

SEA SHANY SONGBOOK



**PIRATES &
WENCHES**
WEEKEND



ROCK HALL, MD

2021 EDITION, 14TH YEAR

BACK IN PORT

2021 Sing-Along Entertainment

Brought to you by:



SGT. Preston Ashley American Legion Post 228
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MAIN STREET
ROCK HALL

Shanties and Sing-A-Long Performed By :

Bedlum Bones
Columbia Maryland



Entertainment Produced By :




PLUNDERFUL
PRODUCTIONS

Plunderful Productions
Dover Delaware



Beer Medley

Tune of Do Re Me

**Dough the stuff that buys my beer
Rey the guy that pours my beer
Me The one who drinks my beer
Far a long way to the john
So I'll have another beer
La la la la la BEER
Tea no thanks I'll have a Beer
And that brings us back to do do do do
Repeat
Beer beer beer tiddly beer beer beer**

Charlie Mops

Beer beer beer tiddly beer beer beer
He aught to be an admiral a sultan or a king,
And to his praises we shall always sing
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer
The lord bless charlie Mops the man who invented beer
beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

Along time ago way back in history
When all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea,
Along came a man by the name of Charley Mops
An he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops

He aught to be an admiral a sultan or a king,
And to his praises we shall always sing
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer
The lord bless charlie Mops the man who invented beer
beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

A barrel of malt a bushel of hops ya stir it round with a stick
The kind of lubrication that turns us into dicks
Forty pints a wallop a day will drive away the cracks
It's only 8 and 8 a pint but five percent in tax..

He aught to be an admiral a sultan or a king,
And to his praises we shall always sing
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer
The lord bless charlie Mops the man who invented beer
beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

O'reilys Bar, O' Caseys pub, a hole in the wall as well
One thing you can be sure of is Charlies Beer they sell
So.. Come onn all ye lucky sods at 11 oclock its stopps
Five short seconds now to remember Charlie Mops
1,2,3,4,5

He aught to be an admiral a sultan or a king,
And to his praises we shall always sing
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer
The lord bless charlie Mops the man who invented beer
beer beer tiddly beer beer beer

Sailor's Prayer (Oh Lord Above)

(Original words and music by Tom Lewis;
tweaked by Tim Michau)

Oh Baltimore has been my home
Since last time I was sailin'
But I'll not stay another day
I'd sooner go a-whalin'

Chorus

Oh Lord above, send down a dove
With beak as sharp as razors
To cut the throats of them there blokes
What sells bad beer to sailors

Paid off me score, and then ashore
Me money soon was flyin'
With Judy Lee upon my knee
And in my ear she's lyin'

With me new-found friends, me money spends
Just as fast as winkin'
But when I make to clear the slate
The landlord says, "Keep drinkin'!"

With me money gone, me clothes in pawn
And Judy set for leavin'
Six months' pay gone in three days
But Fells Point ain't a-grievin'

When the crimp comes 'round, I'll take his pound
And his hand I'll be shakin'
Tomorrow morn, I'll sail for the Horn
Just as the dawn is breakin'
So for one last trip from port I'll ship
But next time back I'm swearin'
I'll settle down in my home town
No more I'll go seafarin'

Bell-Bottomed Trousers (Traditional)

Well harken all ye lasses in all your girlish glee,
Never let a pirate's hand an inch above your knee
I trusted one once then he went back to sea
And left me with a burden to bounce upon my knee

Chorus

Singin' the bell-bottomed trousers, coats of navy blue
Let him climb the riggin' like his Daddy used to do
I was a serving maid down on Drury Lane
Me master he was kind to me, me mistress was the same
When along came a sailor on shore at Liberty
And oh to me woe, he took liberties with me

Chorus

T'was at the 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 were brightly polished, and his hair was neatly
combed

And when 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 candlestick to light his way to bed
And I a foolish maiden a-thinkin' it no harm
I jumped right in that sailor's bed to keep that sailor warm

Chorus

Well I knew he was no Samson, for that night he went to town
He laid me on my back until my blue eyes turned to brown

Chorus

And earl-eye the next mornin', a-fore the break of day
A five-pound note he gave to me with these warning words to
say

And he said "Take this my darlin' for the damage I have done
For you may have a daughter, or you may have a son
And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee
But if you have a son, just send the bastard out to sea!"

Boozin'

Traditional

Well what are the joys of the poor working man?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

And what is he doin' whenever he can?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

Well you may think me wrong, and you may think
me right

You may think me dim, or you may think me bright

But what do you think I'll be doing tonight

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

Chorus

Boozin, boozin', just you and I

Boozin, boozin', when we are dry

Some do it openly, some on the sly

But we all are bloody well boozin'

And what are the joys of the poor married man?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

And what is he doin' whenever he can?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

He goes out a-shoppin' and makes many a call
He comes home at night and he gives his wife all
But what brings him home hangin' onto the wall?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

Chorus

And what are the joys of the lovely young maid?

Why boozin' bloody well boozin'

She drinks like a Pirate 'cause she's not afraid

Why boozin' bloody well boozin'

If she gets too loaded she's got a good plan,
She'll ask this young man to close by her stand!
For both she and he want to meet a nice man! Why
boozin' bloody well boozin'

Chorus

What do you think I've been doing all day?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

And how do you think I've been spendin' me pay?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

Don't argue the point, 'cause you know I'm not right

Don't tell me I'm wrong, 'cause you know I can't fight

But where would you like me to take you tonight?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

Chorus

And what do the temperance unions run down?

Why everything, bloody well everything

And what are they banning in every town?

Why everything, bloody well everything

They stand on the corners, they rant and they shout

They shout about things they know nothing about

But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?

Why everything, bloody well everything

Chorus

And what are the joys of the jolly Jack Tar?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

And what are the joys of the bold sons of war?

Why boozin', bloody well boozin'

It's what makes our country the land of the free

And if yet another French war there should be

Then where do you think all those Frenchmen will be?

