eye in the morn - - ing.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor, (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning?

Put him in the longboat until he's sober, (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him, (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all over, (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning.

Tie him by the legs in a running bowline, (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning.

Give him a hair of the dog that bit him, (3x)
Earl-eye in the morning.

ShipMates

Haul Away Joe

This is a 'tack and sheet' shanty collected by Stan Hugill from maritime veteran Paddy Griffiths.

When I was a lit - tle boy, my moth - er then she told me, _____

Way! Haul A - - way! We'll haul a - - way Joe

If I did not kiss the girls, my lips would grow all mouldy, _____

Way! Haul A - - way! We'll haul a - - way Joe.

Way! Haul A - - way! We're bound for bet - ter weath - er,

Way! Haul A - - way! We'll haul a - - way Joe

I sailed the seas for many a year not knowin' what i was missin'.
Then I sets me sails afore the gales an' started in a-kissin'.

First I met a Yankee girl and she was fat and lazy,
Then I met a Spanish girl and she nearly drove me crazy,

Then I got meself an Irish gal an' her name was Molly Flannigan.
She stole me boots, she stole me clothes, she pinched me plate an' pannikin.

Louis was the King of France afore the revolution,
Then he had his head cut off which spoilt his constitution.

The cook is in the galley boys makin' duff so handy.
The captain's in his cabin lads drinkin' wine and brandy.

Saint Patrick was a gentleman. He came from decent people.
He built a church in Dublin Town and on it put a steeple.

Once I was in Ireland a'diggin' turf and taties.
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a haulin' on the braces.

Ye call yeself a second mate an' cannot tie a bowline,
Ye cannot even stand up straight when the packet she's a-rollin'.

ShipMates

Haul on the Bowline

A Short Drag Shanty

A small rope on the leach of a square-sail to steady it. Bowline pronounced bow-lin.

Haul on the bow - lin' the pack - et is a - - roll _____ in

Haul on the bow - - lin' the bow - - lin' haul

Haul on the bow-lin', the skipper he's a-growlin'
Haul on the bow-lin', to London we are goin',
Haul on the bow-lin', the good ship is a-bowlin',
Haul on the bow-lin', the main-top gallant bow-lin'',
Haul on the bow-lin', the bow-lin' haul!
Haul on the bow-lin', Kitty is me darling.
Haul on the bow-lin', Kitty lives in Liverpool,
Haul on the bow-lin', Kitty's on the game again,
Haul on the bow-lin', the old man is a howling,
Haul on the bow-lin', the bloody ship's a rolling

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Heave and Go

A **E7** **B7** **E**

Come, all ye jol - ly sail - ors bold, Heave and go, my Nan - cy O

A **D** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**

List - - en till my tale is told, Heave and go, my Nan - cy O

The king trusts to his sailors bold,
And we shall find them as of old

For father, mother, sisters, wives,
We're ready now to risk our lives.

For Danish girls, with eyes so blue,
We'll do all that can sailors do.

And Dannebrog upon our masts
Shall float as long as this world lasts ;

And now for our brave captain, we,
Will give three cheers right heartily.

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
And now we're done the tale is told

ShipMates

Leave her Jollies

*A Long Drag Shanty
from the singing of Australian sailor Jimmy Cargill*

Oh the work was hard and the wag - es _ low, Leave her Jol - lies, leave _ her!

The _ seas were high and the gales _ did _ blow And it's time for us to leave her.

Leave her Jol - lies. Leave _ her. Oh _ Leave her Jol - lies. Leave _ her

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

Shantyman's Lines
Oh she would not stay nor would she wear
She shifted green and made us swear

All the rats have gone and the grub has too
So we'll pack our bags and get our due

Oh I thought I heard our old man say,
Tomorrow we will draw our pay

Due = pay owed
Stay = Tack away from the wind
Wear = change tack
Shifted green = pulled to the starboard

ShipMates

Maggie May

A popular foc'sle song, this version is a compilation of versions by John Manifold collected by himself and others.

Oh___ gath - er round you sail - or boys and list - en to my tale

And___ when you've heard it through you'll pit - - y me.

I was a god - damned fool in the port of Liv - er - pool

The first time that I came home from sea.

I was paid off at the Hove for the trip to Syd - ney Cove.
Oh Mag - gie Mag - gie May they have tak - en you a - way

And two pound ten a month was all my pay.
To slave up - - on that cold Van Diem - en's shore.

Then I start - ed drink - ing gin and was neat - ly tak - en in
For you robbed so man - y sail - ors and you dosed so man - y whal - ers

By a lit - tle girl they all call Mag - gie May.
You'll nev - er see old Lime Street an - - y more.

