

# The “BIG SING” Songbook



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## Dead Horse

*Led by the Salty Sirens accompanied by "Sebastian"*

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 we say so, and we know so**

And if he dies, we'll tan his hide

**Oh, poor old man**

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

**And we say so, and we know so**

And I'll ride him until the lord knows when

**Oh, poor old man**

Now he's as dead as a nail in the lamp room door

**And we say so, and we know so**

And he won't come worrying us no more

**Oh, poor old man**

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

**And we say so, and we know so**

And the iron of his shoes to make deck nails

**Oh, poor old man**

Drop him down with a long, long rope

**And we say so, and we know so**

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

**Oh, poor old man**

Oh, 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**

## Twiddles

*Led by The Salty Sirens*

When the ships all get to sailing and the men are off and gone  
What about the women who are up and left alone?  
(D'you) think they sit and twiddle thumbs until their men come home?  
Ha! There's other things to twiddle when the girls are on their own.

**And it's twiddle ee eye dee eye dee eye, twiddle ee eye dee ay  
It's often times a man will leave you broken with dismay  
And it's twiddle ee eye dee eye dee eye, twiddle ee eye dee ay  
There's other things to twiddle when the men have sailed away**

There was this lass Cristina, she is young and she is gay  
She won the heart of a Captain man until he sailed away  
He left her high and dry with just a kiss upon the chin  
But as his ship went sailing out, 'twas she who sailed on in.

### **Chorus**

Elyse she had her lovers, they came in at every door,  
There was never any doubt that she knew how to score,  
But when she needs some pleasing she knows just where to go,  
I take Cristina by the hand and we go down below.

### **Chorus**

Salty Sirens were two ladies who'd been pleased by many men,  
The men would sail away but then they'd come right back again,  
But if they never sailed our way we really didn't care,  
'Cause we know that you don't need a man to twiddle under there.

**And it's twiddle ee eye dee eye dee eye, twiddle ee eye dee ay  
It's often times a man will leave you broken with dismay  
And it's twiddle ee eye dee eye dee eye, twiddle ee eye dee ay  
There's other things to twiddle when the men have sailed away**

## Keep Hauling

(by the Fisherman's Friends)

*Led by James Culverhouse*

A flat Major

When love just seems so far away

**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**

The tide will flood your heart someday

**Keep haulin', boys**

When your guidin' star's in cloudy skies

**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**

You'll find your way to the bright sunrise

**Keep haulin', boys**

**(Chorus)**

**Keep haulin', ho!**

**Rouse and raise your voice**

**Hold your course and don't let go**

**Keep haulin', boys**

If you gave your best and your heart stayed true

**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**

There's only one thing left to do

**Keep haulin', boys**

If you fought so hard and you lost your hold

**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**

Remember fate rewards the bold

**Keep haulin', boys**

**Chorus**

Whatever your ship and wherever your sea

**Keep haulin', keep haulin'**

Whatever your storm or your rocks may be

**Keep haulin', boys**

**Chorus (2x)**

## The Parting Glass

*Led by James Culverhouse*

Of all the money that e'er I had  
I have spent it in good company  
Oh and all the harm I've ever done  
Alas, it was to none but me

And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be to you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They would wish me one more day to stay

But since it fell into my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
I'll gently rise and softly call  
Good night and joy be to you all

## Shanty Club Song

*Led by Dunn Bay Wailers*

*Sung to the tune of "Irish Pub"*

Well, you're walkin' through a city street, you could be in peru  
And you hear a distant calling and you know it's meant for you  
Then you drop what you were doing and you join the merry mob  
And before you know just where you are, you're in a shanty club

**They've got one of them in Albany, and one in Dunsborough too  
Theres another one in Freo and a couple of Bunbury crew  
So whether you sing or tap your foot, or sail a rotten tub  
Wherever you go around the world you'll find a Shanty Club**

Now the concept's fairly simple and its best if you join in  
You sing, you drink ,you bang your fist and pass the bloody pin  
And you know you're in a shanty club the minute the door is cracked  
For a couple of boys with bodhrans will be murdering paddy lay back!

### **(chorus)**

Now the songs they sing are famous, they're songs about the sea  
From nelson's blood to billy o'shea and high barbary  
You may not know them one and all, but they're easy enough to learn  
So tap your foot and bob your head and sing the bloody return!

