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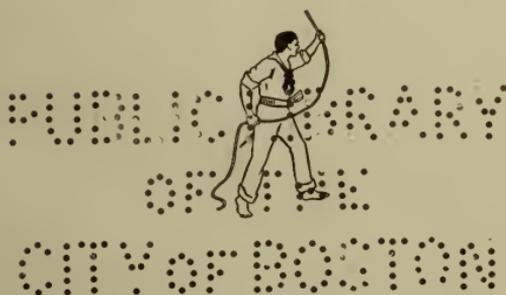
KING'S BOOK OF CHANTIES



OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON

KING'S BOOK OF CHANTIES

BY
STANTON H. KING
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT CHANTY-MAN



.15

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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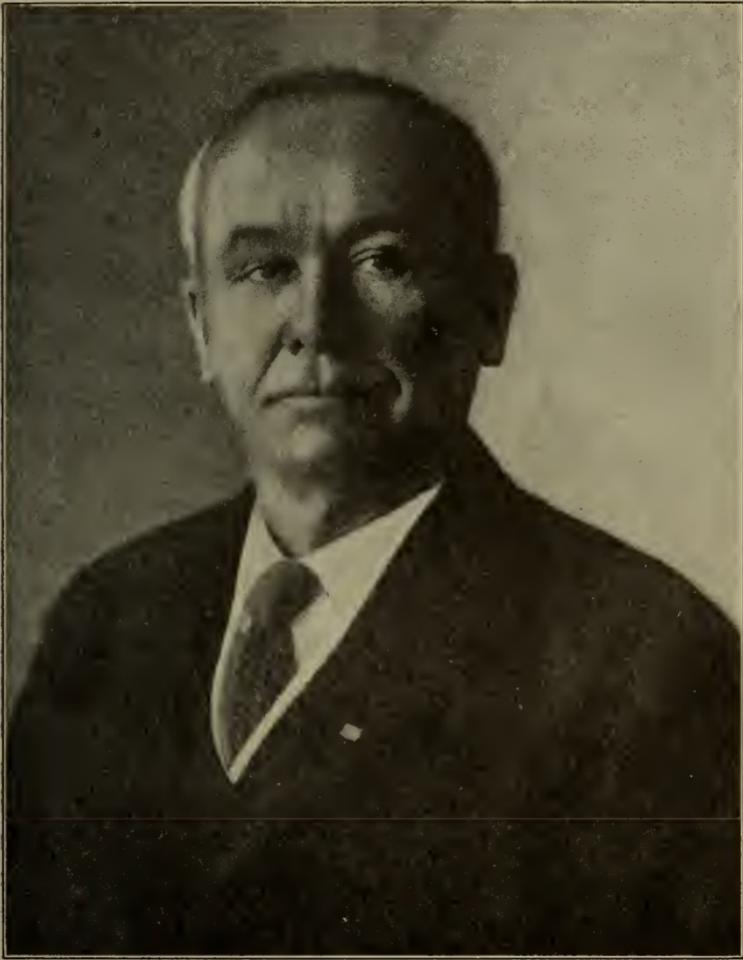
To the Men of the Sea



Name Oliver Ditson Co.
Aug. 18, 1920

Ship _____

Date _____



Harold E. King

PREFACE



SOME sailors have sailed around the world without hearing a chanty sung aboard their ships. It so happened that among the crews there was no chanty-man.

On some ships nearly every man forward has a musical ear, and on every pull in calm and in storm the ship is enlivened by chanty singing.

I was fortunate, for on my first deep water voyage, from Philadelphia to Japan and home again to New York, we sang chanties constantly. We had a negro stewardess, the wife of our negro cook, and at times she would come out of the galley, stand in with the men, and lead off on a chanty.

On another ship we had an old "shell back." His voice was a loud rich baritone. We always looked to him to lead us in a chanty. From him I learned nearly all the chanties I have heard sung, for I was then young and impressionable. Later on, as I launched into manhood, I heard the same chanties sung by other sailors but they varied somewhat in tune, for not all chanty-men sing chanties exactly alike.

A chanty is an inestimable asset to the work on a sailing ship. One sailor makes a noise when others are hauling on a rope with him and at the sound of his voice they pull together. The noise, like the chanty singing, produces team work and co-ordination.

On the forecastle head, heaving on the windlass brakes, or walking around the capstan, pushing on a capstan bar, the chanty-man sings the solo while his mates join in the refrain.

To mast-head a topsail yard, or any hauling of length, a long drag chanty is sung.

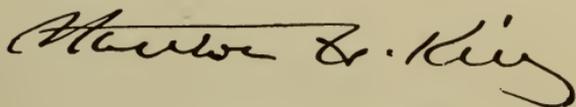
To haul on a rope already taut, or to sweat up on a halyard, a short drag chanty is sung.

When pumping the ship, for some "old Hookers" leaked considerably, a tail rope was put on the pump handles, then the chanty-man sang a pumping chanty.

The words of most of the chanties were improvised by the chanty-man. In rhythm he sang of the virtues and failings of the Captain and the crew.

A few chanties like *Reuben Ranzo* did not change, the words of the story being strictly adhered to.

The chanties in this book are as I heard them sung, and have often sung them myself when a sailor on our deep water American sailing ships.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Howard E. King". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Official Government Chanty-man.

