

# **Shower Chanteys**

**as recorded (mostly) by Chris Maden**

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Welcome! This is a by-product of the recording of the album *Shower Chanteys*, released in October 2018.

As the album was just me, multi-tracked, maintaining pitch was difficult. My engineer, Jim Prendergast, suggested making MIDI files to sing along with. It worked out great (or at least, I think so).

The best tool I know of for making MIDI files is LilyPond (free software, which you can get from [lilypond.org](http://lilypond.org)), which is also a great tool for making engraved music. And since one of my Kickstarter backers asked if I would be publishing lyrics and chords, I figured, why not just release the arrangements I used for the recording?

So here you go. None of these songs are under copyright, and while the arrangements were... well, arranged, by me, I disclaim any copyright in them. They are my favorite bits that I've heard or sung with other people over the years, but I really can't claim that they're *mine* as such.

While I've cleaned up the presentation a bit, these are pretty much what I brought into the studio with me. I hope you find them useful and/or amusing. You can find the MIDI files at [music.maden.org](http://music.maden.org), and also check if there are any updates to this book. There you'll also find notes about each of these songs—what kind of chantey it is, and a little bit about its background.

Thank you to all my Kickstarter backers who made this album (and songbook) possible, and to everyone who sings sea chanteys everywhere.

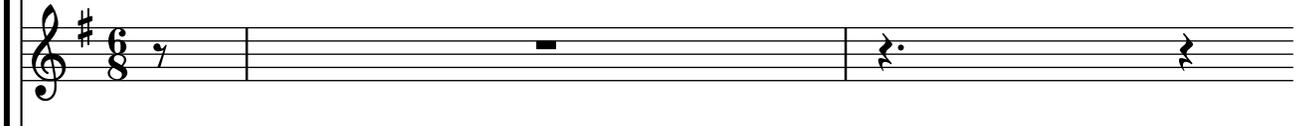
Keep singing,  
Chris Maden  
November 2018

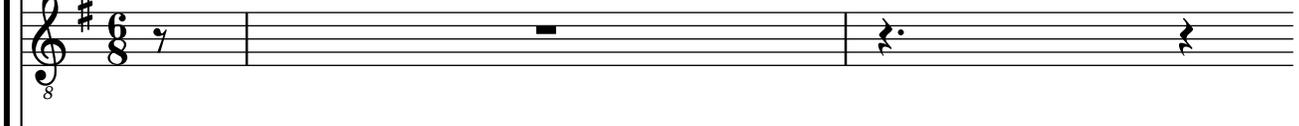
first release, April 2019

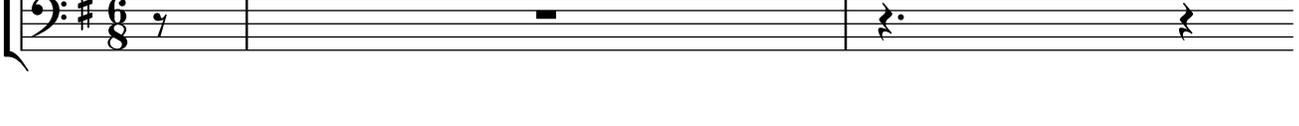
# Rio Grande

arr. C. Maden

Lead   $\text{♩} = 66$

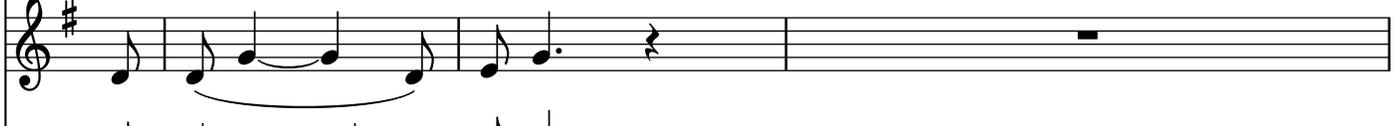
Alto 

Tenor 

Bass 

1. I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea.
2. A ship went a - sail - in' out o - ver the bar;
3. Oh, was you ev - er in Ri - o Grande?
4. Oh, Ri - o Grande is my na - tive land;
5. Oh, New York town is no place for me;
6. There's some of us sick and there's some of us sore;
7. So heave with a will, boys, heave good and strong;
8. An' it's good - bye to Sal - ly and good - bye to Sue;

L.   $\text{♩} = 66$

A. 

T. 

B. 

Ch. A - way, Ri - o!

1. I'll sing a good cho - rus, if you'll
2. She's point - ed her bow to the
3. It's there that the riv - er runs
4. It's there that I would
5. I'll jump on a pack - et and
6. We've scoffed all our whack and we're
7. They'll cheer on the pier - head as
8. And them that's as liste - nin', it's

6

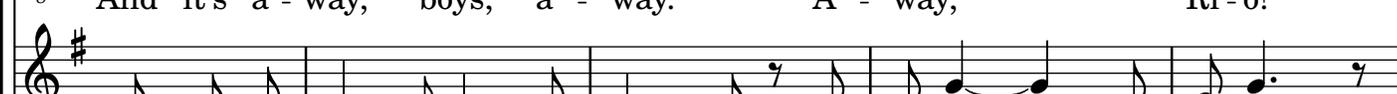
L.  sing it with me, **Ch.** And we're bound for the Ri - o Grande!  
 south - er - n star,  
 down gold - en sand,  
 take — my stand,  
 head back to sea,  
 look - in' for more,  
 we roll a - long,  
 fare - well to you,

A. 

