

# THE PORCH STOMP SHANTYBOOK



## Table of Contents

THE MERMAID .....	2
RANDY DANDY-OH .....	3
FIDDLERS GREEN .....	4
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI .....	6
BLOOD RED ROSES .....	7
LOWLANDS AWAY.....	8
SHENANDOAH.....	12
WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?.....	14
BLOW THE MAN DOWN.....	16
THE WELLERMAN.....	18
ROLL THE OL' CHARIOT ALONG.....	19
ROLLNG HOME (ACROSS THE SEA).....	20
BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTALIA.....	21
LEAVE HER JOHNNY LEAVE HER.....	22
Maid of Amsterdam (A'Roven).....	23
GOWANUS CANAL.....	25
DOWN THE GOWANUS.....	26
SHALLOW BROWN.....	27
DRINKIN OF THE WINE.....	28
YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT A HUMBUG.....	29
DOWN BY THE RIVER GAMBIA.....	31
CLEAR THE TRACK.....	32
THE DREADNAUGHT.....	33
NEW YORK GIRLS.....	34
DEEP BLUE SEA.....	35

## THE MERMAID

Page | 2

It was Friday morn when we set sail  
And we were not far from the land  
It was there that we spied a mermaid so fair  
With a comb and a glass in her hand

### **Chorus:**

**And the ocean waves do roll  
And the stormy winds do blow  
And we poor sailors are skipping at the top  
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
While the landlubbers lie down below**

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship  
And a fine old captain man was he  
He said "This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom  
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea"

### **[Chorus: All SING]**

Then up spoke the first mate of our gallant ship  
And a fine old first mate was he  
He said "I have a wife in \_\_\_\_\_ by the sea  
But tonight a widow she will be"

### **[Chorus: All SING]**

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship  
And a crazy old butcher was he  
He said "I care much more for my pots and my pans  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea"

### **[Chorus: All SING]**

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship  
And a brave young lad was he  
He said "I have a sweetheart in \_\_\_\_\_by the sea  
But tonight she'll be weeping for me"

### **[Chorus: All SING]**

Three times around spun our gallant ship  
And three times around spun she  
Three times around spun our gallant ship  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

### **[Chorus: All SING] FIN**

## **RANDY DANDY-OH**

Now you're ready to sail for the Horn

Weigh, hey, roll and go!

Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn,

**To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh**

Heave a pawl, heave away

Weigh, hey, roll and go!

The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored

**To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh**

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Weigh, hey, roll and go

Where the pretty young girls all come down in their frocks

**To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh**

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away

Weigh, hey, roll and go

The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored

**To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh**

Come breast the bars, bullies, heave her away

Weigh, hey, roll and go

Soon well be rolling her down through the Bay

**To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh**

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away

Weigh, hey, roll and go

The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored

**To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh**

## FIDDLERS GREEN

Page | 4

C F C Am  
As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair,  
C F C G  
to view the salt waters and take the salt air,  
F C  
I heard an old fisherman singing a song,  
C G C G  
'Oh take me away boys, me time is not long'.

### [All Sing Chorus]

C G C  
**Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumpers,**  
F C G  
**no more on the docks I'll be seen.**  
F C  
**Just tell me old shipmates, I'm taking a trip, mates,**  
G G7 G C  
**and I'll see you some day on Fiddler's Green.**

C F C Am  
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell,  
C F C G  
where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell.

F C  
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play,  
C G C G  
and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

### [All Sing Chorus]

C F C Am  
Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale,  
C F C G  
and the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail.

F C  
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do,  
C G C G  
and the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

**[All Sing Chorus]**

C F C Am  
When you get back on docks and the long trip is through,  
C F C G  
there's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there, too.

F C  
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free,  
C G C G  
and there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

**[All Sing Chorus]**

C F C Am  
Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me  
C F C G  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea  
F C  
I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along,  
C G C G  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

**[All Sing Chorus]**

FIN

## ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

Am E Am E  
It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife

Page | 6 Am E Am  
We whalem en undergo.

Am E Am E  
And we don't give a damn when the day is done

Am E Am  
How hard the winds did blow.

C G  
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground

Am E  
With a good ship, taut and free

Am E Am E  
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum

Am E Am  
With the girls of Old Maui.

