

SEA SHANTY SING-ALONG SONGBOOK



@QUEENANNESBLOUSE

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JOLLY ROGER BANNER BY JOEL ROBINSON

(PIRATE PARODY OF STAR SPANGLED BANNER)

OH, SAILORS AT SEA

CRY OF WORRY AND FRIGHT

WHAT SO LOUDLY WE SAILED

AT THE SIGHT THEY START FLEEING

WHO'S CROSSBONES AND BRIGHT SKULL

ON A CLOTH BLACK AS NIGHT

TOPS'L HALYARD WE ROAR

WE'RE SO FLAGRANTLY STEALING

AND THEIR POCKETS ARE BARE

THEY COMPLAIN, "IT'S NOT FAIR!"

NO CARE FOR THEIR PLIGHT

QUEEN ANNE'S BLOUSE WAS STILL THERE

OH SAY DOES THAT JOLLY ROGER BANNER WAVE

FOR THE PIRATES THAT WE BE

AND THE SHIPS THAT WE RAID

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

BLOW THE MAN DOWN, BULLIES, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

TO ME WAY, HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

BLOW THE MAN DOWN, BULLIES, BLOW HIM AWAY,

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

ALL YOU YOUNG FELLOWS WHO FOLLOW THE SEA,

TO ME WAY, HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION AND LISTEN TO ME,

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING BEFORE WE BELAY,

TO ME WAY, HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

DON'T EVER TAKE HEED OF WHAT PRETTY GIRLS SAY,

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

SING YOU A SONG, A GOOD SONG OF THE SEA,

TO ME WAY, HEY, BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

AND TRUST THAT YOU'LL JOIN IN THE CHORUS WITH ME,

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN.

OLD CURIOUS & RICHARD HENRY (SAN-DEE REUNION) BY JOEL ROBINSON

THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
T'WAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW
A BAREFOOT MAN WITH A WIDE STRAW HAT
WAS STROLLING ABOUT PICKING STONES AND SHELLS
I TRIED TO SEE IF HIS FACE WAS THAT
OF MY OLD PROFESSOR FROM HARVARD MASS.
I LEFT HIM SEATED IN SCIENCE CLASS
WHEN NEXT I SAW HIM, 2 YEARS HAD PASSED
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
T'WAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW
PROFESSOR N AS THE WORD GOT OUT
HAD TRAVELED BY LAND ON A NORTHWEST ROUTE
HE LEFT HIS BOTANY AND BIRDING CLASS
COLLECTING SAMPLES TO BRING THEM BACK
HE RODE THE PILGRIM FROM MONTEREY
AND MET ME AT SAN DIEGO BAY
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
T'WAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW
OLD CURIOUS AS THEY CALLED HIM OUT
WOULD SPEND HIS TIME PICKING THE FLOWERS AND SHELLS
AROUND CAPE HORN THROUGH THE SNOW AND ICE

TO STATEN LAND IS SO AWFULLY NICE
AND OUT HE CAME LIKE A BUTTERFLY
OLD CURIOUS ASKED FOR TO STAY A WHILE
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
T'WAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW
A WHITE HAired CHAP FROM YORKSHIRE WAY
HIS SPECIMENS HIDDEN LIKE STOWAWAYS
SOMETIMES, AT WHEEL OF A CALM NIGHT
A YARN HE'D SHARE IN THE MOONLIGHT
AN OAK, WOODPECKER AND MAGPIE
WERE NAMED FOR THIS CURIOUS OLD GUY
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
WE SAILED THE ALERT BACK TO BOSTON TOWN NOW
THOMAS NUTTALL AND RICHARD HENRY
TO THINK THAT WE MET ON THE SAND OF SAN-DEE

WELLERMAN

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!)

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
TO BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUIN' 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!)

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
TO BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUIN' IS DONE
WE'LL TAKE OUR LEAVE AND GO

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!)
SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
TO BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUIN' IS DONE
WE'LL TAKE OUR LEAVE AND GO

NO LINE WAS CUT, NO WHALE WAS FREED
THE CAPTAIN'S MIND WAS NOT OF GREED
BUT HE BELONGED TO THE WELLERMAN'S CREED
SHE TOOK THAT SHIP IN TOW (HUH!)