T. 

B. 

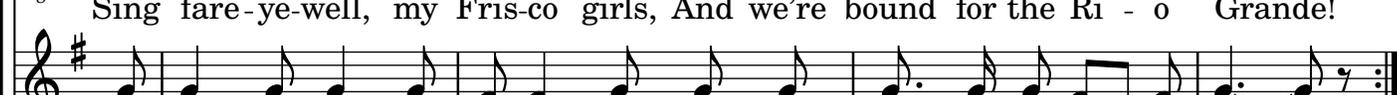
L.  And it's a - way, boys, a - way. A - way, Ri - o!

A. 

T. 

B. 

L.  Sing fare-ye-well, my Fris-co girls, And we're bound for the Ri - o Grande!

A. 

T. 

B. 

# Blood-Red Roses

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 88$

1. A bon - ny bunch of ro - ses, oh!  
2. Our boots and clothes are all in pawn!

Tenor

Bass

Go down, you blood-red ro - ses,

5

L.

T.

B.

It's time for us to roll and go!  
It's flam-ing drafty 'round Cape Horn!

go down! Go down, you blood-red ro - ses,

10

L.

T.

B.

Oh, you pinks and po - sies!

go down! Go down, you bloodred ro - ses, go down!

6

3 My dear old mother, she wrote to me:  
My son, my son, come home from sea!

4 You got your advance and to sea you'll go;  
To chase them whales through the frost and snow.

5 When you wallop around Cape Horn,  
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born.

6 Around Cape Stiff we all most go,  
Around Cape Freeze through the frost and snow.

7 It's growl you may, but go you must;  
If you growl too much, your head they'll bust.

8 Around Cape Horn we all must go,  
For that is where them whalefish blow.

9 Oh, rock and shake her is the cry;  
The bleeding topmast shiv is dry!

10 It's one more pull, and that will do;  
And we're the bullies for to kick her through.

# Reuben Ranzo

arr. C. Maden

Lead

♩ = 84

1. Poor old Reu - ben Ran - zo; Oh,  
2. Ran - zo was no sail - or; (Ran - zo, me boys, Ran - zo!) He

Chorus

L.

5

poor old Reu - ben Ran - zo.  
was a New York tail - or. (Ran - zo, me boys, Ran - zo!)

Ch.

3 Shanghaied aboard a whaler;  
Oh, Ranzo was no sailor.

9 She gave him cake and water,  
And a little bit more than she oughter.

4 They gave him holystoning,  
For he would not stop his groaning.

10 She gave him education,  
And taught him navigation.

5 The mate, he gave him twenty;  
That's nineteen more than plenty.

11 Now Ranzo is a sailor,  
A-sailing on blue water.

6 The captain gave him thirty,  
Because he was so dirty.

12 He's known wherever them whalefish blow,  
As the toughest bastard on the go.

7 The captain's daughter, Lucy,  
She begged her da for mercy.

13 Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo;  
Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo!

8 She took him to her cabin,  
And tried to ease his aching.

14 Hurrah for Reuben Ranzo;  
Hurrah for Captain Ranzo!

# Drinking That Wine

arr. C. Maden

Lead

$\text{♩} = 45$

8

1. If my mo - ther asks for me, Tell her that
2. Two white hors - es, side by side; None can
3. When I get to the Prom - ised Land, I'm not gon - na
4. Down by the riv - er, I'm a - gon' walk, Me and the
5. Two white hors - es, side by side; One of these
6. So if my mo - ther asks for me, Tell her that

Alto

Tenor

Bass

L.

3

8

death done sum - moned me. Ch. You ought-a been there ten thou-sand  
 ride but the sanc - ti - fied.  
 stop till I shake my fa-ther's hand.  
 Lord gon-na have a lit - tle talk.  
 hors - es I'm bound to ride.  
 death done sum - moned me.

A.

T.

B.

6

L. years, drink-ing that wine. Drink-ing that wine, wine,

A.

T.

B.

10

L. wine; Drink-ing that wine, oh, yes, my Lord; You ought-a been

A.

T.

B.

13

L. there ten thou - sand years, drink - ing that wine.

A.

T.

B.

# Nelson's Blood

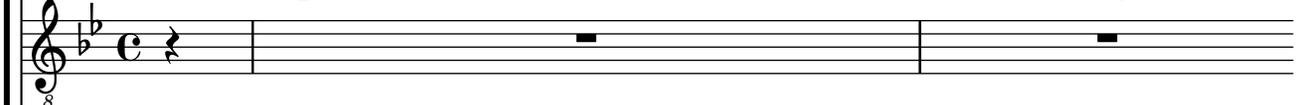
(Roll the Old Chariot)