Surrendering, bloody surrendering



Drunken Sailor

Traditional

What do ya do with a drunken sailor?
What do ya do with a drunken sailor?
What do ya do with a drunken sailor?
Earl-eye in the mornin'

Chorus

Way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Earl-eye in the mornin'

Put him in a longboat till he's sober

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter

You ain't seen the captain's daughter

Give him the hair of the dog what bit him

You ain't seen the dog what bit him

You ain't seen the dog what bit him

Better lookin' than the captain's daughter

And that's what ya do with a drunken sailor

Earl-eye in the morning

Jolly Roving Tar

Traditional

Ships may come and ships may go
As long as the sea does roll.
Each sailor lad just like his dad
He loves the flowing bowl
A trip on shore he does adore
With a girl who's nice and round.

But when the money's gone
It's the same old song
Get up Jack! John sit down!

Chorus

Come along come along
You jolly brave boys
There's lots of grog in the jar.
We'll plough the briny ocean
With the jolly roving tar.

When Jack comes in it's then he'll steer
To some old boarding house.

They'll welcome him with rum and gin
And feed him on pork scouse.

He'll lend and spend and he'll not offend
'Til he's lyin'; drunk on the ground

But when the money's gone
It's the same old song

Get up Jack! John sit down!

Chorus

Jack he then, oh then he'll sail
Bound down for Newfoundland
All the ladies fair in Placentia there
They love that sailor man.

He'll go to shore out on a tear
And he'll buy some girl a gown.

But when the money's gone
It's the same old song

Get up Jack! John sit down!

Chorus

When Jack gets old and weatherbeat
Too old to roam about

They'll let him stop in some rum shop
'Til eight bells calls him out.

Then he'll raise his eyes

Up to the skies sayin' Boys we're homeward bound.

But when the money's gone

It's the same old song

Get up Jack! John sit down!

Chorus x2

Mobile Bay (Sugar in the Hold)

I wish I was in Mobile Bay

Screwin' cotton all of the day

But I'm stowin' sugar in the hold below

Below, below, below

Hey ho, below below

Stowin' sugar in the hold below

Hey ho, below below

Stowin' sugar in the hold below

The J.M. White, she's a new boat

Stem to stern she's mighty fine

Beat any boat on the Nawlins line

Stowin' sugar in the hold below

The engineer shouts through his trumpet

Tell the mate I got bad news

Can't get steam for the fire in the flue

Stowin' sugar in the hold below

The captain's up on the quarter deck

Scratchin' 'way at his old neck

And he shouts to the crew, "Heave the larboard lead"

Stowin' sugar in the hold below

The clerk roared out, "save these poor souls,

Fire's blazing, we gotta go

There's powder in the magazine"

Stowin' sugar in the hold below

So, I wish I was in Mobile Bay

Screwing cotton all the day

But I'm stowin' sugar in the hold below

Below, below, below

General Taylor, Traditional

General Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John, carry him along
General Taylor gained the day
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

To me waay haay Stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
To me waay haay Stormy
Carry him to his burying ground

General Taylor died long ago
Walk him along, John, carry him along
He's gone to where stormy winds never blow
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

We dug his grave with a silver spade
Walk him along, John, carry him along
From the finest silk his shroud was made
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

We lowered him down on a golden chain
Walk him along, John, carry him along
On every link we carved Stormy's name
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

General Taylor, Traditional

Continued

I wish I were General Taylor's son
Walk him along, John, carry him along
I'd build me a ship of 10 thousand tons
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

I'd build me a ship of 10 thousand tons
Walk him along, John, carry him along
And fill up 'er hold with the finest black rum
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

I'd fill up 'er hold with Jamaican rum
Walk him along, John, carry him along
And to every pirate I would give some
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

I'd give a tot to every man
Walk him along, John, carry him along
And a double tot for the shanty man
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus

General Taylor's dead and gone
Walk him along, John, carry him along
I guess that's the end of this bloody long song
Carry him to his burying ground

The Last Shanty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two cans of beer a day and that's your
bleeding lot
Now we get an extra one because they've
stopped the tot
So we'll put on our civie clothes and find a pub
ashore
A sailor's still a sailor just like he was before
Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last
Just get your civies ready for another run
ashore
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore

Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate

Traditional Key of E

Safe and sound at home again

Let the waters roar, Jack

Sing we now the glad refrain

Let the chorus soar, Jack

Chorus

Long we've tossed on the rolling main

Now we're safe ashore, Jack

Don't forget your old shipmate

Folly rolly rolly rolly rye-eye-doh

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 'earrin'

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 Finale

Long we've tossed on the rolling main

Now we're safe ashore, Jack

Don't forget your old shipmate

Folly rolly rolly rolly rye-eye-do

Don't forget your old shipmate

Folly rolly rolly rolly rye-eye-doh

The Old Dun Cow

Harry Wincott (1893), with additional lyrics by Brad Howard (used by permission)

Well me and Brown in a public house
Was playing dominoes one night
When into the pub a fireman ran
His face all chalky white
What's up, says Brown, have you seen a
ghost?
Have you seen dear old Aunt Moriah?
Me Aunt Mariah be buggered, says he
The bleedin' pub's on fire

Chorus

And there was Brown, upside down,
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came a-knockin' at the door. (knock, knock)
Well don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up.
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre! (MacIntyre!)"
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.
Then Oh, says Brown, What a bit of luck,
Everybody follow me
It's down to the cellar, if the fire's not there
And we'll have us a grand ol' spree
So we all went down with good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we hadn't been there 10 minutes or more
Till we were quite like this

And there was Brown, upside down,
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came a-knockin' at the door. (knock, knock)
Well don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up.
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre! (MacIntyre!)"
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Then Smith ran over to the port wine tub
And he gave it a few hard knocks. (knock, knock)
He started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks
Oh no, says Brown, That ain't allowed
You can't do that there
Don't be washin' out your trowsers in the port wine tub
When we got Natty Boh beer

And there was Brown, upside down,
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came a-knockin' at the door. (knock, knock)
Well don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up.
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre! (MacIntyre!)"
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.
And 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 (Oy vay!)
Oh, ye drunken clods, ye heathen sods
You've taken to a drunken spree
You drank up all the Benedictine brandy and
dn't save a drop for me

And there was Brown, upside down,
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came a-knockin' at the door. (knock, knock)
Well don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up.
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre! (MacIntyre!)"
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

The Old Dun Cow(cont.)