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
TO BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUIN' IS DONE
WE'LL TAKE OUR LEAVE AND GO

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!)

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
TO BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUIN' IS DONE
WE'LL TAKE OUR LEAVE AND GO

THE DREADNOUGHT

THERE IS A FLASH PACKET, FLASH PACKET OF FAME
SHE HAILS FROM NEW YORK AND THE DREADNOUGHT'S HER NAME
SHE'S BOUND TO THE WESTWARD WHERE THE STORMY WINDS BLOW
BOUND AWAY IN THE DREADNOUGHT, TO THE WESTWARD WE'LL GO
DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN
DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN
NOW, THE DREADNOUGHT SHE LIES IN THE RIVER MERSEY
AWAITING THE TUGBOAT TO TAKE HER TO SEA
OUT AROUND THE ROCK LIGHT WHERE THE SALT TIDES DO FLOW
BOUND AWAY TO THE WESTWARD, IN THE DREADNOUGHT WE'LL GO
DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN
DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN
NOW, THE DREADNOUGHT'S A-HOWLIN' THE WILD IRISH SEA
HER PASSENGERS MERRY WITH HEARTS FULL OF GLEE
AS SAILORS LIKE LIONS WALK THE DECKS TO AND FRO
SHE'S THE LIVERPOOL PACKET, OH LORD LET HER GO!

DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN

DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN

NOW THE DREADNOUGHT'S A SAILIN' THE ATLANTIC SO WIDE

WHERE THE HIGH ROARIN' SEAS ROLL ALONG HER BLACK SIDES

WITH HER SAILS TIGHTLY SET FOR THE RED CROSS TO SHOW

SHE'S THE LIVERPOOL PACKET, OH LORD LET HER GO!

DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN

DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN

NOW, A HEALTH TO THE DREADNOUGHT AND ALL HER BRAVE CREW

TO BOLD CAPTAIN SAMUEL, HIS OFFICERS TOO

TALK ABOUT YOUR FLASH PACKETS

SWALLOWTAIL AND BLACK BALL

THE DREADNOUGHT'S THE FLIER THAT OUT SAILS THEM ALL

DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN

DERRY DOWN, DOWN, DOWN DERRY DOWN

PIRATA BUCAR BY JOEL ROBINSON

THERE WAS A CORSAIR WITH A VERY LARGE HEAD

HIS FIERY TEMPER DID TURN HIS FACE RED

WHEN BARKING NEW ORDERS HIS CREW JUMPED THE BOW

FOR HIS BREATH WAS SO HOT IT BURNED OFF THEIR EYEBROWS

PIRATA BUCAR WILL RAID YOUR MARINA

HE LOOTED ALL SPANIARDS FOR ARGENTINA
PIRATA BUCAR WILL BURN YOUR CASITA
FOR HE CIRCLED THE GLOBE AND NOW I REPEAT-A
THE SECOND VERSE ENDS WITH "NOW WE COMPLETE-A!"

JOSEPH JOHN OR JOSE JUAN? BY JOEL ROBINSON

JOE CHAPMAN CAME FROM BOSTON OR DID HE COME FROM MAINE
A BLACKSMITH WITH A HAMMER OR CARPENTER WITH PLANE
A SHIP BUILDER OR SAILOR, THE SEA DID CALL HIS NAME
THE YEAR OF 1811, ARGENTINA BROKE FROM SPAIN
SO HE HEADED SOUTH, THEN HE HEADED WEST TO THE ISLES OF
SANDWICH
BUT THE QUESTION IS HOW HE JOINED THE CREW OF HIPPOLYTE'S
WARSHIP
DID CHAPMAN VOLUNTEER OR ALAS BECOME A SLAVE
WAS HE A MUTINEER TO ESCAPE A WATERY GRAVE
TO SAY THAT HE WAS FORCED WAS A TALE THAT HE GAVE
OR SEEK A WRITTEN SOURCE, FROM PAPERS THEY DID SAVE
SO HE HEADED EAST, THEN HE HEADED SOUTH FROM THE FORT OF
MONTEREY
BUT THE QUESTION IS HOW HE SETTLED DOWN AS THE MAN CALLED JOSE
WAS CHAPMAN TAKEN PRISONER WHILE ATTACKING MONTEREY

