

# WVu3a

# Shanty Song Book



**u3a** learn,  
laugh,  
live

Washington Village

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# A Drop of Nelson's Blood

ano

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music. The first system (measures 1-5) features a vocal line with lyrics: "Oh a drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm oh a drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm Oh a". The second system (measures 6-11) continues the vocal line with lyrics: "drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm, and we'll all hang on be - hind. And we'll roll the old cha-ri - ot a-long we'll". Below the vocal line are piano accompaniment staves for the right and left hands. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests, and the left hand has a bass line with long notes and rests. The third system (measures 12-15) continues the vocal line with lyrics: "roll the old cha-ri - ot a-long we'll roll the old cha-ri - ot a-long and we'll all hang on be - hind". The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns.

Oha drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm oh a drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm Oh a

6

drop of Nel-son's blood would-n't do us an - y harm, and we'll all hang on be - hind. And we'll roll the old cha-ri - ot a-long we'll

Roll we'll

Roll we'll

12

roll the old cha-ri - ot a-long we'll roll the old cha-ri - ot a-long and we'll all hang on be - hind

roll we'll roll and we'll all

roll we'll roll and we'll all hang on be - hind

1. Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind.

Chorus:

[And] we'll roll the old chariot along (x3) And we'll all hang on behind!

2. Oh, a plate of Irish stew ...
3. Oh, a roll in the clover ...
4. Oh, a long spell in gaol ...
5. Oh, a nice watch below ...
6. Oh, a night with the gals ...

... Add any verses you like to fit the rhythm

# A Long Time Ago

*♩. = 60*

The musical score consists of three staves: Tune (treble clef), Harmony (treble clef), and Low (bass clef). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked as a quarter note equals 60. The lyrics are: "A - way down south where I - was born, to my way ay - day - A - way down south where I was born a long time a - go - 'Twas a long long time and a ve-ry long time, a long time a - go".

1. Away down south where I was born, to my way-ay-day!  
 Away down south where I was born, a long time a-go.

Chorus:

'Twas a long, long time and a very long time, a long time a-go.

2. Early on a summer's morn, to my way-ay-day!  
 Early on a summer's morn, a long time a-go.

Chorus

3. I made up my mind to go the sea, to my way-ay-day!  
 I made up my mind to go the sea, a long time a-go.

Chorus

# Billy Boy

$\text{♩} = 100$

Tune

where heve ye been aal' the day Bi - ly boy Bil - ly boy? Where heve ye been aal' the day me Bil - ly boy? I've been wal-kin' aa' the

Harmony

where heve ye been aal' the day Bi - ly boy Bil - ly boy? where heve ye been aal' the day me Bil - ly boy? I've been wal-kin' aa' the

10

Vo.

da - y with me char - min' Nan - cy Gre - y an' me Nan - cy kitt-led me fan - cy Oh me dar - lin' Bi - lly boy

ha.

da - with me char - min' Nan - cy Gre - y me Nan - cy kitt-led me fan - cy Oh me dar - lin' Bi - lly boy

1. Where heve ye been aal the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? (repeat)  
I've been walk-in' aal the day. With me charmin' Nancy Grey.  
And me Nancy kittled me fancy, oh me darlin' Billy-boy.
2. Is she fit to be yor wife, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? (repeat)  
She's as fit to be me wife As the fork is to the knife. And me ...
3. Can she cook a bit o' steak, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? (repeat)  
She can cook a bit o' steak Aye, and myek a gairdle cake. And me ...
4. Can she myek an Irish Stew, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? (repeat)  
She can myek an Irish Stew Aye, and "Singin' Hinnies" too. And me ...
5. Does she sleep close unto thee, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? (repeat)  
Aye, she sleeps close unt' me, like the bark is to the tree. And me ...
6. Can she myek a feather bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? (repeat)  
She can myek a feather bed, fit for any sailor's head. And me ...

# Bound for the Rio Grande

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 90$

Tune

Harmony

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea. Oh - Rio - I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea And we're bound for the Ri - o

Grande. then a - way, lo - ve a - way Way - down Ri - o - So fa - re ye we - ll my pre - tty young gel, for we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.