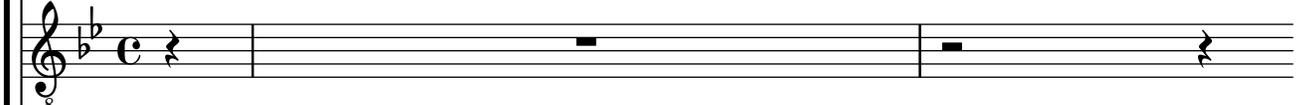
arr. C. Maden

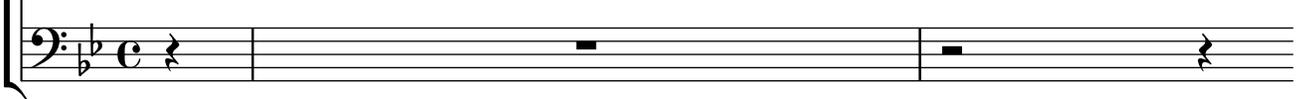
Lead 

8

1. A drop of Nel - son's blood\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,
2. A plate of I - rish stew\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,
3. A cold\_ glass of beer\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,
4. A qui - et watch be - low\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,
5. A night's\_ lib - er - ty\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,
6. A - noth - er tot of whis - key would - n't do us an - y harm,
7. A qui - et night in jail\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,
8. A drop of Nel - son's blood\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,

Treble 

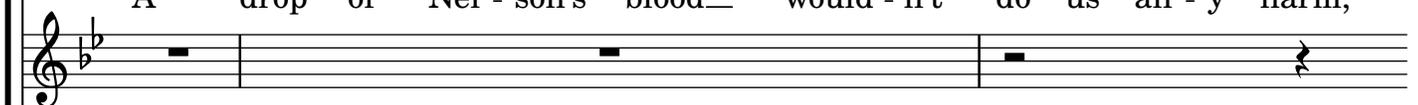
Tenor 

Bass 

L. 

8

A drop of Nel - son's blood\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A plate of I - rish stew\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A cold\_ glass of beer\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A qui - et watch be - low\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A night's\_ lib - er - ty\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A - noth - er tot of whis - key would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A qui - et night in jail\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A drop of Nel - son's blood\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,

Tr. 

T. 

B. 

L.    
 A drop of Nel - son's blood\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A plate of I - rish stew\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A cold\_ glass of beer\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A qui - et watch be - low\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A night's\_ lib - er - ty\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A - noth - er tot of whis - key would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A qui - et night in jail\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,  
 A drop of Nel - son's blood\_ would - n't do us an - y harm,

Tr.    
 T.    
 B. 

L.    
 And we'll all hang on be - hind. Ch. We'll roll the old  
 And we'll all hang on be - hind.  
 And we'll all hang on be - hind.

Tr.    
 T.    
 B. 

10

L. cha - ri - ot a - long, We'll roll the old cha - ri - ot a - long,

Tr.

T.

B.

L. We'll roll the old cha-ri-ot a-long, And we'll all hang on be - hind.

Tr.

T.

B.

# Boney

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 112$

1. Bo-ney was a war-ri-or, A war-ri-or, a ter-ri-er.  
 2. Bo-ney was a Frenchyman, A roughy, toughy Cor-sican.

Tenor  
 -swar! Way, hey, yah! John Fran-

Bass

3 Boney went to school in France;  
 He learned to make the Russians dance.

4 Boney went to Moscow;  
 He lost his army in the snow.

5 He retreated back again,  
 But Moscow was in ruins then.

6 Boney licked the Prooshians,  
 The Oostrians, the Rooshians.

7 He beat the Prussians squarely;  
 He whacked the English, nearly.

8 Boney went to Elbow,  
 But Boney, he came back again.

9 We met him in Trafalgar's Bay,  
 Carried his main topmast 'way.

10 Boney went to Waterloo;  
 He met the boy who put him through.

11 He met the Duke of Wellington,  
 And then his downfall was begun.

12 Boney went a-cruising,  
 Aboard the *Billy Ruffian*.

13 They sent him into exile,  
 Off to St. Helena's isle.

14 There he broke his heart and died;  
 In Corsica, he wished he'd stayed.

15 Boney was a warrior,  
 A warrior, a terrier.

# Spanish Ladies

arr. C. Maden

Lead 

1. Fare - well and a - dieu\_\_ to you, Span - ish la - dies,
2. Oh, I've been a sea - cook and I've bin a clip - per - man;
3. I went to a dance\_\_\_\_\_ one night in Tom - baz.
4. We hove our ship to with the wind from sou' - west, \_ boys,
5. Now let ev - 'ry man\_\_ toss off his full bum - per,

L. 

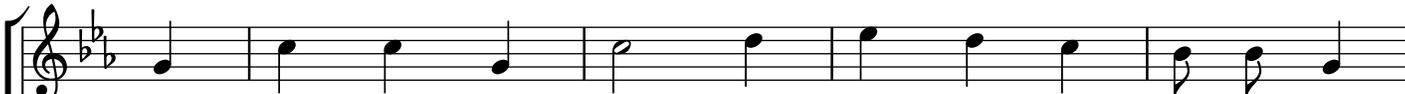
Fare - well and a - dieu to ye la - dies of Spain,  
 I can dance, I can sing, I can walk the jib - boom.  
 There were plen - ty of girls there as fine as you wish.  
 We\_\_ hove our ship to,\_\_\_\_ clear sound - ings to take,  
 And\_\_ let ev - 'ry man\_\_ drink off his full glass,

L. 

