

SEA SHANTIES

AND OTHER SONGS FOR COMMUNITY SINGING



24 traditional and contemporary
songs with melody and lyrics

Collated by Simon Bailes

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All For me Grog

♩ = 180

Well, it's all for me grog, me jol - ly, jol - ly grog, It's

all for me beer and to - bac - co, For I

spent all me tin on the lass - ies drink - ing gin. Far a -

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

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog,
 It's all for me beer and tobacco.
 For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin,
 Far across the western ocean I must wander.

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,
 They're all gone for beer and tobacco.
 For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
 And the soles are looking out for better weather.

Where is me shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,
 It's all gone for beer and tobacco,
 For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn,
 And the tail is looking out for better weather.

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed,
 Since first I came ashore from me slumber,
 For I spent all me dough on the lassies don't you know,
 Far across the western ocean I must wander.

Barrett's Privateers

$\text{♩} = 140$

Oh the year was sev-en-teen sev-en-ty eight. How I wish I was - in Sher-brooke now!_

When a Let-ter of mar-que came from the - king, to the scum-mi-est ves-sel I'd ev - er seen._

God damn them all. I was told we'd cruise the seas for Am-er - i - can

gold we'd fire no guns, shed no tears! Now I'm a bro - ken man on a

Ha - li - fax pier, the last of Bar - retts's Pri - vat - eers._

Oh, the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 A letter of marque came from the king
 To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

God damn them all!
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American
gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 For twenty brave men all fishermen who
 Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
 And the cook in the scuppers with the
 staggers and jags

On the King's birthday we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 We were 91 days to Montego Bay
 Pumping like madmen all the way

On the 96th day we sailed again
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
 With our cracked four pounders we made to
 fight

Now the Yankee lay low down with gold
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
 But to catch her took the Antelope two whole
 days

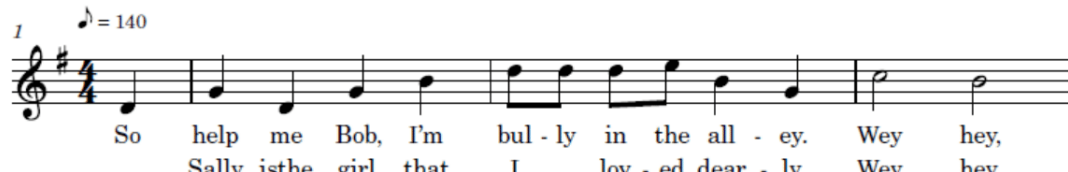
Then at length we stood two cables away
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din
 But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
 And the maintruck carried off both me legs

So here I lie in my twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
 It's been six years since we sailed away
 And I just made Halifax yesterday

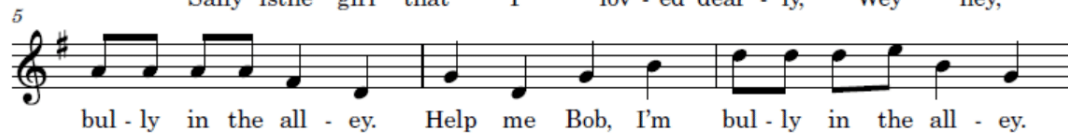
Bully In The Alley

1 $\text{♩} = 140$



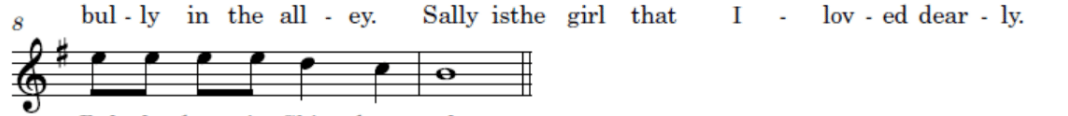
So help me Bob, I'm bul - ly in the all - ey. Wey hey,
Sally isthe girl that I lov - ed dear - ly, Wey hey,

5




bul - ly in the all - ey. Help me Bob, I'm bul - ly in the all - ey.

8



bul - ly in the all - ey. Sally isthe girl that I - lov - ed dear - ly.



Bul - ly down in Shin - bone al.

*Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley,
Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Bully down in Shinbone al.*

Sally is a girl that I loved dearly,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley,
Sally is the girl that I loved nearly,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

For seven long years I courted little Sally,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley,
All she did was dilly and dally,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

I left my Sal, I went a-sailing,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley,
Signed on a big ship, I went a-whaling,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

If ever I get back, I'll marry little Sally,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley,
Have six kids and live in Shinbone alley,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

I thought I heard the old man saying,
Wey hey, Bully in the alley,
One more pull and we're belaying,
Bully down in Shinbone al.

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drun-ken sail - or, What shall we do with a drun-ken sail - or,

5 What shall we do with a drun-ken sail - or, Ear - ly in the morn - ing?

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

13 Way, hay, and up she ris - es, Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Early in the morning!

Shave him on the belly with a rusty razor

Put him in a long boat till he's sober

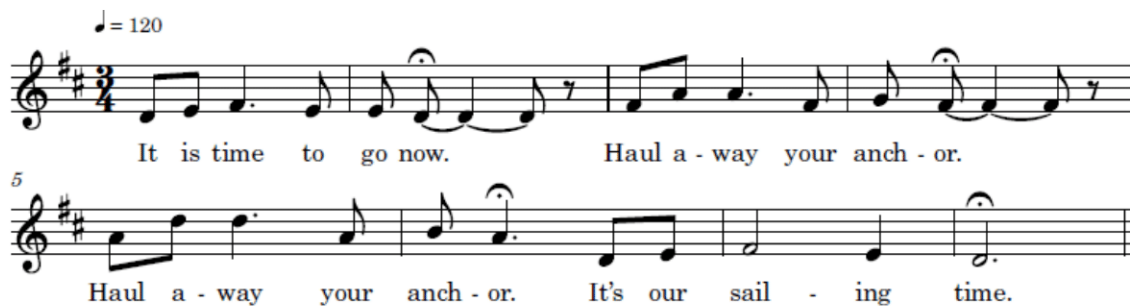
Put him in a scupper with a hosepipe on him

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter

That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor

Farewell Shanty

$\text{♩} = 120$



It is time to go now. Haul a - way your anch - or.

5
Haul a - way your anch - or. It's our sail - ing time.

It is time to go now,
Haul away your anchor,
Haul away your anchor,
It's our sailing time.

Get some sail upon her,
Haul away your halyards,
Haul away your halyards,
It's our sailing time.

Get her on her course now,
Haul away your foresheets,
Haul away your foresheets,
It's our sailing time.

Waves are surging under,
Haul away down Channel,
Haul away down Channel,
On the evening tide.

When your sailing's over,
Haul away for Heaven,
Haul away for Heaven,
God be by your side.

It's time to go now,
Haul away your anchor,
Haul away your anchor,
It's our sailing time.

Haul Away Joe

♩ = 120

When I was a lit - tle boy, so my moth - er told - me, a - ay, haul a - way, we'll

haul a - way Joe. That if I did not kiss the girls, My lips would all grow

moul - dy, to me, Way, haul a - way, we'll haul a - way Joe. Way, haul a - way, we're

bound for bet - ter wea - ther, - A - way, haul a - way, we'll haul a - way Joe.

When I was just a little lad or so me mammy told me
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)
 That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips would grow a-moldy
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

Away (ho!) Haul away, we'll haul away together
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)
 Away (ho!) Haul away, we'll haul for better weather
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

I used to have an Irish girl, but she got fat and lazy
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)
 But now I've got a Bristol girl, and she just drives me crazy
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

Old Louis was the king of France before the revolution
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)
 But then he got his head chopped off it spoiled his constitution
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

You call yourself a second mate, you cann'e tie a bowline
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)
 You can't even stand up straight, when the packet she's a rollin'
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

Well now can't you see the black clouds a-gatherin'?
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)
 Well now can't you see the storm clouds a-risin'?
 (Away haul away, we'll haul away Joe)

Nelson's Blood (Roll The Old Chariot Along)

Well a drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm. Well 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. And we'll

roll the old cha - ri - ots a - long. We'll roll the

old cha - ri - ots a - long. We'll roll the

old cha - ri - ots a - long. And we'll all hang on be - hind.

