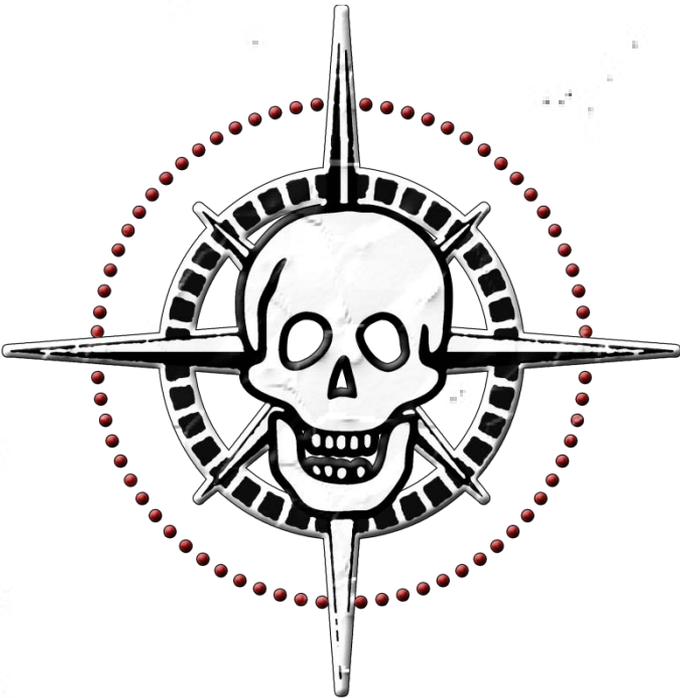


Shanty Sing!



**A Modified Collection of
Common Songs of the Sea**

Volume I

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What is a Sea Shanty?

-Shanties are best defined as a work song that was sung aboard sailing ships to help lighten the tedium of the seamen's day-to-day labor

- Most people know shanties and didn't even realize it! "Blow The Man Down" is a very popular one. For those more Piratically inclined, "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest" from Robert Luis Stevenson's Treasure Island may come to mind

- The "Golden Age of Shanties" that we may think of did not appear until the mid-nineteenth century, but the concepts of these work songs can be traced back as far as the fifteenth century.

How Were Shanties Sung?

- A Lead crew member, or shantyman is appointed to sing the main lines of the shanty. The remainder of the crew will echo the chorus lines back to him.

- Taking the Shanty, "The Derelict/Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest", the shantyman would sing "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest" and everyone else would echo "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!"

- Every time you see the horn labeled "Chorus Line" or a repeating section feel free to sing here!



To learn more information on Sea Shanties, check out the following link: <http://www.cindyvallar.com/seashanty.html>

Happy Singing!

Worst Old Ship

The worst old ship that ever did sail,
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day.

(Chorus)

*And we're waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day
That we get our pay.*



She was built in Roman time,
Held together with bits of twine

(Chorus)

Nothing in the galley—nothing in the hold,
But the skipper's turned in with a bag of gold.

(Chorus)

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak,
Hear her poor old timbers creak.

(Chorus)

We pumped our way round scalby Ness,
When the wind backed round to the west-nor'-west.

(Chorus)

Into the Humber and up the town,
Pump you blighters—pump or drown.(Chorus) x2

The Coasts of High Barbary

Look ahead, look-astern
Look the weather in the
lee!

(Chorus 1)

I see a wreck to
windward,
And a lofty ship to lee!

(Chorus 2)

"O, are you a pirate
Or a man o' war?" cried
we.

(Chorus 1)

"O no! I'm not a pirate
But a man-o-war," cried
he.

(Chorus 2)

We'll back up our topsails
And heave vessel to.

(Chorus 1)

For we have got some
letters
To be carried home by
you.

(Chorus 2)

For broadside, for
broadside
They fought all on the
main;

(Chorus 1)

Until at last the frigate
Shot the pirate's mast
away.

(Chorus 2)

With cutlass and gun,
O we fought for hours
three;

(Chorus 1)

The ship it was their coffin
And their grave it was the
sea

(Chorus 2)



*(Chorus 1) Blow High!
Blow Low! And so sailed
we!*

*(Chorus 2) A-sailing down
along the coast of High
Barbary!*

Randy Dandy O!

Now we are ready to sail for
the Horn,
Weigh hey, roll and go!
Our boots and our clothes,
boys, are all in the pawn,
To be rollicking randy dandy-
O!

(Chorus)

Soon we'll be warping her
out through the locks,
Weigh hey, roll and go!
Where the pretty young girls
all come down in their frocks,
To be rollicking randy dandy-
O!

(Chorus)

Come breast the bars,
bullies, heave her away,
Weigh hey, roll and go!
Soon we'll be rolling her
down through the Bay,
To be rollicking randy dandy-
O!

(Chorus)

Sing goodbye to Sally a n'
goodbye to Sue,
For we are the boy-os who
can kick 'er through

(Chorus)

Oh, man the stout caps'n an'
heave with a will,
Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way
down the hill.

