



# Bluewater Sailing

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Lessons

## NAUTICAL SONGS ~ Collected by Peter W. Damisch

### A ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,  
In Amsterdam there lived a maid

Mark you well what I say,  
And she was mistress of her trade

Chorus

Chorus: I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid,  
A roving, a roving, since roving's been my ruin, ("ru - i - in")  
I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid,

I took this maid out for a walk,  
I took this maid out for a walk,

Mark you well what I say,  
We had such a lovely talk.

Chorus

Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown,  
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were brown.

Mark you well what I say,  
Her hair in ringlets hanging down.

Chorus

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,  
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,

Mark you well what I say!  
Her face is fair, her step is light;

Chorus

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,  
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red

Mark you well what I say!  
There's wealth of hair upon her head;

Chorus

I often take her for a walk,  
I often take her for a walk,

Mark you well what I say!  
And love to hear her merry talk;

Chorus

I took her out and spent my pay,  
I took her out any spent my pay,

Mark you well what I say,  
And then this maiden just faded away.

Chorus

I love this fair maid as my life,  
I love this fair maid as my life,

Mark you well what I say,  
And soon she'll be my little wife;

Chorus

And if you'd know this maiden's name,  
And if you'd know this maiden's name,

Mark you well what I say!  
Why soon like mine, 'twill be the same;

Chorus

I wish that all the ladies . . .  
And I was a . . .  
I'd . . .

Chorus: Oh Babaluba

? Babaluaba



**SOUTH AUSTRALIA or ROLLING KING or RULER KING**    Page 2

I'll drink a glass to my own shore,  
I'll drink to the gal that I adore.

Chorus I  
Chorus II      Full Chorus

I'll tell ye now, it ain't no lie,  
I'll love that gal until I die.

Chorus I  
Chorus II      Full Chorus

This cross ye see at the bottom of the line,  
Is only to keep ye in my mind.

Chorus I  
Chorus II      Full Chorus

Now we're homeward bound again,  
I'll soon be seeing Sarah June.

Chorus I  
Chorus II      Full Chorus

Oh, fare ye well, now fare ye well,  
On, fare ye well, I wish ye well.

Chorus I  
Chorus II      Full Chorus

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**BLOW THE MAN DOWN: The Flash Packet** - Continued

I fired off my bow gun to make her heave to; She backed her main topsail, the signal she knew. ( Alternate: I fired me bow chaser the signal she knew ) ( maintops'l an' for me hove to )	Chorus I Chorus II
She wuz bowlin' along with the wind blowin' free, She clewed up her courses an' waited for me.	Chorus I Chorus II
I hailed her in English, she answered me clear "I'm from the Black Arrow bound to Shakespeare" ( Alternate: I hailed her in English and asked her the news: ) ( 'This morning from Sally Port, sir, bound for a cruise.' )	Chorus I Chorus II
So I wore ship an' with a 'what d'ya know?', I passed 'er me hawser an' took her in tow.	Chorus I Chorus II
So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow ( I tipped her me fliper an' took her tow ) And yardarm to yardarm away we did go	Chorus I Chorus II
Then I hove out my tow rope and took her in tow And away to the grog shop poor Jack he did go	Chorus I Chorus II
In a snug little tavern , of soon we did moor, I bought me some rum for this young Highway whore.	Chorus I Chorus II
She had some whiskey and I had some rum. She asked me if I would see her home.	Chorus I Chorus II
She told me her fancyman wuz at sea for a spell So I gave me flipper an' we wuz both bound to Hell.	Chorus I Chorus II

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN: The Flash Packet** - Continued

**Ending # 1**

Then she took me to a house of ill fame; It was the sign of the ship in Water Lane	Chorus I Chorus II
Then he wanted to board her without more delay. 'Come along, then, young man, if you're able,' said she.	Chorus I Chorus II
Me shot locker's empty, me powder's all spent, I've plenty o' time boys, to think and repent.	Chorus I Chorus II
We went home together and to bed we did go, But what we did there I'm sure I don't know.	Chorus I Chorus II
Soon the evening did pass, boys, I lashed up an' stowed I have her some shillings 'fore I left her abode.	Chorus I Chorus II
But it 'twarn't quite enough boys, she wanted some more, She cursed me an' called me a son o'-a-whore.	Chorus I Chorus II
She blazed like a frigate, at me she let fire, An nothing could stem, boys, that Irish tart's ire.	Chorus I Chorus II
She kicked me an' cursed me an' stove in me jaw, An' I beat retreat through her open back door.	Chorus I Chorus II
I fought wid the Russians, the Prussian's also, I fought wid the Dutch, an' wid Johnny Crapo.	Chorus I Chorus II
But all of the fine fights I ever did see, She beat all the fights o' the heathen Chinees.	Chorus I Chorus II
Now all ye young sailors take warnin' I say, Take it aisy, me boys, when yer down that Highway.	Chorus I Chorus II
Steer clear of them flash gals, on the Highway do dwell, or they'll take up your flipper an' yer soon bound to Hell!	Chorus I Chorus II

