

SEA SHANTY SONGBOOK

2010 EDITION



ROCK HALL, MD

A RRRR!

DISCRETION ADVISED

Some pirate songs contain colorful language and bawdy themes

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A DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD

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

[Chorus] **So 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

Oh a little mug of beer wouldn't do us any harm *[repeat twice]*
And we'll all hang on behind

chorus

Oh a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm *[repeat twice]*
And we'll all hang on behind

chorus

Oh a little slug of gin wouldn't do us any harm *[repeat twice]*
And we'll all hang on behind

chorus

Oh a night upon the shore wouldn't do us any harm *[repeat twice]*
And we'll all hang on behind

chorus

Oh a night upon a whore wouldn't do us any harm *[repeat twice]*
And we'll all hang on behind

chorus

Oh a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm *[repeat twice]*
And we'll all hang on behind

chorus x 2

ALL FOR MY GROG

[Chorus] ***It's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog
It's all for my beer and tobacco
I spent all my tin on the lassies, drinking gin
So across the western ocean I must wander***

Where are my boots, my noggin,
noggin boots
All gone for beer and tobacco
The leather's all worn out and the
soles are kicked about
Now my toes are looking out for
better weather

chorus

Where is my shirt, my noggin,
noggin shirt
All gone for beer and tobacco
The collar's all worn out and the
front is kicked about
Now my tails are looking out for
better weather

chorus

Where is my bed, my noggin, noggin
bed
All gone for beer and tobacco
I loant it to a whore and now it's all
a-wore
And the springs are looking out for
better weather

chorus

Where is my wench, my noggin,
noggin wench
All gone for beer and tobacco
Her lips are all worn out and her

front is kicked about
Now her tail is looking out for better
weather

chorus

Where is my soul, my noggin,
noggin soul
All gone for beer and tobacco
Where once was my soul is now a
black and gaping hole
I sure would like to know to whom I
sold it

chorus

I feel sick in the head and I haven't
been to bed
Since first I came ashore with my
plunder
I've seen centipedes and snakes,
and I'm full of pains and aches
And I think that I shall push out
over yonder

chorus

It's all for my grog, my jolly, jolly
grog
It's all for my beer and tobacco
I spent all my loot in a house of ill
repute
And I think that I shall go back
there tomorrow

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS
(A SONG FOR THE WENCHES)

I was a serving maid down in Drury Lane
My master he was good to me, my mistress was the same
When along come a sailor on shorted liberty
And all to my woe he took liberty with me

[Chorus] ***Singing a-bell bottom trousers, coats of navy blue***
 Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do

It was at a ball I met him, he asked me for a dance
I knew he was a sailor by the way he wore his pants
His shoes was neatly polished and his hair was neatly combed
After the ball was over, he asked to see me home

chorus

He asked me for a handkerchief to tie around his head
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed
I a foolish maiden not thinking it no harm
I jumped into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm

chorus

I knowed he was no Sampson but that night he went to town
He laid me on the bed there 'til my blue eyes turned to brown
And early in the mornin' before the break of day
A twelve pound note he gave me and some warning words to say

!! no chorus !!

He said "Take this my darling for the damage I have done
You may have a daughter, you may have a son
If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee
And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea"

chorus x 2

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

As I was a walking down Paradise
Street

Way, hey, blow the man down

A pretty young damsel I chanced for
to meet

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

She was round in the counter and
bluff in the bow

Way, hey, blow the man down

So I took in all sail and cried, "Way
enough now"

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

So I tailed her my flipper and took
her in tow

Way, hey, blow the man down

And yardarm to yardarm away we
did go

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

But as we were going she said unto
me

Way, hey, blow the man down

"There's a spanking full-rigger just
ready for sea"

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

But as soon as that packet was
clear of the bar

Way, hey, blow the man down

The mate knocked me down with
the end of a spar

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

It's starboard and larboard on deck
you will sprawl

Way, hey, blow the man down

For Kicking Jack Williams
commands the Black Ball

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

So I give you fair warning before we
belay

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**

Blow the man down, bullies, blow
the man down

Way, hey, blow the man down

Blow the man down, bullies, blow
him away

**Give me some time to blow the
man down**

BOLD RILEY

Our anchor's aweigh and our sails are all set

Bold Riley-o, bold Riley

The folks we are leaving we'll never forget

Bold Riley-o, gone away

[Chorus] *Goodbye my darling, goodbye my dear-o*
 Bold Riley-o, bold Riley
 Goodbye my darling, goodbye my dear-o
 Bold Riley-o, gone away

Wake up Mary Ellen and don't look so glum

Bold Riley-o, bold Riley

By Whitestocking Day you'll be drinking hot rum

Bold Riley-o, gone away

chorus

The rain it is raining now all the day long

Bold Riley-o, bold Riley

And the northerly wind it does blow so strong

Bold Riley-o, gone away

chorus

We're outward and bound for the Bengal bay

Bold Riley-o, bold Riley

Get bending, me boys, it's a hell of a way

Bold Riley-o, gone away

chorus x 2

BOOZING

Now what are the joys of a single young man

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

And what is he doing whenever he can

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

You may think I'm wrong or you may think I'm right

I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight

But what do you think we are doing tonight

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

[Chorus] ***Boozing, boozing, just you and I***
 Boozing, boozing, when we are dry
 Some do it openly, some on the sly
 And we all are bloody well boozing

