



THE BIG SING BOOKLET



Contents

Blow Ye Winds	3
Performed by Cushla Macree	3
Roll Northumbria - The Dreadnaughts	4
Fire Marengo.....	6
Leave Her Johnny	7
Paddy Lay Back (Bound for Valparaiso round the Horn)	9
The Keeper Of The Eddystone Light	10
Roseanna.....	11
SOUTHWEST MY HOME Song by Theo Delaporte	13
Performed by the Dunn Bay Wailers	13
The Mary Ellen Carter - Stan Rogers	14
Northwest Passage - Stan Rogers	16
THE ROSABELLA	17
The Grey Funnel line	18
COCKLES AND MUSSELS (Molly Malone).....	19
Jonah the Unreliable Written by M. Lacey	20
Roll Boys Roll.....	21
The Whale - Terry Fielding and Fred Dyer	23
Aunties Sing Shanties – Steve Foy	25
Donald Where's Your Trousers	27
CHICKEN ON A RAFT.....	29
Crossing the bar Performed by	32
The Essex by Robert Boddington	34
Dead Horse/Poor Old Man (trad)	36

Blow Ye Winds

Performed by Cushla Macree

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York, and Buffalo:
"Five hundred brave Americans, a-whalin' for to go."

**Singing, blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds, high-ho!
Clear away your runnin' gear,
And blow, boys, blow!**

They tell you of the clipper ships a-runnin' in and out
And say you'll take five hundred sperm before you're six months out

They send you to New Bedford town, that famous whaling port
And give you to some land sharks to board and fit you out

And now we're out to sea, my boys, the wind comes on to blow
One-half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below

The skipper's on the quarterdeck a-squintin' at the sails
When up aloft the lookout spots a mighty school of whales

Then lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll travel
But if you get too near his tail, he'll kick you to the Devil

When we've caught a whale, my boys, we'll bring 'im alongside
Then over with our blubber-hooks and rob him of his hide

When we get home, our ship made fast, when we get through our sailin'
A brimming glass around we'll pass, and damn this blubber whalin'

Roll Northumbria - The Dreadnaughts

Performed by Cushla Macree

'Twas late '65 at the old Wallsea Yard
She was commissioned to haul the black tar
Built the Northumbria there on the bar

Roll Northumbria, roll

For when the Egyptians they closed the Red Sea
A call came on high from the powers that be
To build a royal monster right down the key

Roll Northumbria roll, me boys

Roll Northumbria, roll

Carpathia Vengeance Celestial call
She was the tanker to outsize 'em all
From the banks of the Mersey
To the port of Hulal

Roll Northumbria, roll

And fair princess Anne threw a bottle of wine
And watched as the giant set down in the Tyne
What lay ahead could no mortal divine

Roll Northumbria roll, me boys

Roll Northumbria, roll

And it's one for the hot sun above

Two for the empire we love

And it's three for the fire that burns down below

Roll on Northumbria

Roll Northumbria, roll

**And it's one for the hot sun above
Two for the empire we love
And it's three for the fire that burns down below
Roll on Northumbria
Roll Northumbria, roll**

So come all you good workman
Beware the command
It comes down on high from the desk of a man
Who's never held steel or torch in his hands
Roll Northumbria, roll

For atop a wild breaker the cracks in her frame
Spilled her black guts all across the wild main
She limped away through an ocean of flame
**Roll Northumbria roll, me boys
Roll Northumbria, roll**

**And it's one for the hot sun above
Two for the empire we love
And it's three for the fire that burns down below
Roll on Northumbria
Roll Northumbria, roll**

Fire Marengo

Performed by the Sunset Coast Shantymen

Lift him up and carry him along

Fire Marengo, fire away

Put him down where he belongs

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Ease him down and let him lay

Fire Marengo, fire away

Screw him in and there he'll stay

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Now stow him in his hole below

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Stay he must and then he'll go

Fire Marengo, Fire away

When I get back to Liverpool town

Fire Marengo, Fire away

I'll drop a line to little Sally Brown

Fire Marengo, Fire away

I'll haul her high, I'll haul her low

Fire Marengo, Fire away

I'll bust her blocks and make her go

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Ah, Sally she's a pretty little craft

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Hot shot to the fore and rounded aft

Fire Marengo, Fire away

So screw the cotton, oh, screw it down

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Let's get the hell away from Shiloh town

Fire Marengo, Fire away

Fire Marengo, fire away!

