

# SEA SHANTY'

- og vittige saltvands sange



Sea Shanties were work songs sung on ships during the age of sail. They were used to keep rhythm during work and make it more pleasant. Because these songs were used to accomplish a goal, rather than for pure entertainment, the lyrics and melody were not very sophisticated. Still, the songs were usually meaningful and told of a sailor's life, which included backbreaking labor, abuse from captain and crew, alcohol, and longing for girls and dry land. A typical shanty had a call-and-response format. One sailor(a shantyman) would call out a verse, to which the rest of the sailors would respond in unison. The work would occur usually on the last syllable of the response or some other cue.



Lemvig træskibslaug 2012

WHISKEY, JOHNNY  
Trad. Shanty song

O, whiskey is the life of man,  
**Whiskey, Johnny!**  
I drink whiskey when I can  
**Whiskey for my Johnny!**

Whiskey from an old tin can,  
Whiskey, Johnny!  
I'll drink whiskey when I can.  
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I drink it hot, I drink it cold,  
Whiskey, Johnny!  
I drink it new, I drink it old.  
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey makes me feel so sad,  
Whiskey, Johnny!  
Whiskey killed my poor old dad.  
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad.  
Whiskey, Johnny!  
And whiskey drove my mother mad.  
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Indhold

***Admiralens vise***

***Barrett`s Privateers***

***Blow th' Man Down***

***Farewell and adieu***

***Go To Sea No More***

***Hanging Johnny***

***Leave `er, Jonny, leave `er***

***South Australia***

***Ranzo***

***RIO GRANDE***

***Sally Brown***

***Santy Anna***

***Skænk jer en dram***

***Sørøversang!***

***The Banks of the Sacramento***

***WHISKEY, JOHNNY***

## The Banks of the Sacramento

### Capstan Shanty

Sing and heave, and heave and sing,  
**To me hoodah! To me hoodah!**  
Heave and make the handspikes spring,  
**To me hoodah, hoodah, day!**

### Chorus:

**And it's blow, boys, blow,  
For Californio!  
For there's plenty of gold,  
So I've been told,  
On the banks of the Sacramento!**

From Limehouse Docks to Sydney Heads,  
Was never more than seventy days.

### Chorus:

O, around Cape Horn we are bound to go  
Around Cape Horn through the sleet and snow,

### Chorus:

Oh, around Cape Horn in the month o' May,  
Oh, around Cape Horn is a very long way.

### Chorus

We're the buckos for to make 'er go,  
All the way to the Sacramento.

### Chorus:

Politisk set var jeg liberal  
socialistisk - højresindet - radikal.  
Jeg stemte altid med den største flok,  
og de tanker, andre tænkte, var mig mer' end nok.  
**(Kor: Og de tanker, andre tænkte, var ham mer' end nok).**

Da mine egne tanker var så små og få,  
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og stjerner på.  
**(Kor: Da hans egne tanker var så få og små, så endte han med kors og bånd og stjerner på!).**

Med strømmen flød jeg stolt min vej,  
for den der flyder, ja, han synker ej!  
Ad små kanaler strømmen for,  
til jeg landede på flådens admiralkontor.  
**(Kor: Til han landede på flådens admiralkontor).**  
Fordi jeg kendte vejen, som en strøm kan gå,  
så endte jeg med kors og bånd og stjerner på.  
**(Kor: Fordi han kendte vejen, som en strøm kan gå, så endte jeg med kors og bånd og stjerner på!).**

I landsmænd her, som gerne vil nå op  
på vor samfunds stiges allerhøjeste top,  
flyd med, men hold jer i enhver forstand  
til stadighed og altid fra det dybe vand.  
**(Kor: Til stadighed og altid fra det dybe vand).**  
Stå aldrig til søs! Lad de andre stå!  
I får stripevis af kors og bånd og stjerner på!  
**(Kor: Stå aldrig til søs! Lad de andre stå!  
I får stripevis af kors og bånd og stjerner på!).**

## Sørøversang!

Kan man se jeg er en halvnevø til old Ben Gun

### Heja for old Ben Gun

Den berømte kaptain klo, det er min svigerson

### Heja for old Ben Gun

Og med blod har jeg overplasket mangt et dæk

Jeg er skrækkeligere end Skipper Skræk

Jeg kan drikke mine tred`ve tønder rom om dagen

### Heja for old Ben Gun

Tønder rom om dagen

Som en mis jeg kan

### Vulle vajle vulle vajle vulle vaj

Når jeg entred`en forbandet koffardi-galej

### Heja for old Ben Gun

På min sabel otte mand ad gangen spidder jeg

### Heja for old Ben Gun

Først når femten galloner købmandsblod er flydt

Tør` jeg sablen af, og går i min kahyt

Og jeg fletter mine fingre med en lille mø

### Heja for old Ben Gun

Med en lille mø

Der står mange i kø

### Vulle vajle vulle vajle vulle vø

On the 96th day we sailed again,  
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight  
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight  
God damn them all! ...

The Yankee lay low down with gold,  
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
She was broad and fat and loose in the stays  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days  
God damn them all! ...

Then at length we stood two cables away,  
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in  
God damn them all! ...

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,  
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs  
And the Main trunk carried off both me legs  
God damn them all! ...

So here I lay in my 23rd year,  
HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!  
It's been 6 years since we sailed away  
And I just made Halifax yesterday  
God damn them all! ...