OR CAPTURED BY THE SPANISH IN A SORTIE ON THE BAY
OR ATTACKING SANTA BARBARA AND CAPTURED ON THE WAY
OR CAPTURED, FREED AND CAPTURED MORE TIMES THAN HE CAN SAY
DID HE SURRENDER, AS A DESERTER AT MISSION SANTA INES
DID HE WRECK HIS SHIP NEAR SAN PEDRO'S TIP
THAT'S THE TALE HIS SON SAYS
JOE CHAPMAN CAME FROM BOSTON OR DID HE COME FROM MAINE
A BLACKSMITH WITH A HAMMER OR CARPENTER WITH PLANE
A BUILDER OF A GRIST MILL, A GRINDER OF THE GRAIN
AWAIT THE KING'S DECISION, A PRISONER FREED FROM SPAIN
HE WAS THEN BAPTIZED, CAUGHT MARIA'S EYES, FOR SHE WAS TO BE THE
ONE
AND FROM THAT POINT ON, NO MORE JOSEPH JOHN, HE BECAME JOSE
JUAN
HIS HOUSE WAS IN THE PUEBLO WITH FARM TO PLANT THE VINE
TO WORK AROUND THE PUEBLO AND MISSION WAS JUST FINE
HE GREETED JEDEDIAH WHOSE PARTY CROSSED THE LINE
AND POINTED OUT LA BREA, BLACK PITCH INSTEAD OF PINE
THEN HE BUILT A BOAT, FOR HIS WIFE TO FLOAT, GUADALUPE WAS HER
NAME
AND HE DRESSED THE WOUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR SO HE WOULD NOT BE
LAME

JUAN CHAPMAN CAME FROM BOSTON OR DID HE COME FROM MAINE
IN ALTA CALIFORNIA, A CITIZEN HE BECAME
HE MOVED TO SANTA BARBARA, THE BEACH WAS WHERE HE STAYED
HIS LAND BOUGHT FROM THE MISSION OR LAND GRANT WAS HE PAID
WE MAY NEVER KNOW HOW THE STORY GOES FOR THE TELLERS HAVE ALL
GONE
(SLOW DOWN) AND TOO NUMEROUS WERE THE TALES OF JOSEPH JOHN
OR JOSE JUAN

SPANISH LADIES

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
AND WE MAY NEVER SEE YOU FAIR LADIES AGAIN
WE WILL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR LIKE TRUE BRITISH SAILORS
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR ALL ON THE SALT SEAS
UNTIL WE STRIKE SOUNDINGS IN THE CHANNEL OF OLD ENGLAND
FROM USHANT TO SCILLY IS THIRTY-FIVE LEAGUES
WE HOVE OUR SHIP TO, WITH THE WIND AT SOU'WEST, BOYS
WE HOVE OUR SHIP TO, DEEP SOUNDINGS TO TAKE
'T WAS FORTY-FIVE FATHOMS WITH A WHITE SANDY
BOTTOM SO WE SQUARED OUR MAIN YARD AND UP CHANNEL DID STEER

WE WILL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR LIKE TRUE BRITISH SAILORS
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR ALL ON THE SALT SEAS
UNTIL WE STRIKE SOUNDINGS IN THE CHANNEL OF OLD ENGLAND
FROM USHANT TO SCILLY IS THIRTY-FIVE LEAGUES
NOW LET EVERY MAN DRINK OFF HIS FULL BUMPER
AND LET EVERY 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!
WE WILL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR LIKE TRUE BRITISH SAILORS
WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR ALL ON THE SALT SEAS
UNTIL WE STRIKE SOUNDINGS IN THE CHANNEL OF OLD ENGLAND
FROM USHANT TO SCILLY IS THIRTY-FIVE LEAGUES

