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Black Ball Line

Halyard

**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,**

Blow Liza Blow

Pulling

Chorus:

Blow Liza blow

Blow Liza blow

Blow Liza;

Blow Liza blow Liza blow x2

**This is the winter, every spring and summer,
We need another jolly boy *to lead this cable over.*
Tell you about my Liza, a tough-looking woman.
That Liza she's a-blowing free *to lead this cable over.*
Ch.**

**You know that I love you, Liza I tell you true.
Got a woman I'm gonna love *to lead this cable over.*
I'm calling you Liza, three pairs and three mates.
One jolly man comes back alive *to lead this cable over.*
Ch.**

**Some people on the land, just trouble in mind.
Wind was mad and called his grip *to lead this cable over.*
Some were working, to guide them to land
Before the high wind strikes *to lead this cable over.*
Ch.**

**Hoist up the sails, try to bring it around.
Turn the yard up to port *to lead this cable over.*
I got the time, dance these girls in town.
All a-calling come back hey *to lead this cable over.*
Ch.**

Boatman Dance

River Song/Capstan

Hi de ho, the boatman row, floating down the river on the Ohio

Hi de ho, the boatman row, floating down the river on the Ohio

The boatman dance, the boatman sing,

The boatman up to everything.

And when the boatman gets on shore,

He spends his cash and works for more.

Chorus:

Dance, boatman dance! O dance, boatman dance.

Dance all night till the broad daylight

Go home with the girls in the morning.

Hi de ho.....

The boatman is a thrifty man

There is none can do as the boatman can;

I never see a pretty girl in all my life,

But that she be, some boatman's wife. Ch.

The oyster boat should keep to the shore,

The fishing smack should venture more.

The schooner sails before the wind,

The steamboat leaves a streak behind. Ch

I went on board the other day

To see what the boatman had to say;

An dare I let my passion loose

And they cram me in the calaboose. Ch.

When you go to the Boatman's ball

Dance with your wife, or not at all

Sky-blue jacket, and tarpaulin hat

Look out my boys, for the nine tail cat. Ch.

When the boatman, blows his horn

Look out old man, your hog is gone;

He steals my sheep, he cotch my shoat,

Put them in the bag, and take them to the boat. Ch

Bully in the Alley

Halyard

Chorus:

Help me Bob I'm bully in the alley.

Way, hey, bully in the alley.

Help me Bob I'm bully in the alley.

Bully down in Shinbone Al.

Oh, Sally is the girl down in our alley.

Way, hey, bully in the alley

Now, Sally is the gal that I spliced nearly.

Bully down in Shinbone Al. So! Ch.

I'll leave my Sal to go a-sailing. *Way, hey,*

I'll leave my gal and go a-whaling. *Bully down in...*

For seven long years I courted Sally, *Way, hey....*

All she did was dilly-dally, *Bully down in Ch.*

I left Sal and I went a-sailing. *Way, hey....*

Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling, *Bully down...*

If I ever get back I'll marry little Sally. *Way...*

Have six kids and live in Shinbone Alley *Bully down...*

Man the pumps there's water in the galley, *Way...*

Man the pumps there's water in the galley, *Bully ...*

I thought I heard the old man saying, *Way, hey....*

One more chorus then we're belaying, *Bully down....*

Bye-bye, my Roseanna

Hauling

Oh Roseann, my Roseann

Bye, bye my Roseanna.

Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann

I won't be home tomorrow.

Chorus:

Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye, bye,

Bye, bye my Roseanna.

Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye, bye,

I won't be home tomorrow.

The ships are sailing around the bend....

All loaded down with fishermen....

A dollar a day's a fisherman's pay....

It's easy come, easy go away....

We're bound away, across the bay....

We're bound away at the break of day....

Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann....

Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann....

Candlelight Fisherman

Forebitter

O my dad was a fisherman bold
And he lived till he grew old, and he'd
Open the pane and pop out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

And often he'd say to me.
You'd be wise before you go, if you
Open the pane and pop out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the north wind roughly blow
Then I lay right snug below, so I....

When the wind come out of the east.
It's no good for man nor beast, so I....

When the wind comes from the south,
There are times when I'm in doubt, so I....

When the wind comes from the west.
I must decide what's best, so I....

When the wind whips past my door
I know there's trouble in store, so I....

Come all you fishermen bold,
You'll live till you grow old, if you....