## Skænk jer en dram, Jens Memphif

Jeg vil synge en sang om de go` gamle dage

**Sæt flasken på bordet og skænk jer en dram**

Da mænd de var mandfolk og kvinderne svage

**Man skal drikke mindst 10 for at høre på ham**

da jeg var en flot fyr og vadede i piger,

der alle var vilde for at få mig i køjen.

**Vi skåler og la`r som vi tror hvad han siger,**

**:I:skønt det halve er opspind og resten er løgn :I:**

Jeg har sejlet de 7 have tynde som danskvand

Med findere, tyskere, britere og franskmænd.

og set alle jordklodens fagreste riger

fra Rio til Saigon fra New York til Højen

Der er ikke den ting som jeg ikke har prøvet

jeg er blevet bedukket, bedækket, bedøvet

jeg har købt `n flok malai piger bare for en ti`r

og hver eneste af dem var splitternes nøgen

But when th' Black Baller gets clear o' th' land.

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

It's then as ye'll hear th' sharp word o' command.

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

Oh! It's muster ye sodgers an' tailors an' sich.

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

An' hear ye're name called by a son of a bitch.

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

It's "fore-topsail halyards", th' Mate he will roar.

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

Oh, lay along smartly, you son of a whore.

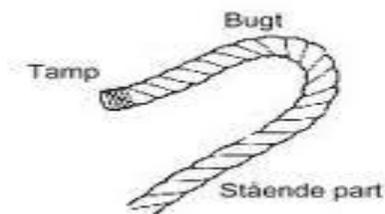
**Give us th' time an' we'll blow th' man down!**

Oh, lay along smartly each lousy recroot.

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

Or it's lifted ye'll be wi' th' toe of a boot.

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



# Santy Anna

Santy Anna gained the day

***Away Santy Anna***

Santy Anna gained the day

***All on the plains of Mexico***

***Mexico, oh Mexico***

***Away Santy Anna***

***Mexico is a place I know***

***All on the plains of Mexico***

Them yaller girls I do adore

***Away Santy Anna***

With their shinin' eyes and their cold black hair

***All on the plains of Mexico***

Why do them yaller girls love me so

***Away Santy Anna***

Because I won't tell them all I know

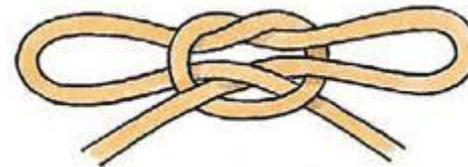
***All on the plains of Mexico***

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet for to anchor,  
All in the downs that night for to meet;  
Then it's stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,  
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

*Chorus*

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,  
And let every man toss off a full bowl;  
And we'll drink and be merry and drown melancholy,  
Singing, here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

*Chorus*



## Sally Brown

Sally Brown she`s a brigt mulatter,  
**way-ay, roll an` go!**  
She drinks rum an` chews terbacker,  
**spend my money on Sally Brown.**

Sally lives on the ol` plantation,  
She is a daughter of the Wild Goose Nation.

Seven long years I courted Sally,  
But all she did was dilly- dally.

I bought her gowns an` I bought her laces,  
Took her out to all the places.

But Sally Brown she would`t marry,  
An I no longer cared to tarry.

So I shipped away on a New Bedford whaler,  
When I got back she wuz courtin` a tailor.

An` so me boys, I took a notion,  
To sail again the stormy ocean.

He shipped me on board of a whaling ship bound for the  
arctic seas

Where the cold winds blow through the frost and snow  
and Jamaica rum would freeze

But worse to bear, I'd no hard weather gear for I'd spent  
all money on shore

'twas then that I wished that I was dead and could go to  
sea no more

**No more, boys, no more, go to sea no more**  
**'twas then that I wished that I was dead and could**  
**go to sea no more**

So come all you bold seafaring men, who listen to me  
song

When you come off them long trips, I'll have you not go  
wrong

Take my advice, drink no strong drink, don't go sleeping  
with them whores

Get married instead and spend all night in bed and go to  
sea no more

**No more, boys, no more, go to sea no more**  
**Get married instead and spend all night in bed and**  
**go to sea no more**

## **RIO GRANDE**

Oh, say, wuz ye ever down Rio Grande?

***'Way for Rio!***

It's there that the river flows down golden sands!

***An' we're bound for the Rio Grande,***

***Then away, bullies, away!***

***Away for Rio!***

***Sing fare-ye-well, me Liverpool gels,***

***An' we're bound for the Rio Grande!***

Oh, a ship went a-sailin` out over the bar,  
they`ve pointed her bow to the southern Star.

We wuz sick af the beach when our money wuz  
gone,

So we signed in this packet to drive her alon

I`d hang all metes and skippers,  
I`d hang `em by there flippers.

A rope, a beam, a ladder,  
I'd hang you all together,

We'll hang and haul together,  
We'll hang for better weather,

We`ll hang `em to the yard-arm,  
Hang the sea an` bay a pig-farm.



## Ranzo

Well it's poor old Reuben Ranzo,  
***Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!***  
Yes it's poor old Reuben Ranzo.  
***Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo!***

Ranzo was no sailor,  
He was a New York tailor

He was a New York tailor  
Shanghai'd aboard a whaler

They put him holy-stonin'  
And cared not for his groanin'

They gave him lashes thirty  
Because he was so dirty.

They gave him lashes twenty  
That's twenty more than plenty

Ranzo nearly fainted  
When his back with oil was painted

The captain gave him thirty  
His daughter begged for mercy

The old Man shouts, the pumps stand by,  
Oh, we can niver suck her dry.

It`s pump or down - the captain said,  
Or else damn soon ye`ll all be dead.

The rats have gone, an` we the crew,  
It`s time, me boys, that we went too.

