

THE WELLINGTON SEA SHANTY SOCIETY



SHANTY BOOKLET

January 2022

**PLEASE HAND THIS BOOKLET BACK TO ONE OF THE CREW
AT THE END OF THE SESSION – THANK YOU!**

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1. *Across the Line (The Sailor's Way)*

I've traded with the Māori
Brazilians and Chinese,
I've courted dark-eyed beauties
Beneath the kauri trees
I've travelled along with a laugh and a song
In the land where they call you "mate"
Around the Horn and home again,
For that is the sailor's fate

**Across the Line, the Gulf Stream
I've been in Table Bay
Around the Horn and home again
For that is the sailor's way**

I've run aground in many a sound
Without a pilot aboard
Longboat lowered by lantern light
Pushed off and gently oared
Rowlock creaking, a thumping swell
And a wind that'd make you ache
Who would sail the seven seas
And share a sailor's fate?

Across the Line, the Gulf Stream ...

INSTRUMENTAL

We've sailed away to northward
We've hauled away to east
We've trimmed our sail in the teeth of a gale

And stood in the calmest seas
We've set our course by a southern star
By Stewart through the Strait
Westward round by Milford Sound,
For that is the sailor's fate

Across the Line, the Gulf Stream ... (× 2)

2. Cannibal Jack

Content to feast on man or beast
They call him Cannibal Jack
You got the thirst, the grog he make
Will put you flat on your back
He liked to fight, he fought to kill
He learned to cover his tracks

**“Lost faith in my own race
There's no honour in their hearts
Found more truthfulness of man
In these people of the land”**

And be you warrior, be you sailor
None escape his wrath
Those folk who know, they know to hide
They see the dark top hat
So all you children get to bed
Before the sky turn black

Lost faith in my own race ... (× 3)

3. All For Me Grog

**Well it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly, grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the ladies drinking gin
Across the South Pacific I will wander**

**And it's all for me boots, me noggin, noggin boots
Gone for me beer and tobacco
Well the heels are worn out, and the toes are all kicked out
And the soles are lookin' out for better weather**

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog ...

**And it's all for me shirt, me noggin, noggin shirt
All for me beer and tobacco
Well the collar it is worn, the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather**

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog ...

INSTRUMENTAL

**Well I'm sick in the head, I haven't been to bed
Since I've been ashore for me slumber
Well I spent all me dough on the ladies, don't ye know
Across the South Pacific I will wander**

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog ... (× 5)

4. *Blood-Red Roses*

Come all you sealers and listen to me
Come down, you blood-red roses, come down
A lovely song I'll sing to thee; **come down ...**
It was in eighteen-hundred-and-three; **come down ...**
That we set sail for the southern sea

Oh, you pinks and posies
Come down, you blood-red roses, come down

Our captain he has set us down; **come down ...**
And he has sailed for Sydney town; **come down ...**
And he has left us with some grub; **come down ...**
Just one split pea in a ten-pound tub

Oh, you pinks and posies ...

A bull-seal he is bigger than a mouse; **come down ...**
But a sealer's lot is lower than a louse; **come down ...**
And now we're all covered over with fur; **come down ...**
We've grown us tails like Lucifer

Oh, you pinks and posies ...

INSTRUMENTAL

And when our captain he returns to hell; **come down ...**
We will treat him here for a spell

Oh, you pinks and posies ... (× 7)

5. Anchor Me

Full fathom five
Someday I'll lie
Singing songs that come
From dead men's tongues
Anchor me, anchor me

As the compass turns
And the glass it falls
Where the storm-clouds roll
And the gulls they call
Anchor me, anchor me

**Anchor me, anchor me
In the middle of your deep blue sea
Anchor me, anchor me
In the middle of your deep blue sea
Anchor me, anchor me, anchor me**

Let the salt spray lash
The shivering skin
Where the green waves crash
And the whirlpools spin
Anchor me, anchor me

Anchor me, anchor me ...

Where the banshees cry
And the bells they sound
When you lift me high
When you pull me down

When you pull me down
When you pull me down

Anchor me, anchor me ... (× 3)

6. Come All You Tonguers

Come all you tonguers and land-loving lubbers
Here's a job cutting-in and boiling down blubbers
A job for the youngster or old and ailing
The agent will take any man for shore-whaling

**I am paid in soap and sugar and rum
For cutting in whale and boiling down tongue
The agent's fee makes my blood so to boil
I'll push him in a hot pot of oil**

Go hang the agent, the company too
They are making a fortune off me and off you
No chance of a passage from out of this place
And the price of living's a blooming disgrace

I am paid in soap and sugar and rum ...

INSTRUMENTAL

I am paid in soap and sugar and rum ... (× 2)

7. *The Ballad of Young Nick*

I was born tenth of ten in a town by the sea
And my father's heart died when my mother died bearing me
 Dragged up in sorrow and always alone
Still my heart did beat and my limbs did grow, yo-ho!