### **(chorus)**

Now it's time for me to go and drink a couple of beers  
So i'll leave ye sitting at the bar with shanties in ya ears  
You'll be humming them 6 days from now, on the 7th day you'll know  
Blow the man down and roll boys roll and haul away joe!

**They've got one of them in albany, and one in Dunsborough too  
Theres another one in freo and a couple of Bunbury crew  
So whether you sing or tap your foot, or sail a rotten tub  
Wherever you go around the world you'll find a shanty club**

**Wherever you go around the world you'll find a Shanty Club**

## Roll Alabama Roll

*Led By Robert Corner*

When the Alabama's keel was laid

**Roll Alabama roll**

She was laid in the yard of Jonathon Laird

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

She was laid in the yard of Jonathon Laird

**Roll Alabama roll**

She was laid in the town of Birkenhead

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Down the Mersey Channel she sailed then

**Roll Alabama roll**

And Liverpool gave her guns and men

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Out of Mersey Channel she set forth

**Roll Alabama roll**

To destroy the commerce of the North

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Into Cherbourg Harbour she sailed one day

**Roll Alabama roll**

To collect her share of the prize money

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

And many a sailor saw his doom

**Roll Alabama roll**

When the ship Kearsarge sailed into view

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

A shot from the forward pivot that day

**Roll Alabama roll**

Blew the Alabama's steering away

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**

Off the three-mile limit in sixty-four

**Roll Alabama roll**

She sank to the bottom of the ocean floor

**Oh, roll Alabama roll**



## Shiny-O

Led by Janice "Flossy" Fulton

Captain, captain, oh you are a dandy

**Way, hey, shiny O**

Captain, captain, you loves your brandy

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Won't you ferry me over to Dover

**Way, hey, shiny O**

Won't you ferry me all the way to Dover

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

**Way, hey, shiny O**

Queenstown to Dover's a hundred miles or over

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Captain, captain, how deep is the water?

**Way, hey, shiny O**

It measures one inch, six feet and a quarter

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Captain, captain, I loves your daughter

**Way, hey, shiny O**

Captain, captain, you know I loves your daughter

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Shiny O is the captain's daughter

**Way, hey, shiny O**

For her I'm sailing across this water

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Rivers, rivers, rivers are a-rollin'

**Way, hey, shiny O**

Rivers are a-rollin' and I can't get over

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

Captain, captain, oh you are a dandy

**Way, hey, shiny O**

Captain, captain, you loves your brandy

**Way, ay, ay, ay, ay, hey, shiny O**

## Wild Mountain Thyme

*Led by Duality*

Oh, the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
**Will you go, lassie, go?**

**And we'll all go together  
To pick wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?**

I will build my love a bower  
By yon clear and crystal fountain  
And on it, I will pile  
All the flowers of the mountain  
**Will you go, lassie, go?**

And if I should lose my love  
I will surely find another  
Where wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
**Will you go, lassie, go?**

Oh, the summertime is coming  
And the trees are sweetly blooming  
And the wild mountain thyme  
Grows around the blooming heather  
**Will you go, lassie, go?**

**And we'll all go together  
To pick wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will you go, lassie, go?**

## Wild Rover

*Led by Duality*

I've been a wild rover for many a year  
I spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
But 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 in to an alehouse I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady me money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay!"  
"Such 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 out of me pocket ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said: "I have whiskeys and wines on the best!  
And the words that I told you 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**

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son  
And when they've caressed me as oftimes 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**

## Northwest Passage - Stan Rogers

*Led by Bill Shore*

### **Chorus:**

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

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

### **Chorus**

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

### **Chorus**

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

### **Chorus**

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

### **Chorus (x2)**

## Old Maui – Traditional (after Stan Rogers)

*Led by Bill Shore*

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, We whaler-men undergo  
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done, How hard the winds did blow  
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, With a good ship taught and free  
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum, With the girls from 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 the northerly gales through the ice and wind and rain  
Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores, we soon shall see again  
Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea  
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground, rolling down to old Maui.

### **Chorus**

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales, towards our island home  
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung, and we ain't got far to roam  
Our stuns'l's bones is carried away, what care we for that sound  
A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.

### **Chorus**

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far astern  
Them native maids, them tropical glades, is awaiting our return  
Even now their big brown eyes look out, hoping some fine day to see  
Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales, rolling down to old Maui.

### **Chorus**

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, We whaler-men undergo  
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done, How hard the winds did blow  
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground, With a good ship taught and free  
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum, With the girls from old Maui.

