

Mairi's Wedding

[Chorus] Step we gaily, on we go Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheilings through the town All for Mairi's wedding

Red her cheeks as rowans are Bright her eyes as any star,
Fairest o' them all by far Is our darlin' Mairi

[Instrumental]

Plenty herring, plenty meal Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonny bairns as well That's the toast for Mairi. We shall overcome

Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of the ship was the Billy o' Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
O blow, my bully boys, blow HUH!

[Chorus] Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow HUH!

Before the boat had hit the water
The wha--ale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down below HUH!

No line was cut, no whale was freed;
The Captain's mind was not on greed
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed;
She took the ship in tow HUH!

For forty days, or even more
The line went slack, then tight once more
All boats were lost (there were only four)
But still that whale did go HUH!

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on;
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his irregular call
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all

The Wild Rover

I've been a Wild Rover, for many a year,
and I spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm re-turning with gold in great store
And I never will play the Wild Rover no more

[Chorus] And it's no, nay, never (*clap x 4*),
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 land-lady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay,
Such a custom as yours I can have any day."

[Instrumental]

I brought from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with de-light
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me were only in jest."

We'll Rant and We'll Roar Great Big Sea

Chorus We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below.
Until we strikes bottom inside the two sunkers;
When straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

I'm a son of a sea cook, I'm a cook and a trader
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom
I can handle a jigger, I cuts a fine figure
Whenever I gets in a boat's standing room

Farewell and adieu to ye young maids of Valen
Oderin and Presque, Fox Hole and Bruley
I'm bound for the westward to the wall with the hole in
I can't marry all or it's yokey I'll be

Toora Loora Looral

Over in Killarney, many years ago
Me Mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low,
Just a simple little ditty, in her good old Irish way,
And I'd give the world if she could sing That song to me this day.

Chorus: Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Hush now don't you cry!
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
That's an Irish lullaby.

Oft, in dreams I wander To that cot again,
I feel her arms a huggin' me As when she held me then.
And I hear her voice a hummin' To me_as in days of yore,
When she used to rock me fast asleep Outside the cabin door.

Rolling Down To Old Maui

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, taut and free
And we won'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 the northerly gale through the ice and wind and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands, 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

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

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

Will Ye Go Lassie Go

[Chorus] Will ye go lassie, go?
And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
Near yon pure crystal fountain
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

[Instrumental]

Oh, the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

Leave Her Johnny

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

CHORUS Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her

Oh I thought I heard the Old Man say Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh tomorrow you will get your pay And it's time for us to leave her
The winds blew foul and the seas ran high Leave her, Johnny, leave her
We shipped up green and none went by And it's time for us to leave her

The mate was a bucko and the old man a Turk Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And the bosun was a beggar with the middle name o' work! And it's time for us to leave her
The old man swears and the mate swears too Leave her, Johnny, leave her
The crew will swear and so will you And it's time for us to leave her

The starboard pump is like the crew Leave her, Johnny, leave her
It's all worn out and will not do And it's time for us to leave her
The rats have gone and we the crew Leave her, Johnny, leave her
It's time began that we went too And it's time for us to leave her

Well I pray that we shall ne'er more see Leave her, Johnny, leave her
A hungry ship the likes of she And it's time for us to leave her

My Wild Irish Rose

If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
Of a flower that's now drooped and dead,
Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
Though each holds aloft its proud head.
T'was given to me by a girl that I know,
Since we've met, I've known no repose.
She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

[Chorus] My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows,
And some-day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

They may sing of their roses, which by other names,
Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
But I know that my Rose would never consent
To have that sweet name taken away.
Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by
The bower where my true love grows,
And my one wish has been that some day I may win
The heart of my wild Irish Rose.

Blow The Man Down

I'll sing you a song o' the fish o' the sea,
Way, hey, blow the man down
Come all ye young sailormen listen to me,
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Oh, the first came the herring, "I'm the king of the sea"
Way, hey, blow the man down
He jumped on the poop, "Oh, the captain I'll be"
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Next came the flat-fish, they call him a skate,
Way, hey, blow the man down
"If you be the captain, well then I'm the mate."
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

The next came the hake, he was black as a rook,
Way, hey, blow the man down
Says he, "I'm no sailor, I'll ship as the cook."
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Next came the shark, with his two rows of teeth,
Way, hey, blow the man down
"Cook, mind you the cabbage and I'll mind the beef."
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Then came the eel with his slippery tail,
Way, hey, blow the man down
He climbed up aloft and he cast off each sail
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Then came the mack'rel, with his pretty striped back,
Way, hey, blow the man down
He hauled aft each sheet and he boarded each tack.
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Then came the whale the big-gest' in the sea
Way, hey, blow the man down
Shoutin', 'Haul in yer head sheets, now, hellums a lee!'
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Then came the sprat, he wuz smallest o' all,
Way, hey, blow the man down
He jumped on the poop cryin', 'Maintawps'l haul!'
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
Way, hey, blow the man down
Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
Oh give us some time to blow the man down

