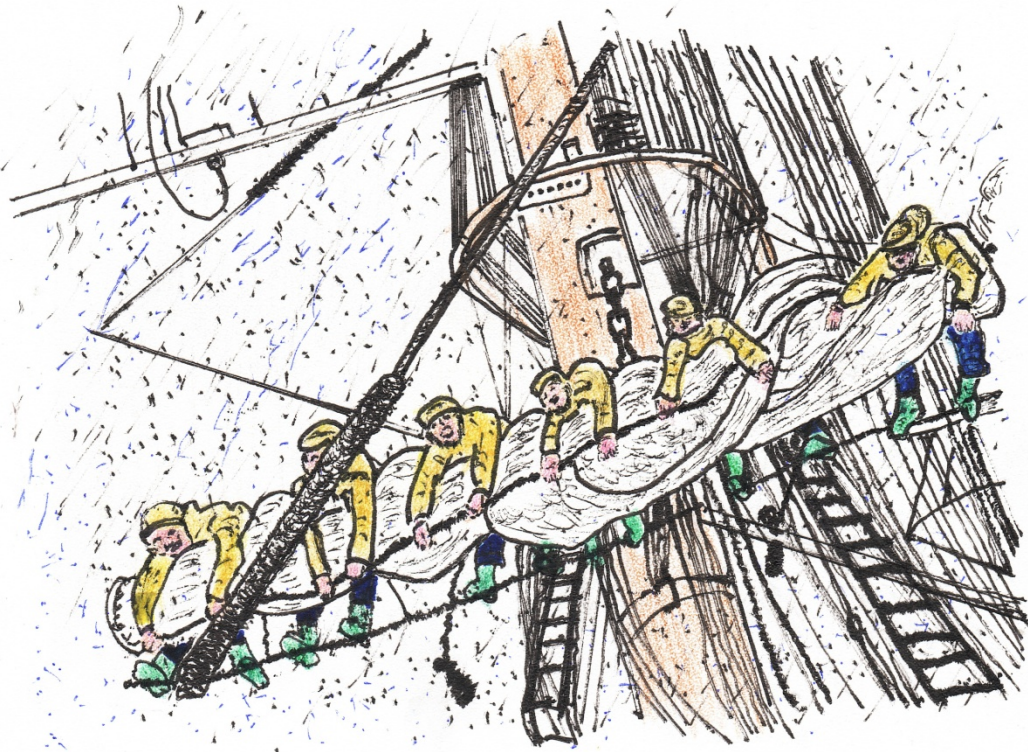


# Sing, Haul, then Heave!

(and don't forget to breathe!)

## Volume 2

# Twenty More Sea Shanties Un-arranged



The shanty "man" is written in plain type.  
The workers' "chorus" is written in **bold** type.

Probably none of the text is original!

Peter Dyson, Zlata Bredova, David Hicks.

2025



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# Volume 2.

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| 1. <u>The Feast of Peter the Great</u>   | <i>A Pushkin<br/>(almost a shanty)</i> |

### Supplement

1. Lowlands Away: a shanty arranged for 2 solo voices.

## Performance Suggestions:

1. Take it in turns to be the shanty"man". Give yourself time to rest and breathe. Let the audience do the work.
2. If the key of the shanty is too high... change it! No-one knows what key it is supposed to be in, so choose a key that suits your voices.
3. The absence of tempo and dynamic markings is deliberate: You have to decide how you shape the material.
4. Rehearse the Choruses with the audience and provide them with the words. The Supplement to this Shanty Songbook has the words to every song. Everything is Creative Commons Licensed so you can photocopy at will.
5. Work out your introductions in advance: a bit of history; some technical details of what this shanty was used for; explain the unfamiliar words; tell the story so the audience know what is happening in the song. Some notes about the Shanties are added at end.
6. Think of this document as a rehearsal score. Once you have the tune in your head: the only reminder you may need is the words!
7. Smile.

# Shanty Types

## Hauling/Pulling

*Catting the Anchor*

*Halliards*

*Halliards*

*Halliards*

*Short Drag*

7. Cheerily Man
3. Blow the Man Down
9. Essequibo River
18. Stormalong
4. Boney Was a Warrior

## Heaving/Pushing

*Capstan*

*Capstan*

*Capstan*

*Pumps*

*Pumps*

*Windlass (Outbound)*

*Windlass*

*Windlass*

*Windlass*

*Windlass*

## Off-watch

*Fo'c's'le Song*

*Fo'c's'le Song*

*Fo'c's'le Song*

*Fo'c's'le Song*

11. Johnny Come Down to Hilo
15. Santiana
17. Spanish Ladies
1. A Roving
10. Fire Down Below
6. Bound for the Rio Grand
8. Donkey Riding
14. Roll the Wood Pile Down
16. South Australia
20. Whip Jamboree
2. All for Me Grog
5. Bosun's Alphabet
12. Leaving of Liverpool
13. My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

## Misc:

*Tonguing Shanty*

*Almost a Shanty*

*Definitely a shanty*

19. Wellerman
- Appendix 1. The Feast of Peter the Great  
Supplement. Lowlands Away for 2 voices

## 1. A-Roving

Pumps

0  
In Am-ster-dam there lived a maid, *Mark well what I do say*, In

5  
Am-ster-dam there lived a maid, And she was mis-tress

8  
of her trade, *I'll go no more a-ro-ving with*

11  
*you, fair maid. A-ro-ving, a-ro-ving, Since ro-ving's been my*

16  
*ru-in-in, I'll go no more a-ro-ving with you, fair maid.*

1. In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say,***  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
And she was mistress of her trade,  
**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving, 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.***
2. I took that maiden for a walk,  
**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say!***  
I took that maiden for a walk,  
And sweet and loving was her talk.  
**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving, with you, fair maid. etc***

3. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red,

**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say;***

Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red,

A wealth of hair was on her head.

**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving, with you, fair maid. etc***

4. I put my arm around her waist,

**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say;***

I put my arm around her waist,

Says she, "Young man, you're in some haste."

**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving, with you, fair maid. etc***

5. I took that girl upon my knee,

**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say,***

I took that girl upon my knee,

Says she, "Young man, you're rather free."

**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving, with you, fair maid. etc***

6. She swore that she'd be true to me,

**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say,***

She swore that she'd be true to me,

But spent my money fast and free.

**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving, with you, fair maid. etc***

7. In three weeks' I was badly bent,

**Chorus: *Mark well what I do say!***

In three weeks' I was badly bent,

Then off to sea I sadly went...

**Chorus: *I'll go no more a-roving 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.***

## 2. All for Me Grog

An Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song

0

And it's all for me grog, - me jol - ly, jol - ly grog, - All for me

6

beer and to - bac - ca \_ Well, I spent all me tin on the las - sies drin - kin'

12

gin. Far a - cross the wes - tern o - cean I must wan - der.

17

24 1. Where are me boots, me nog - gin', nog - gin' boots? All gone for beer and to - bac - ca.

28 For the soles they are worn out and the heels are kicked a -

bout And the toes are loo - kin' out for bet - ter wea - ther.

**Chorus:** (slow solo or duet)

***And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,***

***All for me beer and tobacco.***

***Well, I spent all me tin***

***On the lassies drinking gin.***

***Far across the Western Ocean I must wander.***

**Repeat Chorus:** ( Everyone: lively tempo):

***And it's all for me grog, etc***

1. Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?  
All gone for beer and tabacca.  
Well the soles they are worn out.  
And the heels are kicked about,  
And the toes are looking out for better weather.

**Chorus: *And it's all for me grog, etc***

2. Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt?  
All gone for beer and tabacca.  
Well the sleeves they got worn out,  
And the collar's turned about,  
And the tail is looking out for better weather.