### **Chorus (x2)**

## Haul Away Joe

*Led by the Salt Lake Shantymen*

Now when I was a little lad me mother always told me,

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

That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips'd all go mouldy.

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

I sailed the seas for many a year not knowing what I was missing

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

Then I set me sails afore the gales an' started out a-kissing.

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

### **Chorus**

And it's a way – **hey! Haul away, we'll haul away together,**

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

And it's a way – **hey! Haul away, we'll haul for better weather,**

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

Well now me lads I've kissed some girls and squeezed 'em o-so boldly

But now I find its not me lips that started to go mouldy

Call yourself a second mate you cannot tie a bowline,

You cannot even keep your feet when the packet she's a-rollin'.

### **Chorus**

St. Patrick was a gentlemen, he came from decent people,

He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple.

Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and taties.

But now I'm on a Yankee ship a haulin' on the braces.

### **Chorus**

The cook is in the galley now a-making duck so handy.

The captain's in his cabin, a-drinkin' rum and brandy.

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution,

But then he got his head cut off, it spoiled his constitution.

### **Chorus**

## **Aunties Sing Shanties**

*Led by the Salt 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,  
Get yourself round to our house 'cause ours sing them too  
We'll sing halyards and 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

### **Chorus**

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 sing in sweet harmoniee....eeee

### **Chorus**

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!

### **Chorus x 2**

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

## Cockles And Mussels

*Led 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'

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

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

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

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'

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

**She returned as a zombie, and drove a red combi**  
**And opened the lid of her own popup shop**  
**The seafood by golly, smelt bad so did Molly**  
**Crying cockles and mussels alive alive no**  
**Chorus: x 1 "alive alive NO"**

**Chorus: repeat final**



## Being a Pirate

*Led by the She Shants*

**Being a pirate is all fun and games** Till somebody loses an ear;  
It drips down your neck, and it falls on the deck.  
Till someone shouts out, 'Oy, what's this 'ere"  
You can't wear your glasses, nor chat up the lasses,  
Your friends have to shout so you'll hear;  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses an ear.**

### Chorus

**But it's all part, of being a pirate**  
**You can't be a pirate, with all of your parts;**  
**It's all part, of being a pirate**  
**You can't be a pirate, with all of your parts.**

**Being a pirate is all fun and games** Till somebody loses an eye;  
It stings like the blazes, it makes you pull faces,  
You can't let your mates see you cry.  
A dashing black patch will cover the hatch,  
And make sure that the socket stays dry;  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till somebody loses an eye.**

### Chorus

**Being a pirate is all fun and games,** Till somebody loses a hand;  
It spurts and it squirts and it jolly well hurts,  
Pain only a pirate could stand.  
The fash'nable look is a nice metal hook,  
But now you can't play in the and;  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games, Till Somebody loses a hand.**

### Chorus

**Being a pirate is all fun and games,** Till somebody loses a leg;  
It hurts like the dickens, your pace never quickens,  
Hopping around on a peg.  
Ask your sweetheart to marry, too long you've tarried,  
'Cause now you can't kneel down and beg;  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses a leg.**

### Chorus

**But it's all part, of being a pirate**  
**You can't be a pirate, with all of your parts;**  
**It's all part, of being a pirate**  
**You can't be a pirate, with all of your parts.**

**Being a pirate is all fun and games** til somebody loses their heart  
it's painful and broken, of love never spoken  
You've totally missed Cupid's dart  
You sigh and you curse, recite awful verse  
Your passion was doomed from the start;  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games, till somebody loses their heart**

### **Chorus**

**Being a pirate is all fun and games** til somebody loses their voice  
.....

### **Chorus**

**Being a pirate is all fun and games**, til somebody loses a "What's it".  
You didn't choose it, you don't want to lose it,  
And you're hoping that somebody [C] spots it...  
(*Peta* -What's that?)...(*Mere* - I'm not picking that up)  
Then the doc comes along, And she sews it back on  
Or she ties it up tight and she knots it  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games, til somebody loses**  
**a "What's it"..**

**Being a pirate is all fun and games**, Till somebody loses a head;  
It falls with a thud and is covered in blood,  
And your beard is all sticky and red.  
You can't comb your hair, cos your heads over there,  
But besides that by now you'd be dead;  
**Being a pirate is all fun and games,**  
**Till Somebody loses a head.**

### **Chorus x 2**

**But it's all part, of being a pirate**  
**You can't be a pirate, with all of your parts**  
**It's all part, of being a pirate**  
**You can't be a pirate, with all of your parts.**