CONTENTS

LONG DRAG CHANTIES

| | Page |
|------------------------------|------|
| A LONG TIME AGO | 1 |
| BLOW, BOYS, BLOW | 2 |
| BLOW THE MAN DOWN | 3 |
| BONEY WAS A WARRIOR | 4 |
| DEAD HORSE, THE | 5 |
| HANGING JOHNNIE | 6 |
| LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER | 7 |
| REUBEN RANZO | 8 |
| ROLL THE COTTON DOWN | 9 |
| TOM'S GONE TO ILO | 10 |
| WHISKY FOR MY JOHNNIE | 11 |

SHORT DRAG CHANTIES

| | |
|------------------|----|
| HAUL AWAY, JOE | 12 |
| HAUL THE BOWLINE | 12 |
| JOHNNY BOKER | 13 |
| PADDY DOYLE | 13 |

CAPSTAN CHANTIES

| | |
|-----------------------|----|
| HOMeward BOUND | 14 |
| HOODAH-DAY | 15 |
| PLAINS OF MEXICO, THE | 16 |
| RIO GRANDE | 17 |
| SALLY BROWN | 18 |
| WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO | 19 |
| WIDE MISSOURI, THE | 20 |

PUMPING CHANTIES

| | |
|--------------|----|
| ONE MORE DAY | 21 |
| STORM-ALONG | 22 |

OLD SEA SONGS

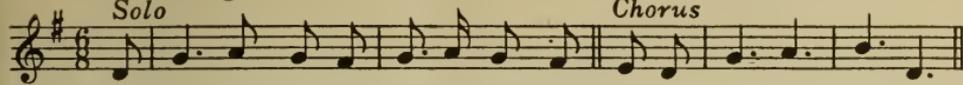
| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| A-ROVING | 23 |
| FAREWELL, AND ADIEU TO YOU | 24 |
| HIGH BARBAREE | 25 |
| ROLLING HOME | 26 |

A LONG TIME AGO

With swing

Solo

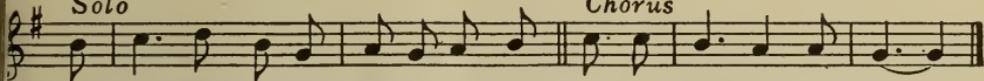
Chorus



1. A long time and a ver-y long time, To me way-ha - ha - yah!

Solo

Chorus



A long time and a ver-y long time, And a long time a - go.—

2

Solo A dollar a day is a stevedore's pay,

Chorus To me way-ha-ha-yah!

Solo A dollar a day, I heard them say,

Chorus And a long time ago.

3

Solo I bought in Hong Kong a pretty silk dress,

Chorus To me way-ha-ha-yah!

Solo I'm taking it home to my sweetheart Bess,

Chorus And a long time ago.

4

Solo My Bess is fair and sweet to view,

Chorus To me way-ha-ha-yah!

Solo Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue,

Chorus And a long time ago.

5

Solo I thought I heard our second mate say,

Chorus To me way-ha-ha-yah!

Solo One more pull and then belay,

Chorus And a long time ago.

BLOW, BOYS, BLOW

Vigorously

1. A *Solo* Yan-kee ship came down the riv-er, *Chorus* Blow, boys, blow!

A *Solo* Yan-kee ship and a Yan-kee skip-per, *Chorus* Blow, my bul-ly boys, blow!

2

Solo A Yankee ship on the Congo river,
Chorus Blow, boys, blow!
Solo Her masts they bend and her sails they shiver,
Chorus Blow, my bully boys, blow!

3

Solo How do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
Chorus Blow, boys, blow!
Solo The Stars and Stripes they fly above her,
Chorus Blow, my bully boys, blow!

4

Solo Who do you think is captain of her?
Chorus Blow, boys, blow!
Solo Old Holy Joe, the darky lover,
Chorus Blow, my bully boys, blow!

5

Solo What do you think she's got for cargo?
Chorus Blow, boys, blow!
Solo Old shot and shell, she breaks the embargo,
Chorus Blow, my bully boys, blow!

6

Solo What do you think they have for dinner?
Chorus Blow, boys, blow!
Solo Hot water soup, but slightly thinner,
Chorus Blow, my bully boys, blow!

7

Solo Oh, blow today and blow tomorrow,
Chorus Blow, boys, blow!
Solo And blow for all old tars in sorrow,
Chorus Blow, my bully boys, blow!

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

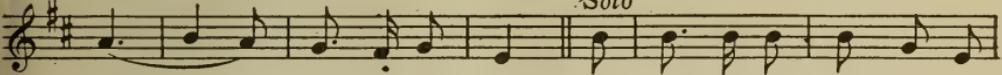
Briskly
Solo



1. Oh, blow the man down, bul-lies, Knock him right down,

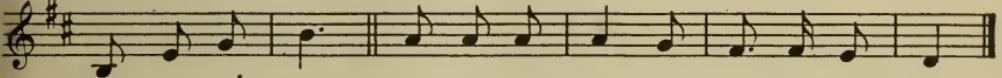
Chorus

Solo



Way, ——— blow the man down! Oh, blow the man down, bul-lies,

Chorus



Knock him right down, Give me some time to blow the man down.

2

Solo As I was a-walking down Paradise street,

Chorus Way, blow the man down!

Solo A brass-bound policeman, I chanced for to meet,

Chorus Give me some time to blow the man down.

3

Solo I hailed him in English and hailed him all 'round,

Chorus Way, blow the man down!

Solo Ship ahoy, ship ahoy, oh, where are you bound?

Chorus Give me some time to blow the man down.

4

Solo A-watching the damsels so gay and so young,

Chorus Way, blow the man down!

Solo It's arm-in-arm we strolled 'round the town,

Chorus Give me some time to blow the man down.

5

Solo Oh, policeman, policeman, please come along,

Chorus Way, blow the man down!

Solo I'm a flying-fish sailor, just home from Hong Kong,

Chorus Give me some time to blow the man down.

+) BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

With swing

Solo *Chorus*

1. Bo - ney was a war - ri - or,

Chorus

Chorus

Solo *Chorus*

A war - ri - or, a war - ri - or, *) John Fran - swor. —

2

Solo Boney beat the Prussians,

Chorus Way-ay, ah!