For\_\_ we've re - ceived or - ders to\_\_ sail for New Eng - land,  
 I can han - dle a jig - ger; I\_\_ cuts a fine fig - ure  
 There was one pret - ty fair maid a - chew - ing to - bac - co  
 It was for - ty - five fa - thoms with a light san - dy bot - tom;  
 And\_\_ let us be jol - ly and\_ drown mel - an - cho - ly,

L. 

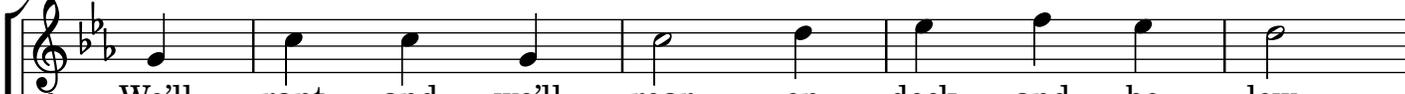
But we hope in a short while to see you a - gain.  
 When - ev - er I gets in a boat stand - ing room.  
 Just\_ like a young kit - ten a - chew - ing fresh fish.  
 We\_\_ squared our main yard and up chan - nel did make.  
 And\_ give a good health to each true - heart - ed lass.

L.  Ch. We'll rant and we'll roar like true Yan - kee wha - ler - men,

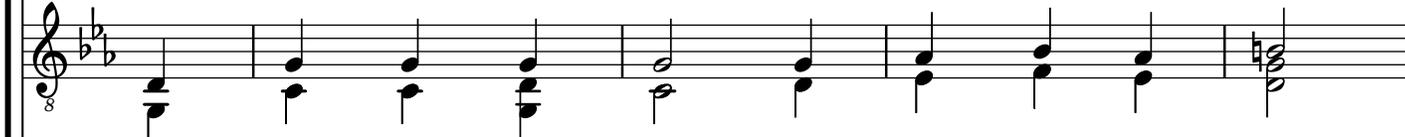
A. 

T. 

B. 

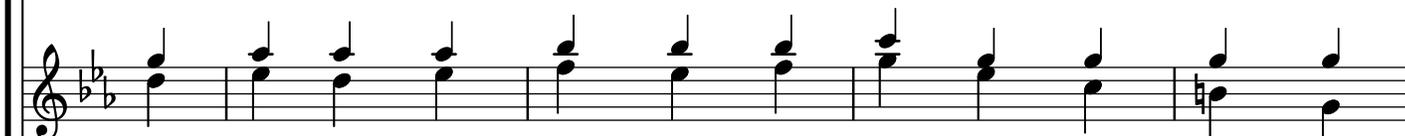
L.  We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and be - low,

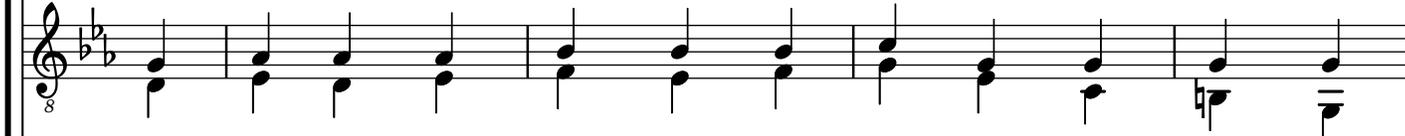
A. 

T. 

B. 

L.  Un - til we sight Gay Head off old Mar - tha's Vine - yard,

A. 

T. 

B. 



L. Then straight up the chan-nel to New Bed-ford we'll go.

A.

T.

B.

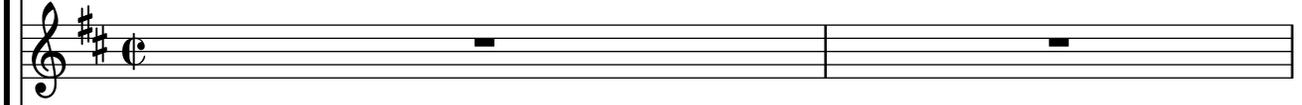
Detailed description: This is a musical score for four voices: Soprano (L.), Alto (A.), Tenor (T.), and Bass (B.). The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The Soprano part has lyrics: "Then straight up the chan-nel to New Bed-ford we'll go." The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts provide harmonic support with various chordal textures and melodic lines. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