## **Bound for South Australia**

*Led by the Lost Quays*

In South Australia I was born

**Heave away, haul away**

South Australia round Cape Horn

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Chorus**

**Heave away, you rolling king**

**Heave away, haul away**

**Heave away, oh hear me sing**

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Chorus**

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind

**Heave away, haul away**

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Chorus**

Oh when I sailed across the sea

**Heave away, haul away**

My girl said she'd be true to me

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Chorus**

I rung her all night I rung her all day

**Heave away, haul away**

I rung her before we sailed away

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Chorus**

And now I'm on some foreign strand

**Heave away, haul away**

With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

**We're bound for South Australia**

**Chorus**

And as we wallop around Cape Horn

**Heave away, haul away**

You wish to God you'd never been born

**We're bound for South Australia**

## John Kanaka

*Led by the Lost Quays*

I thought I heard the old man say

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

Today, today is a holiday

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

**Tulai e oooooooooohhh, Tulai e John Kanaka naka tulai e**

I thought I heard the First Mate say

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

You'll work tomorrow, but no work today

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

**Tulai e oooooooooohhh, Tulai e John Kanaka naka tulai e**

We're outward bound from Frisco Bay

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

We're outward bound at the break of day

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

**Tulai e oooooooooohhh, Tulai e John Kanaka naka tulai e**

We're bound away 'round Cape Horn

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

We wish to Christ we'd never been born

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

**Tulai e oooooooooohhh, Tulai e John Kanaka naka tulai e**

It's rotten the meat and weevily bread

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

After a while you'll wish you're dead

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

**Tulai e oooooooooohhh, Tulai e John Kanaka naka tulai e**

I thought I heard the Bosun say

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

It's one more pull and then belay

**HO John Kanaka naka, tulai e**

## **Blow Boys Blow**

*Led by Fraser Adam*

Oh, was you ever on the Congo River?

**Blow boys blow**

Where fever makes the white man shiver

**Blow me bully boys blow**

A Yankee ship come down the river

Her mast and yards they shone like silver

And how d'ye know she's a Yankee liner?

By the Stars and Bars that flies behind her.

And who do you think was the skipper of her?

Why, Bully Hayes, the tough old bugger

Who do you think was first mate of her?

Why, Shanghai Brown, the sailor robber

What do you think she's got for cargo?

Why, black sheep that have run the embargo

What do you think they've got for dinner?

Oh, monkey hearts and donkey's liver

Yonder comes the *Arrow* packet

She fires the gun, can't you hear the racket?

Oh blow me boys and blow forever

Oh blow me down that Congo river

## **Shanty Man** (to tune of Macho Man)

Words: Mick Payne Music: Village People

### **Shanty, wanna feel my shanty x4**

Every man wants to be a Shanty Shanty man  
To have the kind of Shanty always in demand  
Shanties in the mornings, always keen to go  
Shanties in the evening, never will say no  
You can best believe me  
He's a Shanty man  
He'll sing those damn shanties with anyone he can

### **Heave, ho,heave,heave, ho, (t'me)**

**Shanty, Shanty man**  
**I wanna be a Shanty man**  
**Shanty, Shanty man**  
**I wanna be a....**

### **Shanty, wanna feel my shanty x4**

You can tell a Shantyman, he has linen pants  
Stripey shirt, tricorn hat and clogs on which to dance  
When he sings his Shanty, the lads all pull in time  
If you don't pull with the others, you'll feel his cat o nine  
You can best believe me, he's a Shanty man  
He'll sing those damn shanties with anyone he can

### **Heave, ho,heave,heave, ho, (t'me)**

**Shanty, Shanty man**  
**I wanna be a Shanty man**  
**Shanty, Shanty man**  
**I wannabe a.....**

### **Shanty, wanna feel my shanty x4**

Every man ought to be a Shanty Shanty man  
To live amongst his seamen, take shoreleave when he can  
Revel in the hard tack, wash it down with rum  
Turn the capstan round boys, time to start the run  
You can best believe me, he's a Shanty man  
He'll sing those damn shanties with anyone he can

### **Heave, ho,heave,heave, ho, (t'me)**

**Shanty, Shanty man**  
**I wanna be a Shanty man**  
**Shanty, Shanty man**  
**I wanna be a Shanty**  
**(Repeat verse, last line loud)**