Harry Winecott (1893), with additional lyrics by Brad Howard (used by permission)

And then there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody roof gave way (Watch out!)
And we were drowned by the firemen's hose
But still we were gonna stay
So we got some tacks and some wet old sacks
And we nailed ourselves inside (nailing sounds)
And we sat there drinkin' the finest rum
Till we was bleary-eyed

And there was Brown, upside down,
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came a-knockin' at the door. (knock,
knock)
Well don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up.
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre! (MacIntyre!)
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Well, later that night, when the fire was out
We came up from below
Our pub was burned, our booze was drunk
Our heads was hanging low
Oh look, says Brown, as he checked is watch
By the embers of the dyin' fire
Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub
It closes on the hour

And there was Brown, upside down,
Lappin' up the whiskey on the floor.
Booze, booze, the firemen cried
As they came a-knockin' at the door. (knock,
knock)
Well don't let 'em in till it's all drunk up.
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre! (MacIntyre!)
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.
And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire. (MacIntyre!)

Barrett's Privateers by Stan Rogers

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

God Damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's privateers
Old Elcid Barrett cried the town
I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For 20 brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew
Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

So here I lay in me 23rd year
I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Chorus

Alternate Version:
Oh the year was 1778
I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Old Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the maintruck carried off both o' me legs
The last of Barrett's Privateers

All for Me Grog

Traditional

First Chorus

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinkin' gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander
Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
Well the heels they are worn out, and the toes been kicked
about

And me soles are lookin' out for better weather
And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinkin' gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where is me shirt, my noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well the collar is worn out, and the sleeves been knocked
about

And me tail is looking out for better weather

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinkin' gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander
Where is me belt, my noggin', noggin' belt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well the guv'nah took it home, though no longer will he roam,
For I heard his wife's been usin' it as a tether

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinkin' gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

All for Me Grog(cont.)

Traditional

Where are me guns, me noggin', noggin' guns?

They're all gone for beer and tobacco

Well me barrel's rusted out, and the flint's been knocked about,

And me balls are lookin' out for better weather

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

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Well I spent all me tin with the lassies drinkin' gin

Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where are me sails, me noggin', noggin' sails?

They're all gone for beer and tobacco

Well we cut them with our swords when the ladies came aboard

We use them now as padding for our pleasure

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

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Men: Well I spent all me coin thinkin' only with me groin

Ladies: And now we ladies spent what they have squandered

Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin' bed?

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Well I shared it with a whore, and we broke it through the floor

Now me neighbor's lookin' for a new apartment

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

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Men: Well I spent all me coin thinkin' only with me groin

Ladies: And now we ladies spent what they have squander

All for Me Grog(cont.)

Traditional

Where is me wench, me noggin' noggin' wench?

She's all gone for beer and tobacco

Well her (clap) is all worn out, and her (clap)'s been knocked about

And her (clap) is looking out for better weather

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

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Men: Well I spent all me coin thinkin' only with me groin

Ladies: And now we ladies spent what they have squander

Well I'm sick in the head, I haven't been to bed

Since I came ashore with me plunder

I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches

And I think I'll make a path for way up yonder

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

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Men: Well we spent all our loot in a house of ill repute

Ladies: And I think they're comin' back again tomorrow

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

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Ladies: Well they spent all their loot in our house of ill repute

Men: And I KNOW I'm goin' back again tomorrow

A Drop of Nelson's Blood

Traditional

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any
harm

No a drop of Nelson's any harm
No a drop of Nelson's any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus

And we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind!

A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
No a drop of Nelson's any harm
No a drop of Nelson's any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus

An extra month's pay...
A night with a fiddler...
A roll in the clover...
A sword in the eye...
Another night in jail...
A little glass of beer...
A fine red wine...
A nice fat cook...
A nice watch below...
A night on the shore...
A night with the gals...
A nice Irish tart...

South Australia

In South Australia I was born
(To me) heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia

Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair
Heave away Haul Away
Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair
We're Bound for south Austrailia

I shook her up and I shook her down
Heave away Haul away
I shook her round and round the town
We're bound for South Austrailia

Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

I run her all night and I run her all day
Heave away Haul away
And I run her until we sailed away
We're bound for South Austrailia

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind
Heave Away Haul away
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind
We're Bound for South Austrailia

Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop around Cape Horn
Heave away Haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been born
We're bound for south australia

In South Australia my native land
Heave away Haul away
Full of rocks and thieves and fleas and
sand
We're bound for south australia

Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

I wish I was on Australia's strand
Heave away Haul away
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand
We're bound for South Austrailia

Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

Johnny Jump Up

Traditional

I'll tell you a story that happened to me
One day as I went down to Cork by the lee
Well the sun it was bright and the day it was warm
Says I, "A quiet pint wouldn't do me no harm"
I went up to the barman, said "give me a stout"
Says the barman, "I'm sorry, all the beer t'is sold out
Try whiskey, try paddy, 10 years in the wood."
Says I, "I'll try cider, I've heard that it's good."