And when he'd grown tired of beating me blue
My father said, "I know who'll know what to do with you"
 And off I was bundled to the Reverend's school
Where the bullies were brutal, and the teacher was cruel
And the switch did swing and the tears did flow, yo-ho!

Five years I suffered and fagged and was flogged
 In the name of an absent and furious god
And I learned how to spell and I learned how to hide
And the bruises did heal but the scars did show, yo-ho!

And it came in the spring of my eleventh year
That I'd had all the beatings that one boy could bear
And I leapt out my window and I ran through the night
With my hands all a-shake and heart pounding with fright
And the fear did spur and my heels did fly, yo-ho!

Plymouth's ten miles from the place of my birth
 But I wanted to run to the ends of the earth
 So I hobbled on broken feet down to the docks
Where the night-ladies flirt and the cutpurses flock, yo-ho!

I chose the first unguarded ship that I found
And I boarded though I knew not where she was bound
 And I huddled my bones in a lifeboat astern

And I swore I'd not move, though the whole ship should burn
Till the anchors did weigh and the horizon did grow, yo-ho!

INSTRUMENTAL

Three days from shore I was found by the crew
Huddled and starving and too weak to move
And I asked them all if I was going to die
And they told me, "That's for Captain Cook to decide," yo-ho!

He said, "By rights I should cast you straight overboard
You're a spare mouth to feed that we can ill afford
But I'll see that you're fed if you'll see that you earn it
And I pray for your sake you'll be quick to learn
For the sea loves to feed on a sailor that's slow," yo-ho!

Now I've toiled like a dog from that day to this
I've seen times so hard that I tell you I've missed even
The rod of the Reverend and my father's fists
When the cold waves did tower and the killer winds did blow,
yo-ho!

I've looked on in horror as not once but twice
That mad captain drove us through oceans of ice
And he'd not change his order, and he'd heed no advice
Though the sails set solid and the ropes were like iron
And the frozen air filled with the groans of the dying, yo-ho!

I've seen men marooned, glad to watch us set sail
I've seen a princess held hostage, seen spears fly like hail
I've seen good men go under while bad men prevail
Still my heart does beat and my limbs do grow, yo-ho!

I was born tenth of ten in a town by the sea
And my father's heart died when my mother died bearing me
My heart still lives, and it longs to be home
And it fears that I'm destined forever to roam
Where the cold waves tower and the killer winds blow, yo-ho!

8. *Sailing*

I am sailing, I am sailing,
Home again 'cross the sea
I am sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free

I am flying, I am flying
Like a bird 'cross the sky
I am flying, passing high clouds
To be with you, to be free

Can you hear me, can you hear me
Through the dark night, far away
I am dying, forever trying
To be with you, who can say

We are sailing, we are sailing
Home again 'cross the sea
We are sailing stormy waters
To be near you, to be free

Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free
Oh Lord, to be near you, to be free

9. *La Complainte des Terre-Neuvas*

Il faut qu'tout l'monde mange ici-bas !
C'est-y pas vrai ? C'est-y pas vrai ?
Il faut qu'tout l'monde mange ici-bas!
C'est-y pas vrai, les Terre-Neuvas ?

Nous autres si l'on part sur l'bateau
C'est pour faire manger nos petiots

Des fois l'un d'nous tombe dans la mer
C'est comme une grande gueule affamée

Tant pis pour lui, le pauvr' garçon
Faut qu'ils mangent aussi, les poissons !

Les ceusses qui restent après ça
S'mettent à pêcher ces poissons là !

S'mettent à pêcher avec ardeur,
C'est pour engraisser l'armateur !

Il faut qu'tout l'monde mange ici bas !
Y'a qu'nos petiots qui ne mangent pas !

Puisqu'on ne gagne pas sur l'bateau
De quoi faire manger nos petiots !

Alors qu'est-ce qu'on va fout' la-bas ?
Alors qu'est-ce qu'on va fout' la-bas ?

On va pêcher avec not'coeur
C'est pour engraisser l'armateur !

10. *Le Corsaire Le Grand Coureur*

The corsair *Le Grand Coureur*
A vessel of disaster
When the fleet leaves the shore
In pursuit of enemy
The wind, the waves, and the war
Turn against these men of sea

C'mon all hands, hooray!
C'mon all hands, hoorah!

From the Orient to the great seas
With good waves and good breeze
It tacks to port-side fast
Navigates the way with ease
But alas a gust strikes the mast
Behold the state of our spars!

C'mon all hands, hooray! ...

We must repair for the race
Hoist the sails at a pace
Whilst we work with good cheer
Look to the starboard, sail-ho!
And sure enough a great ship appears
The carronades signal our foe

C'mon all hands, hooray! ...