Oh what are the joys of a poor married man

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

And what is he doing whenever he can

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

He comes home at night and he gives his wife all

He goes out a-shopping, makes many a call

But what brings him home, hanging on to the wall

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

chorus

And what do the moral majority run down

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

And what are they banning in every town

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

They stand on street corners, they rave and they shout

They shout about things they know nothing about

But what are they doing when the lights are turned out

Why, boozing, bloody well boozing

chorus x 2

BOYS OF KILLYBEGS

There are wild and rocky hills on the coast of Donegal
And the fishermen are hearty, brave, and free
And the big Atlantic swell is a thing they know right well
As they fight to make their living from the sea

[Chorus] ***With a pleasant rolling sea and the herring running free
And our ships all gliding gently through the foam
When the boats are loaded down there'll be singing in the town
When the boys of Killybegs come rolling home***

Now you're headed out to sea and the wind is blowing free
And you cast your nets as rain begins to fall
And the clouds are riding high and the wind will soon blow by
And today you'll maybe get your bumper haul

chorus

The weather's very rough and the work gets plenty tough
And the ropes will raise the welts upon your hands
But you'll never leave the sea for whoever you may be
When it's in your blood it's hard to live on land

chorus

Now there's purple on the hills and there's green down by the shore
And the sun has cast its gold upon the sea
And there's silver down below where the herring fishes go
If we catch them there'll be gold for you and me

chorus x 2

BULLY IN THE ALLEY

[Chorus] **Help me, Boys, I'm bully in the alley**
Way, hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Boys, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down in shinbone al

Well, Sally is the girl that I love dearly
Way, hey, bully in the alley
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly
Bully down in shinbone al

chorus

For seven long years I courted Sally
Way, hey, bully in the alley
All she did was dilly-dally
Bully down in shinbone al

chorus

I'll leave Sally and become a sailor
Way, hey, bully in the alley
I'll leave Sally and board a whaler
Bully down in shinbone al

chorus

I'll come back and I'll marry Sally
Way, hey, bully in the alley
We'll have kids and count them by the
tally
Bully down in shinbone al

chorus x 2

DONKEY RIDING

Was you ever in Quebec
Launching timber on the deck
Where you break your bleeding neck
Riding on a donkey

[Chorus] **Way hey and away we go**
Donkey riding, donkey
riding <clap>
Way hey and away we go
Riding on a donkey

Was you ever 'round Cape Horn
Where the weather is never warm
Wished to God you'd never been born
Riding on a donkey

chorus

Was you ever in Miramichi
Where you tie up to a tree
And the girls sit on yer knee
Riding on a donkey

chorus

Was you ever in Fortune Bay
See the girls all shout, Hooray
Here comes dad with ten weeks pay
Riding on a donkey

chorus

Was you ever in London-town
See the King he does come down
See the King in his golden crown
Riding on a donkey

chorus

Was you ever in Providence
Where it all seems to make sense
That is, until you commence
Riding on a donkey

chorus x 2

DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD SHIPMATE

[Chorus] **Long we've tossed on the rolling main**
 Now we're safe ashore, Jack
 Don't forget your old shipmate
 Fal dee ral dee ral dee ral dee
 Rye eye doe

Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack
Safe and sound at home again, let the waters roar, Jack

chorus

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound four years gone, or nigh, Jack
Was there ever chummies, now, such as you and I, Jack

chorus

We have worked the self-same gun quarterdeck division
Sponger I and loader you through the whole commission

chorus

Oftentimes have we laid out toil nor danger fearing
Tugging out the flapping sail to the weather bearing

chorus

When the middle watch was on and the time went slow, boy
Who could choose a rousing stave, who like Jack or Joe, boy

chorus

There she swings, an empty hulk, not a soul below now
Number seven starboard mess misses Jack and Joe now

chorus

But the best of friends must part, fair or foul the weather
Hand your flipper for a shake, now a drink together

chorus x 2

FAREWELL NOVA SCOTIA

The sun was setting in the west
The birds were singing on every tree
All nature seemed inclined to rest
But still there was no rest for me

[Chorus]

**Farewell to Nova Scotia, the
sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
For when I am far away on the briny
ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish
for me**

I grieve to leave my native land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my parents whom I love so dear
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do
adore

chorus

The drums they do beat and the wars to
alarm
The captain calls, and I must obey
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's
charms
For it's early in the morning and I'm far,
far away

chorus

I have three brothers and they are at rest
Their hands are folded on their breast
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark
blue sea

chorus x 2

FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heroes
Give an ear to my song
And well sing in the praise of good
brandy and rum
There's a clear crystal fountain
Near England shall roll
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl

[Chorus]