Deep Blue Sea

Forebitter

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the deep blue sea.

Dig his grave with a silver spade (3x)

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the deep blue sea.

Lower him down with a golden chain (3x)

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the deep blue sea.

Wrap him up with a silken shroud (3x)

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the deep blue sea.

Golden sun bring it back to me (3x)

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the deep blue sea.

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea (3x)

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the deep blue sea.

It was Willy, what got drowned, in the ..deep ..blue ..sea.

Doodle Let Me Go

Capstan

One morning as I walked down by the riverside

Hoorah! Me yeller girls, doodle let me go!

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....

She took me to her father's house to see if I would 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 knocking shop called Madame Gashay's, a place you all should go....

I'll throw a rope 'round Madame Gashay's and take the place in tow....

We'll tow it back to Liverpool and give the boys a show..

Drunken Sailor

Stamp-'n'-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

Give him a taste of the bosun's rope end

Heave him up with a running bowline

Put him in the long boat till he's sober

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!

Feeny Brown

Capstan

**Feeny Brown is the Belle of Bermuda,
*Ay, oh, Feeny!***

**Feeny Brown is the Belle of Bermuda,
*Spend my money on Feeny Brown!***

Chorus:

***Give her a dollar and she ask for another,
Ay, oh, Feeny!***

***Give her a dollar and she ask for another,
Spend my money on Feeny Brown!***

**Feeny Brown was the worthyist Mulatta....
Feeny Brown was the worthyist Mulatta....**

**Feeny Brown, always chews tobacco....
Feeny Brown, always chews tobacco....**

**Feeny Brown was a bright Mulatta....
Feeny Brown was a bright Mulatta....**

**Feeny Brown I love you Miss Feeny....
Feeny Brown I love you Miss Feeny....**

**Feeny Brown has lips like silver....
She can make anyone believe her....**

Give me the Banjo

Hauling

**This is the day we pick on the banjo
Dance gal, give me the banjo
Oh that banjo....., that tal-la-la-la banjo
Dance gal, give me the banjo.**

**This is the day we make our pay day-ay
Dance gal, give me the banjo
Oh that banjo....., that five string banjo
Dance gal, give me the banjo.**

**Haul away for Campeachy Bay-ay
Dance gal, give me the banjo
Oh haul away....., and stretch out for yer pay-ay
Dance gal, give me the banjo.**

**A dollar's a day is a buckera's pay
Oh bend yer high shoes....., and lavender breeks boys**

**There's my Sal, she's the gal for me boys
Oh I know she'll....., be awaiting for me-e.**

**I'll bang on the banjo, to show her my love-o
Oh that banjo....., that ping-a pong-a banjo!**

**I'm gonna dance while you'll play the banjo
I'm gonna dance.....,while you play the banjo**

Goodbye fare thee well

Capstan

**Oh, we're homeward bound for Liverpool town,
Goodbye fare thee well, goodbye fare thee well,
Those Liverpool Judies they all will come down,
*Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound!***

**We're homeward bound for the girls of the town,
Goodbye fare thee well, goodbye fare thee well,
So stand up, me hearties, and heave her around!
*Hurrah, me boys, we're homeward bound!***

**We're a fine flashy packet, we're bound for to go....
With the girls on the tow-rope we cannot say no....**

**Oh, and one to the other we'll hear them say....
Now here comes Johnnie with his fourteen-month's
pay....**

**Oh, those girls there on Lime Street we soon hope to
meet....
Soon we'll be rolling both sides of the street....**

**Oh, we'll meet those fly girls and we'll ring the old
bell....
With the girls that we meet there we'll raise bloody
hell....**

**Oh, I'll tell me old woman when I gets back home....
The girls there on Lime Street won't leave me alone....**

**Oh, we're homeward bound and I'll have yas to know....
It's over the water to Liverpool we'll go....**

Hangin' Johnny

Halyard

They call me hangin' Johnny,
Away, boys, away
They call me hangin' Johnny,
So hang, boys, hang.