### Chorus [ALL SING]

C G

***Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys***

Am E

***Rolling down to Old Maui***

Am E Am E

***We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground***

Am E Am

***Rolling down to Old Maui.***

(Additional Verses)

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

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

## Blood Red Roses

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
And its flamin' drafty 'round Cape Horn,  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
**Oh, you pinks and posies,**  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**

My dear old mother said to me,  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
My dearest son, come home from sea.  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
**Oh, you pinks and posies,**  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**

It's 'round Cape Horn we all must go  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
'Round Cape Horn in the frost and snow.  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
**Oh, you pinks and posies,**  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down**

You've got your advance, and to sea you'll go  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
To chase them whales through the frost and snow.  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
**Oh, you pinks and posies,**  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down**

Just one more pull and that will do  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down**  
For we're the boys to kick her through  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down.**  
**Oh, you pinks and posies,**  
**Go down, you blood red roses, Go down**

FIN

# Lowlands away.

(WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN.)

*m. ♩ = 60.*

Slowly, expressively, and in very free rhythm.

*quasi recit.*  
SOLO.

(INTRODUCTION.) Low-lands,

*a tempo*

Low-lands, A - way my John, Low-lands, a - way, ——— I

*a tempo*

CHORUS.

heard them say, My dol-lar and a half a day. 1. A

SOLO.

dol-lar and a half a day is a Hoo-sier's pay.

CHORUS. SOLO.

Lowlands, Lowlands, A - way my John. A dol-lar and a half a

CHORUS.

day — is ve-ry good pay. My dol-lar and a half a day.

SOLO.

2. Oh was you ev - er in Mo - bile Bay.

CHORUS. SOLO.

Low-lands, Low-lands, A - way my John. Screwing the

CHORUS.

cot - - ton by the day. My dol-lar and a half a day.

SOLO. CHORUS.

3. All in the night my — true love came. Low-lands,

SOLO.

Low-lands, a - way my John. All in the night —

CHORUS.

— my true love came. My dol-lar and a half a day.

4. She came to me all in my sleep. (*twice*)
5. And her eyes were white my love. (*twice*)
6. And then I knew my love was dead. (*twice*)

# Shenandoah.\*

(WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN.)

Slowly and with much expression.

VIOLIN. *(ad lib.)* M. ♩ = 50.

VOICE.

PIANO.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you. A - way you rolling

\* The small notes in the piano part are to be played when there is no violin.

SOLO. CHORUS.

river. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you. A - way, I'm bound to

VERSES 1 to 5. LAST VERSE.

SOLO.

go 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri. 2. Oh - sou - ri.

- 2. Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter. (*twice*)
- 3. 'Tis seven long years since last I see thee. (*twice*)
- 4. Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion  
To sail across the stormy ocean.
- 5. Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.  
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.
- 6. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you. (*twice*)

14.

# What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

(WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN.)

M. ♩ = 108.

Musical score for piano introduction in 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves: a treble clef staff with a whole rest, a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a melodic line in the treble and a bass line in the bass, and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The tempo is marked 'M. ♩ = 108.' The key signature has one sharp (F#).

SOLO.

1. What shall we do with the drunken sai - lor, What shall we do with the drunken sai - lor,

Musical score for the solo section. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "1. What shall we do with the drunken sai - lor, What shall we do with the drunken sai - lor,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. There are three asterisks (\*) under the piano part, likely indicating a repeat or a specific performance instruction.

What shall we do with the drunk-en sai-lor Ear-ly in the morn-ing?

*Red.* \*

CHORUS.

Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses, Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses,

*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

Hoo-ray and up she ri-ses Ear-ly in the morn-ing.

*Red.* \* *D.C.*

2. Put him in the long-boat until he's sober. (*thrice*)
3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over. (*thrice*)
4. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him. (*thrice*)
5. Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'. (*thrice*)
6. Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under. (*thrice*)

1753307

## 16. Blow the man down.

(HALLIARDS.)

M. ♩ = 88. SOLO.

1. Oh—

CHORUS.

blow the man down, bul-lies, blow the man down. } To me Way - ay,  
o - ver the Bar on the thirteenth of May. }

SOLO. CHORUS.

blow the man down. { Oh blow the man down, bul-lies, blow him a-way. }  
The Gal-lop-er jumped, and the gale came a-way. } Oh

VERSES 1 to 6. SOLO. LAST VERSE.

gimme some time to blow the man down. 2. We went blow the man down.