Leave Her Johnny

Performed by the Sunset Coast Shanty Crew

I thought I heard the Old Man say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
You can go ashore and take your pay
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
O--oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done, and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her.

Oh the grub was bad and the gales did blow
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The hours were long and the time went slow
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Oh the winds blew hard and the seas rode high
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh she shipped it green and none went by
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Oh, the skipper was bad, but the mate was worse
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
He'd knock you down with a spike and a curse
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Oh the work was hard and the wages low
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
I think it's time for us to go
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Well I thought I heard the bosun say
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Just one more pull and then belay
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Paddy Lay Back (Bound for Valparaiso round the Horn)

Performed by the Lost Quays

**Paddy lay back, (Paddy lay back), Take in your slack (Take in your slack)
Take a turn around the capstan, heave a pawl (heave a pawl)
About ship's stations, boys, be handy (be handy)
We're bound for Valparaiso round the Horn (round the Horn)**

It was a cold and dreary morning in December (December)
And all of my money being spent (being spent)
What day it was I hardly can remember (remember)
When down to the shipping office I went (went went)

That day there was a great demand for sailors (sai-li-ors)
From the colonies, from Frisco and from France (and from France)
So I shipped upon a limey barque, The Hotspur (The Hotspur)
And got paralytic drunk on my advance (my advance)

Chorus

Some of the fellas had been drinking (been drinking)
And me myself was heavy on the booze (on the booze)
So I sat upon my old sea chest a-thinking (a-thinking)
I'd just turn in and have myself a snooze (have a snooze)

I wished I was in 'The Jolly Sai-li-or' (Sai-li-or')
Along with Irish Kate, just drinking beer (drinking beer)
Then I thought, what jolly lads were sai-li-ors (were sai-li-ors)
And with my flipper I wiped away a tear (wiped a tear)

Chorus

We got all the tugs up alongside (alongside)
They towed us from the wharf and out to sea (out to sea)
With half the crew just puking o'er the shipside (the shipside)
And the bloody row that started sickened me (sickened me)

The bosun said he couldn't savvy 'cos (savvy 'cos)
The crew were speaking lingos all galore (all galore)
So the Old Man thought the only thing to do was (to do was)
Pay us ugly buggers off and ship some more (ship some more)

Chorus

The Keeper Of The Eddystone Light

Performed by the Lost Quays

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
From this union there came three
A porpoise and a kipper and the other was me

**Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for the life on the rolling sea! x2**

One night, as I was a-trimming of the glim
And a-singing of a verse from the evening hymn
I head from the starboard a shout "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, sitting on a buoy.

Chorus

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"
My mother then did ask of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish
And the other was served in a chafing dish

Chorus

Well the phosphorus gleamed in her seaweed hair
And I looked again, and my mother wasn't there
But her voice came echoing through the night
"The devil take the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

**Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for the life on the rolling sea! x3**

Roseanna

Performed by Albanach Lass

Oh Roseann, my Roseann

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann

I won't be home tomorrow.

Chorus

Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye,

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye,

I won't be home tomorrow.

The ships are sailing around the bend,

Bye-bye, my Roseanna.

All loaded down with fishermen

I won't be home tomorrow.

Chorus

A dollar a day's a fishermans pay
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
It's easy come, easy slip away
I won't be home tomorrow.

Chorus

We're bound away, across the bay
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
We're bound away at the break of day
I won't be home tomorrow.

Chorus

Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann
I won't be home tomorrow.