It was an English ship, it's true
With gun-ports and deadly crew

A trader in human souls
But the French know not fear
No, we will fight till the death-knell toll
The battle's why we're here

C'mon all hands, hooray! ...

With heavy fire, danger grows
We return them blow for blow
And the beards of the brave
Are steaming in the fight
And then a mist does drown us like a wave
And the enemy takes flight!

C'mon all hands, hooray! ... (× 2)

INSTRUMENTAL

And our swag after six months?
Just three times they breached our front
A fleet full of such loot
Half-wrecked but no defeat
One boat was filled with empty boots
Another packed with rotten meat!

C'mon all hands, hooray! ...

For the battles yet to come
We got feasts second to none
We've rancid lard and beans
Vinegar in lieu of wine

Rotten sea-bread fit for a queen
A dose of camphor—rise and shine!

C'mon all hands, hooray! ... (× 2)

And if the story of *Grand Coureur*
Does cause your heart to stir
We've one request—it's sincere
To drink, drink away
Be it wine, be it rum, be it beer
The privateers will cheer hooray!

C'mon all hands, hooray! ... (× 8)

11. *Vive les marins, beaux mariniers*

À Nantes, à Nantes, viens d'arriver
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Trois beaux navires, **lon lire, lire la**
Trois beaux navires, chargés de blé

Trois dames s'en vont les visiter
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Marin marchand, **lon lire, lire la**
Marin marchand, combien, ton blé ?

Entrez, mesdames, vous le verrez
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Nous le vendons, **lon lire, lire la**
Nous le vendons, cent francs l'setier

La plus jeune a le pied léger
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Dedans la barque, **lon lire, lire la**
Dedans la barque elle a sauté

La barque au loin s'en ait aller
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Arrête, arrête, **lon lire, lire la**
Arrête, arrête, beaux mariniers

INSTRUMENTAL

J'entends ma mère m'appeler
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Et mes petits, **lon lire, lire la**
Et mes petits enfants pleurer

Taisez-vous, la belle, vous mentez
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Jamais d'enfant, **lon lire, lire la**
Jamais d'enfant n'avez porté

S'il plait à Dieu, vous en aurez
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
De moi la belle, **lon lire, lire la**
De moi la belle, si vous le voulez

Ce sera un gars, à naviguer
Vive les marins, beaux mariniers
Il portera, **lon lire, lire la**
Il portera, chapeau ciré

12. *Davy Lowston*

Oh my name is Davy Lowston, I did seal, **I did seal**
My name is Davy Lowston, **I did seal**
Though my men and I were lost,
Though our very lives it cost
We did seal, we did seal, we did seal

Set down in Open Bay, we were set down, **we were set down**
Set down in Open Bay, **we were set down**
We were left, we gallant men,
Never more to sail again
For to seal, for to seal, for to seal

Our Captain John Bedar, he set sail, **he set sail**
Our Captain John Bedar, **he set sail**
“I’ll return, men, without fail!”
But he foundered in a gale
And went down, and went down, and went down

INSTRUMENTAL

We cured ten thousand skins for the fur, **for the fur**
We cured ten thousand skins **for the fur**
Brackish water, putrid seal,
We did all of us fall ill
For to die, for to die, for to die

Come all you sailor lads who sail the sea, **sail the sea**
Come all you jolly tars **who sail the sea,**
Though the schooner *Governor Bligh*
Took on some who did not die
Never seal, never seal, never seal

13. *An Eye on the Weather*

In the grumbling months when the weak ones die

Hi-yo! An eye on the weather

In the grumbling months when the weak ones die

Hi-yo! An eye on the weather

In the grumbling months when the weak ones die

They die unshriven and they don't go to heaven

Keep an eye on the wind and an eye on the weather

And the devil take them what's left behind (× 2)

The moon is full, her belly swells; **Hi-yo! ... (× 2)**

The moon is full, her belly swells

But here below we're as hungry as hell

Keep an eye on the wind ...

The shark he wheels and he waits to feed; **Hi-yo! ... (× 2)**

The shark he wheels and he waits to feed

But he won't find a mouthful of meat on me

Keep an eye on the wind ...

INSTRUMENTAL

And if we make land as living men; **Hi-yo! ... (× 2)**

And if we make land as living men

I swear that I'll never set sail again

Keep an eye on the wind ...

14. *The Eddystone Light*

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

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

One night as I was a-trimming the glim
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
I head a voice cry out an “Ahoy!”
And there was my mother sitting on a buoy

Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free ...

“Oh, what has become of my children three?”
My mother then inquired of me
One’s on exhibit as a talking fish
The other was served on a chafing dish

Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free ...

Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair
I looked again, and my mother wasn’t there
But her voice came angrily out of the night
“To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!”

Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free ...

15. *Fiddlers' Green*

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt water and take the sea air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song:
Won't you take me away boys, me time is not long

**Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates I'm taking a trip, mates
And I'll see you some day in Fiddlers' Green**

Now Fiddlers' Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper ...

When you get on the docks and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
When the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper ...

Now, I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song

Wrap me up in me oilskin and jumper ...

16. *Le Forban*

A moi forban, que m'importe la gloire
Les lois du monde et qu'importe la mort !

Sur l'océan j'ai planté ma victoire
Et j'bois mon vin dans une coupe d'or
Vivre d'orgie est ma seule espérance
Le seul bonheur que j'ai pu conquérir

Vin qui pétille
Femme gentille
Sous tes baisers brûlants d'amour
Plaisirs, bataille
Vive la canaille !
Je bois, je chante et je tue tour à tour

Peut-être au mât d'une barque étrangère
Mon corps un jour servira d'étendard
Et tout mon sang rougira la galère
Aujourd'hui fête et, demain, le hasard
Allons esclave, allons, debout mon brave !
Buvons la vie et le vin à grands pots !

Aujourd'hui fête et
Demain, peut-être
Ma tête ira faire son trou dans les flots
Peut-être un jour
Par un coup de fortune
Je capturerai l'or d'un riche galion

Et riche, alors, à vous acheter la lune
Je m'en irai vers d'autres horizons

Là, respecté tout com me un gentilhomme
Moi, qui n'est fus qu'un forban, qu'un bandit
Je pourrai comme le fils d'un roi, tout comme
Comme un bourgeois mourir dans un vrai lit

17. What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?

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

**Way-hey! and up she rises
Way-hey! and up she rises
Way-hey! and up she rises
Early in the morning!**

ALTERNATIVE SOLUTIONS

Sling him in a long boat till he's sober ...
Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him ...
Shave [some part of his anatomy] with a rusty razor ...
Put him into bed with the captain's daughter ...

FINAL REFRAIN

**That's what we do with a drunken sailor
That's what we do with a drunken sailor
That's what we do with a drunken sailor
Early in the morning!**

18. *Hand Over Hand*

Blow wind and crack your cheeks
(Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder)

I ain't seen land in fifty weeks
(My hands getting slow and my bones getting older)
Spent half my life across the line
(The bones of my brothers at the bottom of the ocean)
Staring back at the wake that boils behind
("Brother come down and join us")

Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder
My hands getting slow and my bones getting older
The bones of my brothers at the bottom of the ocean
Sing out, "Brother come down and join us"

Sing of the girl I left on shore
Though I can't remember her face no more
But I hear her voice when a warm wind blows
It beckons me down to the depths below

Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder ...

Heave-ho and break your back
Work your skin to the bone while the boss gets fat
In the deep I dwell with the ones I love
Staring back at the fools that toil above

Hand over hand and shoulder to shoulder ... (× 4)

19. *John Kanak*

On a whaling ship John woke today
John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye
Just as some bloke screamed, “Anchors away!”
John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye

Ah-too-la-aye, ah-too-la-aye
John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye
Ah-too-la-aye, ah-too-la-aye
John Kanak-Kanak, ah-too-la-aye

They signed him up in a beer cafe
Got him drunk for free but soon he'd pay

Now he hoists the sail in the cold sea spray
While the bastard captain he sips Mount Gay

Rounding Cape Horn he started to pray
But God is cruel in a stormy way

They looked for whales all the live-long day
They ain't caught naught but the towering waves

John jumped ship down at Spirits Bay
Met a Māori girl from Whangarei

Now John's content with his wahine
He swears to her he'll never whale again

CHORUS × 3

20. *Mates At Sea*

Flee the dirt, heed the call
Leave the echo, city walls
Grip the wheel, wait the night
We are kindred, side to side
Know the stars, know the breeze
Know the open hallowed seas

**Do it for the love of family
Do it for the heart in all its pain
Do it for the weight of every day
Do it for the mates at sea**

Take it deep, straight and true
We are ancient, we are few
Blow the west, blow the east
Fill the sails, never cease
Ocean deep, blue and vast
We are fleeting, not the last

Do it for the love of family ...

We are kindred, side to side
Know the open hallowed seas
We are ancient, we are few
We are fleeting, not the last

Do it for the love of family ...

21. *The Leaving of Liverpool*

Farewell to you, my own true love
I am going far, far away
I am bound for Californ-i-aye
And I know that I'll return someday

**So fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee**

I have slipped on Yankee clipper ship
Davey Crockett is her name
And Burgess is the captain of her
And they say that she's a floating hell

So fare thee well, my own true love ...

I have sailed with Burgess once before,
And I think that I know him well
If a man's a sailor he will get along
If not then he's sure for hell

So fare thee well, my own true love ...