'Twas a damn unlucky day when I first saw Maggie May.
She was cruising up and down old Cannin' Place.
She cut a figure fine as a warship of the line
So me being a sailor I gave chase.
In the morning when I woke sick and sore and stoney broke
No trousers coat or weskit could I find.
The landlady said "Sir I can tell where they are-
They're down in Stanley's hock shop Number nine".

To the bobby on his beat at the corner of the street
To him I went to him I told my tale.
He asked as if in doubt "Does your mother know you're out?"
But agreed that lady ought to be in jail.
To the hockshop I applied but no trousers there I spied.
The bobbies came and took that girl away.
The jury "Guilty" found her of robbing a homeward bounder
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay.

ShipMates

Paddy Lay Back

Twas a cold and frost - y morn - ing in Dec - em - ber (Dec - em - ber)

An' all of me mon - - ey it wuz spent, (it wuz spent)

Where it went to Lord I can't re - - mem - ber, (re - - mem - ber),

So down to the ship - pin' of - fice I went, (went, went),

Pad - dy, lay Back (Pad - dy, lay Back)! Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)!

Take a turn a - round the caps - tan Heave a pawl (Heave a pawl!

And a - - bout ship, sta - tions, boys, be han - - dy (be han - - dy)!

We're bound for Va - la - par - - ai - - ser 'round the Horn!

That day there wuz a great demand for sailors (for sailors),
For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France (an' for France),
So I shipped aboard a Limey barque the Hotspur (Hotspur),
An' got paralytic drunk on my advance ('vance, 'vance),

Now I joined her on a cold December mornin', (mornin')
A-frappin' o' me flippers to keep me warm. (warm warm)
With the south cone a-hoisted as a warnin', (a warnin')
To stand by comin' o' a storm. (storm storm)

Now some of our fellers had bin drinkin', (bin drinkin')
An' I mmeself wuz heavy on the booze; (booze booze)
An' I wuz on me ol' sea-chest a-thinkin' (a-thinkin')
I'd turn into me bunk an' have a snooze. (snooze snooze)

I woke up in the mornin' sick an' sore, (sore)
An' knew I wuz outward bound again; (a-gain)
When I heard a voice a-bawlin' at the door, (at the door)
'Lay aft, men, an' answer to yer names!' (names names)

'Twas on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em, (I saw 'em)
Such an ugly bunch I'd niver seen afore; (a-fore)
For there wuz a bum an' stiff from every quarter, (quarter)
An' it made me poor ol' heart feel sick an' sore. (sick and sore)

There wuz Spaniards an' Dutchmen an' Rooshians, (an' Rooshians)
An' Johnny Crappos jist across from France; (France France)
An' most o' 'em couldn't speak a word o' English, (English)
But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance'. (vance vance)

ShipMates

So there wuz I once more again at sea, boys, (at sea boys)
The same ol' ruddy business over again; (a-gain)
Oh, stamp the caps'n round an' make some noise, boys, (some noise boys)
An' sing again this dear ol' sweet refrain. (re-frain)

I wist that I wuz in the 'Jolly Sailor', (sail-or
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer; (beer beer)
An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors, (were sailors)
An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear.

ShipMates

The Press Gang

Words by Michael Watson and published in 'Coles Treasury of Song', tune by David Johnson 2005.
A version with identical words and a different tune was collected by Ron Edwards from Stan Dean of Cairns, Qld.

Sit round the gall - ey fire, my lads, and list - en while I sing,
I'll tell you all how I was pressed when George the Third was king;
In eight - een 'three the war broke out, and so, to man the fleet,
The press - gang seized all lands - men that a - - shore they chanced to meet.
Yeo, heave ho! Here's to all the lass - es, O,
Cheer - i - ly, lads, 'time a - board soon pass - - es, O,
Yeo, heave ho! Sing and fill your
glass - es, O, Cheer - i - ly, lads! Who'll serve the King?

One night, as I was strollin' with my sweetheart on the quay,
She smilin'-oh! so pretty, boys, and happy as could be,
We heard the dip of oars hard by, and voices gaily sang,
And this is what the chorus was, that o'er the waters rang.