Chorus

SOUTHWEST MY HOME Song by Theo Delaporte

Performed by the Dunn Bay Wailers

I'VE STOOD ON CAPES HEADLAND, UNDER MORNING'S CLEAR SKY
VIEWED THE HORIZON, WATCHED HUMPBACKS PASS BY
I'VE SAT ON A CLIFF TOP, IN A WESTERLY BLOW
AND HEARD THE WAVES THUNDER, ON THE ROCKS FAR BELOW

**AND NO ONE WILL EVER, TAKE ME FROM THIS LAND
UNTIL THE LORD CALLS ME, TO SIT AT HIS HAND
FOR THIS IS MY EDEN, AND I'M NOT ALONE
FOR THIS IS MY SOUTHWEST, AND THIS IS MY HOME**

WE'VE LEFT CHILDREN'S FOOTPRINTS, ON THE SOFT GEO SAND
PADDLED WITH MY DOG ON BOARD, 'TILL WE REACHED BACK TO LAND
I'VE WATCHED THE SURF BREAKING, IN THE SUN'S EVENING GLOW
AND TOASTED WITH WINE MADE, FROM THE GRAPES LOCALS GROW

CHORUS

I'VE SWUM CRYSTAL WATERS, OF THE CAPE'S GOLDEN BAYS
AND WANDERED THE VINEYARDS, ON COOL SUMMER DAYS
INSPIRED BY THE SURFERS, SHREDDING THICK ROLLING WAVES
SEEN SIGHTS FROM THE COAST PATH, AND OLD LIMESTONE CAVES

CHORUS

FOR THIS IS MY SOUTHWEST, AND THIS IS MY HOME

The Mary Ellen Carter - Stan Rogers

Performed by Lee Shore

She went down last October, in a pouring driving rain
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt no pain
Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt her mortal blow
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low
There were five of us aboard her, when she finally was awash
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

CHORUS

**Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
Those who loved her best, and were with her 'til the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.**

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end
But insurance paid the loss to them, they let her rest below
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend
Three dives a day in a hardhat suit and twice I've had the bends
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
Or I'd never have the strength to go below
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and porthole down
Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain
And watch the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave
They won't be laughing in another day
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

**Rise again, rise again; though your heart it be broken, And life about to end
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.
Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost to the knowledge of men
Those who loved her best, and were with her 'til the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.**

Northwest Passage - Stan Rogers

Performed by Lee Shore

**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.

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.

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 to forge a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

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.

THE ROSABELLA

Performed by Peter Bugden

One Monday morning in the month of May
One Monday morning in the month of May
I thought I heard the 'old man' say
"The Rosabella will sail today."

We're going on board the Rosabella
We're going on board the Rosabella
We're going on board, right down to board
the saucy Rosabella.

She's a deepwater ship, with a deepwater crew
She's a deepwater ship, with a deepwater crew
You can stick to the coast, but we're damned if we do
on board the Rosabella.

All around Cape Horn in the month of May
All around Cape Horn in the month of May
It's around Cape Horn it's a bloody long way
on board the Rosabella.

Them Bow'ry girls, they make me grieve
Them Bow'ry girls, they make me grieve
They spend my money and make me leave
on board the Rosabella.

One Monday morning in the month of May
One Monday morning in the month of May
I thought I heard the 'old man' say
"The Rosabella will sail today."

The Grey Funnel line

Performed by Duality

Don't mind the rain, or the rolling sea
The weary nights never worried me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away

Here's one more day On the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
And I'll fly up harbor to the girl I love

Chorus

Each time I gaze behind the screws
I wish I had Saint Peter's shoes
Then I'd dance on down that silvery lane
And rest in my true love's arms again

Chorus

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
Then I'd feel my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart, I'd turn around
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound

Chorus

I'll pass the time like summer's sheen
Until blue waters turn into green
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

Here's one more day On the Grey Funnel Line

COCKLES AND MUSSELS (Molly Malone)

Performed by the She Shants

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
She wheeled a wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

A-live, a-live, oh, a-live, a-live, oh
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before.
They both wheeled a barrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

Chorus

All the lads would come courtin', but Molly swore sportin'
Were better than a husband, bringin'worries and woe.
"I'd rather me 'barrow, make a bed neat and narrow,
'Midst me cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o!"