The sun is in the harbour, love
And I wish that I could remain
For I know that it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again

So fare thee well, my own true love ...

INSTRUMENTAL

**So fare thee well, my own true love
And when I return, united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee (× 3)**

***22. We're Not in London Now
(Sam Parnell's Law)***

Well a ship brought him from a faraway land
Where the labour worked in 14-hour stands
He docked in a place they called "End of Sand"
And he said to Mary he'd thought himself a plan
"We're not in London now
We will not let them take all the light of our days"

**It could be eight hours that we work here
Eight hours for to sleep
Eight hours with the family and the company you keep**

As the boats sailed in to Port Nicholson
Sam Parnell gone welcomed all of them
And he called on all the women and all the men
To never work more than eight hours again
"We're not in London now
It must be on these terms or be thrown in the sea!"

Because it's eight hours that we work here ... (× 3)

23. The Men of the Grand Banks' Cry

Every one of us down here must be fed
It's true what I say, it's true what I say
Every one of us down here must be fed
It's true what I say and the Grand Banks are vast

We signed up to toil on the sea
Cos on land we've got young-uns to feed

I've watched as a mate of mine fell
In the ravenous mouth of the swell

There's no sense in shedding a tear
Them fishes deserve their fair share

He wasn't much good as a mate
We'll see if he does better as bait

We'll fish till we've till broken our backs
So the agent on land can get fat

Every one one of us down here must be fed
And our young-uns are crying for bread

If we make land with nothing to sell
Then the young-uns have nothing as well

What the hell are we gonna do now?
What the hell are we gonna do now?

We're gonna fish till we've till broken our backs
So the agent on land can get fat

24. *New Zealand Whales*

Come all of you whale-men who are cruising for sperm
Come all of you seamen who have rounded Cape Horn
For our captain has told us, and he swears out of hand
There's a thousand whales off the coast of New Zealand (× 2)

'Twas early one morning just as the sun rose
That a voice from the masthead cried out, "There she blows!"
Our captain cried, "Where away and how does he lay?"
"Three points on our lee, sir, scarce two miles away" (× 2)

"Then call up all hands and be of good cheer
Get your lines in your rowboats, and your tackle-falls clear!"
We sailed off the west wind and came up apace
The whaleboats were lowered and set on the chase (× 2)

INSTRUMENTAL

We fought him alongside, harpoon we thrust in
In just over an hour he rolled out his fin
The whale is cut-in, boys, tried out and stowed down
He's worth more to us, boys, than five-hundred pound (× 2)

Our ship it is laden, for home we will steer
There's plenty of rum, boys, and plenty of beer
We'll spend money freely for the pretty girls ashore
And when it's all gone we'll go whaling for more (× 4)

25. A Sailor Needs a Boat

A sailor needs a boat
A sailor needs a beer
I'm on the hunt for both
The bloody cost of living here!

**Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow
Curse your sails as they billow
Hey, ho! I'm a hard working fellow
Landlocked with an eye on the morrow**

It taught me all I know
The great majestic sea
But look at what I got to show
Look at what's become of me

Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow ...

Done a stint across the ditch
Cap'n drove us to the brink
'Twas us who made the bastard rich
I'd love to push him in the drink

Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow ...

INSTRUMENTAL

Hey, I'll tell you 'bout a dream I have
Where I can stay afloat
Well, in it I'm a jolly lad
And then I wake up in your moat

Hey, ho! with the sand as a pillow ... (× 2)

26. Pour le coeur d'un marin

Du port de Nantes a Amsterdam
Quand s'arrachent les bateaux
Que le vent se leve tot
Les voiles claquent pour les oiseaux
Pour les oiseaux, pour les oiseaux

D'Aberdeen à Copenhague
Lève ton verre à la santé
Des Filles et des marées
Le ciel est chaud sous ton chapeau
Sous ton chapeau, sous ton chapeau

De Primel à Barcelone
Quand le faim se fait chagrin
Sur le terre d'un Gamin
Donné le Père était marin
Était marin, était marin

INSTRUMENTAL

De Marseille à Odessa
Prend son chagrin par la main
Met le ciel sous son chapeau
Son coeur chante pour les oiseaux
Pour les oiseaux, pour les oiseaux

Et de Brest à Syracuse
Dans le fumée des cargos
Charger vider t'as dans l'dos

L'envie de voler des oiseaux
Voler des oiseaux, voler des oiseaux (× 2)

27. The Waves of the Great Open Sea

I've lost patience for dry land
And this slow powerless fate
Is this life guided by my hands
Or the man, his coin and the state?