3. Oh the rags they was gone, and the chains they was jammed,  
♩ ♪  
 And the skipper sez he, "Let the weather be hanged."
4. As I was a-walking down Winchester Street,  
 A saucy young damsel I happened to meet.
5. I sez to her, "Polly, and how d'you do?"  
 Sez she, "None the better for seein' of you?"
6. Oh, it's sailors is tinkers, and tailors is men.  
♩ ♪  
 And we're all of us coming to see you again.
7. So we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down.  
♩ ♪  
 And we'll blow him away into Liverpool Town.



## ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT (NELSON'S BLOOD)

FIST REFRAIN:

Page | 19 Oh, we'd be all right if the wind is in our sails  
Oh, we'd be all right if the wind is in our sails  
Oh, we'd be all right if the wind is in our sails  
And we'll all hang on behind

CHORUS: (ALL SING)

### Roll de Ole Chariot Along.

Oh, roll de ole char-iot a-long, Roll de ole char-iot a-long,

FINE.

Roll de ole char-iot a-long, Ef ye don't hang on be-hin'.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE.' above it. The second system continues the melody and includes the phrase 'Ef ye don't hang on be-hin'.'

ADDITIONAL REFRAINS:

- 1) Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
- 2) Oh, we'd be all right if we make it round the horn
- 3) Oh, a night's watch below wouldn't do us any harm
- 4) Oh, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm
- 5).....(What ever strikes your fancy)

## ROLLING HOME (ACROSS THE SEA)

C C  
Call all hands to man the capstan

C F  
See the cable running clear

Page | 20

G C  
Heave away and with a will, boys

G C  
To \_\_\_\_\_ now we will steer

### [CHORUS ALL SING]

C C  
Rolling home, rolling home

C F  
Rolling home across the sea

G G  
Rolling home to \_\_\_\_\_

G C  
Rolling home dear land to thee

"Round Cape Horn one frosty morning  
And our sails were full of snow  
Clear your sheets and sway your halyards  
Swing her out and let her go

### [CHORUS ALL SING]

Fare you well, you Spanish maidens  
It is time to say adieu  
Happy times we've spent together  
Happy times we've spent with you

### [CHORUS ALL SING]

Up aloft amid the rigging  
Blows a wild and rushing gale  
Like a monsoon in the springtime  
Filling out each well known sail

### [CHORUS ALL SING]

And the waves we leave behind us  
Seem to murmur as they flow  
There's a hearty welcome waiting  
In the land to which you go

### [CHORUS ALL SING]

Many thousand miles behind us  
Many thousand miles before  
Ocean lifts her winds to bring us  
To that well remembered shore

# Bound for South Australia

Australian folk song

Page | 21



In South Aus-tra-lia I was born, Heave a-way, haul a-way, In South Aus-tra-lia

Refrain



'round Cape Horn, We're bound for South Aus-tra-lia. Heave a-way, you rol-ling king,



Heave a-way, haul a-way, Heave a-way, oh hear me sing, We're bound for South Aus-tra-lia.

bethsnotes.com

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind  
Heave away, haul away  
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind  
We're bound for South Australia *Refrain*

Oh when I sailed across the sea  
Heave away, haul away  
My girl said she'd be true to me  
We're bound for South Australia *Refrain*

# Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

Page | 22



Now the times are hard and the wa- ges low, Leave her John- ny leave her. An' I



think it's time for us to go. And it's time for us to leave her.



Leave her John- ny leave her. Oh it's leave her John- ny leave her! 'Cause the



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

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
For the voyage is done an' the winds don't blow,  
An' it's time for us to leave her!

O I thought I heard the old man say,  
Tomorrow ye will get your pay!

It's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,  
It's Yankee John the packet rat.

It's rotten beef an' weev'ly bread,  
It's pump or drown the old man said.

The wind was foul an' the sea ran high,  
She shipped it green an' none went by.

We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol,  
With all night in an' plenty o' ale!

