

I thought I heard the old man say,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I'll treat my crew in a decent way.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
And a bottle full for the chanteyman.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey up and whiskey down.
Whiskey, Johnny!
And whiskey all around the town.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh whiskey here and whiskey there.
Whiskey, Johnny!
Oh I'll have whisky everywhere.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey makes me pawn my clothes.
Whiskey, Johnny!
And whiskey gave me this red nose.
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Admiralens vise

Melodi: Arthur Sullivan - Tekst: Jens Louis Petersen

Som grøn konfirmand blev jeg af mor
sat i lære på et officielt kontor.

Jeg svang min kost og pudsede vindu'sfag,
og jeg gnuttede alle hoveddørens guldbeslag

(Kor: Han gnuttede alle hoveddørens guldbeslag).

Fordi jeg gnuttede for dem, som sidder højt på strå,
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og stjerner på:

**(Kor: Fordi han gnuttede for dem, der sidder højt på strå,
så endte han med kors og bånd og stjerner på).**

Så blev jeg på grund af al min flid
kontorist på mindre end et halvt års tid.

Min flip var hvid, og mit smil var stift,
og blanketter skrev jeg ud med spids og sirlig skrift.

(Kor: Blanketter skrev han ud med spids og sirlig skrift).

Fordi skriften havde retning og stod smukt på skrå,
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og stjerner på.

**(Kor: Fordi skriften havde retning og stod smukt på skrå,
så endte han med kors og bånd og stjerner på).**

Og jeg kom ind i'n fin kommission,
for i sådan en skal der altid sidde no' n!

På mit klatpapir jeg tegnede otte år i træk,
brugte stabler af papir og sagde ikke et kvæk.

(Kor: Og der sad han otte år og sagde ikke et kvæk).

Efter otte år med lås og slå
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og stjerner på.

**(Kor: Efter otte år med lås og slå,
så endte han med kors og bånd og stjerner på!).**

We're the bullies for to kick her through,!
Roll down the hill with a hullabaloo.

Chorus:

Starvation an' ease in a Yankee ship,
We're the bullies for to make 'er rip.

Chorus:

Santander Jim is a mate from hell,
With fists o' iron an' feet as well.

Chorus:

Round the Horn an' up to the Line,
We're the bullies for to make 'er shine,

Chorus:

Ninety days to 'Frisco Bay,
Ninety days is damn good pay.

Chorus:

Sing an' heave an' heave an' sing,
To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
Heave an' make them handspikes spring.

To me hoodah, hoodah, day!

Chorus:

Barrett`s Privateers

Oh, the year was 1778,

How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!

A letter of marque come from the king,

To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold

We'd fire no guns-shed no tears

Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier

The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

For twenty brave men all fishermen who

Would make for him the Antelope's crew

God damn them all! ...

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags

And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

God damn them all! ...

On the King's birthday we put to sea,

HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

We were 91 days to Montego Bay

Pumping like madmen all the way

God damn them all! ...

Jeg har krydset i biscayen og det røde hav

Heja for old Ben Gun

Mangen orlovsmand har jeg beredt en fugtig grav

Heja for old Ben Gun

Fra den tyrkiske sultan har jeg hugget en galej

Hvori hele mandens harem var på vej

Til Algier, hvor de sku` af for at more sig

Heja for old Ben Gun

Og de mored` sig

For de blev hos mig

Vulle vajle vulle vajle vulle va



Blow th' Man Down

Traditional - Lyrics from *Capstan Bars*, by David BoneOh!

Blow th' man down, bullies. Blow th' man down.

W-ay! Hey? Blow th' man down!

Oh! Blow th' man down bullies. Blow 'im right down.

Give us th' time an' we'll blow th' man down!

Come all ye young fellers that follows th' sea.

W-ay! Hey? Blow th' man down!

I'll sing ye a song if ye'll listen t' me.

Give us th' time an' we'll blow th' man down!

'Twas in a Black Baller I first served my time.

W-ay! Hey? Blow th' man down!

And in a Black Baller I wasted my prime.

Give us th' time an' we'll blow th' man down!

'Tis when a Black Baller's preparin' for sea.

W-ay! Hey? Blow th' man down!

Th'sights in th' fo' cas'le is funny t' see.

Give us th' time an' we'll blow th' man down!

Wi' sodgers an' tailors an' Dutchmen an' all.

W-ay! Hey? Blow th' man down!

As ships for prime seamen aboard th' Black Ball.

Give us th' time an' we'll blow th' man down!

Jeg har siddet i fængsel for mord i Manila
men jeg havde mit gebis, som jeg lavede en fil af
så den morgen da bødlen kom ind for at sige
jeg skulle i galgen, var fuglen sku` fløjen.

Jeg har piger i hver eneste havn på vor klode
så jeg har vist ikke ret meget til gode
men jeg har ind` nu ikke skudt en forbier
hver eneste gang har jeg skudt papegøjen



Farewell and adieu

Farewell and adieu unto you Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain;
For it's we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope very soon we shall see you again.