Solo Then he whipped the Russians,

Chorus John Franswor.

3

Solo He was sent to St. Helena,

Chorus Way-ay, ah!

Solo There he was a prisoner,

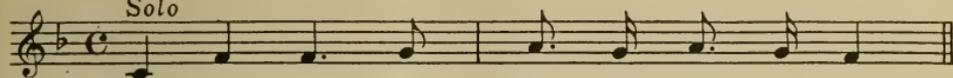
Chorus John Franswor.

* "Boney" refers to Napoleon Bonaparte.

* "John Franswor" is a corruption of Jean François.

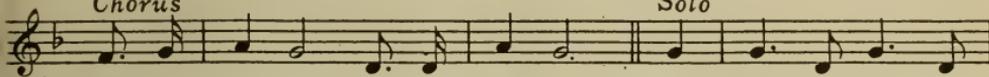
THE DEAD HORSE

Slow
Solo



1. Poor old man, your horse is going to die,

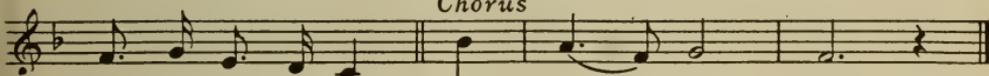
Chorus



And I say so, and I hope so; Oh, poor old man, your

Solo

Chorus



horse is going to die, Oh, poor— old man.

2

Solo For ninety days I've ridden on him,

Chorus And I say so, and I hope so;

Solo When he dies I'll tan his skin.

Chorus Oh, poor old man.

3

Solo If he lives we'll ride him again,

Chorus And I say so, and I hope so;

Solo We'll ride him again with a tighter rein,

Chorus Oh, poor old man.

4

Solo It's up aloft the horse must go,

Chorus And I say so, and I hope so;

Solo We'll hoist him up, then bury him low,

Chorus Oh, poor old man.

HANGING JOHNNIE

Moderately

The musical score is written on two staves in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a 'Solo' section of four measures, followed by a 'Chorus' section of four measures. The lyrics are: '1. They call me Hang-ing John-nie,— Hoo - ray,— hoo - ray!—'. The second staff also begins with a 'Solo' section of four measures, followed by a 'Chorus' section of four measures. The lyrics are: 'I — nev - er hung no - bod - y,— Hang, boys, hang.—'. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

2

Solo They say I hung my mother,
Chorus Hooray, hooray!
Solo And then I hung my brother,
Chorus Hang, boys, hang.

3

Solo They say I hung for money,
Chorus Hooray, hooray!
Solo They say I am so funny,
Chorus Hang, boys, hang.

4

Solo They say I hung a robber,
Chorus Hooray, hooray!
Solo They say I hung a jobber,
Chorus Hang, boys, hang.

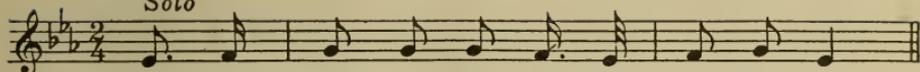
5

Solo Let's hang and haul together,
Chorus Hooray, hooray!
Solo And hang for better weather,
Chorus Hang, boys, hang.

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER

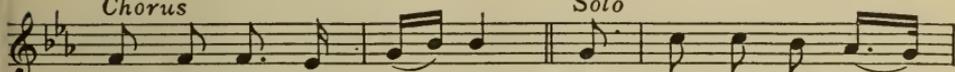
Moderately

Solo



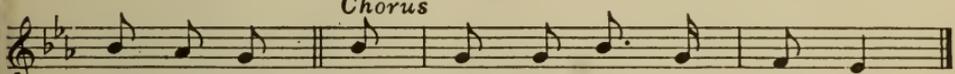
1. Oh, the times are hard and the wa - ges · low,

Chorus



Leave her, John - ny, leave her; I'll pack my bag and —

Chorus



go be - low; It's time for us to leave her.

2

Solo It's growl you may but go you must,

Chorus Leave her, Johnny, leave her;

Solo It matters not whether you're last or first,

Chorus It's time for us to leave her.

3

Solo I'm getting thin and growing sad,

Chorus Leave her, Johnny, leave her;

Solo Since first I joined this wooden-clad,

Chorus It's time for us to leave her.

4

Solo I thought I heard her second-mate say

Chorus "Leave her, Johnny, leave her;

Solo Just one more drag and then belay,

Chorus It's time for us to leave her."

REUBEN RANZO

Rather slow

Solo *Chorus*

1. Oh, poor old Reu-ben Ran - zo, Ran-zo, boys, Ran-zo;

Solo *Chorus*

Oh,— poor old Reu - ben— Ran - zo, Ran-zo, boys, Ran-zo.

2

Solo Ranzo was no sailor,
Chorus Ranzo, boy, Ranzo;
Solo He shipped on board a whaler,
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

3

Solo Ranzo joined the "Beauty,"
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;
Solo He could not do his duty,
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

4

Solo The skipper was a dandy,
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo;
Solo And was too fond of brandy.
Chorus Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

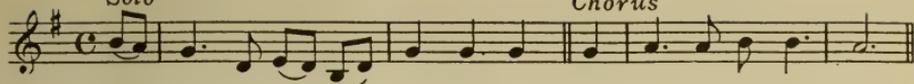
(And the story continues how poor Ranzo was whipped and afterwards became a sailor and married the captain's daughter.)

ROLL THE COTTON DOWN

Moderately

Solo

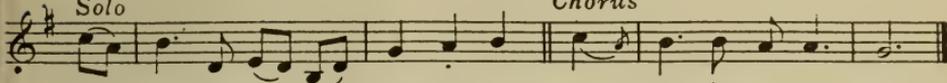
Chorus



1 Oh, roll the cot-ton, roll it down, Oh, roll the cot-ten down,

Solo

Chorus



Oh, roll the cot-ton, roll it down, Oh,— roll the cot-ton down.