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

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

We'd be alright if the Wind was in our sails

We'd be alright if we make it round The Horn

Well a nice wash below wouldn't do us any harm

Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm

A bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm

A damn good sing wouldn't do us any harm

The Last Shanty

$\text{♩} = 160$

Well me fath - er of - ten told - me when I was just - a lad, A

sai - lers lif - is ve - ry hard - and the food is al - ways bad. But

now I've Joined - the Na - vy - A-board - a man - of war, and

now I've found - a sai - lor aint a sai - lor an - y more. Don't

haul on - the rope. - Don't climb up - the mast. - And

if you se - a sai - ling ship it might be - your last. - Just

get your civ - vies read - dy for an - o - ther run - a-shore. A

sai - lor aint - a sai - lor aint a sai - lor a - ny more.____

Well, me father often told me when I was just a lad
A sailor's life is very hard, the food is always bad
But now I've joined the navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war
And now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor any more

Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship, it might be your last
Just get your civvies ready for another run-ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore

Well, the killick of our mess, he says we had it soft
It wasn't like that in his day when we were up aloft
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

They gave us an engine that first went up and down
Then with more technology, the engine went around
We know our steam and diesels, but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore

They gave us an Aldiss lamp so we could do it right
They gave us a radio, we signalled day and night
We know our codes and cyphers, but what's a semaphore?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot
And now we've got an extra one because they stopped the tot
So we'll put on our civvy clothes, find a pub ashore
A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before

Old Maui

$\text{♩} = 140$

it's a damn hard life full of toil and - strife, we - whale - men und - er go. We

6 don't give a damn when the gale is - done how - hard the winds - did blow. 'Cause we're

10 home-ward bound from the arc - tic ground with a good ship taut - and free. And we

14 don't give a damn when we drink our - rum with the girls of Old - Mau -

17 i. Roll - ng down to Old - Mau - i me boys. Roll - ing down to Old - Mau - i. We're

22 home-ward bound from the arc - tic - ground, roll - ing down to Old - Mau - i

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife, We whaler-men undergo
 And we won't give a damn when the gale is done, how hard the winds do blow
 For We're homeward bound from the Arctic Gound, with a good ship taut and free.
 And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls of Old Maui.

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

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale, Through the ice, and wind, and rain.
 Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores, we soon shall see again.
 For Six hellish months we passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea.
 But now we're bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail the Northerly gale, towards our Island home.
 Our whaling done, out mainmast sprung, and we ain't got far to roam.
 Our stans'l booms is carried away, what care we for that sound.
 A living gale is after us. Thank God we're homeward bound.

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern.
 Them native maids, them tropical glades, is awaiting our return.
 Even now their big, brown eyes look out hoping some fine day to see
 Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales, rolling down to Old Maui.

Roll The Woodpile Down

$\text{♩} = 140$

Way do - wn south where the cocks do crow, Way down in flo - ri - da. Them

5 girls all - dance to the old ban - jo, And we'll roll the wood - pile down.

9 Roll - in' Roll - in' Roll - in the whole world round. That

13 fine gal a mines on the Georg - ia line, And we'll roll the wood - pile down._____

Ah-way down South where the cocks do crow
(Way down in Florida)
Them girls all dance to the old banjo
(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Rollin' (Rollin) Rollin' (Rollin).
Rollin' the whole world round!
That fine gal a-mine's on the Georgia
line,
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Oh, what can you do in Tampa Bay? (hey)
(Way down in Florida)
But give them pretty girls all your pay
(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

We'll roll'em high, and we'll roll'em low!
(Way down in Florida)
We'll roll'er up and away we'll go
(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Oh, roust and bust her is the cry (hey)
(Way down in Florida)
A sailor's wage is never high
(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Oh, one more pull and that will do (hey)
(Way down in Florida)
For we're the boys to kick her through
(And we'll roll the woodpile down)

Shallow Brown



Oh I'm going to leave her. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
I'm going to leave her. Shallow, oh shallow brown.