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN: The Flash Packet** - Continued      Ending #2

She then took me up to her lily white room, An' there all the evening we danced and we spooned.	Chorus I Chorus II
But as we were going she said unto me "There's a spanking full-rigger just ready for sea"	Chorus I Chorus II
We had a drink, maybe two, three or four And in the morning when I awoke I was stretched on the floor	Chorus I Chorus II
That spanking full-rigger to New York was bound She was very well manned and very well found	Chorus I Chorus II
But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar The mated knocked me down with the end of a spar	Chorus I Chorus II
As soon as that Packet was out on the sea "Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree	Chorus I Chorus II
So I give you fair warning before we belay Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say	Chorus I Chorus II

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**BLOW THE MAN DOWN or**  
**THE SAILING OF THE BLACK BALLER** (continued)

There are (There's) tinkers and tailors and soldiers, and all.      Chorus I  
For you'll seldom find sailors aboard the Black Ball.      Chorus II  
    ( Alternate: With the tinkers an' tailors an' sogers an' all )  
    ( All ship as prime seaman aboard the Black Ball )  
    ( That ship for good seamen aboard a Black Ball)

An' now when she's leaving' the ol' Mersey side,      Chorus I  
All hands are now ordered to scrub the ship's side.      Chorus II

An' now when she's clear over ol' Mersey Bar,      Chorus I  
The mate knock's em' down with a big Capsn'-bar.      Chorus II

Yes, soon as the packet is well out to sea,      Chorus I  
"Tis cruel, hard treatment o' every degree.      Chorus II

Ye've handspike hash every day for yer tea,      Chorus I  
An' belayin' pin soup many times will ye see.      Chorus II

"Tis ( An' ) when a Black Baller is ( hauls ) clear of the land      Chorus I  
The crew musters aft at the word of command      Chorus II  
    ( Our boatswain then gives us the word of command )  
    ( Our bosun soon roars out the ( hoarse ) word(s) of command )

"Lay aft!" is the cry, "to the break of the poop!"      Chorus I  
    ( 'Come quickly, lay aft to the break of the poop )  
"Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot!"      Chorus II

Lay aft here, ye lubbers! Lay aft one an' all,      Chorus I  
Or I'll have now o' yer doges (dodging) aboard this Blackball!      Chorus II

The second mate stands 'em all in a row,      Chorus I  
A seam in the deck he sure makes em all toe.      Chorus II

"Pay attention to orders now, you, one and all"      Chorus I  
For see right above you there flies the Black Ball"      Chorus II

Now see these poor barstards how aloft they will scoot,      Chorus I  
Assisted along by the toe o' a boot.      Chorus II

It's 'fore tawps'l Halyars!' the mate he will roar      Chorus I  
Oh, lay along smartly, ye-son o'-a-whore!'      Chorus II

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN or**  
**THE SAILING OF THE BLACK BALLER** (continued)

Its 'way aloft lubbers, shake them tawps'ls out, The last man in the riggin' he clouts on the snout	Chorus I Chorus II
Oh, lay along smartly each lousy recruit, Or 'tis lifted ye'll be by the greaser's sea-boot	Chorus I Chorus I
"Tis larboard and starboard on the deck you will sprawl For Kicking Jack Williams ( Jack Rogers ) commands the ( this) Black Ball	Chorus I Chorus II
Aye, first it's a fist and then it's a fall When you ship as a sailor aboard the Black Ball	Chorus I Chorus II
Now we are sailin' the Western Sea so wide, An' the green rollin' seas run along our black side.	Chorus I Chorus II
Soon, bully boys, we'll be back round the Rock, An' then, bully boys, we'll be snug in the dock.	Chorus I Chorus II
An' then all the hands they will bundle ashore, To ship in a Blackballer we'll niver do more.	Chorus I Chorus II
So I'll give ye a warning afore we belay, Don't take it for Gospel what sparkin' gals say.	Chorus I Chorus II
Don't ye go a-strollin' down Great Howard Street, or else such a chowlah ye'll happen to meet.	Chorus I Chorus II
For she'll spin ye such lies an' they'll sign ye away, On a hardcase Blackballer where thee's Hell every day.	Chorus I Chorus II
So we'll blow the man up, bullie, blow the man down, Wid a crew o' hard cases from Liverpool town.	Chorus I Chorus II

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**BLOW THE MAN DOWN**  
or **THE SAILING OF THE BLACK BALLER** (continued)

Complementary Version

Here's a big Black Ball clipper just leaving her dock,  
While the boys and the girls on the pierhead do flock.

( Alternate: An' when the Blackballer is leavin' the dock )  
( All the pretty young gals on the pierhead do flock.

Chorus I  
Chorus II

This dandy full rigger to New York wuz bound,  
She wuz very well rigged an' very well found.