**I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl
Give me the punch ladle,
I'll fathom the bowl**

From France we do get brandy
From Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and apples
From Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are
England's control
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl

chorus

My wife she do disturb me
When I'm laid at my ease
She does as she likes and she says as
she please
My wife, she's a devil
She's black as the coal
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl

chorus

My father he do lie
In the depths of the sea
With no stone at his head but what
matters for he
There's a clear crystal fountain
Near England shall roll
Give me the punch ladle
I'll fathom the bowl

chorus x 2

FIDDLER'S GREEN

As I roved by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt waters and take in the air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh, take me away boys my time is not long

[Chorus] **Wrap me up in my oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell my old shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddler's Green**

Oh, Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to Hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

chorus

Where the sky's always blue and there's never a gale
Where the fish jump on board with a swish of their tails
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

chorus

When you get back to dock and your long trip is through
There's pubs, and there's clubs, and there's lassies there, too
The girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And bottles of rum grow on every tree

chorus

Well I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play my old squeezebox as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

chorus x 2

THE FIRESHIP

[Chorus] ***She'd a dark and a roving eye
and her hair hung down in ring-a-lets
A fine girl, a decent girl
but one of the rakish kind***

As I went out one evening, out for a
 night's career
I spied a lofty vessel and after her
 did steer
I hoisted her my sig-a-nals, which
 she very quickly knew
and when she saw my bunting rise
 she immediately hove to

chorus

Oh, pray good sir, forgive me, for
 being out so late
For if my parents heard of it then
 sad would be my fate
My father is a minister, a good and
 honest man
My mother is a methodist, so I do
 the best I can

chorus

I eyed that wench full warily, for talk
 like this I knew
She seemed a little overbold, she
 lied for all I knew
But still she was a comely wench,
 her lips a ruby red
Her bosom full, her hips so slim, she
 coyly hung her head

chorus

I took her to a tavern and treated
 her to wine
Little did I think that she belonged
 to the rakish kind
I handled her, I dandled her, and
 found to my surprise
She was nothing but a fire ship,
 rigged up in a disguise

chorus

And so I deemed her company for a
 sailorman like me
I kissed her once, I kissed her twice,
 said she, "Be nice to me"
I fondled her, I cuddled her, I
 bounced her on me knee
She wept, she sighed, and then she
 cried, "Jack, will you sleep with
 me?"

chorus

Now all you jolly sailormen that sail
 the western sea
And all you jolly 'prentice lads a
 warning take from me
Steer clear of lofty fire ships, for me
 they left well-spent
For one burnt all me money up, and
 left me broke and bent

chorus

GENERAL TAYLOR

Well General Taylor gained the day

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Well General Taylor he gained the day

Carry him to his burying ground

[Chorus] ***Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his burying ground***

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade

Walk him along, John, carry him along

His shroud of the finest silk will be made

Carry him to his burying ground

chorus

We'll lower him down on a golden chain

Walk him along, John, carry him along

On every inch we'll carve his name

Carry him to his burying ground

chorus

General Taylor he's all the go

Walk him along, John, carry him along

He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow

Carry him to his burying ground

chorus

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone

Walk him along, John, carry him along

Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone

Carry him to his burying ground

chorus x 2

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little boy my mother always told me

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I did not kiss the girls my lips would all grow moldy

Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

[Chorus] **Way, haul away, our good ship now is rolling**
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Once in my life I married a wife but
she was fat and lazy

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

Then I met an Irish girl, she damn
near drove me crazy

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

chorus

Once I was in Ireland, a-digging turf
and taters

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

But now I'm on a Limey ship, a-
hauling on the braces

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

chorus

Saint Patrick drove away the
snakes, then drank up all the
whiskey

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

This made him dance and sing a jig,
he felt so fine and frisky

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

chorus

You call yourself a second mate but
you can't tie a bowline

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

You cannot even stand up straight
when the ship it is a-rolling

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

chorus

The cook is in the galley making duff
so handy

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

The captain's in his cabin drinking
wine and brandy

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

chorus

King Louis was the King of France
before the revolution

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

Then he got his head cut off, which
expired his constitution

**Way, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe**

chorus x 2

HEALTH TO THE COMPANY

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again

[Chorus] ***Here's a health to the company and one to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may and might never all meet here again***

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
There's a smile upon her countenance as she sits on my knee
Sure there's no one in this wide world as happy as we

chorus

Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
I hope she's safe landed without any shock
If ever we should meet again by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me

chorus x 2

ITCHES IN MY BRITCHES

I was born of Geordy parents one day when I was young
That's how the Geordy language became my native tongue
That I was a pretty baby, my mother she would vow
The girls all ran to kiss me, well I wish they'd do it now

[Chorus] ***Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now***

Well when I was only six months old, the girls would handle me
They'd clutch me to their bosoms and they'd bounce me on their knees
They would rock me in the cradle and if I made a row
They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me, I wish they'd do it now

chorus

At sixteen months as fine a lad as ever could be seen
The girls all liked to follow me right down to the green
They'd make a chain of buttercups and drop it on my brow
Then they'd roll me in the clover, well I wish they'd do it now

chorus

Well the Eastern girls would go with me to swim when it was mild
Down to the river we would go and splash about a while
They'd throw the water over me, duck me like a cow
Then they'd rub me nice all over, oh, I wish they'd do it now

chorus

Well it's awful lonely for a lad to live a single life
I think I'll go down to the dance tonight and find myself a wife
Oh I have got six brindled pigs, likewise one fat sow
There'll be plenty love and bacon for the girl who'll love me now

chorus x 2

JOLLY ROVING TAR

Well ships may come and ships may go as long as the seas do roll
And a sailor lad, just like his dad, he loves his rum and bowl
Now a lass ashore he does adore, a girl who's plump and round
But when your money's all gone it's the same old song
Get up Jack, John sit down!