**Chorus: *And it's all for me grog, etc***

3. Where is me wife, me noggin', noggin' wife  
All gone for beer and tabacca.  
Well her front it got worn out,  
And her tail's been kicked about.  
And I'm sure she's looking out for better weather

**Chorus: *And it's all for me grog, etc***

4. Well he's sick in the head & he hasn't been to bed,  
Since first he came ashore with his plunder.  
He's seen centipedes and snakes  
Till his head is full of aches,  
And we hope to take a path to way up yonder

**Chorus: *And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,  
All for me beer and tabacca.***

***Well, I spent all me tin***

***On the lassies drinking gin.***

***Far across the Western Ocean I must wander.***

### 3. Blow the Man Down

Halliards

0  
Oh, Blow the man down bul-lies, Blow the man down, To me Way -

6  
Ay, Blow the man down. Oh blow the man down bul-lies,

11  
blow him a-way. Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.

1. Oh blow the man down bullies, blow the man down.

**Chorus:** *To me Way-ay, Blow the man down.*

Oh blow the man down bullies, blow him away.

**Chorus:** *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.*

2. I'm a true British sailor just home from Hong Kong,

**Chorus:** *To me Way-ay, Blow the man down.*

My stay on the Old English shore won't be long.

**Chorus:** *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.*

3. We went over the Bar on the thirteenth of May,

**Chorus:** *To me Way-ay, Blow the man down.*

The Galloper jumped, and the gale came away.

**Chorus:** *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.*

4. Oh the spars they was sprung,  
     & the chains they was jammed,  
**Chorus: *To me Way- ay, Blow the man down.***  
 And the skipper he sez,  
     "*Let the weather be hanged.*"  
**Chorus: *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.***
5. As I was a-walkin' down Winchester Street,  
**Chorus: *To me Way- ay, Blow the man down.***  
 A saucy young damsel I happened to meet.  
**Chorus: *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.***
6. I sez to her, "*Polly, and how do you do?*"  
**Chorus: *To me Way- ay, Blow the man down.***  
 Sez she, "*None the better for seein' of you.*"  
**Chorus: *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.***
7. Oh, it's sailors is tinkers , and tailors is men.  
**Chorus: *To me Way- ay, Blow the man down.***  
 And we're all of us coming to see you again.  
**Chorus: *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.***
8. So we'll blow the man up, & we'll blow the man down.  
**Chorus: *To me Way- ay, Blow the man down.***  
 And we'll blow him away into Liverpool Tooooooown.  
**Chorus: *Oh gim-me some time to blow the man down.***

(footnote: use a different voice for the text in plain *italics* in verses 4 & 6)

## 4. Boney Was a Warrior.

Short Drag

Bo - ney was a war - ri - or. *Way - ay YAH!*

5  
Bo - ney was a war - ri - or. *John France WAH!*

1. Boney was a warrior.

**Chorus:** *Way-ay YAH!*

Boney was a warrior.

**Chorus:** *John France WAH!*

2. Boney beat the Prooshans.

**Chorus:** *Way-ay YAH!*

Boney beat the Rooshans.

**Chorus:** *John France WAH!*

3. Boney went to Moscow.

**Chorus:** *Way-ay YAH!*

Moscow was a-fire.

**Chorus:** *John France WAH!*

4. Boney went to Elbow.

**Chorus:** *Way-ay YAH!*

Boney he came back again

**Chorus:** *John France WAH!*

5. Boney went to Waterloo.

**Chorus: *Way-ay YAH!***

Boney was defeated.

**Chorus: *John France WAH!***

6. Boney was a prisoner

**Chorus: *Way-ay YAH!***

'Board the Billy Ruffian

**Chorus: *John France WAH!***

7. Boney he was sent away,

**Chorus: *Way-ay YAH!***

Way to St Helena.

**Chorus: *John France WAH!***

8. Boney broke his heart, and died.

**Chorus: *Way-ay YAH!***

Boney broke his heart, and died.

**Chorus: *John France WAH!***

9. Boney was a warrior.

**Chorus: *Way-ay YAH!***

A Warrior! A Terrier!

**Chorus: *John France WAH!***

## 5. Bosun's Alphabet

An Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song

8 A is for the An-chor that lies at our bow. B is for the Bowsprit an' the jibs all lie  
 15 low. Oh, C is for the cap s'n we all runs a round. D is for the da-vits to  
 low'r the boat down. *Sooo! mer-ri-ly, so mer ri-ly, so mer-ri-ly sail we. There's no*  
 22 *mor-tal on earth like a sai-lor at sea. Blow high or blow low as the*  
 28 *ship rolls a - long. Give a sai-lor his grog an' there's no-thin' goes wrong.*

1. A is for the Anchor that lies at our bow,  
 B is for the Bowsprit an' the jibs all lie low,  
 Oh! C is for the Caps'n we all runs around,  
 D is for the Davits to low'r the boat down.

### Chorus:

***Sooo! merrily, so merrily, so merrily sail we,  
 There's no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea,  
 Blow high or blow low as the ship rolls along,  
 Give a sailor his grog an' there's nothin' goes wrong.***

2. E is for the Earing when reefing we haul,  
 F is for the Fo'c's'le where the bullies do brawl,  
 Oh! G is for the Galley where the saltjunk smells strong,  
 H is for the Halyards we hoist with a song.

**Chorus:**

3. I is for the Eyebolt - no good for the feet,  
 J is for the Jibs, boys, stand by the lee sheet,  
 Oh! K is for the Knightheads where the shantyman stands,  
 L is for the Leeseide hard found by new hands.

**Chorus:**

4. M is for the Maindeck - as white as new snow,  
 N is for the Needle that shows where to go,  
 Oh! O is for the Orlop, 'neath the 'tweendecks it lays,  
 P is for the Peter flown on sailin' day.

**Chorus:**

5. Q is for the Quadrant - to the wheel it lies near,  
 R is for the Rudder - it helps us to steer,  
 Oh! S is for the Sheerpole over which we must climb,  
 T is for the Topman, 'way loft every time.

**Chorus:**

6. U is for the Uniform - only worn aft,  
 V is for the Vangs running from the main gaff,  
 Oh! W is for the Water - we're on pint and pound,  
 X marks the spot where Ol' Stormy was drowned.

**Chorus:**

7. Y is for the Yard-arm - needs a good sailorman,  
 Z is for Zoe - I'm her fancy-man,  
 So this is the end of me bully ol' song.  
 Heave away, buckos, oh, heave long an' strong!

**Chorus:**

***Sooo! merrily, so merrily, so merrily sail we,  
 There's no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea,  
 Blow high or blow low as the ship rolls along,  
 Give a sailor his grog an' there's nothin' goes wrong.***

## 6. Bound for the Rio Grande

Outbound Windlass

0  
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea. Way down Ri-o. I'll

5  
sing you a song of the fish of the sea. *For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande. Then a-*

9  
way love a - way. Way down Ri - o. So fare ye well my

14  
pret - ty young gel, *For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.*

pret - ty young gel, *For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.*

1. I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

**Chorus: *Way down Rio.***

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

**Chorus: *For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

***Then away love away.***

***Way down Rio.***

***So fare ye well my pretty young gel,***

***For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

2. Our ship went a-sailing out over the bar.

**Chorus: *Way down Rio.***

And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.

**Chorus: *For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

***Then away love away.***

***Way down Rio. etc***

3. Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain.

**Chorus: *Way down Rio.***

And it's soon we'll be coming to see you again.