1. I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea. Oh, Rio!  
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea. And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Chorus:

Then away love, away, Way down Rio,  
So fare ye well my pretty young gel, For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

2. Sing goodbye to Sally, and goodbye to Sue. Oh, Rio!  
And you who are listening, goodbye to you.  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
3. Our Ship went sailing out over the bar. Oh, Rio!  
And we pointed her nose for the South-er-en Star.  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
4. Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain. Oh, Rio!  
And we're all of us coming to see you again.  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
5. I said farewell to Kitty my dear. Oh, Rio!  
And she waved her white hand as we passed the South Pier  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
6. The oak, and the ash, and the bonny birk tree. Oh, Rio!  
They're all growing green in the North Countrie.  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

# Donkey Riding

$\text{♩} = 80$

Tune  
Were you ev - er in Que - bec stow - ing tim - ber on the deck. Where there's a king with a gol - den crown, ri - ding on a don - key.

Mid  
Where there's a king with a gol - den crown, ri - ding on a don - key.

Low

9

T  
Hey ho, a - way we go, don - key ri - ding, don - key ri - ding Hey ho, a - way we go, ri - ding on a don - key.

M.  
Hey ho, a - way we go, don - key ri - ding, don - key ri - ding Hey ho, a - way we go, ri - ding on a don - key.

L.  
Hey ho, a - way we go, don - key ri - ding, don - key ri - ding Hey ho, a - way we go, ri - ding on a don - key.

1. Were you ever in Quebec, Stowing timber on the deck?  
Where there's a king with a golden crown, Riding on a donkey.

Chorus:

Hey, ho away we go, donkey riding, donkey riding,  
Hey, ho away we go, Riding on a donkey.

2. Were you ever off the horn, Where it's always fine and warm?  
See the lion and the unicorn, Riding on a donkey.
3. Were you ever in the town, Where the girls walk up and down?  
Waiting for boys to come to town, Riding on a donkey.

# Drunken Sailor

♩ = 160

Harmony

Tune

What shall we do with the drunken sailor? What shall we do with the drunken sailor? What shall we do with the drunken sailor? Ear-ly in the

8

h.

t.

mor - nin' hoor - ray and up she rise - es hoor - ray and up she rise - es Hoo - ray and up she rise - es ear - lye in the mor - nin'!

1. What shall we do with the drunken sailor? (x3)  
Early in the morning!

Chorus:

Hooray and up she rises (x3)  
Early in the morning.

2. Shave his belly with a rusty razor (x3)  
Early in the morning!
3. Put him in the long-boat until he's sober (x3)  
Early in the morning!
4. Pull out the plug and wet him all over (x3)  
Early in the morning!
5. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him (x3)  
Early in the morning!
6. Heave him by the leg in a running bowline (x3)  
Early in the morning!
7. Tie him to the taff rail when she's yard-arm under. (x3)  
Early in the morning!
8. Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter. (x3)  
Early in the morning!
9. That's what we do with a drunken sailor. (x3)  
Early in the morning!

# John Kanaka Naka

Traditional

The image shows a musical score for the song 'John Kanaka Naka'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: 'Tune' (top) and 'Harmony' (bottom). Both are in G major (one sharp) and common time. The lyrics are: "I hear" I heard the old man say, John Ka-na-ka-na-ka tu lai e! To-day, to-day is a ho li day. The second system has two staves: 't.' (top) and 'h.' (bottom). It starts with a measure rest marked '8'. The lyrics are: John ka-na-ka-na-ka tu-lai-e! Tu-lai-e, oh tu-lai-e! John Ka-na-ka-na-ka tu-lai-e!

1. "I hear," I heard the Old Man say, John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
"Tomorrow is our sailing day." John Kanaka naka too lai ay

## Chorus:

Too lai ay, ooohh, too lai ay, John Kanaka naka too lai ay.

2. I thought I heard the bosun say, John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
"Work tomorrow but not today." John Kanaka naka too lai ay
3. The blower says, "Before I'm done". John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
"You'll wish to God you was no man's son." John Kanaka naka too lai ay
4. And the striker says, "Before I'm through". John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
"You'll curse your mother for having you". John Kanaka naka too lai ay
5. There's rotten meat and there's musty bread, John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
And "Pump or drown!" the Old Man said. John Kanaka naka too lai ay
6. She wouldn't wear and she wouldn't stay, John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
She was taking in water night and day. John Kanaka naka too lai ay
7. When we arrive in Mobile Bay. John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
We'll tear the sheets and spend our pay. John Kanaka naka too lai ay
8. Just one more pull, and then belay. John Kanaka naka too lai ay  
Tomorrow, boys, it's our payday. John Kanaka naka too lai ay.