And there's some solace in sweethearts
And in beer drunk among friends

But the gloom grows in the daylight
As we sell our souls to the scum
There's a glory just beyond our sight
It's been passed from father to son

**So we'll set our sails tomorrow
And tonight we'll drink merrily
With the wind there's a way to find freedom
On the waves of the great open sea
With the wind there's a way to find freedom
On the waves of the great open sea** (× 2)

INSTRUMENTAL

So we'll set our sails tomorrow ...

28. Dry Land

When your skin is as dry and as cracked as old leather

Haul away, all hands

And your eyes are burned red by the rum and the weather

Haul away to dry land

Dry land, boys, dry land

It's the only place for a man

If I should die while I roam

Bury my bones on dry land

When the rum's spun your head till you think down is up

Haul away, all hands

And the devil wants paying for your last round of luck

Haul away to dry land

Dry land, boys, dry land

It's the only safe place to stand ...

When your hands take to trembling when you haul on a rope

Haul away, all hands

And your friends left alive are as few as your hopes

Haul away to dry land

Dry land, boys, dry land

It's the only safe place to stand ...

INSTRUMENTAL

Dry land, boys, dry land

It's the only place for a man

**If I should die while I roam
Bury my bones on dry land**

**Dry land, boys, dry land
It's the only safe place to stand
If I should die while I roam
Bury my bones on dry land**

29. A Drop of Nelson's Blood

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind

**And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind**

ADDITIONAL VERSES

A can of Double Brown wouldn't do us any harm ...
A shot of single malt wouldn't do us any harm ...
A little bit of loving wouldn't do us any harm ...
A penthouse suite wouldn't do us any harm ...
A feed of falafel wouldn't do us any harm ...

30. *Haul Away Joe*

When I was a little boy, or so my mother told me
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
That if I did not kiss the girls, my lips would all grow mouldy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
But then he got his head cut off, which spoiled his
constitution
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Oh, once I had a Newtown girl, and she was fat and lazy
Then I got a Brooklyn girl, she damn near drove me crazy

So I got a Tawa girl, and she was kind and tender
She left me for an Aucklander, so young and rich and slender

Way, haul away, I'll sing to you of Nancy
Way, haul away, she's just my cut and fancy

INSTRUMENTAL

Oh, once I was in Napier, working at the New World
Now I'm on the J'ville line, a-hauling suits and schoolgirls

The cook is in the galley, making duff so handy
And the captain's in his cabin, drinking wine and brandy

Way, haul away, the good ship is a-bowling
Way, haul away, the sheet she is a-blowing

Way, haul away, we'll haul away together
Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather

31. *Hori Waiti (Barnet Burns)*

From these marks I earn my keep
I cannot work, still I must eat
and when I look into the glass
for my family I weep
Born a sailor, born to work
Down here they use me as a clerk

The sea it called, a call I heed
From Sydney's shores I promptly fled
With Captain Brown, mastered my trade
Of flax and guns and regions gained
I learned the language of the coast
Within one year I earned a post

A stranger in Mahia
One-hundred miles from Pākehā
I slept, my musket by my side
I feared each hour for my life
I earned the trust of tribe and chief
My spirit grew, I gained belief

And so to bind me to the land
The chief offered his daughter's hand
A ship was sent from Sydney town
With word I was to be shut down
For my friends and world I grieved
My wife with child I wouldn't leave

It was a time of war and death
My iwi swore they would protect
Pledged my honour to my tribe
Fought with my brothers by my side
Armed with slaves in search of flax
One night Ngai Te Rangi attacked

We fought till every man was beaten
All but I was killed and eaten
The rival chief pled that I stay
That I fight, and that I trade
The jealous said they'd eat my heart
They called for proof I'd play my part

For seven days they cut my face
Then in the rain I fled in haste
Cries of joy when I appeared
Musket shots, revenge declared
One-hundred toa I led to war
In the siege of Kekeparoa

And with my moko entire
A rangatira or a liar
Two years I lived in happiness
The likes I will forever miss
Then the sea it called, a call I heed
For this I'm cursed and now I bleed

The *Bardester* of Liverpool
Would make land, make me a fool
Sydney-bound, my wife I left
Of brothers and of sons bereft
Every night I sell this story
For the coin more than the glory

No man's known more regret
Those distant islands haunt me yet
And the sea keeps us apart
Across the sea I left my heart

32. Ship In A Squall

We don't need no navigation
We don't need no port control
No mad marauders from the starboard
Captain! leave us mates alone

Hey! Captain! Leave us mates alone
All in all you're just another ship in a squall (× 2)

33. *Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)*

Sweet dreams are made of this
Who am I to disagree
I travel the world and the seven seas
Everybody's looking for something
Some of them want to board you
Some of them want you overboard
Some of them want to loot you
Some of them want to be your loot

Sweet dreams are made of this ...

Hoist your sail
Movin' on
Heave-ho brother
Movin' on
Dead ahead
Movin' on
Heave-ho brother
Movin' on

Sweet dream s are made of this ...