## Bay of Suvla

*Led by the Sunset Coast Shanty Crew*

Plucked from the finest of hamlets and dales  
From Sydney and Bristol and Yorkshire we hail  
Riding the finest of summertime gales  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

**And it's away, Suvla Bay**  
**Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay**  
**Fare thee well my pretty young mai-ds**  
**We're bound for the Bay of Suvla**

Our wake it is bursting right over the pier  
The engines do carry this bold chevalier  
To face the brave Abdul Abulbul Amir  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

**<< chorus >>**

And it's haul 'er straight over and hard to the right  
The waters are clear and the sand it is white  
Old Mr. Stopford will set us alight  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

**<< chorus >>**

Well the wind it is fair and the stars have aligned  
We'll sell our salt cod for sweet olives and wine  
And string up the Kaiser by Thanksgiving time  
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

**It's away, Suvla Bay**  
**Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay**  
**Fare thee well my pretty young ma-ids**  
**We're bound for the Bay of Suvla**  
**We are bound for the Bay of Suvla (Slow)**

## Rollicking Randy Dandy O

*Led by the Sunset Coast Shanty Crew*

Now we are ready to head for the horn

**Weigh hey, roll and go!**

Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all in the pawn

**To me Rollicking Randy Dandy-O!**

<< chorus >>

**Heave a pawl, o heave away**

**Weigh hey, roll and go!**

**The anchor's on board and the cables all stored**

**To me rollicking Randy Dandy-O!**

Man the stout capstan and heave with a will

**Weigh hey, roll and go!**

Soon we'll be driving her 'way down the hill

**To me 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 me Rollicking Randy Dandy-O!**

<< chorus >>

Heave away, bullies, you parish-rigged bums

**Weigh hey, roll and go!**

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

**To me 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 me Rollicking Randy Dandy O!**

<< chorus >>

We're outward bound for Geographe Bay

**Weigh hey, roll and go!**

Get crackin' my lads, it's a hell of a way

**To me Rollicking Randy Dandy O!**

<< chorus >>



## The Last Shanty

*Led by the Original Fo'c's'le Firkins*

Well, me father always 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 find a sailor ain't a sailor any more.

**Chorus:...**

**Don't haul on the rope. Don't climb up the mast.  
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last.  
Get your civvies ready for another run ashore.  
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more.**

The Killick of our Mess, he says we have 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 on the deckhead or lying on the floor?

**Chorus....**

They gave us engines that first went up and down.  
Then with more technology the engines went around.  
We know of steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for?  
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more.

**Chorus....**

They gave us an Aldis lamp so we could do it right.  
They gave us a radio to signal day and night.  
We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a semaphore?  
The bunting tosser doesn't toss the bunting any more.

**Chorus....**

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 civvy clothes and find a pub ashore.  
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before.

**Chorus....**

## The Rosabella

*Led by the Original Fo'c's'le Firkins*

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."**

## Seamans Hymn

*Led By Damian Maher*

**F C F Dm**  
Come all you bold seamen, wherever you're bound,  
**F C Dm F**  
And always let Nelson's proud memory go round;  
**F Dm F Dm**  
And pray that the wars, and the tumults may cease,  
**F C Dm F**  
For the greatest of gifts is a sweet, lasting, peace.

**F Dm F Dm**  
May the Lord put an end to these cruel old wars,  
**F C Dm F**  
And bring peace and contentment to all our brave Tars!

(Repeat three times)

## Pleasant and Delightful (G)

*Lead by Damian Maher*

It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn  
When the green fields and the meadows were buried in corn;  
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray  
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day,  
**And the larks they sang melodious (3x) at the dawning of the day.**

Now a sailor and his true love were a-walking one day.  
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.  
I'm bound for the East Indies where the loud cannons roar  
And I'm bound to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore,  
**And I'm bound to leave you Nancy (3x) you're the girl that I adore."**

"Fare thee well my dearest Nancy, no longer can I stay,  
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchors aweigh,  
And the ship she lies waiting for the fast flowing tide,  
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride,  
**And if ever I return again (3x), I will make you my bride."**

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew,  
Saying, "Take this, dearest William, and my heart will go too."  
And as they were embracing tears from her eyes fell,  
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, farewell,"  
**Saying, "May I go along with you?" (3x) "Oh no, my love, farewell,"**

**Thank you for attending the  
Bunbury Sea Shanty Festival.**

**We hope you had a good time.**

**May you have a safe journey home  
and joy be with you all.**