Chorus

But I'll never, oh never, oh never again
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and 10
'Cause I fell to the ground, and I couldn't get up
After drinkin' a pint of that Johnny Jump-Up

After lowerin' the t'ird I headed straight for the yard
Where I bumped into Brophy, the big civic guard
"Come here to me boy, don't ye know I'm the law?"
Well, I upped with me fist and I shattered his jaw
Well he fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
But it twasn't I hit him, but Johnny Jump Up

Chorus

And the next thing that I met down by Yawl by the sea
Was a cripple on crutches, and says he to me
"I'm afraid for me life I'll be hit by a car
Won't you help me across to the railwayman's bar?"
And after three pints of that cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches and danced in the street

Chorus

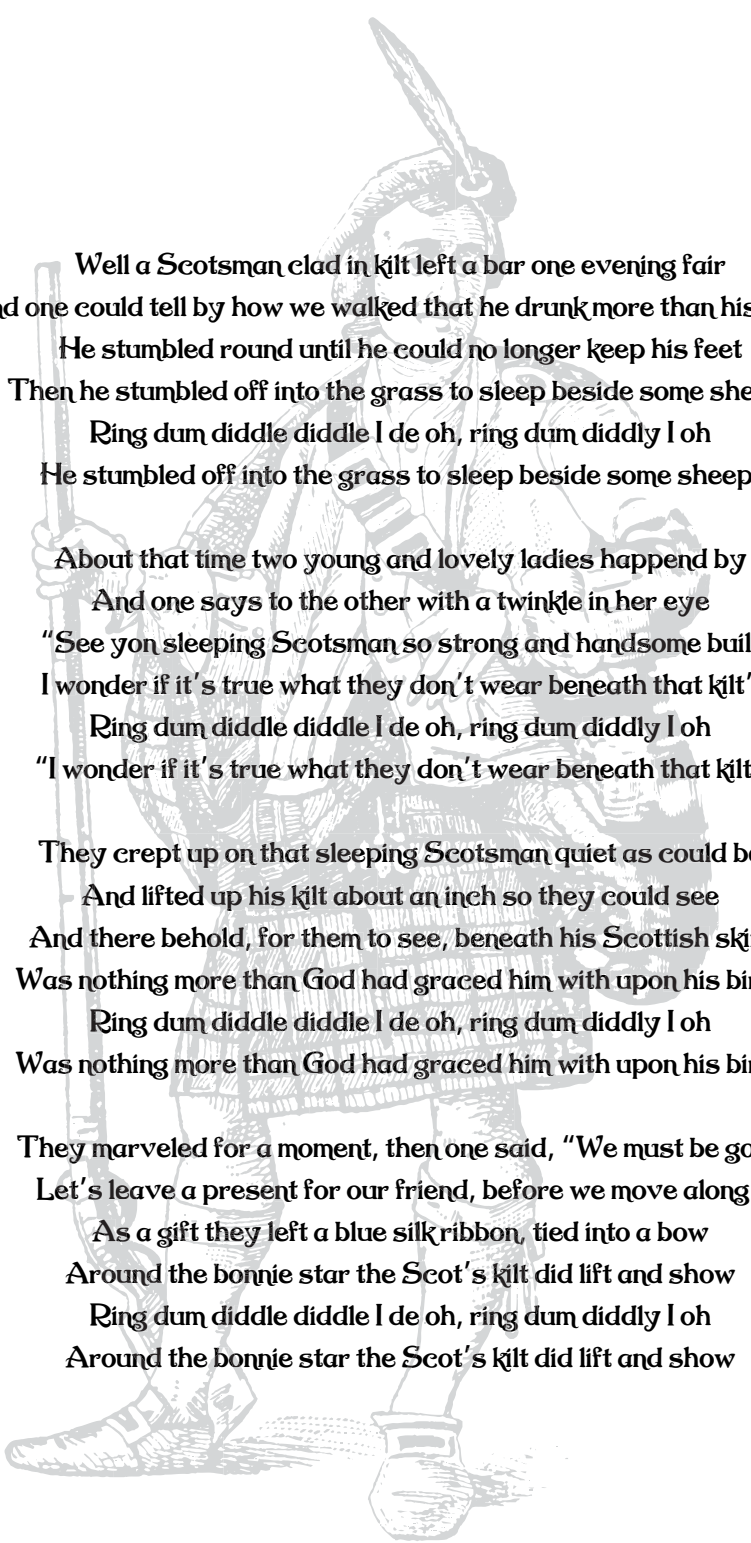
Well I went up the Lee road, a friend for to see
They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the Lee
But when I got up there, the truth I will tell
They had the poor bugger locked up in a cell
Says the guard, testing him, "Say these word if you
can
'Around the ragged rocks, the ragged rascal ran.'"
"Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not mad
'Twas only six pints of that cider I had."

Chorus

Now a man died in the Union, by the name of
McNabb
They washed him and laid him outside on a slab
And after the coroner his measurements did take
His wife took him home to a bloody fine wake
'Twas about 12 o'clock, and the beer it was high
The corpse he sits up, and he says with a sigh
"I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up
Till I bring them a quart of that Johnny Jump Up."

The Scotsman

Words and music by Mike Cross



Well a Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how we walked that he drunk more than his share
He stumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside some sheep.

Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum diddly I oh
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside some sheep.

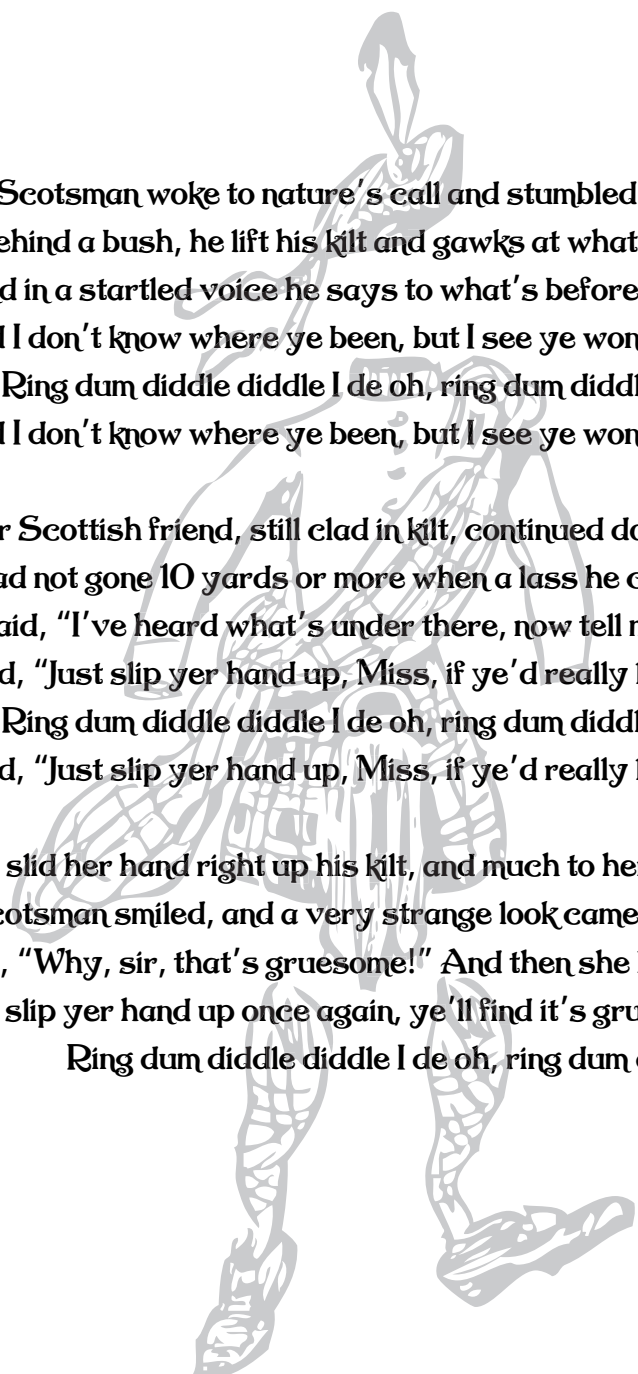
About that time two young and lovely ladies happend by
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye
"See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath that kilt"
Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum diddly I oh
"I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath that kilt"