DEAD MAN'S CHEST

FIFTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST—YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM
DRINK AND THE DEVIL HAD DONE FOR THE REST—YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE
OF RUM

THE MATE WAS FIXED BY THE BOSUN'S PIKE, THE BOSUN BRAINED WITH A
MARLIN SPIKE AND COOKEY'S THROAT WAS MARKED BELIKE

IT HAD BEEN GRIPPED BY FINGERS TEN AND THERE THEY LAY, ALL GOOD
DEAD MEN LIKE BREAK O' DAY IN A BOOZIN' KEN-YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF
RUM

FIFTEEN MEN OF THE WHOLE SHIP'S LIST-YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM
DEAD AND BE DAMNED AND THE REST GONE WHIST—YO-HO-HO AND A
BOTTLE OF RUM!

THE SKIPPER LAY WITH HIS NOB IN GORE WHERE THE SCULLION'S AXE IN HIS
CHEEK HAD SHORE—AND THE SCULLION HE WAS STABBED TIMES FOUR.

AND THERE THEY LAY, AND THE SOGGY SKIES DRIPPED ALL DAY LONG IN
UP-STARING EYES—AT MURK SUNSET AND AT FOUL SUNRISE—YO-HO-HO AND
A BOTTLE OF RUM!

FIFTEEN MEN OF 'EM STIFF AND STARK—YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

TEN OF THE CREW HAD THE MURDER MARK YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF
RUM!

WAS A CUTLASS SWIPE OR AN OUNCE OF LEAD, OR A YAWING HOLE IN A
BATTERED HEAD—AND THE SCUPPERS' GLUT WITH A ROTTING RED—

AND THERE THEY LAY—AYE, DAMN ME EYES!—ALL LOOKOUTS CLAPPED ON
PARADISE—ALL SOULS BOUND JUST CONTRARYWISE—

YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

SEA CAVE BY JOEL ROBINSON

I HEAR THERE IS A SEA CAVE
SOME SAY AT DANA'S POINT
GOOD FORTUNE MAY AWAIT YE
IF YE CAN FIND THE JOINT
I HEAR ONE HOLY HAG STONE
WHEN FOUND ALONG THE WAY
WILL SAFEGUARD ANY PIRATE
WHO SEEKS TO FIND THE CAVE
DO YE DARE TO ENTER
PIDDOCK OR ANGELWING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
I HEAR THERE ARE WHITE CRYSTALS
THEY SHIMMER ON THE PATH
BUT DO NOT TRY TO TAKE THEM
OR FACE POSEIDON'S WRATH
I HEAR THE SLIMY SEA HARES
ARE WADING IN THE POOLS
TO MATE OR EAT EACH OTHER

THEY KNOW NO OTHER RULES
DO YE DARE TO ENTER
PIDDOCK OR ANGELWING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
I HEAR THE CRUMBLY SEA CLIFFS
WHERE FALCONS NEST ABOVE
MAY DROP A STONE ON YER HEAD
WHILE FALCON HUNTS THE DOVE
I HEAR THE TAILS OF LOBSTER
ARE STREWN ABOUT THE SHORE
DON'T FALL AMONG THE ROCK LICE
OR YER SCALP WILL BE THEIR FLOOR
DO YE DARE TO ENTER
PIDDOCK OR ANGELWING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING

ROW BULLIES ROW

FROM LIVERPOOL TO 'FRISCO A-ROVIN' I WENT
FOR THE STAY IN THAT COUNTRY IT WAS MY INTENT
BUT GALS AND STRONG WHISKEY LIKE OTHER DAMN FOOLS
I SOON WAS TRANSPORTED BACK TO LIVERPOOL, SINGIN'
ROW, ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

THEM LIVERPOOL GALS THEY HAVE GOT US IN TOW
I SHIPPED ON THE ALASKA LYING OUT IN THE BAY
A-WAITIN' FOR A FAIR WIND TO GET UNDER WAY
THE SAILORS ALL DRUNK AND THEIR BACKS IS ALL SORE
THEIR WHISKEYS ALL GONE AND THEY CAN'T GET NO MORE, SINGIN'
ROW, ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