[Chorus] ***Come along, come along my jolly brave boys
There's lots more grog in the jar
We'll plow the briny ocean with a jolly roving tar***

When Jack's ashore he'll make his way to some old boarding house
He's welcomed in with rum and gin, likewise with fork and scouse
And he'll spend and he'll spend and never offend 'til he lies drunk on the
 ground
But when your money's all gone it's the same old song
Get up Jack, John sit down!

chorus

Then Jack will slip aboard a ship bound for India or Japan
In Asia there the ladies fair all love a sailor man
He'll go ashore and he won't scorn to buy some maid a gown
But when your money's all gone it's the same old song
Get up Jack, John sit down!

chorus

When Jack is old and weather-beat, too old to sail about
They'll let him stop at some grog shop 'til eight bells calls him out
Then he'll raise his hands up to the sky, thinking "Thank God I'm homeward
 bound"
But when your money's all gone it's the same old song
Get up Jack, John sit down!

chorus x 2

LEAVE HER JOHNNIE

Oh, the times was hard and the wages low

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her

And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

And it's time for us to leave her

[Chorus]

**Leave her Johnnie, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnnie, leave her**

**For the voyage is done
and the gales can blow
And it's time for us to leave her**

chorus

I thought I heard the Old Man say

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her

Ye can go a-shore and take yer pay

And it's time for us to leave her

chorus

Oh, her stern was foul and the voyage was long

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her

And the winds was bad, and the gales was strong

And it's time for us to leave her

chorus

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim.

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her

And heave the hungry packet in

For it's time for us to leave her

chorus

Oh, leave her, Johnnie, leave her with a grin

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her

For there's many a worse that we've sailed in

And it's time for us to leave her

chorus

And now it's time to say good-bye

Leave her, Johnnie, leave her

For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh

And it's time for us to leave her

chorus x 2

LONG LIVE GRAYBEARD

Hail Rock Hall

Hail Rock Hall

Long live Graybeard

Pirates are we all

Pirates are we all

Pirates are we all <**cheers**>

Long live Graybeard

Hail Rock Hall

THE MERMAID

[Chorus] ***The ocean waves do roll
And the stormy winds do blow
And we poor sailors are skipping at the top
With the landlubbers lying down below, below, below
With the landlubbers lying down below***

'Twas a Friday morn when we set sail and we were not far from land
Our captain he spied a mermaid so fair with a comb and a spyglass in her hand

Well up spoke the captain of our gallant ship and a fine spoken man was he
This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom. We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

chorus

Well up spoke the mate of our gallant ship and the spawn of the devil was he
Man the capstan round, boys, haul on the lines. You'll work to the bottom of the
sea

chorus

Well up spoke the cook of our gallant ship and a greasy old butcher was he
I care much more for my pots and my pans than I do for the bottom of the sea

chorus

Well up spoke the grog master of our gallant ship and an old dirty boozier was he
Seal me in a cask for I'd much rather drown in me rum than in the sober salt sea

chorus

Well up spoke a sailor of our gallant ship and secretly a maiden was she
I never had the chance to lay a sailor man so I shall die with my virginity

chorus

Well one time around spun our gallant ship and two times around went she
Then three times around spun our gallant ship and she sank to the bottom of the sea

chorus x 2

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

[Chorus] **Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys**
Heave her head 'round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we how high the waves are
What care we for the wind and weather
For we know that every inch is
Sailing closer to Mingulay

chorus

Wives are waiting at the pierhead
Looking seaward into the weather
Heave her 'round, boys, and we'll
anchor
E'er the sun sets on Mingulay

chorus

Far beyond the straits of Coolie
We can see our own land of heather
And you know, boys, candles glow, boys
Lighting the windows of Mingulay

chorus

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' their bairns a-cryin'
We'll return though, when the sun sets
We'll return then to Mingulay

chorus x 2

MIST COVERED MOUNTAINS

[Chorus] **Oh ro soon shall I see them**
Oh he ro see them oh see them
Oh ro soon shall I see them the
Mist covered mountains of home

There shall I visit the place of my birth
And they'll give me a welcome the
warmest on earth
All so loving and kind
full of music and mirth
In the sweet sounding language of home

chorus

There shall I gaze on the mountains again
On the fields and the woods
and the burns and the glens
Away among the corries beyond human
ken