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there behold, for them to see, beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth
Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum diddly I oh
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth

They marveled for a moment, then one said, "We must be gone
Let's leave a present for our friend, before we move along"
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show
Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum diddly I oh
Around the bonnie star the Scot's kilt did lift and show

The Scotsman

Words and music by Mike Cross



Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards a tree
Behind a bush, he lift his kilt and gawks at what he sees
And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes
"O lad I don't know where ye been, but I see ye won first prize"
Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum diddly I oh
"O lad I don't know where ye been, but I see ye won first prize"

Now our Scottish friend, still clad in kilt, continued down the street
And he had not gone 10 yards or more when a lass he chanced to meet
She said, "I've heard what's under there, now tell me, is it so?"
He said, "Just slip yer hand up, Miss, if ye'd really like to know"
Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum diddly I oh
He said, "Just slip yer hand up, Miss, if ye'd really like to know"

She slid her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise
The Scotsman smiled, and a very strange look came into his eyes
She said, "Why, sir, that's gruesome!" And then she heard him roar
"If ye'll slip yer hand up once again, ye'll find it's gruesome more"
Ring dum diddle diddle I de oh, ring dum d

Whiskey in the Jar

As I was going over the far Kilgarry Mountain
I met with Captain Farrell, and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol, then I drew my rapier
I said, "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver"

Chorus

Musha re um durham da
Whack for the daddy oh
Whack for the daddy oh
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money, t'would make a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket, and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and swore she never would deceive me
But the devil take that woman, for she never could be easy

I went up to me chambers, for to take my slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels, and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny took me charges, filled them up with water
Then sent for Captain Farrell to get ready for a slaughter

Chorus

T'was early in the mornin', before I rose to travel
There came a band of footmen and likewise Captain Farrell
I first produced my pistol, for she had stole my rapier
But I could not shoot that water, so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus

Well the only one can save me is me brother in the army
I don't know if he's stationed in Cork or in Killarney
Together we'll go roamin' through the hills of Kilkenny
I bet he'll treat me better than me darlin' sportin' Jenny

Chorus

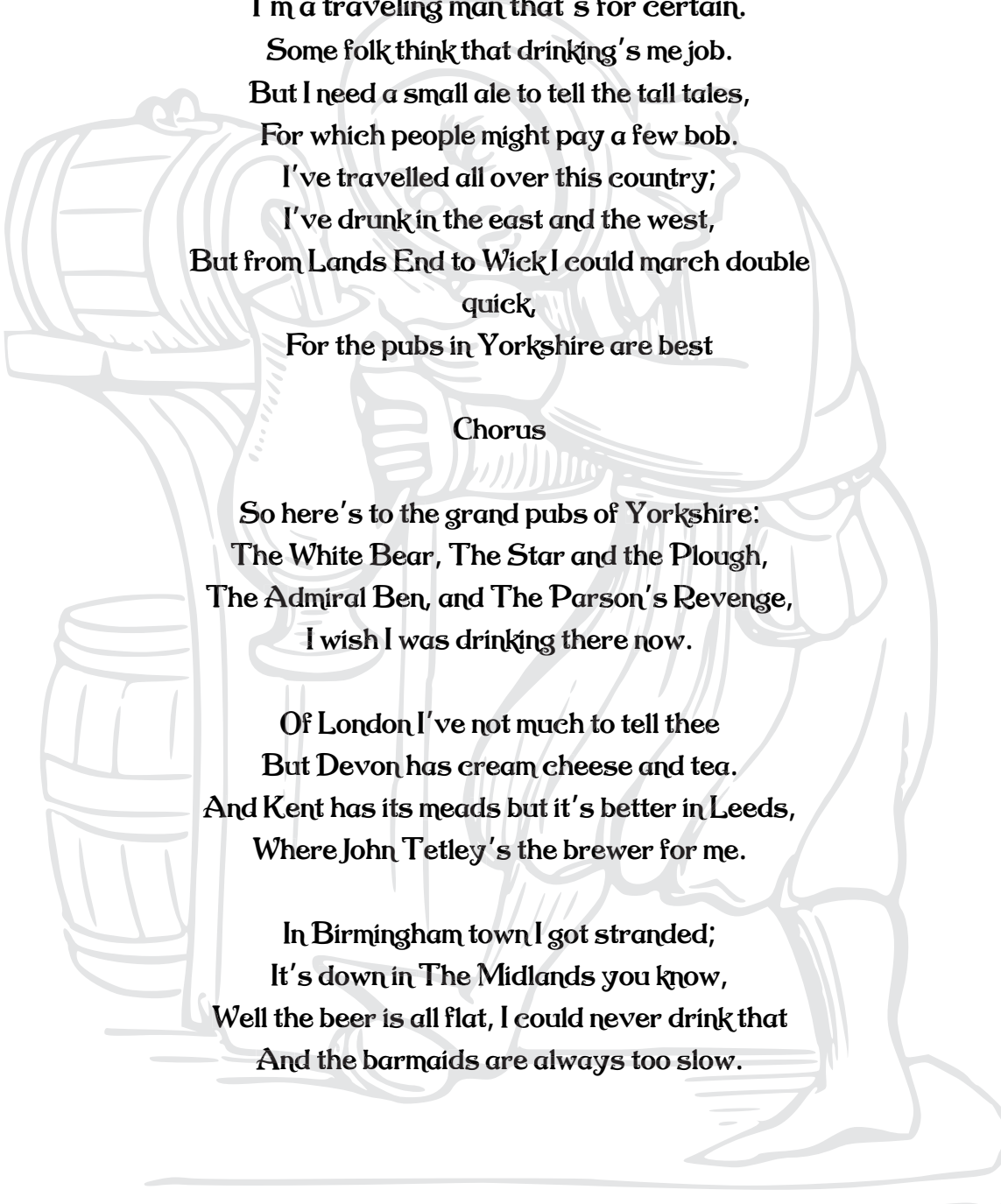
T'was early in the mornin' in the barracks of Killarney
My brother took his leave, he did not tell the army
Two horses they went missin', twas all over but the
shoutin'