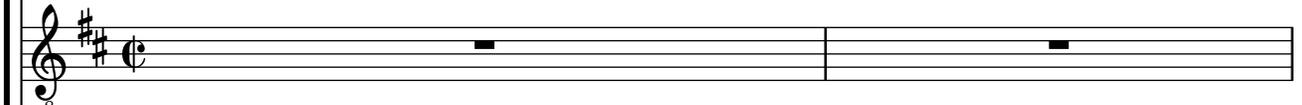
# Bully in the Alley

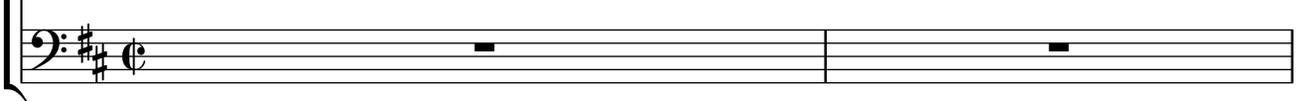
arr. C. Maden

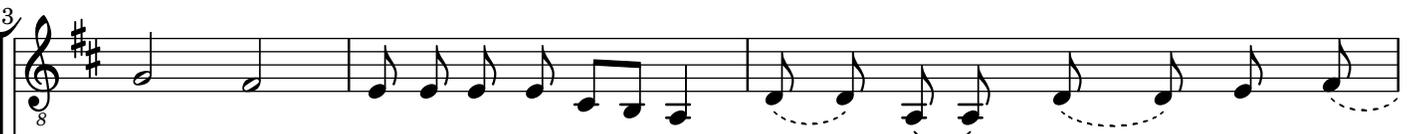
Lead 

1. Sal - ly is the gal that I love dear - ly;  
 2. (For) sev - en long years, I court - ed Sal - ly;  
 3. (I) bought her silks, I bought her lac - es;  
 4. (So) I'll leave Sal, and I'll be a sail - or;  
 5. (I) shipped on board of the Rob-ert E. Lee, boys;  
 6. (We've got) Brit-ish am-mu-ni - tion and French cham - pagne;  
 7. (I) shipped on board of a Charles - ton lin - er;  
 8. When I get back, gon-na mar - ry Sal - ly;

Alto 

Tenor 

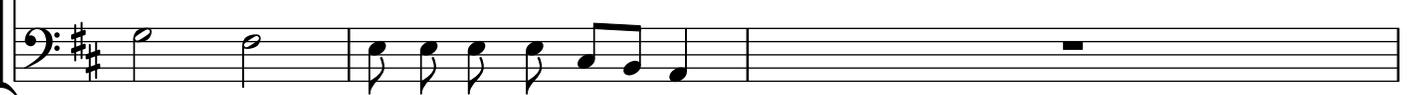
Bass 

L. 

Way, hey, bul-ly in the al - ley! Sal - ly is the gal that I  
 All she ev - er did was dil -  
 (I) took her out to all  
 I'll leave Sal and ship -  
 Made a lot of mon - ey, spent it  
 When I get to Charles-ton, gon - na  
 Car - o - li-na's fine, but St.  
 We'll have kids and count

A. 

T. 

B. 

6

L.    
 8 — spliced near - ly. Bul-ly down in Shin - bone Al! Ch. So,  
 - ly - dal - ly.  
 - the fine plac - es.  
 - a-board a whal - er.  
 fast\_ and\_ free.  
 feel\_ no\_ pain.  
 — George is fin - er.  
 them\_ by the tal - ly.

A. 

T. 

B. 

9

L.    
 8 help me, Bob, I'm bul-ly in the al - ley; Way, hey, bul-ly in the al - ley!

A. 

T. 

B. 

13

L.    
 8 Help me, Bob, I'm bul-ly in the al - ley; Bul-ly down in Shin-bone Al!

A. 

T. 

B. 

# Blackbird Get Up

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 62$

8

1. Black-bird get up                      And she break she tail.  
 2. Wet, mes-sy, wet;                      Wa - ter feel the stick.  
 3. Cap - tain cry out,                      Wet, — mes - sy, wet;  
 4. Black-bird get up                      And she shake she tail.  
 5. Wet, mes-sy, wet;                      Wa - ter feel the stick.

Tenor

8

Ai - yah!                      Ai - yah!

Bass

5

L.

8

White-bird get up                      And she do the same.  
 Wet, mes - sy, wet,                      When the rain come down.  
 Front man cry out,                      Wet, — mes - sy, wet,  
 White-bird get up                      And she do the same.  
 Wet, mes - sy, wet,                      When the rain come down.

T.

8

Ai - yah!                      Ai - yah!

B.

9

L.

8

Ch. Oh, me Don - na,                      Em-ma-li - na,

T.

8

Ai - yah!                      Ai - yah!

B.

13

L.  Oh, me Don - na, Girl, come go with me.

T.  Ai - yah! Ai - yah!

B. 

Detailed description: This is a musical score for three voices: Soprano (L.), Tenor (T.), and Bass (B.). The music is in the key of D major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The Soprano part begins with a fermata on a whole note D5, followed by a melodic line: D5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), G5 (quarter), A5 (quarter), B5 (quarter), A5 (quarter), G5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), ending with a repeat sign. The Tenor and Bass parts begin with a fermata on a whole note D4, followed by a melodic line: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), ending with a repeat sign. The lyrics are: Soprano: "Oh, me Don - na, Girl, come go with me." Tenor: "Ai - yah! Ai - yah!" Bass: (no lyrics shown).

# John Kanaka

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 60$

1. I heard, I heard the old man say, John Kanakanaka,  
 2. We'll work tomorrow but no work to - day.  
 3. We're bound a - way for Fris - co Bay;  
 4. We're bound a - way a - round Cape Horn;  
 5. It's rot - ten meat and wee - vil - y bread;  
 6. We're Bos - ton born and Bos - ton bred;  
 7. We're a Yan - kee ship with a Yan - kee crew;  
 8. The boat - swain says, "Be - fore I'm through,"  
 9. Oh, haul, oh, haul, oh, haul a - way;  
 10. It's one more pull and that will do;

Alto

Tenor

Bass

L.  $\text{♩} = 60$

tu - lai - ē! To - day, to - day is a hol - i - day.  
 We'll work to - mor - row but no work to - day.  
 We're bound a - way at break of day.  
 We'll wish to Christ we'd nev - er been born.  
 It's two weeks out and you'll wish you're dead.  
 We're thick in the arm and thick in the head.  
 We can stick to the coast, but we're damned if we do.  
 "You'll curse your mo - ther for hav - ing you."  
 It's haul a - way and make your pay.  
 And we're the bul - lies for to kick her through.

