


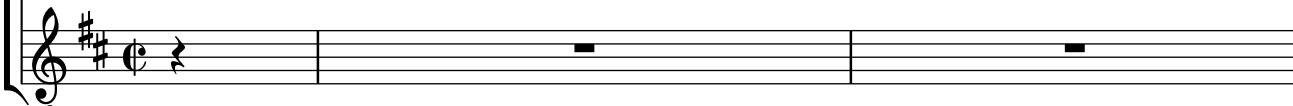
John Kanaka

arr. C. Maden


Lead 

8

1. I heard, I heard the old man say,
2. We'll work to-mor-row 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;


Chorus 

8

L. 

8


John Ka-na-ka-na-ka, tu-lai-ē! To-day, to-day is a
We'll work to-mor-row but no
We're bound a-way at
We'll wish to Christ we'd
It's two weeks out and you'll
We're thick in the arm and
We can stick to the coast, but we're
"You'll curse your mo-ther for
It's haul a-way and
And we're the bul-lies for to

Ch. 

8

2

6

L. 

hol - i - day. John Ka - na - ka - na - ka, tu - lai - ē!

work__ to - day.

break__ of day.

nev - er been born.

wish__ you're dead.


thick in the head.

damned if we do.

hav - ing you."

make__ your pay.

kick__ her through.

Ch. 

9

L. 

Ch. Tu - lai - ē, oh, tu - lai - ē, John Ka - na - ka - na - ka, tu - lai - ē!

Ch. 