They say I hangs for money, *Away, boys, away*
But hangin' is so funny; *So hang, boys, hang.*

I'd hang a brutal mother,
Me sister and me brother;

And then I hanged me granny,
I hanged her up quite canny

Yes I'll hang me sister Sally,
I hanged the whole damn family;

I'd hang the mate and skipper
I'd hang em by their flippers

A rope, a beam, a ladder
I'd hang you all together

They call me hangin' Johnnie.
But I really ain't hanged nobody

Come hang, come haul together,
Come hang for finer weather,

Hog-Eye Man

Pump

Oh! go fetch me down my riding cane,
For I'm goin' to see my darlin' 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. Ch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'm Bound Away

Capstan

**For the sake of you me lassie *I'm bound away me lassie*
For the sake of you me lassie, *I'm bound away***

Chorus:

***I'm bound away, oh I'm bound away
For the sake of you me lassie I'm bound away***

**Far across the sea me lassie, *I'm bound away me lassie*
Far across the sea me lassie, *I'm bound away.***

**Bound to sail the seas to China.....
Bound aboard an ocean liner.....**

**Bound to sail the rolling ocean.....
Bound away without commotion.....**

**Dry your tears, have no more sorrow.....
For the packet sails tomorrow.....**

**Gold to win for you me lassie.....
Gold to win for you me lassie.....**

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. Ch

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay

We're bound away at the break of day. Ch.

We're bound away around Cape Horn

We wish to Christ we'd never been born. Ch.

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away

Oh haul away and make your pay. Ch.

We're Liverpool born and Liverpool bred

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

Johnny comes down to Hilo

Capstan

**Was you ever down in Mobile Bay
Where they load the cotton on a summer's day.
*When Johnny comes down to Hilo, poor old man.***

Chorus:

***Oh, wake 'er, oh, shake 'er,
Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on.
When Johnny comes down to Hilo, poor old man.***

**I never seen the likes since I was born
A great big gal with her sea boots on.
*When Johnny comes down to Hilo, poor old man. Ch.***

**I once had a gal, her hair was red,
'Twas curly all over except on her head.
*When Johnny comes down to Hilo, poor old man. Ch.***

**Her eyes were blue, her dress the same,
But she always fell asleep before I came. *When.....***

**Now, a dollar goes from hand to hand;
My gal goes from man to man. *When.....***

**I tied my gal in a gunny sack,
She'll be true to me 'til I get back. *When.....***

**She's a Downeast gal with a Downeast style,
For a dollar a time it's all worthwhile. *When....***

Little Sally Racket

Halyard

Little Sally Racket, Haul her away!
She pawned my best jacket, Haul her away!
And she lost the ticket, Haul her away!
With me hauley high-o! Haul her away!

Little Nancy Dawson, *Haul her away!*
She's got red flannel draws on, *Haul her away!*
So says the old bosun, *Haul her away!*
With me hauley high-o! Haul her away!

Little Kitty Carson....
Got off with the parson....
Now she's got a little barson....

Little Betty Baker....
She ran off with a Quaker....
Guess her mum could shake her....

Little Suzie Skinner....
She said she's a beginner....
She prefers it to her dinner....

Little Dolly Ducket....
She washes in a bucket....
She's a tart but doesn't look it....

Pay me my money down

Halyard

Chorus:

*Pay me, you owe me, Pay me my money down,
Pay me or go to jail, Pay me my money down*

**I thought I heard the captain say
Pay me my money down
Tomorrow is our sailing day
Pay me my money down. Ch**

**Now as soon as that boat was clear of the bar...
He knocked me down with the end of a spar...**

**I wish I had ten thousand pound...
I'd sail this old world around and around...**

**If I had a job and the boss was blind...
I wouldn't go to work till half past nine...**

**Well if I was the boss man's son...
I'd stay at home and drink good rum...**

**Well I heard them talking on the deck below...
If I don't get paid this ship won't go...**

**We'd stay at the ports where we wuz in...
Drinking beer and whisky and gin...**

**When the ship ties up and the voyage is through...
I wants me pay sir, every sou...**

Roll the old chariot along

Capstan

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 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. Ch.

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.....

Oh a plate of Irish stew.....

Oh a roll in the clover.....

A nice watch below.....

Roll the Woodpile Down

Capstan

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. Ch.

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. Ch.