2

Solo I thought I heard our old man say,

Chorus Oh, roll the cotton down;

Solo He'd sail away to Mobile Bay,

Chorus Oh, roll the cotton down.

3

Solo I heard him say to Mobile Bay,

Chorus Oh, roll the cotton down;

Solo He'd sail away at break of day,

Chorus Oh, roll the cotton down.

4

Solo Mobile Bay is no place for me,

Chorus Oh, roll the cotton down;

Solo I'll sail away on some other sea,

Chorus Oh, roll the cotton down.

ROLL THE KAISER DOWN

(To the tune of "Roll the Cotton down")

1

Solo We have heard our President and leader say,

Chorus "Go roll the Kaiser down!"

Solo We have heard our President, our old friend, say,

Chorus "Go roll the Kaiser down!"

2

Solo Go roll him down and batter his crown,

Chorus Go roll the Kaiser down!

Solo Go roll that German Kaiser down,

Chorus Go roll the Kaiser down!

3

Solo Go bury him low and bury him deep,

Chorus Go roll the Kaiser down!

Solo Then this old world will peacefully sleep,

Chorus Go roll the Kaiser down!

4

Solo We have heard our friend, Mr. Hoover, say,

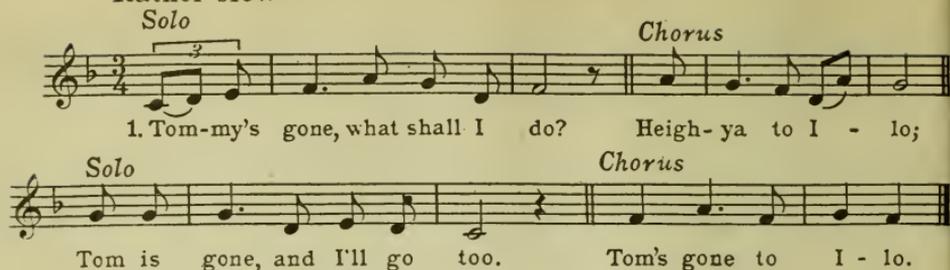
Chorus "Go roll the Kaiser down!"

Solo Go waste no food, help win the day,

Chorus Go roll the Kaiser down!"

TOM'S GONE TO ILO

Rather slow



1. Tom-my's gone, what shall I do? Heigh-ya to I - lo;

Tom is gone, and I'll go too. Tom's gone to I - lo.

2

Solo He's gone away to Ilo Bay,
Chorus Heigh-ya to Ilo;
Solo To Ilo Bay I heard him say
Chorus Tom's gone to Ilo.

3

Solo Way 'round to Callao,
Chorus Heigh-ya to Ilo;
Solo Those Spanish girls he'll see, I know,
Chorus Tom's gone to Ilo.

4

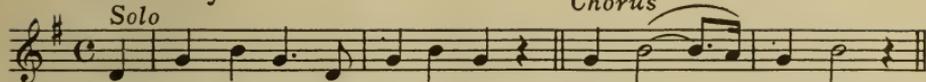
Solo Oh, I love Tom and he loves me
Chorus Heigh-ya to Ilo;
Solo He thinks of me, when out at sea,
Chorus Tom's gone to Ilo.

5

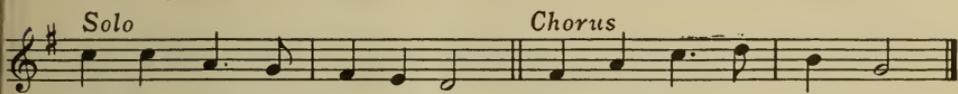
Solo Tommy's gone forever more,
Chorus Heigh-ya to Ilo;
Solo I'll never see my Tom no more,
Chorus Tom's gone to Ilo.

WHISKY FOR MY JOHNNIE

Moderately



1. Oh, whis-ky is the life of man, Whis-ky, John-nie;



Whis-ky from an old tin can, Whis-ky for my John-nie.

2

Solo Whisky makes me pawn my clothes,

Chorus Whisky, Johnnie;

Solo Whisky gave me a broken nose,

Chorus Whisky for my Johnnie.

3

Solo Whisky makes me feel so sad,

Chorus Whisky, Johnnie;

Solo Whisky killed my poor old Dad,

Chorus Whisky for my Johnnie.

4

Solo Whisky took my brains away,

Chorus Whisky, Johnnie;

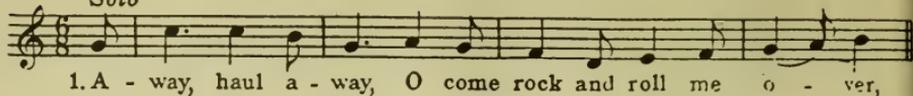
Solo One more pull, and then belay,

Chorus Whisky for my Johnnie.

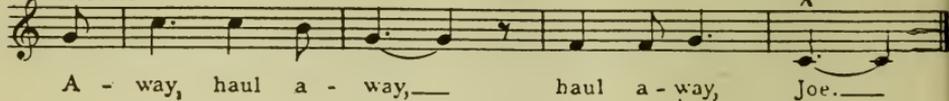
HAUL AWAY, JOE

With swing

Solo



Chorus



2

Solo Oh, once I courted an Irish girl, and she was fat and lazy,
Chorus Away, haul away, haul away, Joe.