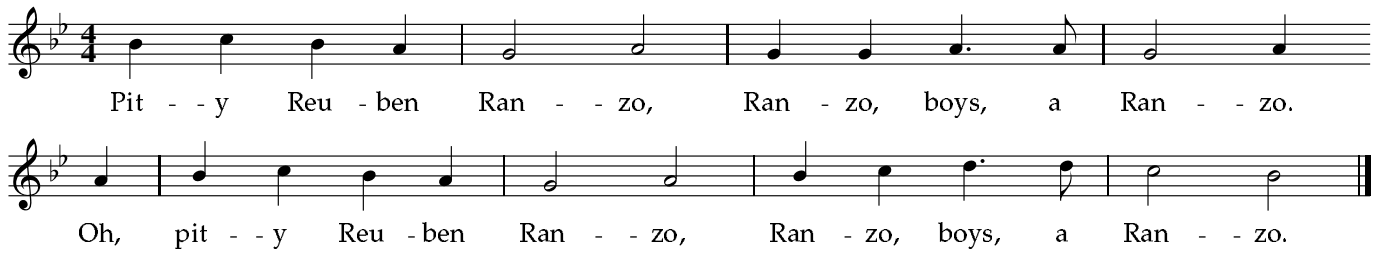
The boat was moored 'longside the quay-ashore then jumped the crew,
A gallant young lieutenant and a gang of jackets blue ;
They pounced on me-and lor, how close my little lass did cling,
And how she prayed they'd let me off from servin' of the King.

Says I, "But I'm a barber, boys, so what's the good of me?"
Says they-"Then you're the shaver that's just wanted on the sea,
So bid your lass farewell, my lad, and jump into the boat,
And like a pipin' bullfinch you'll soon chirp when you're afloat."

ShipMates

Reuben Ranzo

A Long Drag Shanty



Reuben was no sailor,
By trade he was a tailor,

He went to school on Monday,
Learnt to read on Tuesday,

He learnt to write on Wednesday,
He learnt to fight on Thursday,

On Friday he beat the master,
On Saturday we lost Reuben,

And where do you think we found him?
Why, down in yonder valley,

Conversing with a sailor.
He shipped on board of a whaler ;

He shipped as able seamen do ;
The captain was a bad man,

He took him to the gangway,
And gave him five-and-forty.

The mate he was a good man,
He taught him navigation;

Now he's captain of a whaler,
And married the captain's daughter,

And now they both are happy.
This ends my little ditty,

Belay there, lads, belay.

ShipMates

Roll The Old Chariot Along

A walkaway, or runaway chorus, or stamp and go sea shanty. Based on a hymn of the same name. Sometimes called Nelson's Blood, The surgeon Beatty preserved Nelson's remains in brandy for the 80 days it took to return to England. Common wisdom at the time was to use rum but Beatty knew the brandy was more concentrated alcohol. Nevertheless rum became known as Nelson's Blood.

Oh, a drop of Nel - son's blood would - n't do us an - y harm

A drop of Nel - son's blood would - n't do us an - y harm

A drop of Nel - son's blood would - n't do us an - y harm

And we'll all hang on be - - - hind.

So we'll roll the old _____ char - i - - ot a - - long

An' we'll roll the gold - - en char - i - - ot a - - long.

So we'll roll the old _____ char - i - - ot a - - long

An' we'll all hang on be - - - hind!

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm x3
And we'll all hang on behind.

Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm x3
And we'll all hang on behind.

Oh, a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm x3
And we'll all hang on behind.

Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm x3
And we'll all hang on behind.

Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm x3
And we'll all hang on behind.

Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm x3
And we'll all hang on behind.

Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails x3
And we'll all hang on behind...

Oh, we'd be alright if we made it round The Horn x3
And we'll all hang on behind..

ShipMates

South Australia

A composite version of this very popular sea shanty. Ideally sung unaccompanied with alternating shanty-person and crew.

In South Aus - tra - lia I was born, Heave a - way, haul a - way
In South Aus - tralia round Cape Horn, And we're bound for South Aus - tra - - lia.
Heave a - way, you rul - er king, Heave a - - way, haul a - - way,
Heave a - way, you'll hear me sing, And we're bound for South Aus - - tra - - lia.

One morning as I took the air
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair.

I looked her up and I looked her down.
I took her all around the town.

There ain't but the one thing grieves my mind,
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

I see her standing on the quay,
The tears do start as she waves to me.

I'll tell you the truth and I'll tell you no lie,
If I don't love that girl I hope I die.

I wish I was in a foreign land,
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand.

Now when you're a-wallop' around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God you'd never been born.

Now I'll drink a glass to that foreign shore,
And one to the girl that I adore.

I thought I heard the Old Man say
"Just one more time and then belay."

ShipMates

Stormalong Mister Stormalong

pumping shanty from the Stan Hugill Collection



Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
- To me way you Stormalong!
Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
- Aay! Ay! Ay! Mister Stormalong!

Of all ol' skippers he was best,
But now he's dead an' gone to rest.