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. Ch x2

Round the Bay of Mexico

*Pump &
Capstan*

**Round the bay of Mexico,
Way up Suzianna**

**Mexico is a place that I'm a going 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 I'm old and going grey,
The young girls all look the other way**

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

**Been to sea for a month or more
Looking forward to my time on shore.**

**The wind is high and the sky is blue
Bound to anchor in a day or two.**

Running Down to Cuba

Halyard

**Running down to Cuba with a load of sugar,
*Way me boys for Cuba!***

**Make her run you lime juice squeezers,
*Running down to Cuba.***

Chorus

***Way me boys to Cuba!*
*Running down to Cuba***

**Oh, I've got a gal about nine feet tall....
She sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall....**

**The captain he will trim the sails....
Winging the water over the rails....**

**Oh my God! How the wind do blow....
Running south from the ice and the snow....**

**Give me a gal who can dance the Fandango....
Round as a melon and sweet as a mango....**

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

**Oh, I've got a gal, her name is Jane....
You can guess where she gives me a pain....**

**Yes that's my girl and her name is Eliza....
You can guess where she gives me a riser....**

**Load the sugar and homeward go....
Mister Mate, he told me so....**

Sally Brown

Halyard

I shipped on board of a Liverpool liner

Chorus:

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...

I shipped on board of a Liverpool liner.....

Sam's Gone Away

Halyard

I wish I was a captain, aboard a man o'war!

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war!

I wish I was a captain, aboard a man o'war!

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war!

Chorus:

Pretty work, brave boys, Pretty work, I say!

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war!

I wish I was the chief mate, aboard a man o'war!

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war!

I wish I was the chief mate, aboard a man o'war!

Sam's gone away, aboard a man o'war! Ch.

I wish I was the second mate

I wish I was the bos'n

I wish I was a gunner

I wish I was a harlot

I'm glad I'm not the ship's rat.....

I wish I was a cabin boy

I wish I was the surgeon.....

I wish I was the cook...

I wish I was a carpenter.....

I wish I was the purser.....

I wish I was a sailor.....

**Santy Anno gained the day, *Heave away Santy Anno*
Santy Anno gained the day, *All on the plains of Mexico***

Chorus:

So, heave her up and away we'll go.

Heave away, Santy Anno

Heave her up and away we'll go.

All on the plains of Mexico

**General Taylor ran away, *Heave away Santy Anno*
He ran away at Monterey, *All on the plains of Mexico***

**He was a rorty General, *Heave away Santy Anno*
A rorty, snorty General, *All on the plains of Mexico***

**All of his men were brave and true.....
Every soldier brave and true.....**

**Oh Santy Anno fought for fame.....
And Santy Anno gained a name.....**

**Tw'as a fierce and bitter strife.....
Hand to hand they fought for life.....**

**Oh Santy Anno's dead and gone.....
And all the fighting has been done.....**

**Oh Santy Anno now we mourn....
We left him buried off Cape Horn.....**

Shallow Brown

Pump/halyard

**O I'm going to leave her
Shallow, O Shallow Brown
O I'm going to leave her
*Shallow, O Shallow Brown***

Ship on board a whaler....

Love you well Juliana....

Massa gonna sell me....

Sell me to a Yankee....

Sell me for a dollar....

Great big Spanish dollar....

The packet leaves tomorrow....

Just as the day was dawning....

Bound away for St Georges....

Oh my wife and baby grieve me....

But I never will deceive you....

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. Ch.

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

As I walked out one morning fair,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair. Ch.

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

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

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

Whisky Johnny

Halyard

O, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky, Johnny!

I drink whisky when I can
Whisky for me Johnny!

Chorus:

Whisky here and whisky there,
Whisky, Johnny!

I'll have whisky everywhere,
Whisky for me Johnny!

Whisky from an old tin can,
Whisky, Johnny!

I'll drink whisky when I can.
Whisky for me Johnny! Ch.

I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
I drink it new, I drink it old. Ch.

Whisky up and whisky down.
And whisky all around the town. Ch.

Whisky makes me pawn my clothes.
And whisky gave me this red nose. Ch.

Whisky straight and whisky strong
Give me whisky and I'll sing you a song. Ch.

Won't you go my way?

Pump

I met her in the morning

Won't you go my way?

I met her in the morning

Won't you go my way?

In the morning bright and early

Won't you go my way?

In the morning bright and early

Won't you go my way?

She spent my money freely *Won't you go my way? x2*

She backed her main-tops'I smartly....

I asked that girl to marry....

Oh marry, never tarry....

And now that I am married....

Oh Julia Anne Maria....

I'm on my way to Frisco....

I met her in the morning....