(Chorus)

Heave away bullies, the
wind's drawin' free,
Let's get the glad-rags on an'
drive 'er to sea.

(Chorus)

We're outward bound for
Vallipo Bay,
Get crackin' m'lads, 'tis a hell
o' a way!

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

*Heave a pawl, oh heave
away,*

Way, ay, roll an' go!

*The anchor's on board an'
the cable's all stored,
Timme rollickin' randy
dandy o!*



The Dead Horse

A poor old man
Came riding by.

(Chorus 1)

O, a poor old man
Came riding by,

(Chorus 2)

Says I, "Old man,
Your horse will die."

(Chorus 1)

And if he dies
we'll tan his hide.

(Chorus 2)

And if he don't,
I'll ride him again.

(Chorus 1)

And I'll ride him
'Til the Lord knows when,

(Chorus 2)

He's dead as a nail
In the lamp room door,

*(Chorus 1) And we say so,
And we know so.*

(Chorus 2) O, poor old man.

(Chorus 1)

And he won't come
Worrying us no more

(Chorus 2)

We'll use the hair of his
tail

To sew our sails

(Chorus 1)

And the iron of his shoes
To make deck nails,

(Chorus 2)

Drop him down

With a long long rope

(Chorus 1)

Where the sharks have his
body

And the devil takes his
soul!

(Chorus 2)



The Fish of The Sea

Come all you young
sailormen, listen to me
I'll sing you a song of the fish
in the sea, and it's...

CHORUS

*Windy weather boys, stormy
weather, boys*

*When the wind blows we're
all together, boys*

*Blow ye winds westerly,
blow ye winds, blow
Jolly sou'wester, boys,
steady she goes.*

Up jumps the eel with his
slippery tail,
Climbs up aloft and reefs the
topsail, and it's...

CHORUS

Then up jumps the shark
with his nine rows of teeth
Saying, 'You eat the dough
boys, and I'll eat the beef!'
and it's...

CHORUS

Up jumps the lobster with his
heavy claws,
Bites the main boom right off
by the jaws! and it's..

CHORUS

Up jumps the halibut, lies flat
on the deck

He says, 'Mister Captain,
don't step on my neck' and
it's...

CHORUS

Up jumps the herring, the
king of the sea,
Saying, 'All other fishes, now
you follow me!' and it's...

CHORUS

Up jumps the codfish with
his chuckle-head,
He runs out up forward and
throws out the lead! and
it's...

CHORUS

Up jumps the whale... the
largest of all,
'If you want any wind, well,
I'll blow ye a squall!' and
it's...

CHORUS X2

Good Morning Ladies All

We are outward bound for
Kingston town

(Chorus 1)

An' we'll heave the ol' wheel
round an' round

(Chorus 2)

An' when we get to Kingston
town

(Chorus 1)

Oh, 'tis there we'll drink and
sorrow drown

(Chorus 2)

Them gals down south are
free an' gay

(Chorus 1)

Wid them we'll spend our
hard-earned pay

(Chorus 2)

We'll swing around, we'll
have good fun

(Chorus 1)

An' soon we'll be back on the
homeward run

(Chorus 2)

An' when we get to Bristol
town

(Chorus 1)

For the very last time we'll
waltz around

(Chorus 2)

With Poll and Megan' Sally
too

(Chorus 1)

We'll drink an' dance wid a
hullabaloo

(Chorus 2)

So a long goodbye to all you
dears

(Chorus 1)

Don't cry for us, don't waste
yer tears

(Chorus 2)

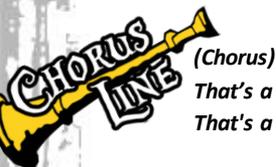


*(Chorus 1) – With a heave-o-
haul*

*(Chorus 2) – Good mornin'
ladies all!*

Derby Ram

As I was going to Derby,
'twas on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sirs,
that ever was fed upon hay.



(Chorus)

*That's a lie, that's a lie
That's a lie, a lie, a lie!*

This ram and I got drunk, sir,
as drunk as drunk could be.
And when we sobered up,
sir, we were far away out on
the sea.

(Chorus)

This wonderful old ram, sir,
was playful as a kid; He
swallowed the captain's
spyglass along with the
bo'sun's fid.

(Chorus)

One morning on the poop,
sir, a fore eight bells was
struck,
He climbed up to the sky's l
yard an' sat down on the
truck.

(Chorus)

This wonderful ol' ram, sir,
he tried a silly trick, He tried
to jump a five-barred fence
an' landed in a rick.

(Chorus)

This wonderful ol' ram, sir, it
grew two horns of brass, One
grew out o' his shoulder
blade, t'other turned into a
mast.

(Chorus)

An' when this ram was killed,
sir, the butcher was covered
in blood,
Five and twenty butcher
boys was carried away the
flood.