**Chorus: *For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

***Then away love away.***

***Way down Rio. etc***

4. I said farewell to Kitty my dear,

**Chorus: *Way down Rio.***

And she waved her white hand

As we passed the South Pier

**Chorus: *For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

***Then away love away.***

***Way down Rio. etc***

5. The oak and the ash and the bonny birk tree,

**Chorus: *Way down Rio.***

They're all growing green in the No-orth Country

**Chorus: *For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

***Then away love away.***

***Way down Rio.***

***So fare ye well my pretty young gel,***

***For we're bound for the Rio Grande.***

## 7. Cheer'ly Man

Cattin' the Anchor

8 O, — o - ly aye - yo. Cheer'-ly man. Wake him up, o - ly aye - yo.

Cheer'-ly man. Cheer'-ly aye - yo. O - aye - yo, Cheer'-ly aye - yo. Cheer'-ly man.

15 1. Haul to - ge - ther, aye - yo. *Cheer' - ly man!* Haul for good wea - ther, aye - yo,

22 *Cheer' - ly man!* *Cheer' ly aye - yo.* She's light as a fea - ther, aye - yo. *Cheer' - ly man!*

## Introduction

O, oly aye-yo. Cheer'ly man.  
 Wake him up, Oly aye-yo.  
 Cheer'ly man. Cheer'ly aye-yo.  
 O aye-yo, Cheer'ly aye-yo.  
 Cheer'ly man!

1. Haul together, aye-yo.

**Chorus:** *Cheer'ly man!*

Haul for good weather, aye-yo.

**Chorus:** *Cheer'ly man!*  
*Cheer'ly aye- yo.*

She's light as a feather, aye-yo.

**Chorus:** *Cheer'ly man!*

2.

To the cathead, aye-yo,

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

We'll raise the dead, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!******Cheer'ly aye- yo.***

She's heavy as lead, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

3.

Haul again, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

With might an' main, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!******Cheer'ly aye- yo.***

O pay out more chain, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

4.

Chain stopper bring, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

Pass through the ring, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!******Cheer'ly aye- yo.***

We'll haul an' we'll sing, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

5.

Up to the sheave, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

At cathead we'll leave, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!******Cheer'ly aye- yo.***

The tackle unreeve, aye -yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

6.

Pull one an' all, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

On the old catfall, aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!******Cheer'ly aye- yo,***

An' then belay all. aye -yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

7.

O, oly aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

Wake him up, oly aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!******Cheer'ly aye- yo.***

O, aye-yo, oly aye-yo.

**Chorus: *Cheer'ly man!***

## 8. Donkey Riding

Windlass

6 Was you e - ver in Que-bec Sto-wing tim-ber on the deck? Near - ly break your  
blee-ding neck *Ri-ding on a don - key. Way hey, a - way we go*

11 *Don-key ri-ding, don-key ri-ding. Way hey, a-way we go Ri-ding on a don-key.*

1. Was you ever in Quebec  
Stowing timber on the deck?  
Nearly break your bleeding neck

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

2. Was you ever off the Horn  
Where it's always fine and warm?  
You'd wish to the Lord you'd never been born

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

3. Was you ever in Frisco Bay  
Where them girls they shout, "*Hooray,*  
*Here comes Johnny with six months pay* "

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

4. Was you ever in Liverpool town  
Where them flash girls do come down?  
Only charge you half-a-crown

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

5. Was you ever in Quebec  
Stowing timber on the deck?  
Where you'd break your bleeding neck

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

## 9. Essequibo River

Halliards

Es - se - qui - bo Ri - ver is the king of ri - vers all. *Bud-dy ta - na -*

6

*na, we are some-bo - dy, oh. Some-bo - dy, oh, John-ny*

11

*some bo - dy, oh. Bud-dy ta - na - na, we are some-bo - dy, oh.*

1. Essequibo River is the king of rivers all.  
**Chorus:** ***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***  
 Essequibo River is the king of rivers all.  
**Chorus:** ***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***  
***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***  
***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

2. Essequibo captain is the king of captains all.  
**Chorus:** ***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***  
 Essequibo captain is the king of captains all.  
**Chorus:** ***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***  
***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***  
***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

3. Essequibo sailor is the king of sailors all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

Essequibo sailor is the king of sailors all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***

***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

4. Essequibo bosun is the king of bosuns all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

Essequibo bosun is the king of bosuns all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***

***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

5. Essequibo Judy is the queen of judies all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

Essequibo Judy is the queen of judies all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***

***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

6. Essequibo River is the king of rivers all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

Essequibo River is the king of rivers all.

**Chorus: *Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***

***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

(Repeat faster)

***Somebody, oh, Johnny, somebody, oh.***

***Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh.***

## 10. Fire down below

Pumps

Fire in the gal-ley, fire down be-low: It's fetch a buc-ket of

6 wa-ter boys, There's fire down be-low. *Fire! Fire! Fire down be-*

12 low: It's fetch a buc-ket of wa-ter boys, There's fire down be-low.

1. Fire in the Galley, fire down below,  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.

**Chorus:** *Fire! Fire! Fire down below:  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.*

2. Fire in the foretop, fire in the main,  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
And put it out again.

**Chorus:** *Fire! Fire! Fire down below:  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.*

3. Fire in the forepeak, fire down below,  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.

**Chorus: *Fire! Fire! Fire down below:  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.***

4. Fire in the windlass, fire in the chain,  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
And put it out again.

**Chorus: *Fire! Fire! Fire down below:  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.***

5. Fire up aloft and fire down below,  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.

**Chorus: *Fire! Fire! Fire down below:  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.***

***Fire! Fire! Fire down below:  
It's fetch a bucket of water boys,  
There's fire down below.***

## 11. Johnny Come Down to Hilo

Capstan

5 I ne-ver seen the like since I was born, As an old fat sai - lor with his  
sea boots on. *Oh John ny come down to Hi-lo. Oh poor old man! Oh wake her! Oh*

11 *shake her! Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on, When*

14 *John-ny comes down to Hi - lo. Oh poor old man!*

1. I never seen the like since I was born,  
As an old fat sailor with his sea boots on.

**Chorus:** *Oh Johnny, come down to Hilo.  
Oh poor old man!  
Oh wake her!  
Oh shake her!  
Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on,  
When Johnny comes down to Hilo.  
Oh poor old man!*

2. I love a little gal across the sea,  
She's a 'Badian beauty, and she says to me.

**Chorus: *Oh Johnny, come down to Hilo.***  
***Oh poor old man! etc***

3. Was you never down in Mobile Bay,  
A-screwin' cotton for a dollar a day?

**Chorus: *Oh Johnny, come down to Hilo.***  
***Oh poor old man! etc***

4. Oh, there once was a sailor and his name was Ned,  
And he had no yarns on the top of his head.

**Chorus: *Oh Johnny, come down to Hilo.***  
***Oh poor old man! etc***

5. Did ye ever see the plantation boss,  
And his long-tailed filly, and his big, black horse?

**Chorus: *Oh Johnny, come down to Hilo.***  
***Oh poor old man! etc***

6. Oh, Sally's in the garden, picking peas,  
& the hair on her head's hanging down to her knees.

**Chorus: *Oh Johnny, come down to Hilo.***  
***Oh poor old man!***  
***Oh wake her!***  
***Oh shake her!***  
***Oh wake that gal with the blue dress on,***  
***When Johnny comes down to Hilo.***  
***Oh poor old man!***

## 12. Leaving of Liverpool

An Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song

0  
4 Fare - well to you\_ my\_ own true love, I am go-ing far, far a -  
8 way. I am bound for Ca - li - for -ni-ay, And I know that I'll re-turn some  
day. So fare thee well, my own true love, For when  
11 I re-turn, u - ni-ted we will be. It's not the lea-ving of Li-ver-pool that  
14 grieves\_ me, But my dar - lin' when I think of thee.