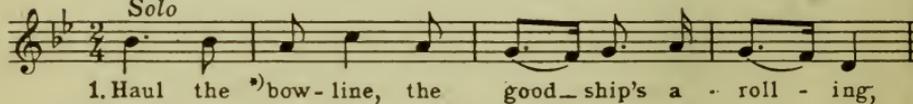
3

Solo But now I'm courting a yellow girl, she drives me almost crazy,
Chorus Away, haul away, haul away, Joe.

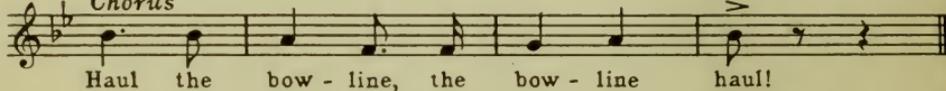
HAUL THE BOWLINE

Vigorously

Solo



Chorus



2

Solo Heave the bowline, the fore- and main-top bowline,
Chorus Haul the bowline, the bowline haul!

3

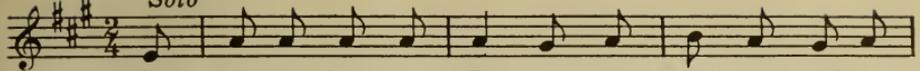
Solo Heave the bowline, the skipper he's a-growling,
Chorus Haul the bowline, the bowline haul!

* A small rope on the leach of a square-sail to steady it.

JOHNNY BOKER

Vigorously

Solo



1. Oh, do, my John-ny Bo-ker, come rock and roll me

Chorus



o-ver, Do, my John-ny Bo-ker, do!

2

Solo Oh, do, my Johnny Boker, from Calais o'er to Dover,

Chorus Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

3

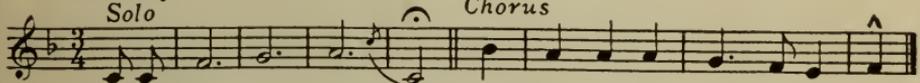
Solo Oh, do, my Johnny Boker, they say you are no rover,

Chorus Do, my Johnny Boker, do!

PADDY DOYLE

Sturdily

Solo



To my way - ay - ay - ah! We'll hang Pad-dy Doyle for his boots!

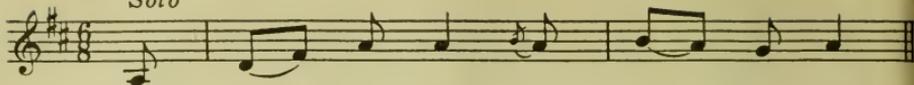
Chorus

(Used up aloft in smothering the sail and tossing the bunt on the yard.)

HOMeward BOUND

Moderately

Solo



1. We're home - ward bound to Bos - ton town,

Chorus



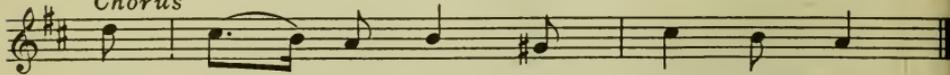
Good by, fare you well, — good - by, fare you well.

Solo



We're home - ward bound with su - gar and rum.

Chorus



Hur - rah! — my boys, we're home - ward bound.

2

Solo Homeward bound, that joyful sound,

Refrain Good-by, fare you well, good-by, fare you well,

Solo We'll heave on the capstan and make it spin round,

Refrain Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound.

3

Solo Homeward bound, and our sails we will set,

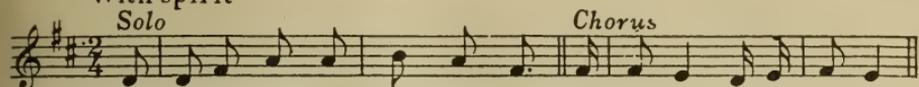
Refrain Good-by, fare you well, good-by, fare you well,

Solo Good-by to the girls on the pier with regret,

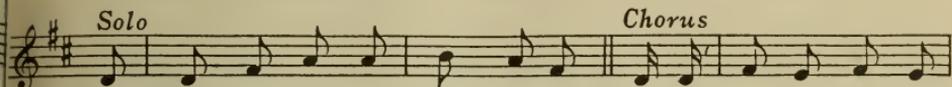
Refrain Hurrah! my boys, we're homeward bound.

HOODAH-DAY

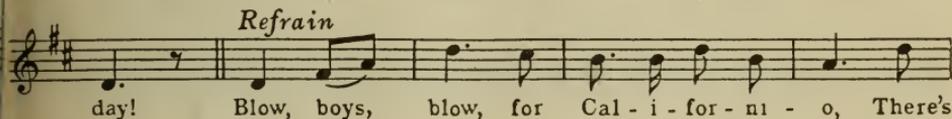
With spirit



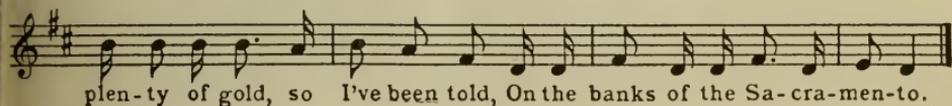
1. As I was walk-ing down Lime Street, A hoo-dah, and a hoo-day!



A charm-ing maid I chanced to meet, And a hoo-dah, hoo-dah-



day! Blow, boys, blow, for Cal-i-for-ni-o, There's



plen-ty of gold, so I've been told, On the banks of the Sa-cra-men-to.

2

Solo This maid was neat and fair to view,

Refrain A hoodah, and a hooday!

Solo Her hair was brown and her eyes were blue,

Refrain And a hoodah, hoodah-day!

Blow, boys, blow, etc.

3

Solo I asked her if she'd take a trip,

Refrain A hoodah, and a hooday!

Solo Down to the wharf to see my ship,

Refrain And a hoodah, hoodah-day!

Blow, boys, blow, etc.

4

Solo She said, "I have a sweetheart true,"

Refrain A hoodah, and a hooday!