34. *Reagan Dougan*

It was an illustrious crew aboard the *Manchester*
All buccaneers o' the big blue and captained by Spencer
A chain o' gold or a wooden leg, whatever, come what may
The pirate oath'll keep us true until judgement day!

**So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho!
Stand by to board, and then our hoard
Will only grow and grow
Slay 'em all for the haul, or your final hurrah
Will be to hang your neck in noose
Like a pompous bourgeoisie!**

It was a sacred gang o' scum, sea-farin' pirates all
Sallywags each and every one, at daylight and nightfall
To steal and loot and stab and shoot, it's our oc-cu-pa-tion
For the gold you have to kill, it's no quarter given!

So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho! ...

Revelry, addled frenzy, no fear o' hangin' dead
Your heart lives on, dreams of sea, your hands are bloody red
For a lass or an affront we'll fight another day
We only dream of the hunt, for it's "No prey means no pay!"

So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho! ...

Hurrah the girls, hurrah the fair, we moor in the Caribbees
We're gonna drink up to forget great carnage of the seas
And in my final battle fought, my arm got cut right off
After one thousand coins were swiped
from a stinking bourgeois toff

So, Reagan Dougan and the sailor folk, hi ho! ... (× 2)

35. *Six Months in a Leaky Boat*

When I was a young boy
I wanted to sail round the world
That's the life for me
Living on the sea
Spirit of a sailor
Circumnavigates the globe
The lust of a pioneer
Will acknowledge no frontier

I remember you by
Thunderclap in the sky
Lightning flash, tempers flare
Round the Horn if you dare
I just spent six months in a leaky boat
Lucky just to keep afloat

Aotearoa
Rugged individual
Glisten like a pearl
At the bottom of the world
The tyranny of distance
Didn't stop the cavalier
So why should it stop me?
I'll conquer and stay free

Ah, come on all you lads
Let's forget and forgive
There's a world to explore
Tales to tell back on shore

I just spent six months in a leaky boat
Six months in a leaky boat

INSTRUMENTAL

Shipwrecked love can be cruel
Don't be fooled by her kind
There's a wind in my sails
Will protect and prevail
I just spent six months in a leaky boat
Nothing to it, leaky boat

36. Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort

**Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort
Yop là ho, une bouteille de ruhm
A boire et l'diable avait réglé leur sort
Yop là ho, une bouteille de ruhm**

Long John Silver a pris le commandement
Des marins, et vogue la galère
Il tient ses hommes comme il tient le vent
Tout le monde à peur de John Long Silver

Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...

C'est lui le second du corsaire
Le capitaine Flerit dis la colère
Est revenu du royaume des morts
Pour hanter la cache au trésor

Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...

Essaie un peu de le contrecarrer
Et tu iras où d'autres sont allés
Quelqu's'uns aux vergues et quelq's'uns par d'sus bord
Tout le monde pour nourrir les poissons d'abord

Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...

Tous finiront par danser la gigue
La corde au cou au quai des pendus
Toi John Forest et toi John Merwig
Si près du gibet qu'j'en ai l'cou tordu

Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort ...

**Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!**

37. Salió de Jamaica

Salió de Jamaica
rumbo a Nueva York
un barco velero
un barco velero, cargado de ron

En medio del mar
el barco se hundió

la culpa la tuvo
el señor capitán que se emborrachó

**No siento el barco
no siento el barco que se perdió
siento el marino
siento el marino y la tripulación**

**Pobres marinos
pobres pedazos del corazón
que la mar brava
que la mar brava se los llevó**

Señor capitán (**Señor capitán**)
dejeme subirá (**dejeme subirá**)
izar la bandera
al palo más alto de su bergantín

INSTRUMENTAL

No siento el barco ...

Pobres marinos ...

Señor capitán (**Señor capitán**) ...

Pobres marinos ...

Señor capitán (**Señor capitán**) ...

38. Whaling

You sing bravo, bravo
You're a brave, brave man
I know it's just bravado
You never sink cos you swim

And when your ship can't handle
The heaviest seas
Your spirits will get you through
Go down on bended knees

You sing save me, save me
Save me from myself
I'm the first to get trigger-happy
First to think of my own health
Cos I'm, oh I'm—

**Cos I'm whaling, out on the green
I'll never get used to the sea
But I'm whaling, manning my harpoon
Not where I want it to be**

**But I'm whaling, feel like Jonah
Never meaning you no harm
But I'm whaling, next port of call
Back in my sweet baby's arms**

**In a room, close, savouring our love
While we got rest and recreation**

You sing bravo, bravo
Save me from myself
I'm the first to get trigger-happy
First to think of my own health
Cos I'm, oh I'm—

Cos I'm whaling, out on the green ...