1. Farewell to you, my own true love,  
I am going far, far away.  
I am bound for Californi-ay,  
And I know that I'll return someday.

### Chorus:

*So fare thee well, my own true love,  
For when I return, united we will be.  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
But my darlin' when I think of thee.*

2. I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,  
Davy Crockett is her name,  
And her Captain's name was Burgess,  
And they say that she's a floating shame.

**Chorus:**

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

3. It's me second trip with Burgess on the Crocket,  
And I think I know him well.  
If a man's a seaman he'll get along,  
But if not then he's sure in hell.

**Chorus:**

***So fare thee well, my own true love,  
For when I return, united we will be.  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
But my darlin' when I think of thee.***

4. Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,  
And I wish that I could remain,  
For I know that it will be a long, long time,  
Before I see you again.

**Chorus:**

***So fare thee well, my own true love,  
For when I return, united we will be.  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
But my darlin' when I think of thee.***

(Solo) It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,  
But my darlin' when I think of thee.

## 13. My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean

An Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song

0  
9 My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o- cean, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the sea, My  
17 Bon-nie lies o-ver the o- cean. Oh bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
Bring back, bring back, Oh bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me.  
25  
Bring back, bring back, Oh bring back my Bon-nie to me.

1. My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
My Bonnie lies over the sea,  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean.  
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

**Chorus:** *Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.*

2. Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night as I lay on my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

**Chorus:** *Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me*

3. Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean,  
And blow the winds o'er the sea,  
Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean,  
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

**Chorus:** *Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.*

4. The winds have blown over the ocean,  
The winds have blown over the sea,  
The winds have blown over the ocean,  
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

**Chorus:** *Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.*

## 14. Roll The Woodpile Down

Windlass

♩ = 120

Oh way down south where the cocks do crow. *Way down in Flo-ri da!* The

gals all dance to the old ban - jo, *An' we'll roll the woodpile down!*

*Rol - lin! Rol - lin! Rol-lin' the whole world 'round. That*

*sweet gal o'mine's on the Geor-gia line, an'we'll roll the woodpile down!*

1. Oh way down south where the cocks do crow.
- Chorus: 'Way down in Florida!**  
The gals all dance to the old banjo,
- Chorus: An' we'll roll the woodpile down!**  
**Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round.**  
**That sweet gal o' mine's on the Georgia Line,**  
**An' we'll roll the woodpile down!**

2. When I was a young man in me prime  
**Chorus: *'Way down in Florida!***  
 I'd take them yaller gals two at a time.  
**Chorus: *An' we'll roll the woodpile down!***  
***Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round. etc***
3. We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low  
**Chorus: *'Way down in Florida!***  
 We'll heave him up and away we'll go.  
**Chorus: *An' we'll roll the woodpile down!***  
***Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round. etc***
4. Oh rouse and bust 'er is the cry.  
**Chorus: *'Way down in Florida!***  
 A black man's wage is never high.  
**Chorus: *An' we'll roll the woodpile down!***  
***Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round. etc***
5. Oh Curly goes on the old ran-tan.  
**Chorus: *'Way down in Florida!***  
 Oh Curly's just a down-east man.  
**Chorus: *An' we'll roll the woodpile down!***  
***Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round.etc***
6. Oh one more heave and that will do.  
**Chorus: *'Way down in Florida!***  
 For we are the bullies for to kick 'er through.  
**Chorus: *An' we'll roll the woodpile down!***  
***Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round.***  
***That sweet gal o' mine's on the Georgia Line,***  
***An' we'll roll the woodpile down!***

## 15. Santiana

Capstan

0

O San - ti a - na's men were brave, A - way, San - ti - a - na! And

ma - ny found a he - ro's grave, All a - cross the plains of Me - xi - co! And its

heave her up, and a - way we'll go. Heave a - way, San - ti - a - na!

Heave her up and a - way we'll go All a - cross the plains of Me - xi - co!

1. O! Santiana's men were brave,  
**Chorus: *Away, Santiana!***  
 And many found a hero's grave.  
**Chorus: *All across the plains of Mexico!***

***And its heave her up, and away we'll go.  
 Heave away, Santiana!  
 Heave her up, and away we'll go  
 All across the plains of Mexico!***

2. Now Santiana's dead and gone,  
**Chorus: *Away, Santiana!***  
 And all the fighting has moved on  
**Chorus: *All across the plains of Mexico!***  
*And its heave her up, and away we'll go.*  
*Heave away, Santiana! etc*
3. We'll dig his grave with a silver spade.  
**Chorus: *Away, Santiana!***  
 And mark the spot where he was laid.  
**Chorus: *All across the plains of Mexico!***  
*And its heave her up, and away we'll go.*  
*Heave away, Santiana! etc*
4. For Santiana now we mourn.  
**Chorus: *Away, Santiana!***  
 We left him buried off Cape Horn.  
**Chorus: *All across the plains of Mexico!***  
*And its heave her up, and away we'll go.*  
*Heave away, Santiana! etc*
5. Yes we buried him deep around Cape Horn.  
**Chorus: *Away, Santiana!***  
 And close to the spot where he was born.  
**Chorus: *All across the plains of Mexico!***  
*And its heave her up, and away we'll go.*  
*Heave away, Santiana!*  
*Heave her up, and away we'll go*  
*All across the plains of Mexico!*

## 16. South Australia

Windlass

0

In South Aus - tra - lia I was born. *Heave a - way! Haul a - way!* In

5  
South Aus - tra - lia round Cape Horn. *We are bound for South Aus - tra - lia.*

9  
*Heave a - way you rol - ling king. Heave a - way! Haul a - way!*

13  
*Haul a - way, you'll hear me sing for we're bound for South Aus - tra - lia.*

1. In South Australia I was born.

**Chorus:** *Heave away! haul away!*

In South Australia round Cape Horn.

**Chorus:** *We are bound for South Australia.*

*Heave away you rolling king.*

*Heave away! Haul away!*

*Haul away, you'll hear me sing*

*For we're bound for South Australia.*

2. Now South Australia is my home,

**Chorus:** *Heave away! haul away!*

And South Australia's where I roam.

**Chorus:** *We are bound for South Australia.*

**Chorus:** *Heave away you rolling king.  
Heave away! Haul away!  
Haul away, you'll hear me sing  
For we're bound for South Australia.*

3. And when I'm in the foreign shore,  
**Chorus:** *Heave away! haul away!*  
I'll drink to the girl that I adore.  
**Chorus:** *We are bound for South Australia.  
Heave away you rolling king.  
Heave away! Haul away!  
Haul away, you'll hear me sing  
For we're bound for South Australia.*

4. I'll tell you now it ain't no lie.  
**Chorus:** *Heave away! haul away!*  
I'll love that girl until I die.  
**Chorus:** *We are bound for South Australia.  
Heave away you rolling king.  
Heave away! Haul away!  
Haul away, you'll hear me sing  
For we're bound for South Australia.*

5. Now we're homeward bound once more,  
**Chorus:** *Heave away! haul away!*  
We'll soon be drinking on home shore.  
**Chorus:** *We are bound for South Australia.  
Heave away you rolling king.  
Heave away! Haul away!  
Haul away, you'll hear me sing  
For we're bound for South Australia.*

## 17. Spanish Ladies

Capstan

0  
Fare - well and a - dieu to you Spa-nish la - dies, Fare - well and a -

6  
dieu to you la - dies of Spain; For we've re-ceived or - ders for to

11  
sail\_ for old Eng-land, But we hope in a short while to see you a -

16  
gain. *We'll rant and we'll roar like true Bri-tish sai-lors, we'll rant and we'll roar all*

23  
*on the salt sea. Un - til we strike soun-dings in the chan-nel of old*

28  
*Eng - land. From U-shant to Sci - ly is thir - ty five leagues*

1. 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,  
But we hope in a short while to see you again.