Solo "And I will not leave him now for you,"

Refrain And a hoodah, hoodah-day!

Blow, boys, blow, etc.

+) THE PLAINS OF MEXICO

Slow
Solo

1. San - ta An - na gain'd — the day,

Chorus *Solo*

Hoo - ray, 'San - ta An - na! He gain'd the day, I

Chorus

hear them say All a - long the plains of Mex - i - co.

2

Solo Santa Anna fought for fame,
Chorus Hooray, Santa Anna!
Solo He fought for fame and gained his name
Chorus All along the plains of Mexico.

3

Solo It was a fierce and awful strife,
Chorus Hooray, Santa Anna!
Solo He met the foe and fought for life,
Chorus All along the plains of Mexico.

* Pronounced by sailors *Santiana*, a chanty commemorating the President of Mexico during the war with the United States.

RIO GRANDE

Moderately

Solo

Chorus



1. Ri - o Grande is no place for me, A - way, — Ri - o, —

Solo

Chorus



I'll pack my bag and go to sea For we're bound to Ri - o Grande.

Refrain



And a - way — Ri - o, — a - way — Ri - o, — Sing



fare you well, my bon - ny young lass, For we're bound to Ri - o Grande.

2

Solo The anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,

Refrain Away Rio,

Solo The girls that we're leaving we'll never forget,

Refrain For we're bound to Rio Grande.

And away Rio, etc.

3

Solo So, good-by, fair ladies, we know in this town,

Refrain Away Rio,

Solo We've left you enough to buy a silk gown,

Refrain For we're bound to Rio Grande.

And away Rio, etc.

4

Solo We've a ship stout and strong, and a jolly good crew,

Refrain Away Rio,

Solo A brass-knuckled mate, and a rough skipper too,

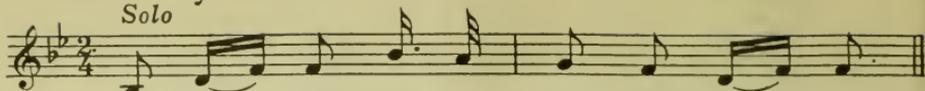
Refrain For we're bound to Rio Grande.

And away Rio, etc.

SALLY BROWN

Smoothly

Solo



1. Sal - ly — Brown is a bright mu - lat - to,

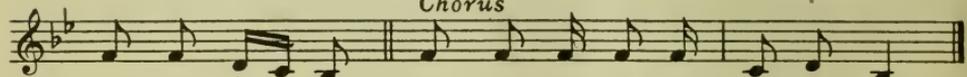
Chorus

Solo



Way, — roll and go! And — she drinks rum and

Chorus



chews to - bac - co, Spend my mon - ey on Sal - ly Brown.

2

Solo Sally Brown she's a Creole lady,

Refrain Way, roll and go!

Solo She's the mother of a negro baby,

Refrain Spend my money on Sally Brown.

3

Solo Seven long years I courted Sally,

Refrain Way, roll and go!

Solo The sweetest flower in the valley,

Refrain Spend my money on Sally Brown.

4

Solo Seven long years, and she wouldn't marry,

Refrain Way, roll and go!

Solo So I'll away, I will not tarry,

Refrain . Spend my money on Sally Brown.

5

Solo Now my troubles they're all over,

Refrain Way, roll and go!

Solo She is married to a negro soldier,

Refrain Spend my money on Sally Brown.

WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO

Rather slow

Solo



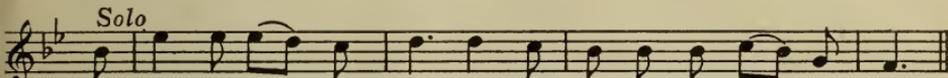
1. One morn-ing as I ram-bled A - long the Clar-ence dock,

Chorus



Heave a - way, — my John-nies, heave a - way! —

Solo



I saw a fair young dam-sel Con-vers-ing with old Tap - scott,

Chorus



And a - way, — my John-nie boys, We're all bound to go. —

2

Solo "Good morning, Mr. Tapscott,"
"Good morning, fair maid," said he,

Chorus Heave away, my Johnnies, heave away!

Solo "Have you got a packet-ship
To carry me 'cross the sea?"

Chorus And away, my Johnnie boys,
We're all bound to go.

3

Solo "Oh, yes I have a clipper ship,
The Henry Clay is her name;"

Chorus Heave away, my Johnnies, heave away!

Solo "She sails away at break of day,
A ship of greatest fame."

Chorus And away, my Johnnie boys,
We're all bound to go.

4

Solo She sails away at break of day,
So let your voices ring,

Chorus Heave away, my Johnnies, heave away!

Solo For old Tapscott and his packet-ship,
We'll shout and we will sing,

Chorus And away, my Johnnie boys,
We're all bound to go.

* This chanty had its origin in the days of Mr. Tapscott's packet-ships in the North Atlantic, about 1850.

THE WIDE MISSOURI, or Shenandoah

Moderately

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a 'Solo' section and ends with a 'Chorus' section. The lyrics are: '1. Oh, Shen-an-doah, I love your daugh-ter, A-way, my roll-ing riv-er! It's full ten years since first I sought her.' The second staff continues the 'Solo' section. The third staff continues the 'Chorus' section with the lyrics: 'Ha, ha, — we're bound a-way A-cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.'

2

Solo Oh, Shenandoah, she took my fancy,
Chorus Away, my rolling river!
Solo Oh, Shenandoah, I love your Nancy.
Chorus Ha, ha, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri.

3

Solo Oh, Shenandoah, I love her dearly,
Chorus Away, my rolling river!
Solo I'll work for her and pay you yearly.
Chorus Ha, ha, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri.