39. Soon May the Wellerman Come

There was a ship that was put to sea
The name of the ship was the *Billy of Tea*
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down
O blow, my bully-boys, blow

**Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day when the tonguing 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

Soon may the Wellerman come ...

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

Soon may the Wellerman come ...

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

Soon may the Wellerman come ...

INSTRUMENTAL

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

Soon may the Wellerman come ...

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 regular call
To the Captain, crew, and all

Soon may the Wellerman come ... (× 2)

The Sea Hates a Coward: A History of the Wellington Sea Shanty Society

What comes first—the sea or the shanty? For some, the shanty is their only way to relate the unrelatable: the foam of days, a life at sea. For others, a shanty may assuage a malady, something the sea alone can cure. Since time immemorial (1804), members of the Wellington Sea Shanty Society, however, have known there is no separating the salt from the spume.

They say the first W.S.S.S. shanteur was half man, half taniwha, half woman; wasn't so much born, as broke upon the land like a rogue wave round Makara way; had a voice like a porpoise in heat; and moved like seaweed in the shallows. This mysterious progenitor soon had the whares and flophouses of Whanganui-a-Tara awash with marine melodies. Wellington was officially a shanty town.

The most affected began to meet secretly, after dark, at bring-a-bottle affairs on the bad side of Breaker Bay. The gatherings were frequented by visiting sailors from far and wide—and the regulars, known as the finest (and drunkest) choir in the south seas. No surprise, then, that when the law came to town, they were driven underground.

But—the bottle is full again! The W.S.S.S. have surfaced and can be heard singing once more. What's more, they can be sung with too! Without (much) fear of imprisonment. The current performing members, Lake Davineer and Vorn dont le Père etait Marin, have even been accorded the rank of Shanatee* —the highest honour the W.S.S.S. can bestow.

It's not often a group is at once our heritage and our future. With a shanty there's a way to find freedom, on the waves of the great open sea ...

* After the legendary group of manatees taught to sing shanties by 15th-century sailors

Lin Seal, *Wellington Nautical History Monthly*

www.wellingtonseashantysociety.com

Index of Tunes

Pg	Shanty	Key	Words and music
4	Across the Line (The Sailor's Way)	C	Anon., 1870s (words); Jim Delahunty (music)
6	All For Me Grog	E	Anon.
8	Anchor Me	A	Don McGlashan (The Muttonbirds)
10	The Ballad of Young Nick	g	W.S.S.S.
7	Blood-Red Roses	G	Anon.
5	Cannibal Jack	g	W.S.S.S.
9	Come All You Tonguers	D	Anon., 1830s NZ
13	La Complainte des Terre-Neuvas	e	Gaston Couté (words); Gérard Pierron & Marc Robine (music)
14	Le Corsaire <i>Le Grand Coureur</i>	d	Anon., tr. W.S.S.S.
18	Davy Lowston	G	Anon., c.1814 NZ
34	Dry Land	C	W.S.S.S.
35	A Drop of Nelson's Blood	a	Anon., arr. W.S.S.S.
19	An Eye on the Weather	g	W.S.S.S.
20	The Eddystone Light	C	Anon., 1800s
21	Fiddlers' Green	F	John Conolly
22	Le Forban		Trad.
24	Hand Over Hand	e	W.S.S.S.
36	Haul Away Joe	b	Anon., arr. W.S.S.S.
37	Hori Waiti (Barnet Burns)	e	W.S.S.S.
25	John Kanak	E	Anon., tr. W.S.S.S.
27	The Leaving of Liverpool	C	Anon.

Pg	Shanty	Key	Words and music
26	Mates At Sea	g	W.S.S.S.
29	The Men of the Grand Banks' Cry	e	Gaston Couté, tr. W.S.S.S. (words); Gérard Pierron & Marc Robine (music)
30	New Zealand Whales	D	Anon., 1800s
32	Pour le coeur d'un marin	e	Anon.
43	Quinzes marins sur le bahu du mort	d	Michel Tonnerre
40	Reagan Dougan	c-sharp	Michel Tonnerre, tr. W.S.S.S.
12	Sailing	E	Gavin Sutherland
31	A Sailor Needs a Boat	C	W.S.S.S.
44	Salió de Jamaica	C	Anon. (attrib. Ricardo Lafuente)
42	Six Months in a Leaky Boat	D	Tim Finn (Split Enz)
47	Soon May the Wellerman Come	a	Anon., c.1860-70
40	Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)	b	The Eurhythmics, arr. W.S.S.S.
16	Vive les marins, beaux mariniers	g	Anon.
33	The Waves of the Great Open Sea	f-sharp	W.S.S.S.
28	We're Not in London Now (Sam Parnell's Law)	g	W.S.S.S.
46	Whaling	C	Dave Dobbyn (DD Smash)