Ship on board a whaler. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
I'm gonna ship on board a whaler. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Bound away to St George's. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
Bound away to St George's. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Love you well, Julianna. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
I love you well, Julianna. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Master's going to sell me. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
Master's going to sell me. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Sell me to a Yankee. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
He's gonna sell me to a yankee. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Seel me for a dollar. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
A great big Spanish dollar. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Gonna cross them Chile mountains. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
I'm gonna pump them silver fountains. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.

Oh I'm going to leave her. Shallow, Oh shallow brown.
I'm going to leave her. Shallow, oh shallow brown.

Shanty Man

$\text{♩} = 140$

Now mod-ern ships car-ry might-y fun-ny gear. And a - away get a-way you shan-ty man.
Slick new fit-tings-are all - your style. And a - away get a-way you shan-ty man.

Aint seen a hal-yard in man-ys a year. And they got no use for a shan - ty man.
All ve-ry cle-ver but it just aint right. And they got no use for a shan - ty man.

Shan - ty man, oh shan - ty man. Who's got a berth for a shan - ty man.

Sing you a song of a world gone wrong. When they got no use for a shan - ty man.

Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear
And away, get away, you shanty man
Ain't seen a halyard for many's a year
And they got no use for a shanty man
Slick new fittings are all your style
And away, get away, you shanty man
All very clever, but it just ain't right
And they got no use for a shanty man

Shanty man, oh, shanty man
Who's got a berth for a shanty man?
Sing you a song of a world gone wrong
When they got no use for a shanty man

Levers to pull and buttons to press
And away, get away, you shanty man
Real-life sailors you meet 'em less
And they got no use for a shanty man
Floating computer dressed as a ship
And away, get away, you shanty man
Skippered and crewed by a microchip
And they got no use for a shanty man

Soon they'll be sailing by remote control
And away, get away, you shanty man
That'll be pleasing for the owners' soul
And they got no use for a shanty man
Send their ships from dock to dock
And away, get away, you shanty man
While sat upon their arses in an office block
And they got no use for a shanty man

Newfangled gear's no use to you
And away, get away, you shanty man
When you're off Cape Horn with your fuses
blew
And they got no use for a shanty man
Then's the time you rue the day
And away, get away, you shanty man
You sent your shanty man away
And they got no use for a shanty man

A sailor's life it once was hard
And away, get away, you shanty man
Laid out aloft on a topsail yard
And they got no use for a shanty man
Now it don't matter if the winds blow high
And away, get away, you shanty man
You can take force ten with your feet still dry
And they got no use for a shanty man

Listen at night and you might hear
And away, get away, you shanty man
A ghostly sound on the cool night air
And they got no use for a shanty man
Was it a ghost from the distant past?
And away, get away, you shanty man
Or just a breeze in the radar mast?
And they got no use for a shanty man

South Australia



In South Aus - tral - ia I was born. Heave a - way! Haul a - way! In
The on - ly thing that grieves my mind, Heave a - way! Haul a - way! Is to

6 South Aus - tral - ia 'round Cape Horn, We're bound for South Aus - tral - ia.
leave Miss Nan - cy Blair's be - hind. We're bound for South Aus - tral - ia.

10 Haul a - way, you rol - ling kings. Heave a - way, haul a - way!

15 Haul a - way, you'll hear me sing: We're bound for South Aus - tral - ia.

In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away
In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, we're bound for South Australia

Haul away your rolling king, heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair, heave away, haul away
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair, we're bound for South Australia

There's just one thing that's on my mind, heave away, haul away
That's leaving Nancy Blair behind, we're bound for South Australia

O when I sail across the sea, heave away, haul away
My girl says she'd be true to me, we're bound for South Australia

I rung her all night, I rung her all day, heave away, haul away
I rung her before we sailed away, we're bound for South Australia

I shook her up, I shook her down, heave away, haul away
I shook her round and round and round, we're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop round Cape Horn, heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you've never been born, we're bound for South Australia

I wish I was on Australia strand, heave away, haul away
With a glass of whiskey in my hand, we're bound for South Australia

In South Australia I was born, heave away, haul away
In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, we're bound for South Australia

Wellerman

$\text{♩} = 180$

There once was a ship that sailed the sea, The
 name of the ship was the Bil - ly O' Tea. The winds blew up, her
 bow dipped down, Oh blow. my bul - ly boys blow. Soon may the
 Well - er - man come, To bring us sug - ar and tea and rum. One day when the
 tong - uing is done, We'll take our leave and go!