In the haunts of the deer I will roam

chorus

Hail to the mountains with summits of
blue
To the glens with their meadows of
sunshine and dew
To the women and men ever constant and
true
Ever ready to welcome one home

chorus x 2

THE MOONSHINER

[Chorus] ***I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home
And if you don't like me you can leave me alone
I'll eat when I'm hungry and I'll drink when I'm dry
And if moonshine don't kill me, I'll live till I die***

I've been a moonshiner for many a year
and I've spent all my money on whiskey
and beer
I'll go to some hollow and I'll set up my still
and I'll make you a gallon for a ten
shilling bill

chorus

I'll go to some hollow in this country
Ten gallons of wash and I'll go on a spree
No woman to follow and the world is all mine
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

chorus

Oh moonshine, dear moonshine, oh
how I love thee
You killed my poor father but you'll
never get me
Bless all moonshiners and bless all
moonshine
For their breath smells as sweet as the
dew on the vine

chorus x 2

THE MORNING GLORY

[Chorus] ***One for the morning glory
Two for the early dew
Three for the man that'll stand his ground
Four for the love of you, my gal
Four for the love of you***

At the end of the day I like a little drink when I raise up my voice and sing
An hour or two with a fine brown brew and I'm ready for anything
At the Cross Keys Inn their were sisters four, the landlord's daughters fair
Every night when they turned out the light I would chase them up the stairs

chorus

I got the call from the foreign shores to go and fight the foe
And I thought no more of the sisters four though they cried to see me go
I sailed away on a ship, the Morning Glory was her name
We'd all fall down when the rum went 'round, then we'd get up and start again

chorus

I bore once more to my native shore, farewell to the raging seas
At the Cross Keys Inn there was beckonin' and my heart was filled with glee
There on the shore were the sisters four with a bundle upon each knee
There were three little girls and a bouncing boy and they all looked just like me

chorus x 2

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

[Chorus] ***Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea***

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones

chorus

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain

chorus

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea

chorus

How then am I so different from the first men through this way
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again

chorus

And if should be I come again to loved ones left at home
Put the journals on the mantle, shake the frost out of my bones
Making memories of the passage, only memories after all
And hardships there the hardest to recall

chorus x 2

THE OLD DUN COW

[Chorus] ***And there was Brown upside down
Lapping up the whiskey on the floor.
"Booze, booze!" The firemen cried
As they came knocking on the door <clap, clap>
Oh don't let them in till it's all drunk up
And somebody shouted MacIntyre {MACINTYRE!}
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire***

Some friends and I in a public house
Was playing a game of chance one night
When into the pub a fireman ran
His face all a chalky white
"What's up," says Brown, "Have you seen a
ghost
Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"
"My Aunt Mariah be bugged!", says he
"The bleeding pub's on fire!"

chorus

"Oh well," says Brown, "What a bit of luck
Everybody follow me
And it's down to the cellar
If the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree."
So we went on down after good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or
more
Till we were quite pissed

chorus

Then, Smith walked over to the port wine
tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks
<knock, knock>
Started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hold on," says Brown, "that ain't allowed
Ya cannot do that thing here
Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine
tub
When we got Guinness beer."

chorus

Then there came from the old back door
The Vicar of the local church.
And when he saw our drunken ways
He began to scream and curse
"Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods!
You've taken to a drunken spree!
You drank up all the Benedictine wine
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

chorus

And then there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody roof caved in.
We were almost drowned in the firemen's
hose
But still we were gonna stay
So we got some tacks and some old wet
sacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we sat drinking the finest Rum
Till we were bleary-eyed

chorus

Later that night, when the fire was out
We came up from the cellar below.
Our pub was burned, our booze was drunk
Our heads was hanging low
"Oh look," says Brown with a look quite
queer
Seems something raised his ire
"Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,
It closes on the hour!"

chorus x 2

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 do blow
We're homeward bound! 'Tis a grand old sound on a good ship taut and free
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls on Old Maui

[Chorus] ***Rolling down to Old Maui, my 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 in them tropical lands we soon shall see again
Six hellish months we've passed away in the cold Kamchatka sea
But now we're bound from the arctic ground, rolling down to Old Maui

chorus

Once more we sail the northerly gale towards our Island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done, 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

chorus

How soft the breeze of the tropical seas now the ice is far astern
And them native maids in them tropical glades are awaiting our return
Even now their big black eyes look out hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales, rolling down to Old Maui

chorus

And now we're anchored in the bay with the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha-oes they greet us homeward bound
And now ashore we'll have good fun, we'll paint them beaches red
Awaking in the arms of a wahine, with a big fat aching head

chorus x 2

PADDY LAY BACK

[Chorus] ***Paddy lay back {paddy lay back}***
Take in the slack {take in the slack}
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a-ho.
About ship stations boys, be handy. {be handy}
We're bound for Valparaiso 'round the horn.