**Chorus:**

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

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

**Chorus:**

3. The first land we sighted was call-éd the Dodman,  
 Next Rame, head off Plymouth, off Portland, the Wight;  
 We sail-éd by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,  
 And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

**Chorus:**

4. 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 clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

**Chorus:**

5. 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.

**Chorus:**

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

## 18. Stormalong

Halliards

0  
Oh Stor - ma - long and a - round we'll go. *Storm, Storm - a - long!* Oh

5  
Stor - ma - long and a - round we'll go. *Stor - ma - long me John - ny!*

1. Oh Stormalong and around we'll go.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

Oh Stormalong and around we'll go.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

2. Old Stormy was a captain bold.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

A grand old man of the days of old.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

3. Old Stormy loved a sailor's song.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

His voice was true and his heart was strong.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

4. But now Old Stormy's dead and done.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

We marked the place where he was gone.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

5. I wish I was Old Stormy's son.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

I'd build a ship of a thousand ton.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

6. I'd sail this wide world round and round

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

With gold and silver I'd be found.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

7. I'd fill her up with Jamaican rum.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

I'd give out drinks to everyone.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

8. We'd drink as much as a sailor can.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

And a great big bottle for the shantyman.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

9. I'd feed you well and I'd raise your pay.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

I'd fill your cups three times a day.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

10. For fifty years we'd sail the seas.

**Chorus: *Storm, Stormalong!***

We'd have no gales, but a good stiff breeze.

**Chorus: *Stormalong, me Johnny!***

## No 19. The Wellerman

## Tonguing Shanty

0

There once was a ship that put to sea, and the name of the ship was the Bi-lly o' Tea. The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down. Blow me bu-lly boys, blow. (Huh!)  
 Soon may the Wel-ler-man come to bring us su-gar and tea and rum.  
 One day when the ton-guing is done, We'll take our leave and go.

1. There once was a ship that put to sea,  
 And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea.  
 The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down.  
 Blow me bully boys, blow. (huh!)

**Chorus:**

***Soon may the Wellerman come  
 To bring us sugar and tea and rum.  
 One day, when the tonguing is done  
 We'll take our leave and go.***

2. She had 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 (huh).

**Chorus:**

3. 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 below (huh).

**Chorus:**

4. No line was cut, no whale was freed,  
An' the captain's mind was not on greed,  
But he belonged to the Whalerman's creed;  
She took that ship in tow (huh).

**Chorus**

5. For forty days or even more (ooh),  
The line went slack then tight once more,  
All boats were lost; there were only four,  
And still that whale did go (huh).

**Chorus:**

6. 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 (huh).

**Chorus:**

**Repeat Chorus**

*Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day, when the tonguing is done  
We'll take our leave and go.*

## 20. Whip Jamboree

Windlass

5 And now Cape Clear it is in sight, We'll be off Ho-ly-head by to-

8 mor - row night, And we'll shape our course by the Old Rock Light. O

Jen-ny get your oat-cake done. *Whip jam-bo-ree, whip jam-bo - ree. O you*

12 *pig-tail sai-lors, hang-ing down be-hind. Whip jam - bo-ree, whip*

15 *jam - bo - ree, O Jen-ny get your oar - cake done.*

1. And now Cape Clear it is in sight,  
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night,  
And we'll shape our course by the Old Rock Light.  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.

Chorus:

***Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O you pig-tail sailors, hanging down behind,  
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.***

2. And now my lads, we're round the Rock,  
All hammocks lashed and chests all locked;  
We'll haul her into the Waterloo Dock,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.

**Chorus:**

***Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O you pig-tail sailors, hanging down behind ,  
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.***

3. And now, my lads, we're all in dock,  
We'll be off to Dan Lowrie's on the Spot;  
Where I'll see my girl in her pretty frock,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.

**Chorus:**

***Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O you pig-tail sailors, hanging down behind ,  
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.***

4. But when we've had two weeks ashore,  
We'll pack our gear for to sail once more,  
Where the storms do rage and the winds do roar,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.

**Chorus:**

***Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O you pig-tail sailors, hanging down behind ,  
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree,  
O Jenny get your oat-cake done.***

## Appendix 2: Notes to the Shanties.

(Taken mainly from the internet)

### 1. A Roving

*Pumps*

Roud 649; G/D 7:1479; Ballad Index EM064; Mudcat 5070; traditional; also known as the Maid of Amsterdam.

The song may date from the Elizabethan or Jacobean era, and versions have been found in Great Britain, Denmark, and France. This may be “the oldest of all shanties” and was one of nearly 60 sea shanties collected from the American 19th Century Shanty-man John Short, (known as Yankee Jack) by Cecil Sharp in 1914. It has all the jerkiness of shanties which were sung at early brake-pumps and lever windlasses”. The tune and lyrics of a version entitled "Lee-gangway Chorus (a-roving)" but opening with the familiar "In Amsterdam there dwelt a maid" was included in *Naval Songs* (1883) by William A Pond. Folk song collector James Madison Carpenter recorded several versions in the early 1930s, mainly in Scotland and presumably from seamen. Stanley Slade of Bristol, England, known as 'The Last Shantyman', sang a version to folklorist Peter Kennedy in 1943, and the recording is available online via the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. Kennedy also recorded fishermen at Cadgwith, Cornwall, singing a version. Both versions can be heard on the British Library Sound Archive website. Alan Lomax recorded two versions of the song in the United States, one from Charles J Finger of Washington D.C. in 1937, and another from Captain Richard Maitland in Sailor's Snug Harbor retirement home in Staten Island, New York in 1939. Helen Creighton recorded two versions in Nova Scotia, Canada in the 1940s.

### 2. All For Me Grog

*Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song*

Roud 475; Ballad Index K274; Traditional.

“All For Me Grog” is an English drinking song, long drag (or halyard) shanty, and capstan (or windlass) shanty rooting back to at least 1740 with the 10th edition of Allan Ramsay’s *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, Vol. 1, where it was published as “If e’er I do well, ‘tis a Wonder.” Identical lyrics were published nine years later in J. Yair’s *The Charmer: A Choice Collection of Songs, Scots and English*, where the first line, “When I was a young lad”, was used as the title. No air, date, or credits were included. Cecil James Sharp collected what looks most like today’s “All For Me Grog” from Louie Hooper of Somerset, 46England in 1904 under the title “Here’s to My Tin” (tin being old slang for money). Helen Creighton poses in her 1966 book *Songs and Ballads from Nova*

Scotia" that it may have been originally "composed for music-hall entertainment by one who had knowledge of the sea. The chorus has probably been borrowed from a genuine sea song." She also draws parallels between the verses in "Grog" and the American Western song "Little Old Sod Shanty On the Claim", whose verses share a similar air. Grog is watered-down rum that was introduced to the British Navy commanded by Vice-Admiral Edward Vernon. A long drag shanty was used to accompany jobs that required heavy labour over an extended period of time, such as raising or lowering a heavy sail. A capstan shanty is a type of sea shanty written to accompany jobs with regular rhythmic patterns like raising an anchor.

### **3. Blow the man down**

### *Long Drag/Halliards*

Roud 2624; Ballad Index Doe017; Mudcat 49738; traditional.