THEM LIVERPOOL GALS THEY HAVE GOT US IN TOW
ALONG COMES THE MATE WITH HIS JACKET OF BLUE
A-LOOKIN' FOR WORK FOR THE SAILORS TO DO
IT'S "SHIP TOPS'L HALYARDS!" HE LOUDLY DOES ROAR
SAYIN' "LAY ALOFT PADDY, YE SON-O'-A-WHORE!", SINGIN'
ROW, ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

THEM LIVERPOOL GALS THEY HAVE GOT US IN TOW
ONE NIGHT OFF CAPE HORN WE WERE CROSSING THE LINE
WHEN I THINK ON IT NOW WE SURE HAD A GOOD TIME
SHE WAS DIVIN' BOWS UNDER, HER SAILORS ALL WET

SHE WAS DOIN' TWELVE KNOTS WITH HER MAINSKYS'L SET, SINGIN'
ROW, ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

THEM LIVERPOOL GALS THEY HAVE GOT US IN TOW
HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE CAPTAIN WHERE'ER HE MAY BE
HE'S A FRIEND TO THE SAILOR ON LAND OR ON SEA
BUT AS FOR OUR FIRST MATE, THAT DIRTY OL' BRUTE
I HOPE WHEN HE DIES STRAIGHT TO HELL HE'LL SKY HOOT, SINGIN'
ROW, ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

THEM LIVERPOOL GALS THEY HAVE GOT US IN TOW
AND NOW WE'VE ARRIVED AT THE BRAMLEYMOOR DOCK
WHERE THE FAIR MAIDS AND LASSIES AROUND US WILL FLOCK
ME WHISKEY'S ALL GONE AND ME SIX QUID ADVANCE
AND I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME FOR TO GIT UP AND DANCE, SINGIN'
ROW, ROW, BULLIES, ROW!

THEM LIVERPOOL GALS THEY HAVE GOT US IN TOW

THE DEAD HORSE

A POOR OLD MAN CAME RIDING BY
AND WE SAY SO AND WE KNOW SO
O, A POOR OLD MAN CAME RIDING BY
O, POOR OLD MAN
SAYS I, "OLD MAN YOUR HORSE WILL DIE."

AND WE SAY SO AND WE KNOW SO

AND IF HE DIES WE'LL TAN HIS HIDE

O, POOR OLD MAN

AND IF HE DON'T, I'LL RIDE HIM AGAIN

AND WE SAY SO AND WE KNOW SO

AND I'LL RIDE HIM 'TIL THE LORD KNOWS WHEN

O, POOR OLD MAN

HE'S AS DEAD AS A NAIL IN THE LAMP ROOM DOOR

AND WE SAY SO AND WE KNOW SO

AND HE WON'T COME WORRYING US NO MORE

O, POOR OLD MAN

WE'LL USE THE HAIR OF HIS TAIL TO SEW OUR SAILS

AND WE SAY SO AND WE KNOW SO

AND THE IRON OF HIS SHOES TO MAKE DECK NAILS

O, POOR OLD MAN

WE'LL DROP HIM DOWN WITH A LONG, LONG ROPE

AND WE SAY SO AND WE HOPE SO

WHERE THE SHARKS'LL HAVE HIS BODY AND THE DEVIL

TAKES HIS SOUL!

O, POOR OLD MAN

DRUNKEN SAILOR

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

EARLY IN THE MORNIN'

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 MORNIN'

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

EARLY IN THE MORNIN'

PUT HIM IN THE LONG BOAT AND MAKE HIM BAIL HER

PUT HIM IN THE LONG BOAT AND MAKE HIM BAIL HER

PUT HIM IN THE LONG BOAT AND MAKE HIM BAIL HER

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

WAY! HEY! AND UP SHE RISES

EARLY IN THE MORNIN'