Now we wait for Ferrell up on Kilgarry Mountain

Chorus x2

Grand Pubs of Yorkshire

by Peter J. Benson



I'm a traveling man that's for certain,
Some folk think that drinking's me job.
But I need a small ale to tell the tall tales,
For which people might pay a few bob.
I've travelled all over this country;
I've drunk in the east and the west,
But from Lands End to Wick I could march double
quick,
For the pubs in Yorkshire are best

Chorus

So here's to the grand pubs of Yorkshire:
The White Bear, The Star and the Plough,
The Admiral Ben, and The Parson's Revenge,
I wish I was drinking there now.

Of London I've not much to tell thee
But Devon has cream cheese and tea.
And Kent has its meads but it's better in Leeds,
Where John Tetley's the brewer for me.

In Birmingham town I got stranded;
It's down in The Midlands you know,
Well the beer is all flat, I could never drink that
And the barmaids are always too slow.

Grand Pubs of Yorkshire

by Peter J. Benson

Chorus

There's a chap called McEwan in Scotland
And the ale that he serves isn't bad,
But the secret he knew, for the beer that he brewed,
He stole from an old Yorkshire lad.
Well I knew an old lad, went to Ireland
Where the beer is so dark that it's black,
But the whisky is fine and the girls are divine,
So we don't know if he's coming back.