## Maid of Amsterdam (A'Roven)

Page | 23

The musical score is written on five staves in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: In Am-ster-dam there lived a maid, Mark well what I do say, In Am-ster-dam there lived a maid, And she was mis-tress of her trade, I'll go no more a - rov - - ing, with you fair maid. A - rov - ing, a - rov - ing Since rov-ing's been my ru - - in. I'll go no more a - rov - - ing with you, fair maid.

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,

**Mark well what I do say!**

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
Who was always pinchin' the sailor's trade.

**I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid!**

**A rovin', a rovin', Since rovin's been my ru-i-in,**

**I'll go no more a roving, With you fair maid!**

I took this maiden for a walk,  
Mark well what I do say!  
I took this maiden for a walk,  
She wanted some gin and didn't she talk.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

**A rovin', a rovin', Since rovin's been my ru-i-in,**

**I'll go no more a roving, With you fair maid!**

She said, "You sailors I love you so,"

**Mark well what I do say!**

"All you sailors, I love you so,"  
And the reason why I soon did know.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

**A rovin', a rovin', Since rovin's been my ru-i-in,  
I'll go no more a roving, With you fair maid!**

She placed her hand upon my knee

**Mark well what I do say!**

She placed her hand upon my knee,  
I said "Young miss, you're rather free."  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

**A rovin', a rovin', Since rovin's been my ru-i-in,  
I'll go no more a roving, With you fair maid!**

I gave this miss a parting kiss,

**Mark well what I do say!**

I gave this miss a parting kiss,  
When I got aboard my money I missed.  
I'll go no more a roving with you fair maid!

**A rovin', a rovin', Since rovin's been my ru-i-in,  
I'll go no more a roving, With you fair maid!**

## Gowanus Canal by Michael J Shay 1898 - D

D G  
Away down town, where the atmosphere is hazy

D A  
From the smoke of all the factories ascending to the sky

D G  
The smells, they are so horrid, it would almost set you crazy

D A D  
But I'm told in that neighborhood the people seldom die

G D  
Way up on the "Slope" all of the people are complaining

A D  
From the foul scented odors all their health is quickly waning

G D  
And the smoke from the soft coal their linen it is staining

A G D  
When the wind blows that way from Gowanus Canal

G D  
Chorus: When the wind blows east, when the wind blows west

A D  
Or when it's from the north or south, you never get a rest

G D  
In summer or in winter, in the spring or in the fall

A G D  
You breathe the same old odors from Gowanus Canal

In fabled "Darby's Patch," oh that muddy stream, it rises  
And down to sweet Gowanus Bay it rushes with a roar  
Where barges and canal boats and schooners of all sizes  
Are unloaded by Tom Hanley, the jolly stevedore

Chorus

The girls you find down there are all so winsome and so pretty  
And the boys they are so healthy; if not handsome, then they're witty  
And all of you know Farrell--"he'll be Mayor of Slob City"--  
He's thriving on the odors of Gowanus Canal

Chorus



## Shallow Brown

Fare-thee-well, I'm bound to leave you  
Shallow, shallow brown  
Fare-thee-well, I'm bound to leave you  
Shallow, shallow brown

For my master, he's bound to sell me  
Shallow, shallow brown  
For my master, he wants to sell me  
Shallow, shallow brown

Sell me for the big dollar  
Shallow, shallow brown  
Sell me for the Yankee dollar  
Shallow, shallow brown

Gonna ship onboard a whaler  
Shallow, shallow brown  
Gonna ship onboard a whaler  
Shallow, shallow brown

Bound away for old St George's  
Shallow, shallow brown  
Bound away for old St George's  
Shallow, shallow brown

So fare-thee-well my Julianna  
Shallow, shallow brown  
Fare-thee-well my Julianna  
Shallow, shallow brown

## Drinkin of the Wine

If my mother asks for me,  
Tell her that death done summon me,  
You ought to been there ten thousand years  
Drinkin' that wine

Chorus:  
Drinkin' that wine, wine wine  
Drinkin' that wine, that holy wine  
You oughta been there ten thousand years  
Drinkin' that wine.

I got a mother in the promised land  
Don't spec I'll stop til I shake her hand

Ain't but one thing that I done wrong,  
Went in the wilderness and stayed too long.

Down by the river, we're gonna walk  
Me and my Lord gonna have a little talk.

Two white horses side by side,  
Cain't none ride but the sanctified.