He slipped his cable off Cape Horn,
Close by the place where he was born.

Oh, off Cape Horn where he was born,
Our sails wuz torn an' our mainmast gorn.

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
His shroud of finest silk was made.

We lowered him down with a golden chain,
Our eyes all dim with more than rain.

An able seaman bold an' true,
A good ol' skipper [bosun] to his crew.

He's moored at last an' furled his sail,
No danger now from wreck or gale.

Old Stormy heard the Angel call,
So sing his dirge now one an' all.

Oh, now we'll sing his funeral song,
Oh, roll her over, long an' strong.

Old Stormy loved a sailors' song,
Hes voice wuz tough an' rough an' strong.

His heart wuz good an' kind an' soft,
But now he's gone 'way up aloft.

For fifty years he sailed the seas,
In winter gale and summer breeze.

But now Ol' Stormy's day is done;
We marked the spot where he is gone.

So we sunk him under with a long, long roll,
Where the sharks'll have his body an' the devil have his soul.

An' so Ol' Stormy's day wuz done,
South fifty six, west fifty one.

Ol' Stormy wuz a seaman bold,
A Grand Ol' Man o' the days of old.

ShipMates

Strike the Bell

Striking the bell meant the end of the watch.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of 11 staves of music. Chord symbols (D, G, C, D7) are placed above the staff at various points to indicate harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics tell a story of a ship's watch and the importance of striking the bell.

Strike the bell sec - ond mate, and let us go be - low;
Look well to wind - ward you can see it's gon - - na blow;
Look at the glass, you can see it has fell,
Just _____ wait - in' on the sec - ond mate to strike eight bells.
Up on the poop deck and wal - - king a - bout,
There is the sec - ond mate so stead - y and so stout;
What he is a - think - in' of he does - - n't know him - self
Oh we wish that you would hur - ry up and strike, strike the bell.

Down on the main deck and workin' at the pumps,
There is the larboard watch just longing for their bunks;
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell,
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.
Chorus:

Forward on the forecastle head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny 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.
Chorus:

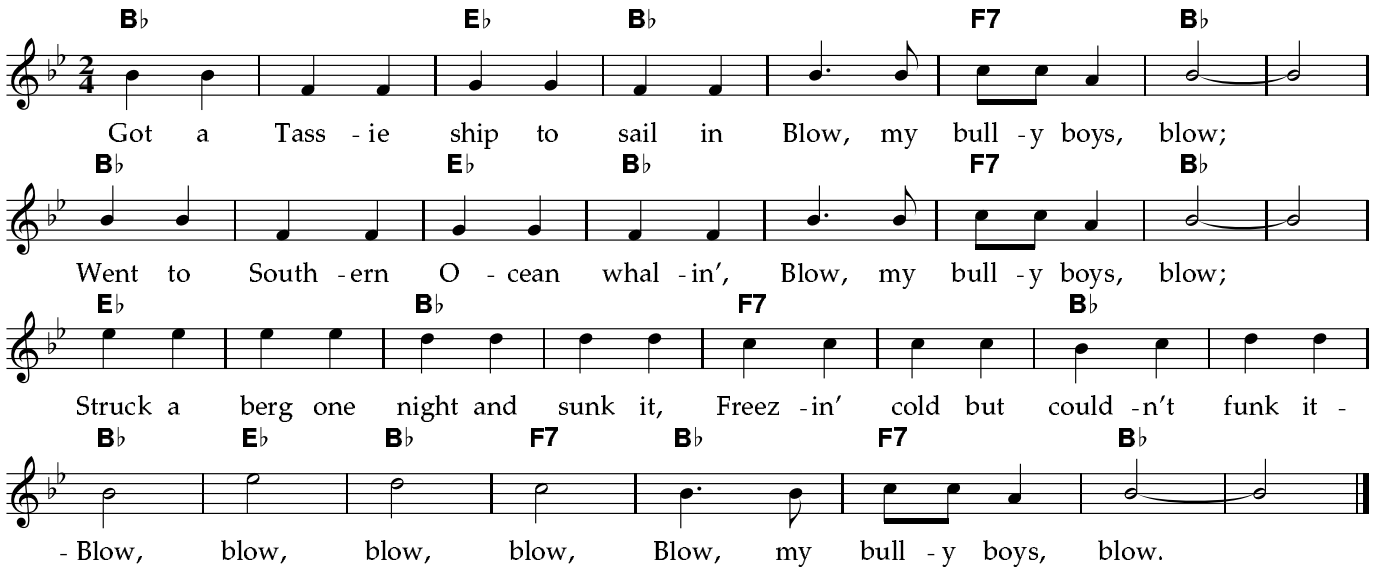
Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands,
Graspin' at the helm with his frostbitten hands,
Lookin' at the compass through the course is clear as hell
And he's wishin' that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.
Chorus:

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands,
Lookin' out to windward with a spyglass in his hand,
What he is a-thinkin' of we know very well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sailhan strikin' the bell.
Chorus:

ShipMates

Tassie Whaler

Words of a longer poem by EJ Brady abbreviated and set to music by Robyn and Graham Jenkin. Edwin James Brady (1869 1952) was a minor Australian poet. He worked as a wharf clerk, a farmer, and journalist, editing both rural and city newspapers.



Got a Tass - ie ship to sail in Blow, my bull - y boys, blow;
Went to South - ern O - cean whal - in', Blow, my bull - y boys, blow;
Struck a berg one night and sunk it, Freez - in' cold but could - n't funk it -
- Blow, blow, blow, blow, Blow, my bull - y boys, blow.

Saw a right whale busy spoutin'
- Blow, my bully boys, blow;
'There she blows!' the look-out shoutin'
- Blow, my bully boys, blow;
'Lower away!' and off we goes, mate,
Sticks a harpoon in her nose, mate
- Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Up she comes, and right beside us
- Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Goes about; - now woe betide us!
- Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Turned her tail - gee-whoop - and thrashed us,
Into fifty pieces smashed us
- Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Missed the coxswain as we wallowed
- Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Angry whale poor chap had swallowed
- Blow, my bully boys, blow.
Second boat, she saw her spout then,
Killed the whale and cut him out men
- Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Tassie packet's down the river
- Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Fifteen hundred bales to give her
- Blow, my bully boys, blow.
Wey-hey! Wey-ho!
Fill her up and let her go
- Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

ShipMates

The Water Witch

Recorded from the singing of JH Davies of Newtown Tas by Lloyd Robson, published in Aust'n Trad'n 1965. Text extended by Brad Tate.
The Water Witch was a whaling barque of 236 tons built in 1820, commandeered by convicts in 1840. She last hunted whales in 1892.

capo 2 G Em D7 G
A F#m E7 A

O, a neat Lit - - tle pack - - et from Ho - - bart set sail,
On a cruise round the west - 'ard for mon - ster sperm whale;
For a cruise round the west - 'ard where storm - y winds blow,
Bound a - - way in the Wat - er - witch to the west - 'ard we'll go.
Bound a - - way, bound a - - way, where the storm - y winds blow,
Bound a - - way in the Wat - er - witch to the west - 'ard we'll go.

O, it's early one morning just as the sun rose
A man from her masthead cries out: "There she blows!"
"We're away" cries our skipper and springing aloft.
Three points on the lee bow and scarce three miles off.

We sailed off the west wind and came up apace;
The whaleboats were lowered and set on the chase.
"Get your lines in your boats, me boys, see your box-line all clear,
And lower down, me bully boys, and after him we'll steer."

We fought him alongside, harpoon we thrust in,
In just over an hour he rolled out his fin.
The whale is cut in, boys, tried out and stowed down,
He's worth more to us, boys, than five hundred pound.

Now the ship she gets full, me boys, and to Hobart we'll steer
Where there's plenty of pretty girls and plenty good beer;
We'll spend our money freely with the pretty girls on shore,
And when it's all gone, we'll go whaling for more.

ShipMates

The Wellerman

There was a ship that put to sea. The name of the ship was the Bill -y of Tea

The wind blew up her bow dipped down. Oh blow my bull -y boys blow.

Soon may the Well -er -man come and bring us sug - ar tea and rum

One day when the tongu - ing is done we'll take our leave and go.

She'd 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.

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 low

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

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

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

ShipMates

Whisky-oh Johnny-oh

A Long Drag Shanty

A composite version of this very popular sea shanty. Ideally sung unaccompanied with alternating shanty-person and crew.

Oh whis - ky is the life of man and has been since the world be - gan

Whis - ky, Oh John - ny Oh Rise em up from down be - - low

Whis - ky, Whis - ky, Whis - ky, Oh Up a - loft them yards must go

Rise em up from down be - low

Oh whisky is the life of man and has been since the world began.

Oh whisky up and whisky down, and whisky's all around this town,

It's whisky made me pawn my clothes, and whisky gave me this red nose,

I've got a sister her name is Liza she puts the whisky in her pies-a

If whisky were a river and I was a duck, I'd swim to the bottom and I'd never come up.

A tot of whisky for each man and a bloody big barrel for the shantyman.

BELAY THERE !