'Twas a cold and windy morning in December ***{December}***
And all of me money it was spent ***{spent, spent}***
Where the hell it went I can't remember ***{remember}***
So down to the shipping office I went ***{went, went}***

chorus

Then there was a great demand for sailors ***{for sailors}***
For the colonies and for 'Frisco and for France ***{France, France}***
So I joined a limey barque they called the Hot Spur ***{the Hot Spur}***
And got paralytic drunk on my advance ***{vance, vance}***

chorus

'Twas on the quarterdeck when first I saw them ***{saw them}***
Such an ugly bunch I'd never seen before ***{fore, fore}***
For the Captain shipped a shanghaied crew of Dutchmen ***{of Dutchmen}***
It made me poor old heart feel sick and sore ***{sore, sore}***

chorus

I asked the Mate which watch was mine-o ***{mine-o}***
He said he'd soon see which watch was which ***{which, which}***
Then he blew me down and he kicked me in the stern-o ***{stern-o}***
Calling me a dirty, lousy, son of a bitch ***{bitch, bitch}***

chorus

It was then I decided that I'd leave her ***{leave her}***
I'd get a job and live my life ashore ***{shore, shore}***
I jumped overboard and swam ashore, boys ***{ashore, boys}***
And in an English bar I found a whore ***{whore, whore}***

chorus

Jimmy the crimp, he knew a thing or two, sir ***{or two sir}***
And soon I was outward bound again ***{gain, gain}***

On a limey to the Chinchas for guano *{for guano}*
Here I am singing the old refrain *{frain, frain}*

chorus

Here we are once again at sea boys *{at sea boys}*
The same old garbage all over again *{gain, gain}*
Take a turn around the capstan, make a noise boys *{noise boys}*
And join with me in singing the old refrain *{frain, frain}*

chorus x 2

PASS AROUND THE GROG

Come pass around the grog, my boys, and never mind the score
Drink the good old liquor down before we call for more

[Chorus] ***For to see who will not merry, merry be
Shall never taste of joy
Sing, sing, the cape's in view
And forward my brave boys***

Here's a health unto her majesty, and long may she reign
Queen of all the seven seas and the pride of the Spanish Main

chorus

There's one thing more I'll ask of you before we'll call for more
Give to me the girl I love and the key of the cellar door

chorus

Oh it's pass around the grog, my boys, and never count the score
And when our money is all gone we'll go to sea for more

chorus x 2

RAMBLIN' ROVER

[Chorus] ***There's sober men a-plenty, and drunkards barely twenty
There are men of over ninety who have never yet kissed a girl
But give me a ramblin' rover, and from Orkney down to Dover
We will roam the country over, and together we'll face the
world***

There's many that feign enjoyment for merciless employment
Their ambition this deployment since the minute they left the school
They save and scrape and ponder, while the rest go out and squander
See the world and rove and wander and are happier as a rule

chorus

I've roamed through all the nations, delighted in all creation
Enjoyed a wee sensation where the company it was kind
And when parting was no pleasure I've drunk another measure
To the friends we always treasure because they're always there in our minds

chorus

You're bent with arthritis, your bowels have got colitis
You've galloping bollockitis and you're thinking it's time you died
If you've been a man of action and you're lying there in traction
You'll get some satisfaction thinking "Jesus, at least I tried"

chorus x 2

RANDY DANDY OH

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way, hey, roll and go

Our boots and our clothes boys are all in the pawn

Rollicking randy dandy oh

[Chorus] *Heave a pawl, oh, heave away*
Way, hey, roll and go
The anchor's on board and the cable's all stored
Rollicking randy dandy oh

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Way, hey, roll and go

Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks

Rollicking randy dandy oh

chorus

Come breast the bars, bullies, and heave her away

Way, hey, roll and go

Soon we'll be rolling her 'way down the bay

Rollicking randy dandy oh

chorus

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue

Way, hey, roll and go

For we are the boys who can kick her through

Rollicking randy dandy oh

chorus

Heave away, bullies, you parish rigged bums

Way, hey, roll and go

Take your hands from your pockets and don't suck your thumbs

Rollicking randy dandy oh

chorus

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay

Way, hey, roll and go

Get cracking, my lads, 'tis a hell of a way

Rollicking randy dandy oh

chorus x 2

RIO GRANDE

Oh, say, was you ever in Rio Grande

Way, you Rio

Oh, was you ever on that strand

For we're bound to the Rio Grande

[Chorus] **And away, you Rio**

Way, you Rio

Sing fare you well, my pretty young girls

For we're bound to the Rio Grande

Oh, New York town is no place for me

Way, you Rio

I'll pack up my bag and go to sea

For we're bound to the Rio Grande

Chorus

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and rum

Way, you Rio

And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving has come

For we're bound to the Rio Grande

Chorus

Sing good-by to Nellie and good-by to Sue

Way, you Rio!

And you who are listening, good-by to you

For we're bound to the Rio Grande!

Chorus

And good-by, fair ladies we know in this town

Way, you Rio

We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown

For we're bound to the Rio Grande

Chorus

Our good ship's a-going out over the bar

Way, you Rio!