A.

T.

B.

7  
8

L.  **John Kanakanaka, tu-lai-ē! Ch. Tulai-ē, oh, tu-lai - ē, John Kanakanaka, tu-lai-ē!**

A. 

T. 

B. 

Detailed description: This is a musical score for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "John Kanakanaka, tu-lai-ē! Ch. Tulai-ē, oh, tu-lai - ē, John Kanakanaka, tu-lai-ē!". The Soprano and Alto parts have a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The Tenor and Bass parts provide harmonic support with chords and moving bass lines. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The score is marked with a '7' above the first measure and an '8' below the first measure of the Soprano part. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# Blow the Man Down

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 168$

1. As I was a - strol - ling down Par - a - dise Street, (Way,  
2. She was round in the coun - ter and bluff in the bow;

Chorus

6  
L. hey, blow the man down!) A pret - ty young dam - sel I  
Ch. I hois - ted a sig - nal, saying,

11  
L. chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down!)  
Ch. "Way, hold up now!"

The musical score is written for a lead voice and a chorus. The lead part is in 3/4 time with a tempo of 168. The chorus part is in 4/4 time. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the lead and chorus parts for the first two lines of the song. The second system shows the lead and chorus parts for the next two lines. The third system shows the lead and chorus parts for the final two lines. The lead part is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The chorus part is written in a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score includes lyrics for both parts and is marked with measure numbers 6 and 11.

3 I flipped her a flipper and took her in tow,  
And yardarm to yardarm, away we did go.

4 She said to me, "Will you stand treat?"  
"Delighted," says I, "for a charmer so sweet."

5 I drank down a pint, and she swallowed a quart!  
I listed to starboard; she listed to port.

6 It was up in her quarters she piped me aboard,  
And there on her bed, I cut loose with my sword.

7 I ruffled her scuppers, I battered her stern,  
And down in her galley I was done to a turn.

8 But just as my cutter was forging ahead,  
She shouted, "My husband!" and jumped out  
of bed!

9 He was seven feet tall, with a chest like  
a horse,  
And straight for my jawbone he plotted  
his course.

10 He rattled my rigging, he loosened my stays,  
And I flew down the steps like a ship on the way.

11 I jumped on a packet that happened along,  
And when I woke up, I was bound for  
Hong Kong!

12 You young men take warning, before I belay:  
Don't ever take heed of what pretty girls say.

13 Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the  
man down;  
Blow him right back to Liverpool town!

# Highland Laddie

trad., per Charles Erskine, *Twenty Years Before the Mast*

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 84$

8

1. Were you ev-er in Bos-ton town, Bon-nie lad-die, High-land lad-die?  
 2. Were you ev-er in Mo-bile Bay, Bon-nie lad-die, High-land lad-die?  
 3. Were you ev-er in Mir-a-mi - chi, Bon-nie lad-die, High-land lad-die?  
 4. Were you ev - er in Que - bec, Bon-nie lad-die, High-land lad-die?

Tenor

Bass

5

L. 8

Yes, I've been in Bos - ton town, Where the ships sail  
 Yes, I've been in Mo - bile Bay, Screw - ing cot - ton  
 Yes, I've been in Mir - a - mi - chi, Where you make fast  
 Yes, I have been in Que - bec, Stow - ing tim - ber

T.

B.

8

L. 8

up and down, My bon - nie High - land lad - die, ho!  
 by the day, My bon - nie High - land lad - die, ho!  
 to a tree, My bon - nie High - land lad - die, ho!  
 on the deck, My bon - nie High - land lad - die, ho!

T.

B.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system (measures 1-4) features a Lead part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 84. The lyrics are four variations of the first line of the song. The Tenor and Bass parts are shown as rests in the first two measures, then enter in the third and fourth measures with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second system (measures 5-8) features a Lead part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics describe the locations where the ships sail. The Tenor and Bass parts are shown as rests in the first two measures, then enter in the third and fourth measures with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third system (measures 9-12) features a Lead part with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics describe the actions of the laddie. The Tenor and Bass parts are shown as rests in the first two measures, then enter in the third and fourth measures with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# Paddy Lay Back

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 120$

1. It was a cold and drea-ry mor-ning in De-cem-ber, And

Tenor (De-cem - ber)

Bass

5

L. all of me mon-ey, it was spent. Oh, where it went to, Lord, I can't re-

T. (Spent! Spent!)

B. (Spent! Spent!)

11

L. mem-ber, So down to the ship-ping of-fice I went. Ch. Pad-dy, lay

T. (Re-mem-ber) (Went! Went!)

B. (Re-mem-ber) (Went! Went!)

17

L. back; Take in your slack, Take a turn a-round the

T. (Pad-dy, lay back!) (Take in your slack!)

B.

22

L. cap-stan, heave a pawl; A-bout ship sta-tions, boys, be

T. (Heave a pawl!)

B.

27

L. han - dy; We're bound for Val - pa - rai - so 'round the Horn!

T. (Be han - dy!)

B.