There once was a ship that put to sea
 The name of the ship was the Billy O' Tea
 The winds blew up, her bow dipped down
 Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (huh)

*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*

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 (huh)

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 (huh)

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 (huh)

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 (huh)

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)

Bring Us A Barrel – Keith Marsden (Cockersdale)

No man that's a drink - er takes ale from a pin,
 for there is to lit - tle good stuff there with - in
 Four and a half - is its mea - sure in full, Too
 small for a sup not e - nough for a pull. Then
 bring us a bar - rel and - set it up right.
 Bring us a bar - rel to - last out the night.
 Bring us a Bar - rel no mat - ter how - high. We'll
 drink it all - up lads, we'll drink - it dry.

1. No man that's a drinker takes ale from a pin,
 For there is too little good stuff there within,
 Four and a half is its measure in full,
 Too small for a sup not enough for a pull.

 Then Bring Us A Barrel and set it up right,
 Bring Us A Barrel to last out the night.
 Bring Us A Barrel no matter how high,
 We'll drink it up lads we'll drink it dry.
2. The poor little firkin's nine gallons in all,
 Though the beer it be good the size is too small,
 For lads that are drinkers like you and like I,
 That firkin small barrel too quickly runs dry.
3. And when that I'm dying and on me death bed,
 By me bedside leave a fine, full hogshead,
 That if down below I mun go when I die,
 Me and old Nick we will both drink it dry.
4. Then bring forth the puncheon and roll
 out the butt,
 Them's the best measures before us to
 put,
 Our pots will go round and good ale it
 will flow,
 And we'll be content for an hour or so.

The Cadgwith Anthem (The Robbers Retreat)

Come - fill up your glass - es and let - us be mer - ry!

For to rob and to plun - der it is our in - tent.

Chorus
As we roam through - the val - leys - Where the lil - lies and the ro -

ses And the beau - ty of Kash - mir lay droop - ing its head. Then a -

way. Then a - way. - then a - way -

To those caves in yon - der val - ley where the rob - bers re - treat.

Come fill up your glasses
And let us be merry!
For to rob and to plunder
It is our intent

As we roam through the valleys
Where the lily and the roses
And the beauty of Kashmir lay drooping its head
Then away (then away) then away (then away) then away
To those caves in yonder mountains where the robbers retreat

Hark, hark, in the distance
There's footsteps approaching
Stand, stand and deliver!
It is our watch cry

So we stuffed up our pockets
With gold and with jew-els
And we made for the forest
With the hounds in full cry

Come lift up your glasses
And let us be merry!
As the moonbeams are shining
Right over our heads

John Ball – Sydney Carter

Who'll be the la-dy, who will be the lord? When we are ruled by the love of one a-no-th-er

5 Who'll be the la - dy, who will be the lord? In The light that is com-ing in the morn - ing.

9 Sing John Ball, and tell it to them all. Long live the day - that is Dawn - ing! And I'll

13 cro like a cock, I'll car-ol like a lark, in the light that is com-ing in the morn - ing.

1. Who will be the lady,
Who will be the lord,
When we are ruled
By the love of another?
Who will be the lady,
Who will be the lord,
In the light that is coming
In the morning.

Chorus

Sing, John Ball
And tell it to them all -
Long live the day that is dawning!
And I'll crow like a cock,
I'll carol like a lark,
In the light that is coming
In the morning.

2. Eve is the lady,
Adam is the lord,
When we are ruled
By the love of another,
Eve is the lady,
Adam is the lord,
In the light that is coming
In the morning.

3. All shall be ruled
By fellowship I say,
All shall be ruled
By the love of one another,
All shall be ruled
By fellowship I say,
In the light that is coming
In the morning.

John Barleycorn (Traditional)

$\text{♩} = 160$

John Bar - ley - corn ias a he - ro bold, as an - y in - the land. For
 6 age - s good hi - s fame has stood, and will for age - s stand. The
 10 whole wide world re - spe - ct him no mat - ter friend or foe, And
 14 where they be th - at makes too free he's sure to la - y them
 17 low. Hey John Bar - ley - corn, ho John Bar - ley - corn
 22 Old and young they paris - es sung - - John Bar - ley - corn.