And we'll point her nose for the South-er-on Star

For we're bound to the Rio Grande

Chorus x 2

ROCK HALL GIRLS (based on CAPE COD GIRLS)

[Chorus] **Now heave on up, my bully, bully boys**
Heave away, haul away
Heave her up and don't you make a noise
We're bound away for Australia

Rock Hall girls don't got no combs
Heave away, haul away
They comb their hair with rockfish
bones
We're bound away for
Australia

Chorus

Rock Hall boys don't got no sleds
Heave away, haul away
They slide down hills on rockfish
heads
We're bound away for
Australia

Rock Hall moms don't bake no pies
Heave away, haul away
They feed their children rockfish
eyes
We're bound away for
Australia

chorus

Rock Hall cats don't got no tails
Heave away, haul away
They lost them all in Chesapeake
gales
We're bound away for
Australia

chorus

Rock Hall dogs don't got no bite
Heave away, haul away
They lost it barking at the blinking
light
We're bound away for
Australia

chorus

Rock Hall doctors don't got no pills
Heave away, haul away
They give their patients rockfish gills
We're bound away for
Australia

chorus x 2

ROW BULLIES ROW

When I was a youngster I sailed with the rest
On a Liverpool packet bound out for the West
We anchored a day in the harbor of Cork
Then put out to sea for the port of New York

[Chorus] ***And it's row, row bullies, row
Them Liverpool gals they have got us in tow***

Oh, along comes the mate in his jacket of blue,
He's looking for work for the sailors to do.
It's "Ship tops'l halyards!" he loudly does roar
And it's "Lay aloft Paddy, ye son of a whore!"

chorus

I remember one day we was crossing the line
When I think on it now we sure had a good time
She was diving bows under, her sailors all wet
She was doing twelve knots with her mainskys'l set

chorus

And now we've arrived at the New York dock
All the fair maids and lassies around us do flock
Our whiskey's all gone and our six quid advance
And I think it's high time for to git up and dance

chorus x 2

SAILOR'S PRAYER

This dirty town has been my home since last time I was sailing
But I'll not stay another day, I'd sooner be a-whaling

[Chorus] **Oh Lord above, send down a dove,
with beak as sharp as razors
To cut the throats of them thee blokes
what sells bad beer to sailors**

Paid off me score and then ashore me money soon was flying
With Judy Lee upon my knee and in my ear a-lying

chorus

With my new-found friends me money spends just as fast as winking
But when I make to clear the slate, the landlord says, "Keep drinking!"

chorus

With me money gone, me clothes in pawn, and Judy set for leaving
Six months of pay gone in three days, but Judy is not grieving

chorus

When the crimp comes 'round, I'll take his pound, and his hand I'll be shaking
Tomorrow morn sail for the Horn, just as the dawn is breaking

chorus

Then for one more trip aboard I'll ship, but next time back I'm swearing
I'll settle down in my hometown, no more I'll go seafaring

chorus x 2

SANTAYANA

[Chorus] **And it's heave her up and away we'll go**
Away Santayana
Heave her up and away we'll go
All on the plains of Mexico

Oh, Santayana he fought for Spain
Away Santayana
He fought for Spain and he gained
his name
All on the plains of Mexico

chorus

He gained the day at Molley-Del-Rey
Away Santayana
And General Taylor he ran away
All on the plains of Mexico

chorus

Oh, Santayana he fought for gold
Away Santayana
And the deeds he's done have oft
been told
All on the plains of Mexico

chorus

Oh, Santayana his day is o'er
Away Santayana
Santayana he will fight no more
All on the plains of Mexico

chorus

When I was a young man in my
prime
Away Santayana
I'd kiss them pretty girls two at a
time
All on the plains of Mexico

chorus

But now I'm old and going grey
Away Santayana
Oh rum's my sweetheart every day
All on the plains of Mexico

chorus x 2

SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you fair Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
For we've received orders for to sail for old England
And hope very shortly to see you again

[Chorus] ***We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll rave across the salt seas
'Til we strike soundings in the channel of Old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-four leagues***

We hove our ship to, with the wind at southwest, boys
We hove our ship to for to take soundings clear
In fifty-five fathoms with a fine sandy bottom
We filled our maintops'l, up channel did steer

chorus

The first land we made was a point called the Deadman
Next Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight
We sailed then by Beachie, by Fairlee and Dungeyness
Then bore straight away for the South Foreland Light

chorus

Now the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
We clewed up our tops'ls, stuck out tacks and sheets
We stood by our stoppers, we brailed in our spankers
And anchored ahead of the noblest of fleets

chorus

Let every man here drink up his full bumper
Let every man here drink up his full bowl
And let us be jolly and drown melancholy
Drink a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul

chorus x 2

STRIKE THE BELL

Down on the quarter deck and walking about
There is the second mate so steady and so stout
What he is a-thinking of he doesn't know himself
And we wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell

[Chorus] **Strike the bell second mate, let us go below
Look you well to windward you can see it's going to blow
Look at the glass, you can see that it has fell
Oh we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell**

Down on the main deck and working at the pumps
There is the starboard watch just longing for their bunks
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell

chorus

Forward on the forecastle head and keeping sharp lookout
Yonder Johnson standing, a-longing for to shout,
Lights are burning bright sir and everything is well
And he's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

chorus

Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands
Grasping at the helm with his frostbitten hands
Looking at the compass though the course is clear as hell
And he's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

chorus

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant captain stands
Staring out to sea with a spyglass in his hand
What he is a-thinking of we know very well
He's thinking more of shortening sail than striking the bell

chorus x2

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol, and then produced my rapier
Said stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver

[Chorus] ***musha ring dumma do damma da <4 claps>***
 whack for the daddy 'ol, <clap, clap> whack for the daddy 'ol
 there's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, and it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She said and she swore, that she never would deceive me
but the devil take the women, for they never can be easy

chorus

I went into my chamber, all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny took my charges and she filled them up with water
Then sent for captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter

chorus

It was early in the morning, as I rose up for travel
The guards were all around me and likewise captain Farrel
I first produced my pistol, for she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

chorus

If anyone can aid me, it's my brother in the army
If I can find his station down in Cork or in Killarney
And if he'll come and save me, we'll go roving near Kilkenny
And I swear he'll treat me better than me darling sportling Jenny

chorus

Now some men take delight in the drinking and the roving
But others take delight in the gambling and the smoking
But I take delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty fair maids in the morning bright and early

chorus x 2

WHISKEY, YOU'RE THE DEVIL

[Chorus] ***Oh, whiskey you're the devil, you're leading me astray
Over hills and mountains and to Amerikay
You're sweetness from the Bleachner and spunkier than tea
Oh whiskey you're my darling drunk or sober***

Now brave boys, we're on the march
Off to Portugal and Spain
Drums are beating, banners flying
The Devil at home will come tonight
So it's go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie oh
There's whiskey in the jar

chorus

The French are fighting boldly
Men are dying hot and coldly
Give every man his flask of powder
His firelock on his shoulder
So its go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie oh
There's whiskey in the jar

chorus

Says the old man do not wrong me
Don't take me daughter from me
For if you do I will torment you
When I'm dead my ghost will haunt you
So its go, fare thee well
With a too da loo ra loo ra doo de da
A too ra loo ra loo ra doo de da
Me rikes fall too ra laddie oh
There's whiskey in the jar

chorus x 2

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
Now I'll save up my wages and keep money in store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

[Chorus] **And it's no, nay, never <4 claps>**
 No, nay, never, no more <clap>
 For I've played the wild rover
 No, never, no more

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent
I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her to trust me, her answer was nay
Such a custom as yours we can get any day

chorus

Then out of my pockets I took sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said I have whiskeys and wines of the best
Come on upstairs and I'll show you my chest

chorus

You can keep all your whiskey and your beer likewise too
For not another penny am I spending with you
For the money I've got, I'm taking good care
And I never will play the wild rover no more

chorus

If I had all the money that I left in your care
It would plough all my lands and my family rear
It would thatch all my houses, it would build me a barn
It would buy me a coat for to keep my back warm

chorus

I'll go home to my parents and I'll tell what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they forgive me, as they've oft done before
Oh it's ne'er will I play the wild rover no more

chorus x 2

WORKING GIRLS

It's of a merchant's daughter, belonged to Callao

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

It's of a merchant's daughter, belonged to Callao

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

[Chorus] ***Doodle let me go, me girls, doodle let me go***
Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

She took me in she gave me gin, she danced me on the floor

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

Well being just a sailor lad I stayed around for more

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

chorus

She took me to her father's house to see if I would go

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

All around the sofa boys, wasn't it a show

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

chorus

Well at the hour of twelve o'clock her father he did show

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

He grabbed me by the bobstay, boys and wouldn't let me go

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

chorus

There is a place called Madam Gashee's way out in Callao

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

A whorehouse known as Madam Gashee's, a place you ought to go

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

chorus

We'll throw a rope 'round Madam Gashee's and take them all in tow

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

We'll haul them back to Liverpool and give the boys a show

Hurrah, me working girls, doodle let me go

chorus x 2

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM

Fifteen men on a 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 marlinspike
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 boozing 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 his cheek had
shore
And the scullion he was stabbed times
four
And there they lay, and the soggy skies
Dripped down in up-staring eyes
In murk sunset and 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

'Twas 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 my eyes
Looking up at paradise

All souls bound just contrariwise

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Fifteen men of 'em good and true

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Ev'ry man jack could ha' sailed with
Old Pew,

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

There was chest on chest of Spanish
gold

With a ton of plate in the middle hold
And the cabins riot of stuff untold,
And they lay there that took the plum
With sightless glare and their lips
struck dumb

While we shared all by the rule of
thumb,

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

More was seen through a sternlight
screen...

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Chartings undoubt where a woman had
been

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

'Twas a flimsy shift on a bunker cot
With a dirk slit sheer through the
bosom spot

And the lace stiff dry in a purplish blot
Oh was she wench or some shudderin'
maid

That dared the knife and took the blade
By God! she had stuff for a plucky jade

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

Fifteen men on a 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

We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight
And we heaved 'em over and out of
sight,

With a Yo-Heave-Ho! and a fare-you-
well

And a sudden plunge in the sullen
swell

Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell,

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum



A BIG THANK YOU TO BAY WOLF
FOR HOSTING OUR SEA SHANTY SING-A-LONG!