- 2 That day there was a great demand for sailors  
For the colonies, for Frisco, and for France.  
I shipped aboard a Limey barque, the *Hotspur*,  
And got paralytic drunk on my advance.
- 3 I joined her on a cold December morning,  
Just a-flapping my flippers to keep me warm.  
With the south cone hoisted as a warning,  
Saying, stand by the coming of the storm!
- 4 Now, some of the fellows had been drinking,  
And I myself was heavy on the booze;  
I sat on my old sea-chest, a-thinking  
I'd turn into me bunk and have a snooze.
- 5 I woke up in the morning stiff and sore,  
And knew that I was outward-bound again  
When a voice came a-bawling at the door,  
Saying, "Stand aft and answer to your names!"
- 6 Well, it was on the quarterdeck when first I  
saw them,  
Such an ugly bunch, I'd never seen before.  
There was a bum and a stiff from every quarter,  
And it made me poor old heart feel sick and sore.
- 7 There were Dutchmen and Spaniards and  
Rooshians,  
And Johnny Crapoos just across from France;  
None of them could speak a word of English,  
But answered to the name of "Month's Advance."
- 8 I asked the mate which watch was mine-o,  
He said he'd soon see which watch was which.  
Then he blew me down and he kicked me hard  
a-stern-o,  
Calling me a lousy, no-good son-of-a-bitch.
- 9 I wanted something for to wet me throttle,  
Something for to drive away dull care;  
In my sea-chest I had a bottle,  
By the boarding-master was put there.
- 10 So down upon my knees I went like thunder,  
And reached into the bottom of the box;  
There, to my surprise and wonder,  
Was nothing but medicine for the pox.
- 11 It was then I made my mind up that I'd  
leave her,  
I'd jump the rail and live my life ashore.  
So over I went and then I swam like thunder,  
And in the English Bar I found a whore.
- 12 So there I was, at the Jolly Tailor,  
At the bar with Irish Kate a-drinking beer.  
I thought what jolly chaps are sailors,  
And with a flipper, I wiped away a tear.
- 13 But Jimmy the Crimp, he knew a thing or  
two, sir,  
And soon I was outward-bound again,  
On a Limey to the Chinchas for guano,  
So here I am, singing the old refrain.
- 14 So here we are, once more at sea, boys,  
The same old garbage, all over again.  
So stamp the capstan 'round and make  
some noise, boys,  
And join me in singing the old refrain.

# Help Me to Raise 'Em

arr. C. Maden

Freely

Lead

1. Won't you help\_\_\_ me to raise 'em, boys? Whoa, oh, hon-ey.
2. I got a long,\_\_\_ tall,\_\_\_ yel - la girl. Whoa, oh, hon-ey.
3. Well, her name's\_ Em-ma - li - na, boys. Whoa, oh, hon-ey.
4. And I know she'll nev-er leave me, now. Whoa, oh, hon-ey.
5. She'll be wait - ing by the dock - side. Whoa, oh, hon-ey.
6. So won't you help\_\_\_ me to raise 'em, boys? Whoa, oh, hon-ey.

Tenor

Bass

L.

- Won't you help\_\_\_ me to raise 'em, boys? Whoa, oh, hon-ey. Won't you  
 I got a long,\_\_\_ tall,\_\_\_ yel - la girl. Whoa, oh, hon-ey. I got a  
 Yes, her name's\_ Emma - li - na, boys. Whoa, oh, hon-ey. I said her  
 Yeah, I know she'll nev-er leave me, now. Whoa, oh, hon-ey. Yeah, I  
 She'll be wait - ing by the dock - side. Whoa, oh, hon-ey. She'll be  
 Won't you help\_\_\_ me to raise 'em, boys? Whoa, oh, hon-ey. Won't you

T.

B.

L.

- help\_\_\_ me to raise 'em? I'll\_\_\_ see you when the sun goes down.  
 long,\_\_\_ tall,\_\_\_ yel - la girl. I'll see you when the sun goes down.  
 name's\_ Emma - li - na, I'll\_\_\_ see you when the sun goes down.  
 know she'll nev-er leave me now, I'll see you when the sun goes down.  
 wait - ing by the dock-side. Gon-na see you when the sun goes down.  
 help\_\_\_ me to raise 'em? I'll\_\_\_ see you when the sun goes down.

T.

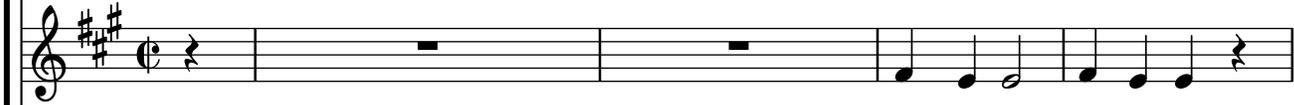
B.