John Barleycorn is an hero bold as any in the land,
 For ages good his fame has stood and will for ages stand.
 The whole wide world respect him no matter friend or foe,
 And where they be that makes too free he's sure to lay them low.

Chorus (after each verse):

Hey, John Barleycorn, ho, John Barleycorn,
 Old and young thy praise have sung, John Barleycorn.

To see him in his pride of growth his robes are rich and green,
 His head is speared with prickly beard fit nigh to serve the Queen.
 And when the reaping time comes round and John is stricken down,
 He yields his blood for England's good and Englishmen's renown.

The Lord in courtly castle and the Squire in stately hall,
 The great of name in birth and fame on John for succour call.
 He bids the troubled heart rejoice, gives warmth to Nature's cold
 Makes weak men strong and old ones young and all men brave and bold.

Then shout for great John Barleycorn nor heed the luscious vine,
 I have no mind much charm to find in potent draught of wine.
 Give me my native nut-brown ale, all other drinks I'll scorn
 For true English cheer is English beer, our own John Barleycorn.

Miner's Lifeguard

$\text{♩} = 120$

A mi-ners life - is like a sia-lors. A-board ship - to cross the waves. Ev-ry

day, - his lie's in dan - ger, still he ven - tures be - ing brave. watch the

rocks - they're fall-ing dai - ly, - care-less min - ers al-ways fail. Keep your

hand up - on your wag - es, and your hand - up - on the scale. U - nion

mi - ners stand to - geth - er. - Do not heed - the own - ers tale. keep your

hand - up - on your wa - ges, and your hand - up - on the scale.

A miner's life is like a sailor's,
Aboard ship to cross the waves.
Every day his life's in danger,
Still he ventures, being brave.
Watch the rocks, they're falling daily,
Careless miners always fail.
Keep your hands upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scales.

Union miners stand together
not head the owner's tale.
Keep your hands upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scales.

You've been docked, and docked again boys,
You've been loading three for one.
What have you to show for working,
When your mining days are done?
Worn out boots and worn out miners,
Blackened lungs and faces pale.
Keep your hands upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scales.

In conclusion, bear in memory,
Keep this watchword in your mind.
Workers strength cannot be broken,
When in union they're combined.
So stand up tall and stand together,
Victory for you'll prevail.
Keep your hands upon your wages,
And your eye upon the scales.

New York Girls

$\text{♩} = 140$

As I walked down to New York Town a fair maid I did Meet. She

6

asked me back to see her place, she lived on bar - rack street - And a -

10

way, you San - ty my dear Ann-ie. Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the pol-ka.

As I walked down to New York town, a fair maid I did meet
She asked me back to see her place; she lived on Barrack Street

*And away, Santee, my dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?*

And when we got to Barrack Street we stopped at 44
Her mother and her sister were waiting at the door

And when I got inside the house, the drinks were passed around
The liquor was so awful strong, my head went round and round

And then we had another drink before we sat to eat
The liquor was so awful strong, I quickly fell asleep

When I awoke next morning, I had an aching head
And there was I, Jack, all alone stark naked in me bed

My gold watch and my money and my lady friend were gone
And there was I, Jack, all alone stark naked in that room

Looking round that little room, there's nothing I could see
But a woman's shift and apron that were no use to me

With a barrel for a suit of clothes, down Cherry Street forlorn
Where Martin Churchill took me in and he sent me 'round Cape Horn

So sailor lads, take warning, when you land on New York shore
You'll have to get up early to be smarter than a whore

Rolling Home – John Tams

$\text{♩} = 160$

Round goes the wheel of for - tune, don't be a - fraid to -
 5 - ride. There's a land of mi - lk and ho - ney waits - on the oth - er
 9 side. There'll be peace and there'll be Plen - ty. You'll ne - ver ne - ed to
 13 roam. Wh - en we go roll - ing - home, when we - go roll - ing home.
 18 Roll - ing home, when we - go roll - ing home when we - go
 22 roll - ing roll - ing when we go roll - ing - home.

Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride
 There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side
 There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
 When we go rolling, rolling, When we go rolling home

The gentry in their fine array, they prosper night and morn
 While we unto the fields must go to plough and sow the corn
 The rich they steal the power, but the glory's ours alone
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow
 While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow
 Our dreams fly up to glory of where the lark has flown
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair
 The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare
 Stand to and stand together, your labours yours alone
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Pass the bottle round and let the toast go free
 Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be
 Fair wages are now or never, let's reap what we have sown
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

The Chemical Worker's Song

1 ♩ = 110

4 And it's go boys go, they'll time your ev - ry breath - and

7 ev - ry day you're in this place you're two days near - er death. But you go!

9 Well a pro - cess man am I and I'm tell - ing you no lie. -

11 I work and breath am - ong the fumes that tread a - cross the sky.

13 There's Thun - der all a - round me - and there's poi - son in the air.

There's a lou - sy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in my hair.

And it's go boys go
 They'll time your every breath
 And every day in this place you're two days near to death
 But you go

Well a process man am I and I'm tellin' you no lie
 I work and breathe among the fumes that tread across the sky
 There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air
 There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair

Well I've worked among the spitters and I breathe the oily smoke
 I've shovelled up the gypsum and it neigh 'on makes you choke
 I've stood knee deep cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn
 Been working rough, I've seen enough, to make your stomach turn

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
 The young men like their money and they all come back for more
 But soon your knocking on and you look older than you should
 For every bob made on the job, you pay with flesh and blood

Well a process man am I and I'm telling you no lie
 I work and breathe among the fumes that tread across the sky
 There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air
 There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair

'Twas Pleasant and Delightful

1 $\text{♩} = 160$

7 'Twas pleas - ant and de - light - ful one mid sum - mers morn. To view the fine

12 mead - ows - all cov - ered with corn. The Black - birds and Thrush - es sang on

16 ev - ery green - spray. And the larks they sang mel - o - di - ous

20 at the dawn - ing of the day. And the larks they sang mel - o - di - ous, -

23 - And the larks - they sang mel - o - di - ous. And the

larks they sang mel - o - di - ous, at the dawn - ing of the day.

'Twas pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn
To view the fine meadows all covered with corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green
spray
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of
the day
And the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of
the day.

A sailor and his true love were walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love "I'm bound far away
I'm bound for the Indies where load cannons do roar
I must go and leave you Nancy you're the girl I adore
I must go and leave you Nancy
I must go and leave you Nancy
I must go and leave you Nancy you're the girl that I
adore.

The ring from off her finger she instantly drew
Saying "Take this dearest Willie and me heart will go
too"
And as she embraced him tears from her eyes fell
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no me love
farewell"
Saying, "May I go along with you?"
Saying, "May I go along with you?"
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no me love
farewell"

So fare thee well my dearest Nancy, I'm bound far
away
The ship is a-waiting out there in the bay
The anchor is hoisted she waits the next flowing tide
And if ever I return again I will make you my bride
And if ever I return again
And if ever I return again
And if ever I return again I will make you my bride.

Wild Rover

1 $\text{♩} = 180$

I've been a wild ro-ver for man-ys the year, - and I've spent all me
 8 mon-ey on whisk-ey and beer. But now I'm re-turn-ing with
 14 gold-en great store. - And I nev-er will p[lay the wild ro-ver no
 20 more. And It's No, Nay, Nev-er - - No, Nay Nev-er no more -
 28 - Will I play - the wild ro-ver - No ne-ver - no more.

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
 I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store
 And I never will play the wild rover no more

And it's No, Nay, never,
 No, nay never no more
 Will I play the wild rover,
 No never no more

I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent
 And I told the landlady me money was spent
 I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
 Such a customer as you I can have any day

I took up from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
 She says "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
 And the words that you told me were only in jest"

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
 And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
 And, when they've caressed me as oft times before
 I never will play the wild rover no more

SEA SHANTIES – SONGS TO BE SUNG AND A GENEROUS SPRINKLING OF GUSTO



These songs were collected for singing (often in pubs) after dance performances by Letchworth Morris and for use in shanty sessions at The Bigg Theatre, Biggleswade.

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