If you get there before I do,  
Tell my mother I'm coming too.

Down by the river we're gonna walk  
Me and my Lord gonna have a little talk

Come on brother let's go around the wall  
Don't wanna stumble and I don't wanna fall

I went down to the valley to pray  
Got so happy that I stayed all day

If my mother asks for me,  
Tell her that death done summon me.

## You're Nothin' But a Humbug

You're nothin' but a humbug.

Page | 29 So they say, so they say.

You're nothin' but a humbug.

That's all I know!

Catfish grow on a huckleberry vine.

Catfish grow on a huckleberry vine.

Dandy Jim from South Carolina,

Dandy Jim from South Carolina,

I'se come home to marry Dinah.

I'se come home to marry Dinah.

Never seen the like since I been born,  
Sailor on the fife rail crackin' out corn.

One day the blackbird said to the crow  
Why do you love your farmer so?  
That's my trade since Adam was born  
Scratchin' and a diggin' up the farmers corn.

Said the blackbird to the crow  
Don't tell those pretty girls all I know.

High and dry we'll hoist her high  
Hoist her high for a bulgine pie.

## Song notes (You're Nothin' But a Humbug)

Published on Jun 14, 2013 Youtube – Hulton Clint

This work-song was mediated by James Madison Carpenter, who recorded the singing of it by Rees Baldwyn of South Wales in 1928. Baldwyn, a retired sailor, had heard the song sung by pile drivers in Savannah and/or New Orleans. Two workers would strike alternately with their sledge hammers. The second fellow, it seems, would sing the short refrains all alone. In his article about Carpenter Collection chanties, Walser raises the excellent question of how the sailor Baldwyn related to the song. It's not clear to us whether the Welshman remembered it after hearing the Black American workers singer, or if he also sang it for a shipboard work task.

It has the structure of a halyard chanty, so that's how I've sung it.

I've only included lyrics sung by Baldwyn, which I imagine represent ones that he heard sung by others. They have that quality of not being able to pin down wholly to either African-American vernacular song or minstrel music, but rather a mixture. "Dandy Jim from Caroline" was a minstrel song, first published 1843 (Mahar 1999: 395). The one verse surely came from that. But this and other fragments were evidently adapted into a work-song form by the men.

One thing that is clear is that Baldwyn, when he sang this, used the dialect pronunciation 'dey' (they) and 'dat' (that). This suggests that he consciously viewed it as belonging to African-American culture and that his was a performance of that. Baldwyn's singing is at a slow tempo and the "so dey say, so dey say" is unscopated.

## Down by the River Gambia

Down by the River of Gambia

Oh Calibah

Page | 31

Oh down by the River of Gambia. boys

Oh Calibah

The yellow jack is ragin

The yellow jack is ragin

Folks they're a dyin

There's weeping and a-sighin boys

Our packet sails tomorrow

I'll leave here without sorrow

I'm bound away for St Georges

Bound away for St Georges

We'll heave and cut the anchor

Shake out the jibs and spanker

I love my Juliana

I love my Juliana

I'm bound away to leave her

I never will deceive her

Don't you hear the old man growlin

Don't you hear the first mate howlin

Come rock and roll me over

Come rock and roll me over

Down by the river of Gambia

Down by the river of Gambia

## CLEAR THE TRACK a.k.a. Eliza Lee

Oh! The smartest packet ye can find,  
Ah Hey! Ah Ho! Are you most done?  
Is the Ol' "Wildcat" of the Swallowtail Line!

Page | 32 Oh! Clear away the track an' let the bulgine run!

*Chorus: T'me Hey, Rig-a-jig, and a low-back car!  
Ah Hey! Ah Ho! Are you most done?  
With Eliza Lee all on my knee,  
Clear away the track an' let the bulgine run!*

Oh! the Ol' "Wildcat" of the Swallowtail Line,  
She's never a day behind her time!

Oh, we're outward bound for New York Town,  
Them Bowery gals we'll waltz around.

Oh, them Bowery gals will give us fun,  
Chatham Street dives is home from home.

When we've stowed our freight at the West Street Pier,  
It's home to Liverpool then we'll steer.

When we all gets back to Liverpool town,  
I'll stand ye whiskies all around.

Oh, when I gets home across the sea,  
Eliza, will you marry me?