Chorus

She died of a fever, and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad & narrow
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

Chorus

She returned as a zombie, and drove a red combi
And opened the lid of her own pop-up shop
The seafood by golly, smelt bad so did Molly
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive no

A-live, a-live, NO, a-live, a-live, NO
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, NO'
A-live, a-live, oh, a-live, a-live, oh
Crying 'Cockles and Mussels a-live, a-live, oh'

Jonah the Unreliable Written by M. Lacey

Performed by the She Shants

My sweetheart had ambition, he had a silver tongue
And tangled me in blandishments and kisses.
He told me we'd be wealthy, there were fortunes to be won
He'd chosen me above all other misses

Chorus

**Jonah, Jonah, Jonah the unreliable,
Jonah, Jonah, Jonah spending it all on frills and froth,
Jonah, Jonah, Jonah the unreliable
Jonah, Jonah, Jonah you'd best be off**

The years had passed with nothing spare but fishes' guts and scales
So he cast his mind for ways to make a living
To work the land was not his way, it drained his blood of salt
Back to the ocean he was quickly driven.

Chorus

My sweetheart heard about the whale that swims the widest sea
I could tell this captured his imagination
With an eye to the adventure and no thought about the risk
He is setting out with keen anticipation.

Pre chorus

**Let him go, let him go to be swallowed by that whale
Let him sit inside its belly and concoct a mighty tale
I have children by the handful and creditors to pay
And they won't be fed by glory or by valour**

Chorus

**And now what are we all to do, awaiting his return
His feet are loose but mine are firmly planted
In this town there's many a man finding me alone
Might try his luck, my favour finally granted**

Pre chorus

Chorus

Roll Boys Roll

Performed by the Anchormen

Sally Brown, she's the girl for me, boys

Roll boys, roll boys roll

Sally Brown, she's the girl for me, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Oh way down South, oh way down South, boys

Roll boys, roll boys roll

Oh bound away, with a bone in her mouth, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

It's down to Trinidad to see Sally Brown, boys

Roll boys, roll boys roll

Oh rollin' down to Trinidad to paint the bleedin' town, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

She's lovely up aloft, an' she's lovely down below, boys

Roll boys, roll boys roll

She's lovely 'coz she loves me, it's all I want to know, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

She's lovely on the foreyard, she's lovely on the main, boys

Roll boys, roll boys roll

She's lovely in the summertime, she's lovely in the rain, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Ol' Captain Baker, how do you store yer carga

Roll boys, roll boys roll

Some I stow for'ard, boys, an' some I stow after

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Forty fathom or more below, boys

Roll boys, roll boys roll

There's forty fathom or more below, boys

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Oh, way high ya! an' up she rises

Roll boys, roll boys roll

Oh, way high ya! the blocks is different sizes

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

Oh, one more pull, don't ya hear the mate a-bawlin?

Roll boys, roll boys roll

Oh, one more pull, that's the end of all the hawlin'

Way high, Miss Sally Brown

The Whale - Terry Fielding and Fred Dyer

Performed by The Anchormen

Di Di Di Di DA Di DE Di Di (Twice)

They sailed from port one morning the weather it was fair
A gentle breeze it pushed them and no one gave a care
They sang and danced and laughed that night and opened up a keg
They're out to catch the monster whale that took the captain's

Di Di Di Di Da (G) Di DE Di Di

The Captain said "a piece of gold for him who sees me whale"
So bend your backs and row me boys I know that we won't fail

So bend your backs and row me lads and take me to me whale.
Tonight we'll sing and dance and tomorrow night we'll sail.
We'll sail into the harbour no prouder man there'll be;
We'll show them all we captured the monster from the...