SWAB OF THE DECK

I SWABBED IN THE MORNING WHEN THE DAY BEGAN,
AND I SWABBED AT NOON WHILE THE CREW WAS GETTING TAN,
AND I SWABBED IN THE EVENING FROM BOW TO STERN,
AROUND MIDNIGHT IT WAS STILL MY TURN.
SWAB, SWAB, WHEREVER I MAY BE,
I AM THE SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB WHEREVER I MAY BE,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME
I SWABBED FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY I WAS BORN
I SWABBED FOR A YEAR ON THE JOURNEY TO CAPE HORN
I SWABBED FULLY DRESSED IN MY UNIFORM
WHILE SOAKED TO THE BONE IN THE WORST RAINSTORM
SWAB, SWAB, WHEREVER I MAY BE,
I AM THE SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB WHEREVER I MAY BE,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME
I SWABBED SO THE CAPTAIN COULD SEE HIS FACE
I SWABBED ALL THE MUCK, SO THERE WOULDN'T BE A TRACE
I SWABBED EVERY SURFACE TILL MY ARMS WERE STRONG
AND NOW IT'S TIME THAT WE END THIS SONG!
SWAB, SWAB, WHEREVER I MAY BE,

I AM THE SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB WHEREVER I MAY BE,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME

YO HO, A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME

YO, HO, YO HO, A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME
WE PILLAGE, WE PLUNDER, WE RIFLE AND LOOT
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO,
WE KIDNAP AND RAVAGE AND DON'T GIVE A HOOT
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO.

YO, HO, YO HO, A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME
WE EXTORT AND PILFER, WE FILCH AND SACK
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO,
MARAUD AND EMBEZZLE AND EVEN HIGHJACK
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO.

YO, HO, YO HO, A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME
WE KINDLE AND CHAR AND ENFLAME AND IGNITE
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO,
WE BURN UP THE CITY, WE'RE REALLY A FRIGHT
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO

WE'RE RASCALS AND SCOUNDRELS, WE'RE VILLAINS AND KNAVES
DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO

WE'RE DEVILS AND BLACK SHEEP, WE'RE REALLY BAD EGGS
 DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO
 YO, HO, YO HO, A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME
 WE'RE BEGGAR'S AND BLIGHTERS AND NE'ER DO-WELL CADS
 DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO
 AYE, BUT WE'RE LOVED BY OUR MUMMIES AND DADS
 DRINK UP ME 'EARTIES, YO HO
 YO, HO, YO HO, A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME

THE LOST MEN OF PORTOLÁ BY JOEL ROBINSON

IT WAS JULY 18TH, 1769, WHEN FRAY JUAN CRESPI SAID TO GASPAR DE
 PORTOLÁ, "I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE, BUT THERE ARE GOOD
 GRASSES AND MANY WILD GRAPES, SO THIS VALLEY SHALL BE NAMED...
 SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO"

ON JULY 22ND, 1769, WE CAME TO A POOL OF WATER AND MET 14 FRIENDLY
 HEATHEN. WE BAPTIZED 2 SICK LITTLE GIRLS WITH THEIR PERMISSION, OF
 COURSE. FOR THIS REASON, IT WAS NAMED...

LOS CRISTIANOS

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES
 THEY PASSED

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES
 THEY PASSED

ON JULY 24TH, 1769, AT A SMALL ARROYO, ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS LOST HIS BLUNDERBUSS, YOU KNOW, A FIREARM WITH A SHORT BARREL AND FLARED MUZZLE, SO THE CREEK WAS NAMED...

ARROYO TRABUCO

ON JULY 26TH, 1769, WE CAMPED AT A DRY LAGOON. NEAR THE CAMP WE FOUND 2 SMALL SPRINGS OF WATER, CLEAR AND GOOD, SO THE SPOT WAS NAMED...

THE SPRINGS OF FATHER GOMEZ

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

ON JULY 27TH, 1769, WE CAMPED AT A CREEK WHERE WE SAW WILLOWS, GRAPEVINES, BRAMBLES AND 2 HEATHEN. SINCE WE RESTED FOR OUR PATRON SAINT OF SPAIN 2 DAYS BEFORE, THE CREEK WAS NAMED...