# Johnny Come Down to Hilo

$\text{♩} = 90$

Soprano  
Ne-ver seen the likesince I've been born a rail-roadna-vvy with his sea boots on, well Joh-nny comedown to Hi-lo, poor old man. Oh

Alto  
Ne-ver seen the likesince I've been born a rail-roadna-vvy with his sea boots on, well Joh-nny comedown to HI-lo, poor old man. Oh

Baritone  
Ne-ver seen the likesince I've been born a rail-roadna-vvy with his sea boots on, well Joh-nny comedown to Hi-lo, poor old man. Oh

9

S.  
wake her Oh shake her Oh wake that girl with the blue dress on when Joh-nny comedown to Hi - lo, poor old man

A.  
wake her Oh shake her Oh wake that girl with the blue dress on when Joh-nny comedown to Hi - lo, poor old man

Bar.  
wake her, oh shake her, Oh wake that girl with the blue dress on when Joh-nny comedown to Hi - lo, poor old man!

1. I never seen the like since I been born,  
when a railway navy with his sea boots on says:  
"Johnny come down to Hi - lo. Poor old man"

## Chorus:

Oh wake her, oh, shake her, Oh wake that gel with the blue dress on  
When Johnny come down to Hilo. Poor old man.

2. I love a little girl, across the sea,  
she's a 'Badian beauty and she says to me:  
"Johnny come down to Hi - lo. Poor old man"
3. Oh was you ever down in Mobile Bay?  
Where they screws the cotton on a summer day.  
"Johnny come down to Hi - lo. Poor old man"
4. Did you ever see the old plantation boss,  
with the long-tailed filly and the big black horse?  
"Johnny come down to Hi - lo. Poor old man"
5. I never seen the like since I been born,  
when a railway navy with his sea boots on says:  
"Johnny come down to Hi - lo. Poor old man"

# Lowlands Away

$\text{♩} = 90$  Rhythm is sung freely

Tune

Drone

Hmm(throughout)

I dreamed a dream the o - th - er night Low - lands Lowlands a - way my Joh.nny I dreamed a

11

dream the o - th - er night Low - lands a - way

1. I dreamed a dream the other night.  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
I dreamed a dream the other night.  
Lowlands away.
2. I dreamed my love she came to me.  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
I dreamed my love she came to me.  
Lowlands away.
3. Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep.  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.  
Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep.  
Lowlands away.
4. She waved her hand, she said goodbye.  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John.  
She waved her hand, she said goodbye.  
Lowlands away.
5. I then awoke to hear the cry.  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
I then awoke to hear the cry.  
Lowlands away.
6. Oh, watch on deck, oh watch ahoy!  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
Oh, watch on deck, oh watch ahoy!  
Lowlands away.

# Old Maui

$\text{♩} = 60$

Baritone  It's a damn tough life full of toil a - nd strife we - wha - ler - men un - der - go and we don't give a damn when the

7 Bar.  gale is - done how hard the winds did - blow For we're home - ward bound from the Arc - tic Grounds with a good ship taut and free and we

14 A.  T.  Roll - in' down to old Mau - i me boys roll - in'

Bar.  won't give a damn when we drink our - rum with the girls of Old Mau - i.

20 A.  T.  down to Old Mau - i. We're home - ward bound from the Arc - tic - Grounds, roll - in" down to old Mau - i!

Bar. 

1. It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife we whaler-men undergo,  
And we won't give a damn when the gales are done how hard the winds did blow.  
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic Grounds 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 Grounds, Rolling down to Old Maui

2. Once more we sail with a Northerly gale through the ice, and wind, and rain.  
Them coconut fronds, Them tropical shores, We soon shall see again  
For six hellish months we passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea  
But now we're bound from the Arctic Grounds rolling down to Old Maui
3. Once more we sail with the Northerly gale towards our island home  
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung, and we ain't got far to roam.  
Our stuns'l booms is carried away, what care we for that sound.  
A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.
4. 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 x2

# Santy Anna / Santiana

Traditional

Soprano



San - ti - a - na gained the day, a - way, Sa - ti - a - na, Na - po - le-on of the West they say, a - long the plains of Me - xi - co

Alto



Baritone



9

S.