Di Di Di Di Di Da Di Di

They saw the whale one morning the weather it was fair
the men were white as ghosts, the Captain didn't care
I'll take this whale myself he cried the weak can stay behind
The strong can share my glory and tonight they'll share my..

Di Di Di Di Di Da Di Di

The whale it came so close it was bigger than the sky
they lowered down the longboat and they heard the captain cry

**Bend your backs and row me lads and take me to me whale.
Tonight we'll sing and dance and tomorrow night we'll sail.
We'll sail into the harbour no prouder man there'll be;
We'll show them all we captured the monster from the...
Di Di Di Di Di Da Di Di**

The whale it came so close it almost tipped the boat
The captain took his spear and he rammed it down it's throat
the whale it gave a mournful cry and lifted it's great tail a
and brought it down a crushing their small boat like a gale
Now 100 years have passed since the Captain and his men
Went down to spend their days in Davy Joneses' den
The whale it goes on living but inside it bears a scar
And if your ever meet that place - a voice calls from afar

**Bend your backs and row me lads and take me to me whale.
Tonight we'll sing and dance and tomorrow night we'll sail.
We'll sail into the harbour no prouder man there'll be;
We'll show them all we captured the monster from the...**

(LAST LINE:x 2)

We'll show them all we captured the monster from the sea

Aunties Sing Shanties – Steve Foy

Performed by the Salty Lake Shantymen

There are so many troubles in our world today,
But if we sing more shanties they'd all go away.
For it's hard to hate your brother when you're both joined in song
So keep singing those shanties and we'll all sing along

Chorus:

**If your aunties sing shanties then here's what you do,
You get yourself to our House 'cause ours sing them too
We'll sing halyards, short hauls, and a capstan or two
And if ye canna sing shanties we'll sing them for you**

I grew up in a dry land beneath the southern cross
And for rock, pop and rap music I couldn't give a toss
But give me a ballad, or a song of the sea,
And you'll soon hear me singing with the whole family

If your aunties sing shanties then here's what you do,
You get yourself to our House 'cause ours sing them too
We'll sing halyards, short hauls, and a capstan or two
And if ye canna sing shanties we'll sing them for you

My daddy sings tenor, my granny sings bass
My Auntie Kate sings soprano, it's all over the place
But when we all sing the chorus it's quite plain to see
We all live in sweet harmonie....eeee

If your aunties sing shanties then here's what you do,
You get yourself to our House 'cause ours sing them too
We'll sing halyards, short hauls, and a capstan or two
And if ye canna sing shanties we'll sing them for you

Now if there's a heaven with an angelic choir
And they don't sing sea shanties then I'll head for the fire
For I'd rather be roasting with the devil below
Than give my dear shanties the old heave ho!

If your aunties sing shanties then here's what you do,
You get yourself to our House 'cause ours sing them too
We'll sing halyards, short hauls, and a capstan or two
And if ye canna sing shanties we'll sing them for you

If your aunties sing shanties then here's what you do,
You get yourself to our House 'cause ours sing them too
We'll sing halyards, short hauls, and a capstan or two
And if ye canna sing shanties we'll sing them for you

Donald Where's Your Trousers

Performed by the Salt Lake Shantymen

I've just come down
From the Isle of Skye
I'm not very big and I'm awful shy
And the lassies shout when I go by
Donald, where's your troosers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

A lassie took me to a ball
And it was slippery in the hall
And I was feared that I would fall
For I had nae on my troosers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

Now I went down to London Town
And I had some fun in the underground
The ladies turned their heads around
Saying, Donald, where are your trousers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello
Donald, where's your troosers?

To wear the kilt is my delight
It is not wrong I know it's right
The Highlanders would get a fright
If they saw me in the trousers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello

Donald, where's your troosers?

The lassies want me every one
Well, let them catch me if they can
You canna take the breaks
Of a Highland man

And I don't wear the trousers

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello

Donald, where's your troosers?