ARROYO SANTIAGO

ON JULY 28TH, 1769, WE CAMPED ON THE BANK OF A RIVER NEAR A VILLAGE OF FRIENDLY HEATHENS. THEY GAVE US GIFTS AND AFTER 4 HORRIFYING EARTHQUAKES, THE PLACE WAS NAMED...

JESUS DE LOS TEMBLORES

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES
THEY PASSED

COME ON MEN, LET'S MOVE ON, FOR WE ARE THE MEN OF PORTOLÁ
FOR MEN, WE CAN'T BE LOST. WE EVEN CARVED OUR NAME ON THAT
ROCK

GOOD THING WE NAMED EACH PLACE WE VISITED AND RECORDED IT IN
OUR DIARIES BECAUSE THAT'S A SURE FIRE WAY TO NEVER, EVER...
GET LOST!

TWO FIN WHALES BY JOEL ROBINSON

THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE WAS SAN DIEGO BOUND

THE PIER IT WAS ALL GARNISHED WITH THE NAVY SOLDIERS 'ROUND
COMMANDER SEYMOUR GAVE THE ORDER, "DISLODGE THEM FROM THE
HULL!"

FOR UNDERNEATH TWO RAZORBACKS, THEIR DEATHS FOR US TO MULL
FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS, LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS

FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES

ON THE SHORE OF BOLSA CHICA OUR CREW MATES STOOD AROUND
WITH OUR TRICORNS AND OUR BLOUSES AND THE SEA HAG RUNNIN' ROUND
FOR HER STENCH IT WAS BEFORE US, THE MOTHER WE HAD FOUND
HER SIXTY FIVE-FOOT BODY DID LAY ROTTING ON THE GROUND

FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS, LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS

FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES

DID SHE REACH ONE HUNDRED FORTY OR AT LEAST ONE THIRTY FIVE
THE THINGS SHE MUST'VE SEEN, THE STUFF OF DREAMS WHEN SHE WAS
LIVE

ON THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER NINETEEN SEVENTY

A BEACHED SPERM WHALE WAS DYNAMITED INTO MEMORY

FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS, LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS

FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HOMINIDS A BEACHED WHALE WAS A FEAST

BUT THE TRASH FROM #ADRIANSKICKBACK MAY HAVE KILLED THIS FINE FIN
BEAST

AS THE SECOND LARGEST MAMMAL SHE COULD DIVE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
FEET

HOLD HER BREATH FOR TWENTY MINUTES MORE THAN ANYONE YOU'LL MEET

FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS

FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES

FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS

FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

IT'S A DAMN TOUGH LIFE, FULL OF TOIL AND STRIFE, WE WHALERMEN
UNDERGO

AND WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN THE GALE IS DONE, HOW HARD THE
WINDS DID BLOW

'CAUSE WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND WITH A GOOD
SHIP, TAUT AND FREE

AND WE WON'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 THE NORTHERLY GALE THROUGH THE ICE AND
WIND AND RAIN

THEM COCONUT FRONDS, THEM TROPICAL LANDS, WE SOON SHALL SEE
AGAIN

SIX HELLISH MONTHS WE'VE PASSED AWAY ON THE COLD KAMCHATKA SEA
BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND, ROLLING DOWN TO 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 THE NORTHERLY GALE, TOWARDS OUR ISLAND
HOME

OUR MAINMAST SPRUNG, OUR WHALING DONE, AND WE AIN'T GOT FAR TO
ROAM

OUR STU'N'S'L BONES IS CARRIED AWAY, WHAT CARE WE FOR THAT SOUND?

A LIVING GALE IS AFTER US, THANK GOD WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND
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
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
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
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

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY:
"LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER."
TOMORROW YOU WILL GET YOUR PAY
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

OH, LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

FOR THE VOYAGE IS LONG AND THE WINDS DON'T BLOW

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

OH, THE WIND WAS FOUL AND THE SEA RAN HIGH

"LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!"