A shanty from the 1860s used for hoisting topsail yards.. Hoisting the yards was often a long, heavy job. Accordingly, the halyard shanties were likely to be long, rambling songs. They were usually made up of alternate solo and chorus lines. The crew would rest on the rope while the shantyman sang his solo line and then take a good pull (sometimes two) as they bawled the refrain. There are at least six distinct versions of this song about a sailor from Liverpool and his girlfriends. The Syracuse Daily Courier, July 1867, quoted a lyric from the song, which was said to be used for hauling halyards on a steamship bound from New York to Glasgow. In 1879, George Haswell was passenger aboard another steamship, from London to Sydney, at which time he noted some of the shanties of the crew. These were published in the ship's own fortnightly newspaper, The Parramatta Sun, and they included a full set of lyrics for "Blow the Man Down." The lyrics take up the theme of a ship of the Black Ball Line, and include the refrains, "Wae! Hae! Blow the man down / Give me some time to blow the man down." Although Haswell's article did not receive wide circulation, it did find its way into the hands of Laura Alexandrine Smith, whose own large collection of sailors' songs, "The Music of the Waters" (1888), was one of the first to be widely available. Smith reprinted the lyrics gathered by Haswell. She also presented a different version of the song that she herself presumably collected, and which was said to be used for hoisting topsail yards. Its lyrics include reference to a sailor coming home to England from Hong Kong, as well as meeting a girl on "Winchester Street." Many recordings were made in the first half of the twentieth century of former sailors singing the shanty. Percy Grainger recorded a man named Tom Roberts in Chelsea, London singing a version in 1908, which can be heard online via the British Library

Sound Archive. The folklorist James Madison Carpenter made recordings of the song in England, Scotland and Wales in the early 1930s, all of which are available in the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. Helen Hartness Fladers recorded several versions sung by former sailors in the 1940s in New England, whilst Helen Creighton recorded several Nova Scotian versions in the 1940s and 50s.

#### **4. Boney was a Warrior**

*Short drag*

Roud 485; Ballad Index Doe006; Mudcat 84540; traditional.

Collected by Cecil Sharp from John Short

The full life history of Napoleon Bonaparte, probably written shortly after the Battle of Waterloo. This halyards shanty would be used for two pulls on each chorus line... Way-ay Yah ..... John France Wah... but when used for pulling topsails... just one big pull on the last word.

#### **5. Bosun's Alphabet**

*Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song*

Roud 21100; Ballad Index RcTSAIp; Mudcat 57772; traditional; also known as The Sailor's Alphabet.

Captain Manus J. Bonner of Charlevoix, Quebec, sang "The Sailor's Alphabet" to Ivan H. Walton in 1932; he said that he learned it "when a hand before the mast in the 1870s". This version was printed in Ivan H. Walton and Joe Grimm's 2002 book *Windjammers: Songs of the Great Lakes Sailors*. Clifford Jenkins from the Scilly Isles sang The Sailor's Alphabet to Peter Kennedy in the 1950s. This recording was included in 1994 on the Saydisc anthology *Sea Songs and Shanties*.

#### **6. Bound for the Rio Grand**

*Outbound Windlass*

Roud 317

One of those nineteenth-century sea shanties collected by Cecil Sharp from John Short at Watchet and one of the most popular of shanties on British and American merchant ships when leaving port and pulling up the anchor. Not surprisingly therefore the words are about saying goodbye. And in case you are wondering where the Rio Grande is.. it is not the one in Mexico but the port of Rio Grande so Sul in the most southerly state of Brazil. It was included in the 1894 work "Studies in Folk-Song and Popular Poetry" by Alfred Williams. Stan Hugill gives six versions of the words and confirms that it was always sung at the anchor windlass or capstan as an outward-bound song.

**7. Cheerily Man***Catting the Anchor*

(not to be confused with Sally Racket (Roud 395) see Volume 1.)

A shanty to explain how to cat the anchor.

“Cheerily Man” is probably the most primitive, and one of the oldest of all these heaving and hauling songs of the sea. This song was really obscure, so most of the verses were camouflaged. This particular version is described by Stan Hugill in the description of the “Cheerily Man”, but the description tells us that this song can be used for more jobs than only halyards, namely can be also used for catting the anchor. Catting an anchor is the job that happened when the anchor was above the water line beside the board, so sailors connected a line (tackle blocks) between the ring on the head of the anchor and the cat head, and catting started when they started pulling the rope, and at the same time loose bit the anchor chain used for raise anchor up to the board. This heavy job required long steady pulls, so this shanty is a perfect fit for this job. The word “cheerily” means “quickly” and was often used at capstan and halyards when exhorting the men to harder efforts. “Cheerily” when used in shanties has to mean that heave or haul is slow and steady.

**8. Donkey Riding***Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 4540; Ballad Index Doe050; Mudcat 41062 ; traditionalL.

"Donkey Riding" is a traditional work song or sea shanty originally sung in Canada, Scotland and the Northeastern United States. It has also become popular as a children's song. The earliest written record of the song dates to 1857. Stan Hugill described the stow-away shanty Donkey Riding in his book "Shanties From the Seven Seas". " A shanty with words similar to "Hieland Laddie" and the same or almost identical tune is "Donkey Riding". This was also very popular among the timber droghers both in Liverpool and Canadian ports, and was used as both a capstan and runaway song when working cargo. I had my version from an old shipmate called Spike Sennit, who said it was just as popular at sea as in port. Many work-songs used by seamen and dockers to stow cargo (in particular lumber and cotton) were the same as those used for capstan and other jobs at sea. And vice versa. Both Bullen and Doerflinger tend to show this, as well as do shanty books in Scandinavian languages. Many Scandinavian shanties used at capstan and pumps were sung when stowing timber aboard Baltic barques and timber droghers. Much improvisation was given to this song and many indecent lines found in the regulation verses."

**9. Essequibo River***Halliards*

"Essequibo River" is a halliards pulling shanty of negro origin. It was collected by Stan Hugill from "his old friend" Harding the Barbarian.. The meaning of the repeated line in Caribbean Creole "*Buddy ta-na-na, we are somebody, oh*" is "*Turn the boat around, we're a man overboard*". The Essequibo River is in Guyana and despite what it says in the song it is not the King of all rivers: whilst it is 600 miles long, only the first 50 miles are navigable.

**10. Fire down below.***Pumps*

Roud 813

This song (as evidenced by the title) was a pumping shanty. When wooden ships were replaced by iron ships, the shanty was used for the capstan. Stan Hugill states it was one of the last shanties sung aboard a British squarerigger. He was the shantyman who sang it on the four masted barque *Garthpool* just before it wrecked on Ponta Reef, Cape Verde Islands in October 1929. Hugill gives three different tunes for the shanty.

**11. Johnny come down to Hilo***Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 650

"Johnny Come Down To Hilo" shanty was given by many collectors: Sharp, Terry (who even made it popular in schools), and Doerflinger. According to Stan Hugill. the tune is Irish in origin and the lyrics are a mixture of Negro catch-phrases, lines from Negro minstrel ditties, and other bits and pieces from other shanties, e.g. "Poor Old Man" or "The Gal With the Blue Dress". The normal environment for "Johnny Come Down To Hilo" was work at the capstan.

**12. The Leaving of Liverpool***Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song*Roud 9435; Ballad Index [Doe104](#); Mudcat [66662](#); traditional

This is an off-watch song rather than a working shanty. It was collected by William Main Doerflinger, an American folksong collector, from Richard Maitland at the Sailors' Snug Harbour, Staten Island, New York in 1938. Maitland said he had learnt the song from a Liverpool man on board the General Knox around 1885. In the song the narrator leaves Liverpool on a historical clipper ship, the Davy Crockett under a real life Captain, John Burgess. Thus we can date the song to between 1863 when Burgess first sailed the Crockett out of Liverpool and 1874 when he died at sea. In the song the narrator laments his long sailing trip to California and the thought of leaving his loved ones behind in Liverpool

**13. My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean***Off Watch Fo'c's'le Song*

Roud 1422

"My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" is a traditional Scottish folk song probably about Bonnie Prince Charlie who fled into exile after his defeat at the Battle of Culloden in 1746. In 1881, under the duo of pseudonyms H. J. Fuller and J. T. Wood, Charles E. Pratt published sheet music for "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me". Theodore Raph, in his 1964 book *American Song Treasury: "100 Favourites"*, writes that people were requesting the song at sheet music stores in the 1870s, and Pratt was convinced to publish a version of it under the pseudonyms. The song became a big hit, and was especially popular with college singing groups.