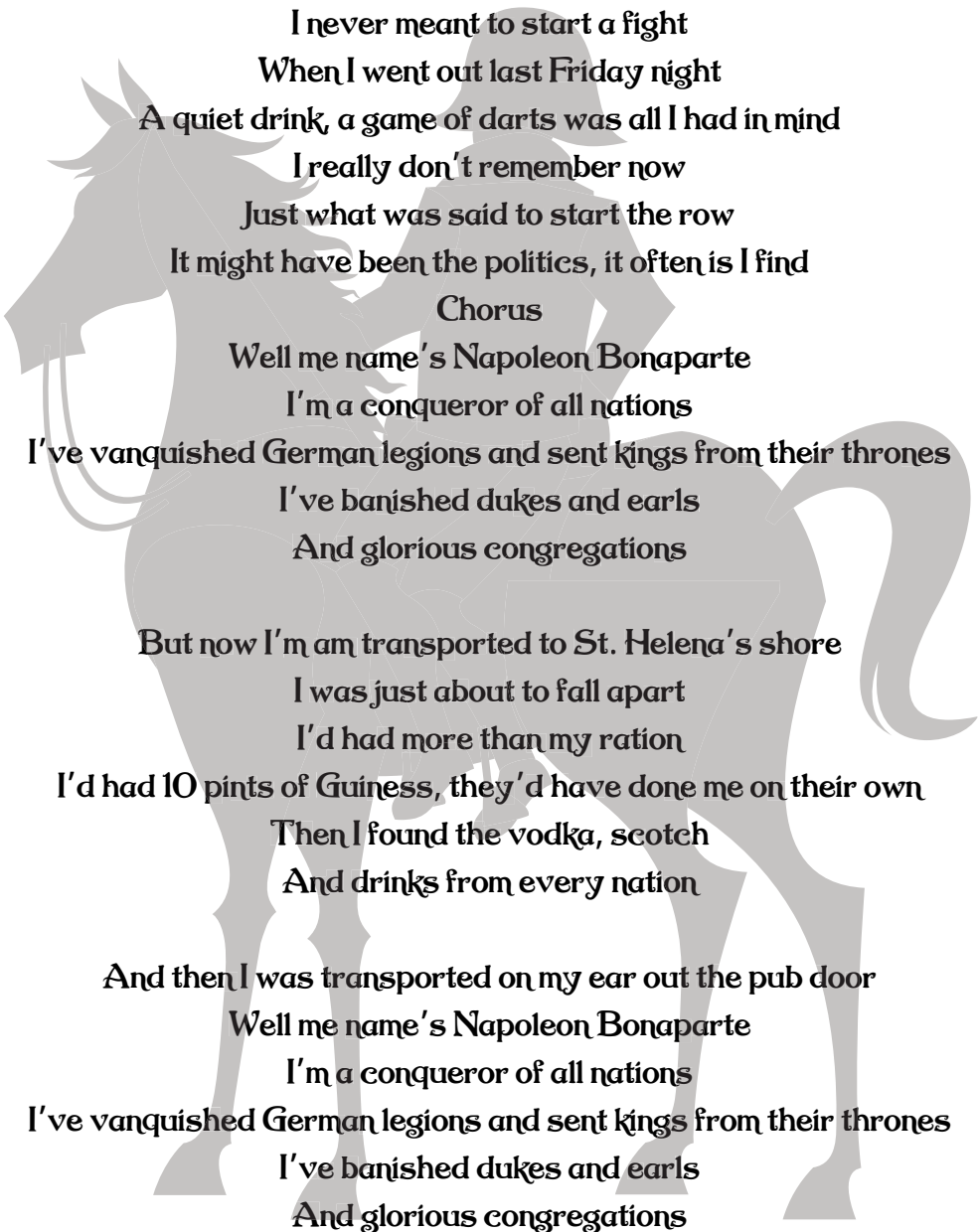
2nd Chorus

To drink in the grand pubs of Yorkshire:
The White Bear, The Star and the Plough,
The Admiral Ben, and The Parson's Revenge,
I wish I was drinking there now.
Now I know what some people are thinking,
That to leave such a heaven I'm mad,
But when I left my home and decided to roam,
I didn't know beer could be bad.
I've traveled all over this county
Been drunk in the east and the west
But from Lands End to Wick I could march double quick
For the pubs up in Yorkshire are best

Chorus

So here's to the grand pubs of Yorkshire:
The White Bear, The Star and the Plough,
The Admiral Ben, The Parson's Revenge,
I wish I was drinking,
I wish I was drinking
I wish I was drinking there now.

Napoleon Bonaparte



I never meant to start a fight
When I went out last Friday night
A quiet drink, a game of darts was all I had in mind
I really don't remember now
Just what was said to start the row
It might have been the politics, it often is I find

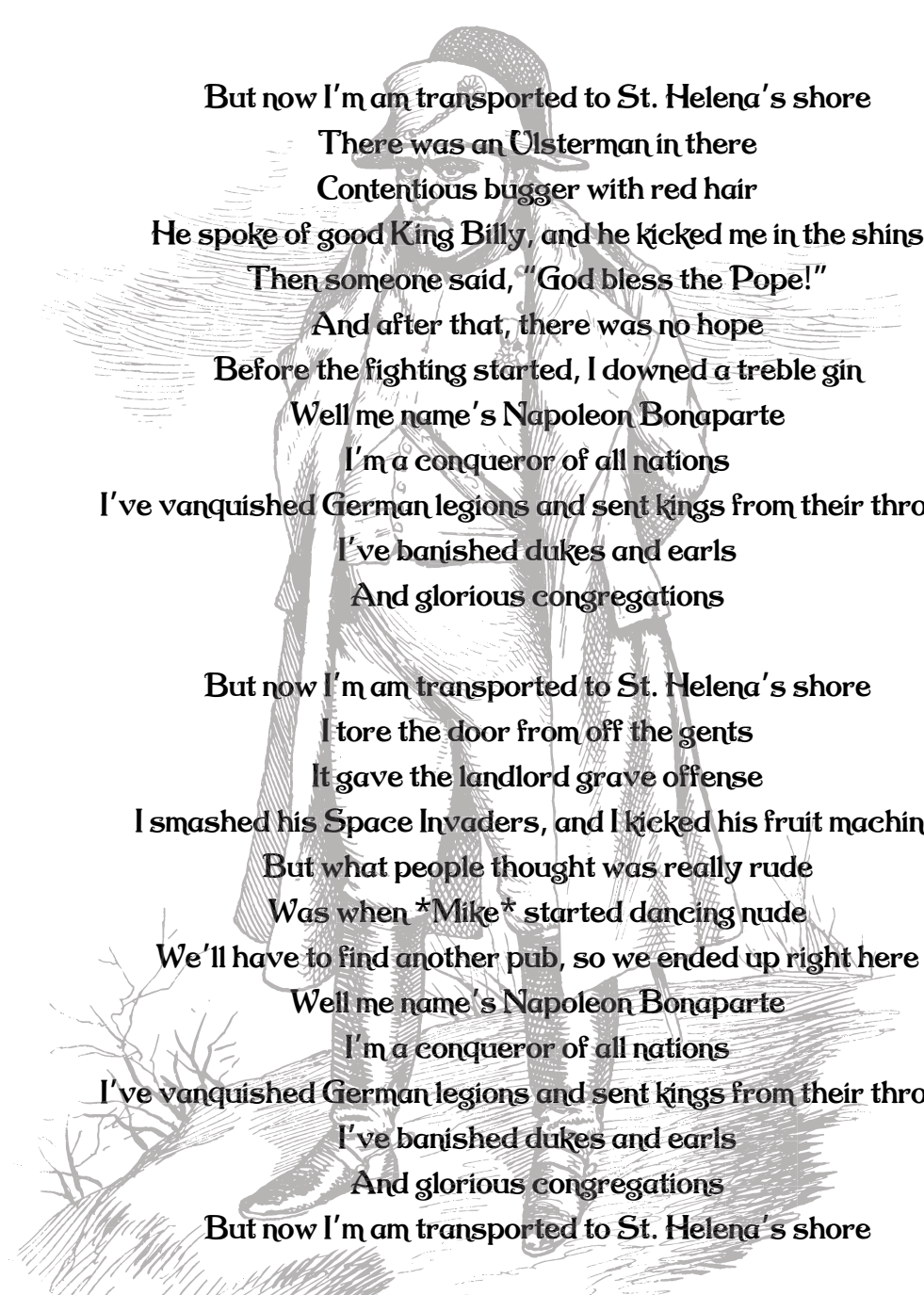
Chorus

Well me name's Napoleon Bonaparte
I'm a conqueror of all nations
I've vanquished German legions and sent kings from their thrones
I've banished dukes and earls
And glorious congregations

But now I'm am transported to St. Helena's shore
I was just about to fall apart
I'd had more than my ration
I'd had 10 pints of Guinness, they'd have done me on their own
Then I found the vodka, scotch
And drinks from every nation

And then I was transported on my ear out the pub door
Well me name's Napoleon Bonaparte
I'm a conqueror of all nations
I've vanquished German legions and sent kings from their thrones
I've banished dukes and earls
And glorious congregations