Heave her up and a - way we go, a - way, San - ti - a - na Heave her up and a - way we - go a - long the plains of Me - xi - co

A.



Bar.



1. Oh! Santiana gained the 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.

2. 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.
3. Santiana fought for gold. Away Santiana!  
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow". Along the plains of Mexico.
4. T'was on the field of Molly-Del-Ray. Away Santiana!  
Well both his legs got blown away. Along the plains of Mexico.
5. It was a fierce and bitter strife. Away Santiana!  
The general Taylor took his life. Along the plains of Mexico.
6. Santiana, now we mourn. Away Santiana!  
We left him buried off Cape Horn. Along the plains of Mexico.

# Shenandoah

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 80$

Tune  
Oh Shenandoah I long to see you - A - way - you rolling ri-ver Oh Shenandoah I long to

Mid

Low

7  
T.  
see you - a - way - we'rebound a - way - a - cross the wi - de Mi - ssou - ri

M.

L.

1. O Shenandoah I long to see you, away, you rolling river.  
O Shenandoah I long to see you, away, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri.
2. O Shenandoah I love your daughter, away, you rolling river.  
For her I'd cross your roaming water, away, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri
3. 'Tis seven years since I've seen you, away, you rolling river.  
'Tis seven years since I've seen you, away, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri
4. O Shenandoah I long to hear you, away, you rolling river.  
O Shenandoah I long to hear you, away, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri
5. O Shenandoah I'll not forget you, away, you rolling river.  
O Shenandoah you're in my mem'ry, away, we're bound away,  
Across the wide Missouri.



# South Australia

Soprano  
Alto  
Baritone

In South Aus-tra-lia I was born. Heave a-way, haul a-way, In South Aus-tra-lia round Cape Horn We're bound for South Aus - tra - lia

S.  
A.  
Bar.

<sup>10</sup>  
Heave a-way you roll-ing kings, Heave a - way, haul a - way All the way you'll hear me sing we're bound for South Aus - tra - lia

1. In South Australia I was born, Heave away, Haul away!  
In South Australia, round Cape Horn, Bound for South Australia

## Chorus:

Haul away, you rollin' king! Heave away, Haul away!  
Haul away, Oh hear me sing! We're bound for South Australia.

2. As I went out one morning fair, Heave away, Haul away!  
'twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair, Bound for South Australia!
3. I shook her up, I shook her down. Heave away, Haul away!  
I shook her up and down the town! Bound for South Australia!
4. I run her all night and I run her all day. Heave away, Haul away!  
And I run her until we sailed away. Bound for South Australia!
5. There ain't but one thing grieves me mind. Heave away, Haul away!  
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind Bound for South Australia!
6. And as we wallop around Cape Horn. Heave away, Haul away!  
You wish to God you'd never been born! Bound for South Australia!
7. In South Australia m' native land. Heave away, Haul away!  
Full a' rocks 'n' thieves and fleas and sand. Bound for South Australia!
8. I wish I was on Australia's strand. Heave away, Haul away!  
With a bottle of whiskey in me hand. Bound for South Australia!  
Chorus (x2)

# The Sailor Likes His Bottle-O!

Traditional

$\text{♩} = 90$

High  
So ear - ly in the mor - ning the sail - or likes - his bo - ttle - O The bo - ttle - O the

Tune  
So ear - ly in the mor - ning the sail - or likes - his bo - ttle - O The bo - ttle - O the

Low  
So ear - ly in the mor - ning the sail - or likes his bo - ttle - O The bo - ttle - O the

h.  
bo - ttle - O the sail - or loves his bo - ttle - O So ear - ly in the mor - ning, the sail - or likes - his bo - ttle - O.

t.  
bo - ttle - O the sail - or loves his bo - ttle - O So ear - ly in the mor - ning, the sail - or likes - his bo - ttle - O.

l.  
bo - ttle - O the sail - or loves his bo - ttle - O So ear - ly in the mor - ning, the sail - or likes - his bo - ttle - O.

## Chorus:

So early in the morning, the sailor likes his bottle-O.