Let the wind blow high
Let the wind blow low
Through the streets, in my kilt I'll go
All the lassies say hello

Donald, where's your troosers?

Donald, where's your troosers?

Donald, where's yer trousers...

CHICKEN ON A RAFT

Performed by the Stranded Wailers

Skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

'Jimmy's laughing like a drain

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Been looking at m' 'comic cuts' again

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning

oh what a terrible sight to see

Dabtoes for'd and the Dustmen aft

sitting there picking at a chicken a raft

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft

They gave me the Middle and the Forenoon too

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

And now I'm pulling in a whaling crew

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

There's a seagull wheeling overhead

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

I ought to be sleeping in a feather bed

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning

oh what a terrible sight to see

Dabtoes for'd and the Dustmen aft

sitting there picking at a chicken a raft

Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft

I had a little girl in 'Donny B'
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
And oh, she made a fool of me
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Her heart was like a Pusser's shower
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning
oh what a terrible sight to see
Dabtoes for'd and the Dustmen aft
sitting there picking at a chicken a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft

An Amazon girl lived in Dumfries
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
She only had kids in twos and threes
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Her sister lives in Maryhill
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
She says she won't but I think she will
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning
oh what a terrible sight to see
Dabtoes for'd and the Dustmen aft
sitting there picking at a chicken a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
She didn't cry, she didn't fuss
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Am I the man that she loves best?
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning
oh what a terrible sight to see
Dabtoes for'd and the Dustmen aft
sitting there picking at a chicken a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hi-Ho, chicken on a raft
Hey-Ho, chicken on a raft

Crossing the bar Performed by

The Stranded Wailers

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea

When I put out to sea
When I put out to sea
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea

But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam
That which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Turns again home
Turns again home
That which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight, and evening bell
And after that the dark
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark

When I embark
When I embark
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark

For tho' from out our borne of time and place
The flood may bare me far
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar

When I have crossed the bar
When I have crossed the bar
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar

The Essex by Robert Boddington

Performed by the Salty Sirens

Oh sea lad, oh sea lad

Yes, what is it, sir?

Where am I? I seem to smell salt in the air

There's a creaking and roaring coming from the floor

And outside I can hear a watery roar

Oh no, sir, don't you know, sir, it's a whaler you're in

The crew are all sturdy folk outside and in

We'll challenge the reefs and we'll weather the gales

The Essex will go out in search of the whales

Oh sea lad, oh sea lad

Yes, what is it, sir?

There's been a mistake, how'd I end up in here?

Last night I was raucous, the street was my bed

Perhaps I got too drunk, and now I am dead

Chorus

Oh sea lad, oh sea lad

Yes, what is it, sir?

Is there not a chance you've a rowboat to spare?

I've been on this ship for a month now I think

I need to go home, I'm in need of a drink

Chorus

Oh sea lad, oh sea lad

Yes, what is it, sir?

There's a whale all approaching, so let us prepare
To turn tail and run for that whale sure is large
This ship would be splinters if it were to charge

Chorus

Oh sea lad, oh sea lad

Yes, what is it, sir?

I think I was right, the whale was coming here
I heard a great crash and we're on a decline
My feet are all wet, and that's not a good sign

Chorus

Oh sea lad, oh sea lad

Yes, what is it, sir?

Perhaps all this blue means we're underwater
I think we are drowning, I think we are through
I think it's the end of the fine Essex crew

Chorus

Dead Horse/Poor Old Man (trad)

Performed by the Salty Sirens

A poor old man came riding by

And we say so, and we know so

Oh a poor old man came riding by

Oh poor old man

Says I, old man, your horse will die

And if he dies, we'll tan his hide

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

I'll ride him until the lord knows when

Now he's as dead as a nail in the lamproom door

And he won't come worrying us no more

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails

And the iron of his shoes to make deck nails

Drop him down with a long, long rope

Where the sharks will have his body and the devil take his soul

A poor old man came riding by

A poor old man came riding by