(Chorus)

An' when this ram was z
dead, sir, they buried it in St
Joan's,
It tool ten men an' an
elephant to carry one of it's
bones.

(Chorus)

Bully in the Alley



(Chorus)

*Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Way, hey, bully in the alley!
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley,
Bully down in shinbone al!*

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

(Chorus)

For seven long years I courted little Sally,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
But all she did was dilly and dally.
Bully down in shinbone al.

(Chorus)

I ever get back, I'll marry little Sally,
Way, hey, bully in the alley.
Have six kids and live in Shin-bone Alley.
Bully down in shinbone al.

(Chorus)

All for Me Grog



(Chorus)

*Well it's all for me grog, me jolly
jolly grog*

It's all for me beer and tobacco

*For I spent all me tin with the
lassies drinking gin*

*Far across the western ocean I
must wander*

Where are me boots, me
noggin', noggin' boots?

They're all gone for beer and
tobacco

For the heels they are worn out
and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for
better weather

(Chorus)

Where is me shirt, my noggin',
noggin' shirt?

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

For the collar is all wom, and the
sleeves they are all torn

And the tail is looking out for
better weather

(Chorus)

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

They're all gone for beer and
tobacco

Well me flints are all wom out
and me bore is rusted out

And me balls are lookin' out for
better weather

(Chorus)

Where is me bed, me noggin'
noggin' bed

It's all gone for beer and tobacco

Well I lent it to a whore and now
the sheets are all tore

And the springs are looking out
for better weather.

(Alternate chorus)

*Well it's all for me grog, me jolly
jolly grog*

It's all for me beer and tobacco

I spent all me coin always

thinkin' with me groin

*And now the ladies spend what I
have squandered.*



Where are me sails, me noggin'
noggin' sails

They're all gone for beer and
tobacco

Well I we cut 'em with a sword
when the ladies come on board

And now we use 'em all as
padding for our pleasure

(Alt. Chorus)

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

Blow the Man Down



Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea

To me, way hey, blow the man down

Now please pay attention and listen to me

O, give me some time to blow the man down



I'm a deep water sailor just come from Hong Kong
You give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song

When a trim Black Ball liner's preparing for sea
On a trim Black Ball liner I wasted me prime

When a trim Black Ball liner preparing for sea
You'll split your sides laughing such sights you would see

There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all
They're all shipped for sailors aboard the Black Ball

When a big Black Ball liner's a-leaving her dock
The boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock

Now, when the big liner, she's clear of land
Our bosun he roars out the word of command

Come quickly, lay aft to the break of the poop
Or I'll help you along with the toe of me boot

Pay attention to orders, now, you one and all
For see high above there flies the Black Ball

'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will sprawl
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball

Drunken Sailor

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



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

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Put him in a long boat till his sober,
Stick him in a barrel with a hosepipe on him,
Put him in the bed with the captains daughter,
That's what we do with a drunken sailor,

The Derelict

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

Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist!

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 all day down in up-staring eyes

In murk sunset and foul sunrise

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark
Ten of the crew had the murder mark!

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

All lookouts fixed on paradise

All souls bound just contrawise

Fifteen men of 'em good and true - '

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

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,

(The Derelict Cont...)

More was seen through a sternlight screen...
Chartings no doubt where a woman had been

'Twas a flimsy shift on a bunker cot
With a thin dirk slit 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

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
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,

Bilge Pumps Birthday Song

(David Ruffin)



Chorus)

*So have a Happy Birthday
Your cake we hope to share
But don't expect a present
We're pirates, we don't care!*

We know you're getting
older
You're prob'ly gonna die
'Cause we can see your
candles
Light up the nighttime sky

Presents give you lots of joy
Your old joints give you pain
Your friends don't really give
a damn
So go and get a cane!

Your eyes are weak and so's
your back
Your hands and knees they
shake
But that's OK, you'll prob'ly
choke
On a bite of birthday cake!

Have some rum, a cup of
grog
A beer that's cold and tall
Enjoy 'em now 'fore it's too
late
'Cause next it's Geritol!

So let's go have a party
But just be home by nine
We'd hate to have to send
you off
In a long, cold box of pine

So let's all sing the Birthday
Song
Sing if you get the urge
'Cause soon you won't be
singing
When it's a funeral dirge!

Who is The Scarlett Fortuna?

We are a Florida Nonprofit Organization designed to promote literature education among school age children. Together we strive to excite them about reading through interactive events designed for both in and out of the classroom. Our organization relies on volunteers, community support, and donations to provide an adventure of a lifetime by promotin' literature one 'R' at a time!

Although primarily based within the Tampa Bay region, our organization is willing to travel and can be found participating and working around the state at many different festivals and scholastic events.

Find us on Facebook under The Krewe of The Scarlett Fortuna, become a fan, and help support and spread the word today! Huzzah and fair winds mates!

Capt'n James Hawk



www.TheScarlettFortuna.org