4

Solo Oh, Shenandoah, your good wife, Carrie,
Chorus Away, my rolling river!
Solo She says your daughter I may marry.
Chorus Ha, ha, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri.

5

Solo Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Chorus Away, my rolling river!
Solo I'll take her across the stormy water.
Chorus Ha, ha, we're bound away
 Across the wide Missouri.

ONE MORE DAY

Rather slowly

Solo

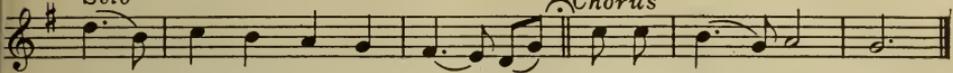
Chorus



1. On-ly one more day of pump-ing,— One— more day,

Solo

Chorus



Oh,— rock and roll me o - ver,— On-ly one— more day.

2

Solo Only one more day a-reefing,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

3

Solo Only one more day a-sailing,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

4

Solo Only one more day a-working,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

5

Solo Only one more day a-furling,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

6

Solo Only one more day a-hauling,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

7

Solo Only one more day a-growling,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

8

Solo Only one more day a-rolling,

Chorus One more day;

Solo Oh, rock and roll me over,

Chorus Only one more day.

STORM-ALONG

Slow

Solo  *Chorus*

1. Storm-y's— gone, that good old man, To my way - ya,

Solo 

Storm - a - long; O — Sterm-y's gone, that — good old man,

Chorus 

To my aye, aye, aye, Mis - ter Storm - a - long.

2

Solo We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
Chorus To my way-ya, Storm-along;
Solo Of the finest silk his shroud will be made,
Chorus To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm-along.

3

Solo We'll lower him down with a golden chain,
Chorus To my way-ya, Storm-along;
Solo Our eyes all dim but not with rain,
Chorus To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm-along.

4

Solo A good old skipper to his crew,
Chorus To my way-ya, Storm-along;
Solo An able sailor brave and true,
Chorus To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm-along.

5

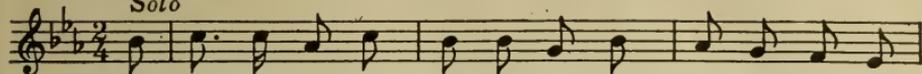
Solo He's moored at last and furled his sail,
Chorus To my way-ya, Storm-along;
Solo All free from wrecks and far from gales,
Chorus To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm-along.

6

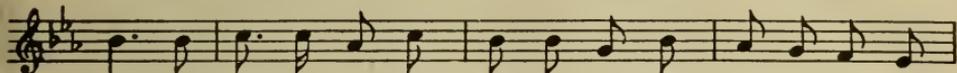
Solo Old Stormy he's heard the bugle call,
Chorus To my way-ya, Storm-along;
Solo So sing his dirge now, one and all,
Chorus To my aye, aye, aye, Mister Storm-along.

A-ROVING

Lively
Solo



1. In Am-ster-dam there lives a maid, Mark you well what I



say, In Am-ster-dam there lives a maid, And she is mis-tress



of her trade, I'll go no more a - rov - ing From you, fair maid.

Chorus



A - rov - ing, a - rov - ing, Since rov - ing's been my



ru - in, I'll go no more a - rov - ing From you, fair maid.

2

Solo Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Mark you well what I say!
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
Her face is fair, her step is light;
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus A-roving, a-roving, etc.

3

Solo Her cheeks are like the rosebuds! red,
Mark you well what I say!
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds! red,
There's wealth of hair upon her head;
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus A-roving, a-roving, etc.

4

Solo I often take her for a walk,
Mark you well what I say!
I often take her for a walk,
And love to hear her merry talk;
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus A-roving, a-roving, etc.

5

Solo I love this fair maid as my life,
Mark you well what I say!
I love this fair maid as my life,
And soon she'll be my little wife;
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus A-roving, a-roving, etc.

6

Solo And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Mark you well what I say!
And if you'd know this maiden's name,
Why soon like mine, 't will be the same;
I'll go no more a-roving from you, fair maid.

Chorus A-roving, a-roving, etc.

FAREWELL, AND ADIEU TO YOU

Moderato
Solo

1. Fare - well and a - dieu to you, fair Span - ish la - dies, Fare -
well and a - dieu to you, la - dies of Spain, For
we've re - ceived or - ders to sail for old En - gland; But—
hope in a short time to see you a - gain.

Chorus

We'll rant and we'll rove all— o'er the wild— o - cean, We'll
rant and we'll rove all— o'er the wild seas, Un -
til we strike sound - ings in the chan - nel of old En - gland From
Ú - shant to Scil - ly is thir - ty - four leagues,

Solo We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to for the strike soundings clear;
Then filled the main topsail and bore right away, boys,
And straight up the Channel our course we did steer.

Chorus We'll rant and we'll rove, etc.

Solo The first land we made was a point called the Deadman,
Next Rams Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
We sailed then by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dung'ness,
Then bore straight away for the South Foreland light.

Chorus We'll rant and we'll rove, etc.

Solo The signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
We clewed up our topsails, stuck out tacks and sheets;
We stood by our stoppers, we brailed in our spanker,
And anchored ahead of the noblest of fleets.

Chorus We'll rant and we'll rove, etc.

Solo Then let every man here toss off a full bumper,
Then let every man here toss off his full bowl,
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy,
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

Chorus We'll rant and we'll rove, etc.

HIGH BARBAREE

Quietly

1. There were two loft-y ships from old En-gland
 came, Blow high, blow low, and so sail'd we; One—
 was the *Prince of Lu-ther*, and the oth-er *Prince of*
Wales, Cruis-ing down a-long the coast of the High Bar-bar-ee.—

2

“Aloft there, aloft!” our jolly boatswain cries,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 “Look ahead, look astern, look aweather and alee,
 Look along down the coast of the High Barbaree.”