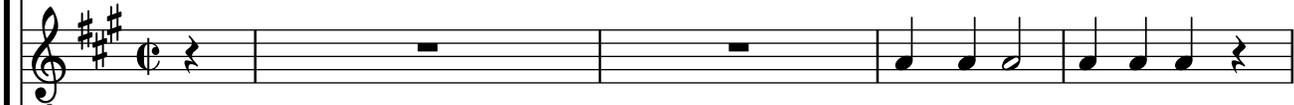
# South Australia

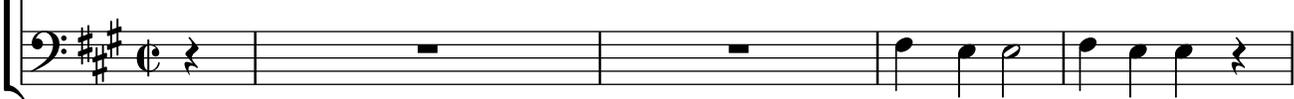
arr. C. Maden

Lead 

1. In South Aus - tral - ia, I was born; Heave away, haul away! In  
 2. As I walked out one mor - ning fair, 'Twas  
 3. I shook her up, I shook her down; I  
 4. There's just one thing that grieves my mind; To  
 5. And when you wallop a - round Cape Horn, You'll  
 6. Oh, South Aus - tral - ia's a mighty fine place; To  
 7. Oh, South Aus - tral - ia's a mighty fine land; It's  
 8. I wish I was on Aus - tral - ia's strand, With a  
 9. Oh, South Aus - tral - ia, it is my home; From

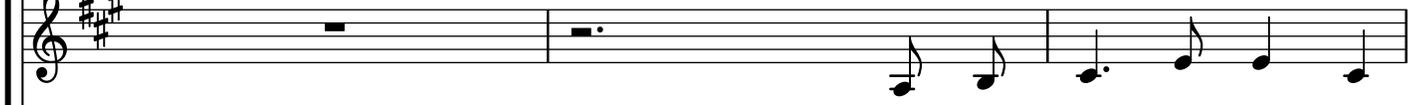
Alto 

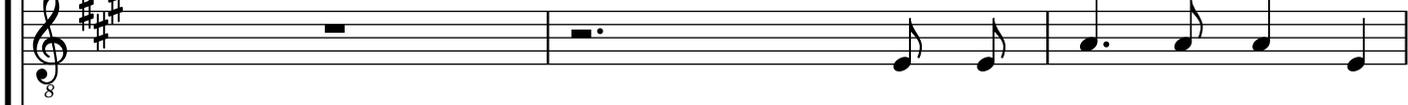
Tenor 

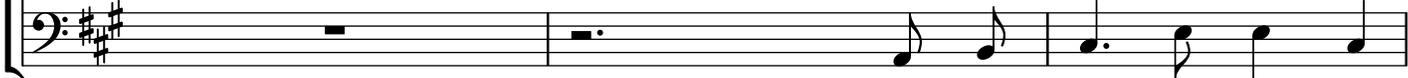
Bass 

L. 

South Aus - tral - ia, 'round Cape Horn. And we're bound for South Aus -  
 there I met Miss Nan - cy Blair.  
 shook her 'round and 'round the town.  
 leave Miss Nan - cy Blair be - hind.  
 wish to Christ you'd never been born.  
 get blind drunk is no dis - grace.  
 filled with liz - ards, flies, and sand.  
 bottle of whis - key in my hand.  
 there I nev - er more shall roam.

A. 

T. 

B. 

8

L. 

A. 

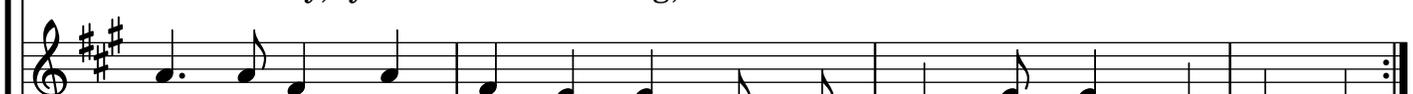
T. 

B. 

tral - ia! **Ch.** Haul a-way you roll-ing kings, Heave a-way, haul a-way!

13

L. 

A. 

T. 

B. 

Heave a-way, you'll hear me sing, And we're bound for South Aus-tral - ia!

# Leave Her, Johnny

arr. C. Maden

Lead  $\text{♩} = 112$

1. Oh, the times was hard and the wa-ges low; Leave her, John-ny,  
2. It was rot - ten meat\_ and weev-ily bread;

Alto

Tenor

Bass

4

L. leave her. And\_ now once more, a-shore we'll go, And it's time for us to  
It was pump or drown, the old man said.

A.

T.

B.

8

L. leave her. **Ch.** Leave her, Johnny, leave her, Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her; For the

A.

T.

B.

13

L. 8 voyage is done and the winds don't blow, And it's time for us to leave her.

A. 8

T. 8

B. 8

3 She was poverty-stricken and parish-rigged;  
And the whole damn crew is fever-stricked.

4 The mate was a bucko, and the old man a Turk;  
The boatswain was a beggar with the middle  
name of work.

5 She would not wear and she would not stay;  
She shipped great seas both night and day.

6 She shipped great seas both day and night;  
The pump-rods shone just like a light.

7 Oh, the captain swears, and the mate  
swears too;  
The crew all swear, and so would you!

8 We'd be better off in a nice clean jail,  
With all night in and plenty of ale.

9 Oh, the captain swears, and the mate  
swears worse;  
He'll blow you down with a spike and a curse.

10 The larboard pump is like the crew;  
It's all worn out and will not do.

11 Let's hope that we may never be  
On a hungry ship the likes of she.

12 Well, the rats have gone, and we, the crew,  
It's time, by God, that we go too.