**14. Roll the woodpile down***Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 4443; Ballad Index Hugi160; Mudcat 13981; traditional.

A pumping or capstan shanty sung by Afro American riverboat workers. The first steamboats on the rivers in the southern states burnt wood of which there was plenty on the banks of the rivers. All you had to do was roll the woodpile down.

**15. Santiana (Santy Anna)***Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 207. Collected by Cecil Sharp from John Short at Watchet..

"Santiana" is a capstan shanty sung by British seamen who jumped ship to serve Generalissimo Antonio de Padua María Severino López de Santa Anna y Pérez de Lebrón. He was eleven times president of Mexico. In 1846 the United States of America declared war on Mexico. Mexico lost but Santiana is remembered as the Napoleon of the West. He freed Mexico from Spain, but lost his leg fighting the French. The leg was buried with full military honours.. General Santa Anna's replacement cork leg, was captured at the Battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico, by Private Waldron and Sergeants Rhoades and Gill on April 18th, 1847. The leg still sits in the Illinois State Museum despite many diplomatic moves by Mexico for its return. Santiana himself lived to the ripe old age of 84....The shanty bears absolutely no resemblance to the truth.

**16. South Australia***Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 325

It was first noted by sea music author Laura Alexandrine Smith, who collected it "from a coloured seaman at the [Sailors'] 'Home'" in London and published it in her 1888 collection, *The Music of the Waters*. The shanty is not mentioned again until the 1900s. Patterson (1900) mentions a heaving chanty titled

"Bound to Western Australia," and the veteran African-American sailor James H. Williams mentioned the song in a 1909 article. In the 1930s or 1940s, at Sailors' Snug Harbor, New York, shanty collector William Main Doerflinger recorded veteran sailor William Laurie of Greenock, Scotland, who began a career in sailing ships in the late 1870s. The one verse sung by Laurie was published, with the tune, in Doerflinger's 1951 book. Reference to this shanty is also made in Lydia Parrish's study of the music tradition of Georgia Sea Islanders, published in 1942. In 1946, Captain James Tobias Hatfield shared his recollections of a much earlier 1886 voyage as a passenger travelling from Pensacola to Nice. During this voyage, Hatfield had noted the shanties sung by the crew, who were all black men from Jamaica. This version, which includes both tune and text, includes the unusual phrase, "Hooray! You're a lanky!", which may have been a mishearing by Hatfield. Another remembered version comes in Frederick Pease Harlow's "Chanteying Aboard American Ships" (1962), in which the author recalls shanties sung aboard the ship Akbar on a trip from Massachusetts to Melbourne, Australia in 1876. A crew mate "Dave" is said to have taught this to the crew while pumping at the windlass. As no references to the song put it any earlier than the mid-1870s, it may well be that the song was new at the time. Laura Smith said it was a capstan chanty, as evidenced by the refrain which indicates, "Heave away! Heave away!" Parrish found that stevedores hauling heavy timber used the song with the chorus, "Haul away, I'm a rollin' king."

So what was special about South Australia? It was the only state in Australia not to have prison colonies. In 80 years spanning the 18th and 19th Century Britain transported 165,000 prisoners to penal colonies in Australia; the last being sent in 1865. So South Australia was the land of freedom. In fact in 1895 it was the first place in the world to not only give women the right to vote but to allow them to stand for public office.

## **17. Spanish Ladies**

*Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 68

"Spanish Ladies" is a traditional British naval song, typically describing a voyage from Spain to the Downs from the viewpoint of ratings of the Royal Navy.

A broadside ballad by the name "Spanish Ladies" was registered in the English Stationer's Company on December 14, 1624. The oldest mention of the present song does not, however, appear until the 1796 logbook of HMS Nellie, making it more likely an invention of the Napoleonic era. The timing of the mention in the Nellie's logbook suggests that the song was created during the

War of the First Coalition (1793–96), when the Royal Navy carried supplies to Spain to aid its resistance to revolutionary France. It probably gained in popularity during the later Peninsular War when British soldiers were transported throughout the Iberian peninsula to assist rebels fighting against the French occupation. After their victory over the Grande Armée, these soldiers were returned to Britain but forbidden to bring their Spanish wives, lovers, and children with them. The song predates the proper emergence of the sea shanty. Shanties were the work songs of merchant sailors, rather than naval ones. However, in his 1840 novel "Poor Jack", Captain Frederick Marryat reports that the song "Spanish Ladies"—though once very popular—was "now almost forgotten" and he included it in whole in order to "rescue it from oblivion". The emergence of shanties in the mid-19th century then revived its fortunes, to the point where it is now sometimes included as a "borrowed song" within the genre.

### **18. Stormalong**

#### *Long Drag/Halliards*

Roud 216; Ballad Index Doe082; Mudcat 39676 , 145806; traditilona;  
 Captain Alfred Bulltop Stormalong was an American folk hero and the subject of numerous nautical-themed tall tales originating in Massachusetts. Stormalong was said to be a sailor and a giant, some 30 feet (9.1 m) tall, he was the master of a huge clipper ship known in various sources as either the Courser or the Tuscarora, a ship purportedly so tall that it had hinged masts to avoid catching on the Moon. The name of "Stormalong" first appeared in a cycle of sea shanties that Stan Hugill, in his "Sea Shanties of the Seven Seas", traced back to African-American folk songs of the 1830s and '40s. Bearing names like "Mister Stormalong", "Way Stormalong John", and "Yankee John, Stormalong", these sailors' work songs generally featured praise for a deceased seaman and for his benevolent son. The tall tales about "Stormalong!" first appeared in the 1911 book "Here's Audacity!" by Frank Shay. More tales appeared in the 1933 pamphlet "Old Stormalong Yarns" by C.E. Brown.

### **19. Wellerman**

#### *Tonguing Shanty*

"The Wellerman", is a folk song in ballad style first published in New Zealand in the 1970s. The history of whaling in New Zealand stretches from the late eighteenth century to 1965. In 1831, the British-born Weller brothers Edward, George and Joseph, founded a whaling station at Otakou on South Island. From 1833, the Weller brothers sold provisions to whalers in New Zealand from their base at Otako. Their employees became known as "wellermen". Unlike whaling in the Atlantic and northern Pacific, whalers in New Zealand practised shore-

based whaling which required them to process the whale carcasses on land. The industry drew whalers to New Zealand from a diverse range of backgrounds encompassing not just the British Isles but also Indigenous peoples of the Americas, Pacific Islanders and Indigenous Australians. At its peak in 1834, the Otakou station was producing 310 tons of whale oil a year and became the centre of a network of seven stations that formed a highly profitable enterprise for the Wellers, employing as many as 85 people at Otago alone. From the Otakou base the Wellers branched out into industries as diverse as "timber, spars, flax, potatoes, dried fish, Māori artefacts, and even tattooed Māori heads which were in keen demand in Sydney". The Weller brothers' success in the whaling industry however was fleeting, and they were declared bankrupt in 1840. The Otakou station closed in 1841.

## **20. Whip Jamboree**

*Capstan/Windlass*

Roud 488 ; Ballad Index Br3230 ; VWML CJS2/10/2923 , CJS2/10/3053 ; Mudcat 46744 , 161950; traditional.

Stan Hugill gives the shanty as a homeward-bounder sung at the windlass or capstan. An alternative point of view is that the crew are warping the ship up the dock and into her berth.