3

“There’s nought upon the stern, there’s nought upon the lee,”
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 “But there’s a lofty ship to windward, and she’s sailing fast and free,
 Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.”

4

“O hail her, O hail her,” our gallant captain cried,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 “Are you a man-o’-war or a privateer,” said he,
 “Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree?”

5

“Oh, I am not a man-o’-war nor privateer,” said he,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 “But I’m a salt-sea pirate a-looking for me fee,
 Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.”

6

Oh, ’twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 Until the Prince of Luther shot the pirate’s masts away
 Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

7

“O quarter, O quarter,” those pirates then did cry,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
 But the quarter that we gave them— we sunk them in the sea,
 Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

ROLLING HOME

With spirit

Solo

1. Call all hands to man the cap-stan, See the ca - ble run down
 clear, Heave a - way, and with a will, boys, For old En - gland we will
 steer; And we'll sing in joy-ful cho-rus In the watch-es of the
 night, And we'll sight the shores of En-gland When the gray dawn brings the light.

Chorus

Roll-ing- home, roll-ing home, roll-ing home a-cross the sea; Roll-ing
 home to dear old En-gland, Roll-ing home, dear land, to thee.

2

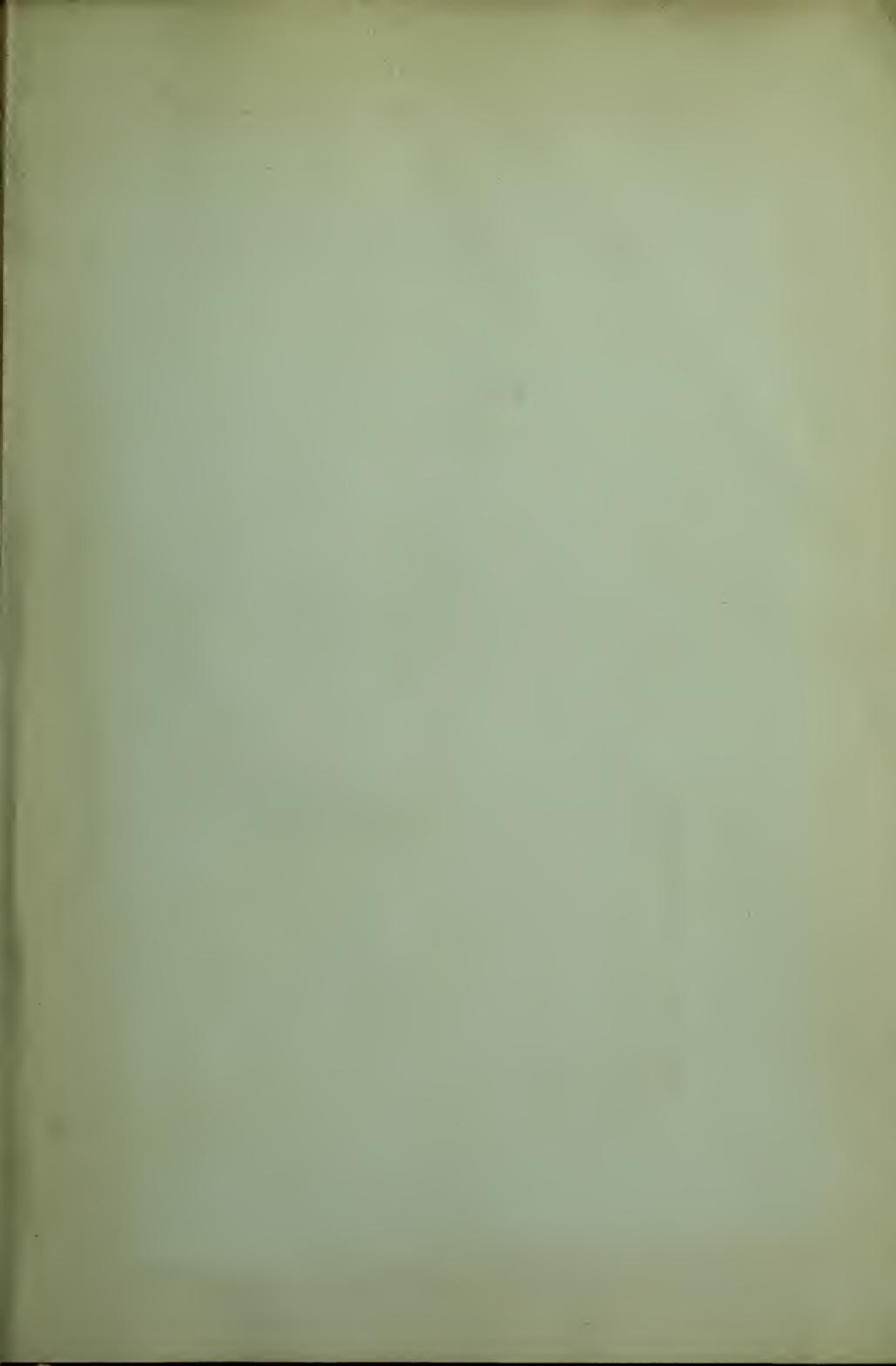
Solo Up aloft amid the rigging,
 Blows the loud exulting gale,
 Like a bird's wide out-stretched pinions
 Spreads on high each swelling sail;
 And the wild waves cleft behind us,
 Seem to murmur as they flow,
 There are loving hearts that wait you
 In the land to which you go.

Chorus Rolling home, etc.

3

Solo Many thousand miles behind us,
 Many thousand miles before,
 Ancient ocean heaves to waft us
 To the well-remembered shore.
 Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await you
 From the fairest of the fair,
 And her loving eyes will greet you
 With kind welcomes everywhere.

Chorus Rolling home, etc.





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