Chorus:

***We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old
England,
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.***

Then we hove our ship to the wind at sou'-west, my boys,
We hove our ship to our soundings for to see;
So we rounded and sounded, and got forty-five fathoms,
We squared our main yard, up channel steered we.

Chorus

Now the first land we made it is called the Deadman,
Then Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness,
Until we came abreast of the South Foreland Light.

Chorus

Them Liverpool girls don't use no combs
Away Santy Anna
They combs their hair with a kipper backbone
All on the plains of Mexico

When I was a young man in me prime
Away Santy Anna
I knocked them scouse girls two at a time
All on the plains of Mexico

Times is hard and the wages low
Away Santy Anna
It's time for us to roll and go
All on the plains of Mexico

Go To Sea No More

When first I landed in Liverpool, I went upon a spree
Me money alas I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be
And when that me money was all gone, 'twas then I wanted more
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once
more

***Once more, boys, once more, go to sea once more
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea
once more***

I spent the night with Angeline too drunk to roll in bed
Me watch was new and me money too, in the morning with them
she fled
And as I walked the streets about, the whores they all did roar
There goes Jack Strapp, the poor sailordad, he must go to sea once
more

***Once more, boys, once more, go to sea once more
There goes Jack Spratt, the poor sailordad, he must go to sea
once more***

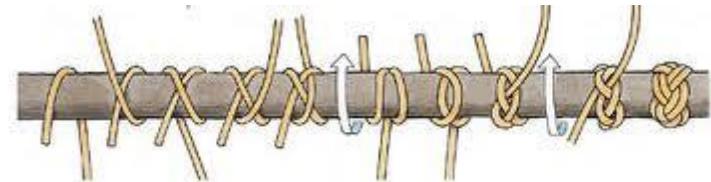
And as I walked the streets about, I met with the Rapper Brown
I asked him for to take me on and he looked at me with a frown
He said last time you was paid off with me you could no score
But I'll give you a chance and I'll take your advance and I'll send you
to see once more

***Once more, boys, once more, send you to sea once more
I'll give you a chance and I'll take your advance and I'll send
you to see once more***

But now my troubles they are over,
Sally`s married to a nigger soger.

He beat her up an` stole her money,
Then left her with a nigger baby.

Now, Sally Brown I love yer daughter,
Give her rum without any water.



Hanging Johnny

Oh they call me hanging Johnny.
Away, boys, away.

They says I hangs for money.
Oh hang, boys, hang

They say I hang for money,
But hanging is so funny,

At first I hanged me daddy,
And then I hanged me mommy,

Oh, yes I hanged me mother,
Me sister and me brother,

I hanged me sister Sally,
I hanged the whole damn family,

There`s some of us sick, aye, there some of us
sore,
We`ve scoffed all our whack an` we`re looking for
more.

Ye Parkee Lane judies we`ll `ave ye to know,
We`re bound to the sout`ard Oh, Lord let us go!

Oh, pack up yer donkes an` git under way,
Them judies we`re leavin` will git our half-pay.

Cheer up, Mary Ellen, now don`t look so glum,
On white-stockin day Ye`ll be drinkin hot rom.

We`re a Liverpool ship wid a Liverpool crew,
Ye can stick to the coast, but I`m damned if we do.

Leave`er, Jonny, leave`er

Oh, heave away, me bully boys

Leave`er, Jonny leave`er

Oh, pump away an` make some noice,

Time for us ter leave`er

Leave`er Jonny, Leave`er

Oh, Leave`er Jonny, Leave`er

Though the wages low, and the wind stil blow

It`s time for us ter leave`er

Though times is hard, an` the wages low,

Ther`s a fahom o` water ind the hold.

She took him to her cabin
And tried to ease his moanin'

She gave him rum and water
And a bit more than she oughter

She gave him education
And taught him navigation

She made him the best sailor
On board that New York whaler

He **married** the captain's daughter
And still sails on salt water

He's known where'er the whalefish blow
As the toughest bastard on the go

Huzzah! For Reuben Ranzo
Huzzah! For Captain Ranzo!

South Australia :

In South Australia I was born

Heave away haul away

In South Australia round Cape Horn

Bound for South Australia

Heave away you rolling kings

Heave away haul away

Heave away oh hear me sing

Bound for South Australia

When I sailed across the sea

Heave away haul away

My girl said she'd be true to me

Bound for South Australia

Heave away you ...

When we lolloped round Cape Horn

Heave away haul away

You'd wish to God you'd never been born

Bound for South Australia

Heave away you ...

Wish I was on Australia's Strand

Heave away haul away

With a glass of whisky in my hand

Bound for South Australia

Heave away you ...

Them Nyack girls I do adore

Heave away haul away

They takes it all and asks for more

Bound for South Australia

Heave away you ...

In South Australia I was born

Heave away haul away

In South Australia round Cape Horn

Bound for South Australia

Heave away you ...