Napoleon Bonaparte



But now I'm am transported to St. Helena's shore
There was an Ulsterman in there
Contentious bugger with red hair
He spoke of good King Billy, and he kicked me in the shins
Then someone said, "God bless the Pope!"
And after that, there was no hope
Before the fighting started, I downed a treble gin
Well me name's Napoleon Bonaparte
I'm a conqueror of all nations
I've vanquished German legions and sent kings from their thrones
I've banished dukes and earls
And glorious congregations

But now I'm am transported to St. Helena's shore
I tore the door from off the gents
It gave the landlord grave offense
I smashed his Space Invaders, and I kicked his fruit machine
But what people thought was really rude
Was when *Mike* started dancing nude
We'll have to find another pub, so we ended up right here
Well me name's Napoleon Bonaparte
I'm a conqueror of all nations
I've vanquished German legions and sent kings from their thrones
I've banished dukes and earls
And glorious congregations
But now I'm am transported to St. Helena's shore

Haul Away Joe

Traditional

When I was a little lad, me mother often told me
Way haul away, haul away Joe
If I did not kiss the girls, me lips would grow all moldy...(Eeew!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe

Chorus

Way haul away, we'll haul away together...(te' me!)
Way haul away (hyup!), haul away Joe
Way haul away, we're bound for better weather...(te' me!)
Way haul away (hyup!), haul away Joe

I sailed the seas for seven years, not knowin' what I was missin'...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
Then I trimmed me sails before the gales an' started in a-kissin'...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe

Well, first I had an Irish gal, 'er name was Katey Brannigan
Way haul away, haul away Joe
She stole me boots, she stole me pants, she pinched me plate an' pannikin
Way haul away, haul away Joe
Once I loved German girl, but she was daft'n' lazy...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
Then I had a Scottish gal, but she damn near drove me crazy...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe

Chorus

Once I loved a Yankee girl, but now we're separated...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
'Cause all she knew was Fahrenheit, an' I was metricated...(te' me!) (1)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
So harken while I sing to you about me darlin' Nancy...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
She's copper-bottomed, clipper-built, an' just me cut 'n' fancy...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe

Haul Away Joe Traditional

(Cont.)

Chorus

I knew a girl in Baltimore, her father was a barber
Way haul away, haul away Joe
I traveled up her Chesapeake and found the Inner Harbor...(te' me!) (2)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
She said she hailed from Dundalk, an' she really worked me over...(te' me!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
She took me up to Fed'ral Hill an' rolled me in the clover...(te' me!) (2)
Way haul away, haul away Joe

Chorus

King Loo-ee was the king of France before the revolu-shy-on!
Way haul away, haul away Joe
But then he got his head chopped off, which spoil't his constitu-shy-on!
Way haul away, haul away Joe
St. Patrick was a godly man, he came from decent people...(amen!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe
He built a church in Dublin towne, and on it put a steeple...(amen!)
Way haul away, haul away Joe

O1 Maui

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the day 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 don't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui

(Chorus)

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

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
pause Towards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Six hellish months we passed away
On the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Chorus

Ol Maui (cont)

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the day 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 don't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui

(Chorus)

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

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
pause Towards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Six hellish months we passed away
On the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Chorus

The Wild Rover

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

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

I went to an ale house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day"

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

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with
delight
She said, "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in
jest"

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

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

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

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

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

Paddy Lay Back

It was a cold and rainy mornin' in December (December)
And all of me money, it was spent (Spent, spent)
And where it all went I don't remember (Remember)
So down to the shippin' office I went (Went, went)

Chorus

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn (beep, beep)
Well that day there was a great demand for sailors (for sailors)
From the colonies, from England, and from France (France, p'toui!))
So I signed aboard a limey brig the Hotspur (the Hotspur)
An' got paralytic drunk on my advance ('vance, 'vance)

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn (beep, beep)

Well that night some of the pirates set to drinkin' (drinkin')
And I meself was heavy on the booze (more booze!)
And I sat upon me ol' sea-chest a-thinkin' (a-thinkin')
I'd turn into me bunk and take a snooze (snooze, snooze)

Paddy Lay Back (Cont.)

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn (beep, beep)

Well I woke up the next mornin' sick an' sore (sore)
Knowin' I'd be on me way again (again, again)
When I heard a voice a-bawlin' at the door (the door)
"Get up, ye sods, and answer to yer names!"

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn (beep, beep)

It was on the quarterdeck when I first saw them (saw them)
Sorry lot I'd never seen before ('2, '3, '4!)
They were signed aboard a Shanghai crew of pirates (pirates)
It made me poor ol' heart feel sick and sore (sore, sore)

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn
(beep, beep)

Well there was Spaniards and Russians and some Dutchmen (Dutchmen)
Some Jolly Cheezers just across from France (France, p'toui!)
Not a one 'ah them could speak a word of English (of English)
They'll answer to the name of "Month's Advance"
(His name's Advance)

Paddy Lay Back (Cont.)

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn
(beep beep)
So I find myself once more again at sea, boys (see boys?)
Same old bloody business over again ('gain, 'gain)
So stamp the capstan round 'n' make some noise (booga booga!)
And sing for me this dear ol' sweet refrain
('please refrain!)

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn
(beep, beep)

Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take out the slack (Take off yer slacks!)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (Be handy)
We're bound for Valipariso 'round the Horn
(beep, beep)

Health to the Company

Traditional

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
And lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For this company 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 this company 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
She smiles on my countenance and sits on me knee
Sure there's no one in Erin as happy as we

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 this company might never all meet here again

Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
We wish her safe landing, without any shock (clap)
Should we ever meet again, by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me

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 this company might never all meet here again

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme

Thank You For Joining us

Entertainment produced by Plunderful Productions LLC

Pirates & Wenches
WEEKEND

Back in Port



14th

ROCK HALL, MD

FESTIVAL PERFORMERS 2021



THE BRIGANDS



PIRATES FOR SAIL



CIRCUS SIREN POD



APPROACHING STORM



FORTUNE'S FOLLY



BIG WHIMSEY



OLD BAY CIRCUS



BRINJAL BAND



BONE & STRING



PINELAND PUPPETS



SKULLDUGGERY CREW



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