Whip Jamboree is another John Short shanty published by Cecil Sharp in "English Folk Chanteys" ("I know of no other version of this shanty") and Sir Richard Runciman Terry in "The Shanty Book Part II" ("I have never heard this shanty from anyone save Mr John Short") and, of course, Hugill ("many of my verses I had from Mr Jones... a Welsh mate who served in many sailing ships"). WB Whall prints a version slightly different in structure in "Ships, Sea Songs and Shanties"(1913), but with a variant of the same tune. The text is however, distinctly different as is Sharp's other published version (from George Conway [VWML CJS2/10/3053, RoudFS/S225610] ). Sharp's second tune is, again, a variant on the same tune as before. Confused? Don't worry about it!. Perhaps the whole point of performing Sea Shanties is what we make of them.

PD March 2025

# The Feast of Peter the Great



Illustration by Nicholas Roerich - 1901

# Пир Петра Великого

Александр Сургеевич Пушкин

Сергей Александрович Зайцев



1. Над Не - во - ю - рез-во вью-тся фла-ги пёс-тры - е су - дов; Звуч-но



сло док раз да - ю-тся Пес-ни друж-ны - е греб - цов; А

Chorus



В ца - рском до-ме пир ве - сё-лый; Речь го - стей хмель-на, шум



на; И Не - ва паль-бой тя - жё-лой Да ле - ко по-тря-се - на; И Не-



ва паль-бой тя - жё-лой Да- ле - ко по-тря-се - на.

1. Над Невою резво вьются  
 флаги пёстрые судов;  
 Звучно с лодок раздаются  
 песни дружные гребцов;

**Chorus:** *В царском доме пир весёлый;  
 Речь гостей хмельна шумна;  
 И Нева пальбой тяжёлой  
 Далеко потрясена.*

} 2 раза

2. Что пирует царь великий  
В Питербурге-городке?  
Отчего пальба и клики  
И эскадра на реке?

**Chorus:** *В царском доме пир весёлый;  
Речь гостей хмельна шумна;  
И Нева пальбой тяжёлой  
Далеко потрясена.* } 2 раза

3. А он с подданным мирится;  
Виноватому вину  
Отпуская, веселится;  
Кружку пенит с ним одну.

**Chorus:** *Оттого-то в час весёлый  
Чаша царская полна,  
И Нева пальбой тяжёлой  
Далеко потрясена.* } 2 раза

4. Оттого-то шум и клики  
В Питербурге-городке,  
И пальба и гром музыки  
И эскадра на реке.

**Chorus:** *Оттого-то в час весёлый  
Чаша царская полна,  
И Нева пальбой тяжёлой  
Далеко потрясена.* } 2 раза

5. Над Невою резво вьются  
Флаги пёстрые судов;  
Звучно с лодок раздаются  
Песни дружные гребцов;

**Chorus:** *В царском доме пир весёлый;  
Речь гостей хмельна шумна;  
И Нева пальбой тяжёлой  
Далеко потрясена.* } 2 раза

## **The Feast of Peter the Great**

Six Stanzas of "The Feast of Peter The Great" were published as the opening pages of the first issue of *Sovremennik* by Alexander Pushkin in 1836 and he is acknowledged as the author. In the arrangement shown here, the last four lines of the first verse have been adapted as a chorus to give the impression of a shanty. It was produced, by demand, for a "Russian shanty" at the second appearance of the shanty group "Men Overboard" at the Harwich International Sea Shanty Festival of 2018.

Sergei Alexandrovich Zaitsev (1824-1896, Gatchina) was a teacher of singing, and the author of spiritual and musical arrangements. He was a student of Balakirev and Albrecht. He taught singing for more than 20 years at the Gatchina Teachers' Seminary (from 1872) and simultaneously conducted singing and music lessons at the Imperial. Gatchina Nikolaevsky orphan institute. In his home at 13 Bombardirskaya St, a music circle gathered which included Balakirev, Albrecht, Lomakin, Ippolitov-Ivanov, Glazunov and Rimsky-Korsakov.

### Major publications

1865 & 1885: "School of Singing with Exercises for 1, 2 and 3 Voices."

1865: "Collection of Russian Folk Songs Set to 3 Voices."

1872: "Collection of Russian Folk Songs for Children."

1876: "Theoretical and Practical Guide to Choral Singing. Part 1"

1883: "Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom" published by Bernard, republication by Jurgenson 1898.

1886-1887: 6 volumes of spiritual & musical arrangements of ancient chants & melodies for services for the entire year. published by Jurgenson .

1887-1893: 15 issues of Liturgical chants: published by Fedorov.

1894-1901: 31 issues of Liturgical chants: republication by Jurgenson.

# Lowlands Away

## A Sea Shanty



for two solo voices  
(Tenor and Bass)  
arr. Peter Dyson

I dreamed a dream the other night,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away my John,  
I saw my love dressed all in white,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away!

She came to me at my bedside,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away my John,  
Dressed all in white like some fair bride,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away!

She made no sign, no word she said,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away my John,  
And then I knew my love was dead,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away!

She waved her hand, she said goodbye,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away my John,  
I wiped the tear from out my eye,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away!

And then awoke to hear the cry,  
Lowlands, lowlands, away my John,  
"All watch on deck! All watch ahoy"  
Lowlands, lowlands, away!

**Nota Bene: If a shanty chorus were to gently join in;  
the words for their part are shown in bold italics**

# Lowlands Away

## A Sea Shanty

Words traditional

arranged by  
Peter Dyson

Tenor

Bass

*mf* *mf* *mp*

Low- lands,\_\_\_ low-lands, a-  
I dreamed a dream the\_ o- ther\_ night, Low- lands,\_\_\_ low-lands, a-

6

T.

B.

*mf* *mp* *mf*

way my John, Low -  
way my John, I saw my love all\_ dressed in\_ white, Low -

10

T.

B.

*mf*

lands, low-lands, a - way! She came to me at\_ my bed - side,  
lands, low-lands, a - way!

15

T.

B.

*mp* *mf* *mf*

Low - lands,\_\_\_ low-lands, a - way my John, Dressed all in  
Low - lands,\_\_\_ low-lands, a - way my John,



60 <sup>19</sup>

T. *mp*  
white like some fair bride, Low lands, low-lands, a - way!

B. *mf*  
Low-lands, low-lands, a - way! She made no

24

T. *mp*  
Low lands, — low-lands, a - way my John,

B. *mf*  
sign, no word she said, Low lands, — low-lands, a - way my John,

29

T. Low - lands, low-lands, a -

B. *mf*  
And then I knew my love was dead. Low - lands, low-lands, a -

33

T. *mf*  
way! She waved her hand, she said good bye, *mf* Low - lands, —

B. *mp*  
way! Low - lands, —

38

T. *mf*  
 — low-lands, a - way my John, I wiped the tear from out my—

B.  
 — low-lands, a - way my John,

42

T. *mf*  
 eye, *mf* Low lands, low-lands, a - way! Then I a - woke to—

B. *mp* *solo mp*  
 Low lands, low-lands, a - way! Then I a - woke to—

47

T. *mf* *f*  
 hear the\_ cry, *mf* Low lands,\_\_\_ low-lands, a - way my John, All watch on

B. *mf* *mf*  
 hear the\_ cry, *mf* Low lands,\_\_\_ low-lands, a - way my John, All watch on

St Petersburg 13th February 2011

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T. *mf*  
 deck! All\_watch a - hoy! *mf* Low lands, low-lands, a - way!\_\_\_\_\_

B. *mf*  
 deck! All watch a - hoy! *mf* Low lands, low-lands, a - way!\_\_\_\_\_