1. The Bottle-O, the Bottle-O, the sailor loves his bottle-O.
2. A bottle of rum, a bottle of gin, a bottle of Irish whiskey-O.
3. The baccy-O, terbaccy-O, the sailor loves his baccy-O.
4. A packet of 'bac and a packet of cut, a plug o' hard terbaccy-O.
5. The lassies-O, the maidens-O, the sailor loves the Judies-O.
6. A bully rough house, bully rough house, the sailor likes a rough house-O.
7. A tread on me coat, an all hands in, a bully good rough and tumble-O.
8. A sing song-O, a sing song-O, the sailor likes a sing song-O.
9. A drinkin' song, a song o' love, a ditty o' seas and shipmates-O.
10. The Bottle-O, the Bottle-O, the sailor loves his bottle-O.

# The Times are Hard [Leave her, Johnny Leave Her]

$\text{♩} = 120$

The time are hard and the wa - g - es low, Oh leave her Joh - n - ny le - ave her. Oh the time are hard and the wa - ges low i - t's time for us to

Oh the times are hard and the wa - ges low i - t's time for us to

The times are hard Oh leave her Joh - nny leave her Oh the times are hard and the wag - es low it's times for us to

9

S. leave her. Leave her Jo - hnn - y lea - ve her Oh leave her Joh - nny leave her for the voyage is done and the winds don't blow, and it's time for us to leave her

A. leave her. Oh leave her Joh - nny leave her for the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and it's time for us to leave her.

T. leave her leave her Joh - nny leave her Oh leave her Joh - nny leave her for eh voyage is done and the winds don't blow and it's times for us to leave her

1. The times are hard and the wages low, Leave her Johnnie leave her  
O the times are hard and the wages low, It's time for us to leave her.

## Chorus:

Leave her, Johnny, leave her, 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.

2. She would not wear, she would not stay, Leave her Johnnie leave her  
She shipped it green both night and day, It's time for us to leave her.
3. It was rotten meat and weevily bread, Leave her Johnnie leave her  
You'll eat it or starve, the old man said, It's time for us to leave her.
4. The winds were foul, all work no play, Leave her Johnnie leave her  
To the Davis Strait and back to the quay, It's time for us to leave her.
5. I thought I heard the old man say, Leave her Johnnie leave her  
You may go ashore and get your pay, It's time for us to leave her.
6. It's time for us to say goodbye, Leave her Johnnie leave her  
For the old pierhead is drawing nigh. It's time for us to leave her.

# [The] Wellerman

$\text{♩} = 70$

Alto

1. There once was a ship that put to sea, and the  
had not been two weeks from shore when  
fore the boat had hit the wa - ter the  
line was cut no whale was freed the

3

A

name of the ship was the Bi - lly O' - Tea, the  
down on her a right whale bore. The  
wha - les tail came up and caught her. All  
cap - tain's mind was not on greed! But

5

A

wind blew - hard, her - bow dipped down - -  
cap - tain called all hands and swore he'd  
hands to the side, har - pooned and fought her, when  
he be - longed to the Whale - man's creed, she took

7

A

- Blow me bu - lly boys blow [Huh!] Soon may the Wellermansome to  
take that whale in tow.  
she dived down be - low  
that ship in tow.

11

A

bring us su - gar and tea and rum One day when the ton - guing is done we'll

15

4x

A

take our leave and go. 2. She For - ty days or ev - en more the line went slack then  
3. Be  
4. No  
5. For

20

A

tight once more, all boats were lost, there were on - ly four, and still that whale did

24

A

go. Soon may the Wel - ler - man come to bring us su - gar and tea and rum.

29

A

One day when the ton - guing is done, we'll take our leave and go! 6. As

33 *all sing - - - - -*

A far as I've heard the fight's still on, the line's not cut and the whale's not gone! The

37 *all sing - - - - -*

A Wel-ler-man makes his a - re - gul - lar call to en - cour - age the cap - tain

40

A crew and all Soon may the Wel-ler-man come, to bring us su-gar and

44

A tea and rum One day when the ton-guing is done, we'll take our leave and go! **1.** **2.** go!

### Harmony for chorus

t

Soon may the Wellerman come to bring us su-gar and tea and rum

m.

1.

13

t

One day when the ton-guing is done we'll take our leave and go.

m.

1.

## Words

1. There once was a ship that put to sea and the name of that ship was the Billy o'Tea  
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down. Blow, me bully boys, blow (Hah!)

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

2. 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 (Hah!)
3. Before the boat had hit the water the whale's tail came up and caught her  
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her when she dived down below (Huh!)
4. 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 that ship in tow (Huh!)
5. 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!
6. 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 a-regular call to encourage the Captain, crew, and all.  
Chorus x2