Oh, heave a pawl -- oh, bear a hand,  
Just one more pull and make her stand.

## The Dreadnaught

Page | 33

There's a saucy flash packet, a packet of fame,  
She hails from New York and the Dreadnaught's her name.  
She's bound to the west'ard, where the wild waters flow  
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!

**REFRAIN: Derry down, down, down, derry down.**

Now the Dreadnaught's awaiting in the River Mersey,  
For the old Independence to tow her to sea  
Out 'round the Rock Light where the salt tides do flow.  
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go! (REFRAIN)

Now the Dreadnaught's a-howling down the wild Irish Sea,  
Her passengers merry, their hearts full of glee.  
Her sailors, like lions, walk the decks to and fro.  
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go! (REFRAIN)

Now the Dreadnaught's a-sailing the Atlantic so wide,  
Where the high roaring seas roll along her black side.  
With her sails tautly set for the Red Cross to show,  
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go! (REFRAIN)

And now she is lying off the Long Island Shore  
Awaitin' the pilot as we've oft done before.  
Fill away yer main topsail! Board yer main tack also.  
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go! (REFRAIN)

Now the Dreadnaught's arriving in New York once more  
We'll go ashore shipmates, to the girls we adore  
With wives and with sweethearts, how merry we'll be  
We'll drink to the Dreadnaught where'er she may be! (REFRAIN)

And now we're arriving in old New York town.  
We're bound for the Bowery to let sorrows drown.  
With our beer, and our song, and our sweethearts in tow  
We'll drink to the Dreadnaught where'er she may go! (REFRAIN)

Here's a health to the Dreadnaught and all of her crew,  
Here's to bold Captain Samuels and his officers too.  
You can keep your flash packets, Swallowtail and Black Ball,  
The Dreadnaught's the flyer that can out-sail 'em all! (REFRAIN)

## **New York Girls**

As I walked out on South Street a fair maid I did meet.  
She asked me please to see her home, she lived in Bleeker Street.

*Chorus (after each verse):*

*And away you Santy, my dear Annie,*

*Oh you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?*

I said "My dear young lady, I'm a stranger here in town,  
bound

I took her out to Tiffany's, I spared there no expense,  
She said "Come with me dearie, I'll stand you for a treat--  
eat.

And when I got inside the house the drinks were passed around;  
round and round.

When the drinking it was over, we straight to bed did go;

When I awoke next morning I had an aching head.

There was I Jack all alone, stark naked in my bed.

On looking round this little room there's nothing I could see,  
to me.

Everything was silent, the hour was 8 o'clock  
the dock.

My shipmates, seeing me come aboard, to me these words did say:  
went away!

Is that the latest fashion they're wearing on the shore?  
any more?

The Old Man said, "Well Jack my boy, I'm sure I could have found  
So all you bully sailors, take warning when ashore,

nothing but a whore

Your hard-earned cash will disappear, your rig and boots as well,  
hell!

I left my ship just yesterday, from Liverpool I was

I bought her 2 gold earrings, they cost me 15 cents  
I'll buy you rum and brandy, and tab nabs for to

The liquor was so awful strong, my head went

and little did I ever think she'd prove my overthrow.

But a woman's shift and apron That now belonged

I put that dress and apron on and headed for

Well well, old chap, you've lost your cap since last you

Where is the shop that sells them? Have they got

a better suit than that by far to buy for 80 pounds!  
or else you'll meet some charming girl who's

for New York girls are tougher than the other side of

## Deep Blue Sea

G C G G C C  
Deep Blue Sea, Baby, Deep Blue Sea

Page | 35

G C G Am D  
Deep Blue Sea, Baby, Deep Blue Sea

G C G G C C  
Deep Blue Sea, Baby, Deep Blue Sea

G G C G C G  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Dig his grave with a silver spade (3x)  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Lower him down with a golden chain (3x)  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Wrap him up with a silken shroud (3x)  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Hear his voice in a windy night,  
See his face in the pale moonlight,  
Hear his voice in a windy night,  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Golden sun bring it back to me (3x)  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Deep Blue Sea, Baby, Deep Blue Sea (3x)  
It was Willy what got drowned in the Deep Blue Sea  
It was Willy what got drowned in the ...Deep ...Blue ...Sea