SHE SHIPPED IT GREEN AND NONE WENT BY

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

OH, LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

FOR THE VOYAGE IS LONG AND THE WINDS DON'T BLOW

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

I HATE TO SAIL ON THIS ROTTEN TUB

"LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!"

NO GROG ALLOWED AND ROTTEN GRUB

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

TEAM SPIRIT

WELCOME ABOARD THE SPIRIT OF DANA POINT

TO BE PART OF OUR CREW YOU'LL HAVE TO KNOW WHAT TO DO

A GOOD SAILOR CAN SING-OH AND KNOWS ALL THE LINGO

MUST NEVER GET SEA SICK FOR THAT IS THE REAL TRICK

CAN CLIMB UP THE MAINMAST AND SLIDE DOWN JUST AS FAST

(STOP MUSIC AND TAKE A BREATH)

BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS, "CAN YOU PASS OUR FIRST TEST?"

LISTEN CLOSE AND SHOUT OUT THE RHYME, WHICH FINISHES EACH LINE

HER FRAME IS MADE FROM A VERY HARD TREE WHOSE NUTS WILL MAKE YOU
CHOKES

HER FINISHED WOOD OPPOSES BLACK, WHICH MAKES IT A **WHITE OAK**

HER PLANKING FROM A SOFTWOOD TREE, WELL KNOWN FOR ITS TIMBER

NAMED FOR A SCOTTISH BOTANIST, WE CALL IT **DOUGLAS FIR**

BAGGYWRINKLES, HAVE A LAUGH, LOSE THE CHAFE AND RAISE THE **GAFF**

BAGGYWRINKLES, SEE A WHALE, SHAGGY FRINGE TO SAVE THE **SAIL**

HER WIDTH, YOU SEE, AT HER WIDEST POINT, YOU MUST THINK AS A TEAM

A QUARTER HAS THE SAME AMOUNT, A **TWENTY FIVE FOOT BEAM**

HER LENGTH **ONE HUNDRED EIGHTEEN FEET**, I HOPE WE HAVE THE ROOM

WE MEASURED FROM THE **MAINBOOM** TIP ACROSS TO THE **JIBBOOM**

BAGGYWRINKLES, HAVE A LAUGH, LOSE THE CHAFE AND RAISE THE **GAFF**

BAGGYWRINKLES, SEE A WHALE, SHAGGY FRINGE TO SAVE THE **SAIL**

<INSTRUMENTAL>

TO MEASURE FROM THE WATERLINE I SWAM WHILE MY CREW LAUGHED

I DOVE THE BOTTOM OF THE HULL TO SHOW A TEN FOOT **DRAUGHT**
IF YOU SWAB THE WHOLE DAMN DECK TO HALT THE MOSS AND MOLD
COUNT **EIGHTY THREE FEET** OF THE PLANKS OR SO I HAVE BEEN TOLD

BAGGYWRINKLES, HAVE A LAUGH, LOSE THE CHAFE AND RAISE THE **GAFF**
BAGGYWRINKLES, SEE A WHALE, SHAGGY FRINGE TO SAVE THE **SAIL**

AT THE HELM IS OUR SHIP'S WHEEL, PLEASE SPARE ME ALL YOUR JOKES
FOR STEERING TO THE RIGHT OR LEFT BE SURE TO COUNT THE **SPOKES**
AND FINALLY IF YOU'RE ON WATCH, THERE'S ONE WAY YOU CAN TELL
FOUR HOURS WILL HAVE PASSED YOU BY, WHEN EIGHT TIMES RINGS THE
BELL

BAGGYWRINKLES, HAVE A LAUGH, LOSE THE CHAFE AND RAISE THE **GAFF**
BAGGYWRINKLES, SEE A WHALE, SHAGGY FRINGE TO SAVE THE **SAIL**

DO YOU THINK YOU PASSED THE TEST, WE'LL SURELY FIND OUT SOONER
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU LEARNED ABOUT OUR **GAFF RIGGED**
SCHOONER

IF YOU LOST YOUR MEMORY OF EVERY SINGLE FACT
THEN I MUST BREAK THE NEWS TO YOU, THIS CREW HAS ALL BEEN SACKED!