Barrett's Privateers

Oh, the year was seventeen seventy-eight
How 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
But I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

Well, Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

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

On the King's birth-day we put to sea
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
We were ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed a-gain
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders, we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold
How 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

Then at length we stood two cables a-way
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main-truck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in me twenty-third year
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
It's been six years since we sailed a-way
And I just made Halifax yesterday

Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

[Chorus] "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

[INSTRUMENTAL]

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 and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Santiana

Oh! Santiana gained a day Away Santiana!
"Napoleon of the West", they say Along the plains of Mexico

[Chorus] Well, heave 'er up and away we'll go Away Santiana!
Heave 'er up and away we'll go Along the plains of Mexico

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew Away Santiana!
And an old salty yank for a captain too Along the plains of Mexico

Santiana fought for gold Away Santiana!
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow Along the plains of Mexico

T'was on the field of Molly-Del-Ray Away Santiana!
Well both his legs got blown away Along the plains of Mexico

It was a fierce and bitter strife Away Santiana!
The general Taylor took his life Along the plains of Mexico

Santiana, now we mourn Away Santiana!
We left him buried off Cape Horn Along the plains of Mexico [END; NO CHORUS]

Isn't it Grand Boys

Look at the coffin, with golden handles
Isn't it grand, boys to be bloody well dead

[Chorus] Let's not have a sniffle, Let's have a bloody good cry
And always remember, the longer you live the Sooner you'll bloody well die

Look at the mourners, bloody great hypocrites
Isn't it grand, boys to be bloody well dead

Look at the flowers, all bloody withered
Isn't it grand, boys to be bloody well dead

Look at the preacher, bloody sanctimonious
Isn't it grand, boys to be bloody well dead

Look at the widow, bloody great female
Isn't it grand, boys to be bloody well dead

Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for ol' England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

Chorus We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas.
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou' west boys,
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, and a white sandy bottom,
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland then Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

Then the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

Now let every man drink off his full bumper,
And let every man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass

When Irish Eyes Are Smilin'

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why
For it never should be there at all
With such power in your smile
Sure a stone you'd beguile
So there's never a teardrop should fall
When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song
And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
You should laugh all the while and all other times smile
And now smile a smile for me

[Chorus] When Irish eyes are smiling, sure'n tis like a morn in spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy All the world seems bright and gay
And when Irish eyes are smiling Sure they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part, of the love in your heart
And it makes even sunshine more bright
Like the linnet's sweet song
Crooning all the day long
Comes your laughter so tender and light
For the springtime of life, is the sweetest of all
And there is ne'er a real care or regret
And while springtime is ours
Throughout all of youth's hours
Let us smile each chance we get

Sugar in the Hold

Well, I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
Screwing cotton all the day. (A)
But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below, (E)
Below, below, below. (A) HUH!

[Chorus] Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Well the J.M. White, she's a brand new boat,
Stern to stem she's mighty fine.
an beat any boat on the New_Orleans line,
Stowing sugar in the hold below. HUH!

Well the engineer shouts through his trumpet:
"Tell the mate we got bad news:
Can't get no steam for the fire in the flue,"
Stowing sugar in the hold below. HUH!

Well the captain's on the quarter deck,
Scratchin' 'way at his old neck.
He shouts out: "Heave the larboard lead!"
Stowing sugar in the hold below. HUH!

Black Velvet Band

Well, in a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound
Many an hour's sweet happiness, have I spent in that neat little town
Till sad misfortune came over me, that caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations, betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus: Her eyes they shone like the diamonds You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair hung over her shoulders Tied up with a black velvet band

Well, I was_out strolling one evening Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel Who was selling her trade in the bar.
While I watched, she took from a customer And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch_came and put me in prison Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Next morning before judge and jury For a trial I had to appear
And the judge, he said, "You young fellow... The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations To follow the black velvet band."

So come_all you jolly young fellows I'd have you take warning by me
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads, Beware of the pretty colleens.
They'll fill you with whiskey and porter Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know, me lads,
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor early in the morning?

[Chorus] Way-hey and up she rises
 Way-hey and up she rises
 Way-hey and up she rises early in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...

Put him in a longboat until he's sober...

Stick him in the scupper with a hose pipe on him...

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter...

That's what we do with the drunken sailor...

Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy I love you so

[INSTRUMENTAL]

And if you come when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an Ave there for me

And I shall feel, though soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
For you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me