Chorus I  
Chorus II

Blackball ships are good an' true,  
They're the ships for me an' you.

Chorus I  
Chorus II

There wuz once a Blackball ship,  
That fourteen knots an hour could clip.

Chorus I  
Chorus II

"Tis when a Black Baller comes back to her dock,  
The lassses and lads to the pier-head do flock

Chorus I  
Chorus II

---

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN: THE FISHES**

Chorus I      Weigh heigh, blow the man down!  
Chorus II      Oh! Give me some time to blow the man down!

Come all ye young sailormen, listen to me,      Chorus I  
I'll sing ye a song o' the fish o' the sea.      Chorus II

I'll sing ye a song o' the fish o' the sea,      Chorus I  
An' I'll trust that ye'll join in the chorus with me.      Chorus II

There wuz once an old skipper, I don't know his name,  
But I know that he once played a ruddy smart game.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

When his ship lay becalmed in a tropical sea,  
He whistled all day but could get no breeze.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

But a seal heard his whistle an' loudly did call,  
'Just stow yer light canvas, jib, spanker, an' all.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

I'll send ye some fish to consult if ye please,  
The best way to get ye a nice whistling breeze.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Oh, first came the herring, sayin', 'I'm King O' the Seas',  
He jumped on the poop: 'Oh, the Capen' I'll be!'      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Next came the flatfish, they call him a skate,  
'If ye'll be the Capen', why then I'm the mate'.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Then next came the hake, he wuz black as a rook,  
Sez he, 'I'm no sailor, I'll ship as the cook.'      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Next came the shark with his two rows of teeth,  
'Cook, mind you the cabbage, an' I'll mind the beef!'.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Then came the eel with his slippery tail,  
He climbed up aloft an' he cast off each sail.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Next came the codfish with his chuckle-head,  
He jumped in the chains an' began heavin' the lead.      Chorus I  
Chorus II

Next came the flounder that lies on the ground,  
Sayin' 'Damn yer eyes, chuckle-head, mind how ye sound!'      Chorus I  
Chorus II

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN: THE FISHES** (continued)

Then came the conger, as long as a mile, He gave a broad grin an' continued to smile.	Chorus I Chorus II
Then came the porpoise with his pointed snout, He went to the wheel shoutin', 'Ready About!'	Chorus I Chorus II
Then came the mackerel with his pretty striped back, He hauled aft each sheet, an' he boarded each tack.	Chorus I Chorus II
Then came the whale, the biggest in the sea, Shoutin', 'Haul in yer head sheets, now Hellums a Lee!'	Chorus I Chorus II
Next came the whale which wuz biggest o' all, He climbed aloft an' he let each sail fall.	Chorus I Chorus II
Ten came the sprat, he wuz smallest o' all, He jumped on the poop cryin', 'Maintawps'I haul!'	Chorus I Chorus II
Next came the lobster with his prickly back, He said, 'I'll go forward an' board the main tack'.	Chorus I Chorus II
Then came the thrasher, a-slashin' his tail, He climbed up aloft an' he loosed every sail.	Chorus I Chorus II
Last came the herring, the King of the Sea, Sayin', 'Haul in yer head sheets, now, hellums a-lee!'	Chorus I Chorus II
The mackerel the skipper did scoff for his tea, The herring he salted, the seal harpooned he.	Chorus I Chorus II
The first fish to come wuz a hoary old shark, Saying, 'I'll chew ye up if ye play me a lark'.	Chorus I Chorus II
He baited a hook, an' he thought it a lark, To catch as he did that hoary ol' shark.	Chorus I Chorus II
The eel it wuz tasty, the hake it wuz strong, The flounder he speared with a lance o' three prongs.	Chorus I Chorus II
The skate he speared next, but the porpoise wuz fast, The conger it grinned an' it grinned to the last.	Chorus I Chorus II

**BLOW THE MAN DOWN: THE FISHES** (continued)

He caught the ol' whale, which wuz no simple task,  
An' soon with whale oil he had filled up each cask.

Chorus I  
Chorus II

With the head o' the codfish he made a fine pipe,  
The sprat thn he salted, but 'twas only a bite.

Chorus I  
Chorus II

The breeze it blew merrily, an' merrily sailed he,  
But what an ol' barstard that skipper must be!

Chorus I  
Chorus II

---

**HAUL AWAY JOE**

In this shanty, the only pull was on the word "Joe", which was shouted or grunted out rather than sung.

Away, haul away, Oh, haul and sing together,      Chorus: Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!  
( alternate: Away, haul away, O come rock and roll me over, )  
( Hey don't yer see that black cloud a-risin'? )

Naow whin Oi wuz a little boy an' so me mother told me,      Chorus  
That if Oi didn't kiss the gals me lips would all grow moldy.      Chorus

"An' Oi sailed the seas for many a year not knowin' what Oi wuz missin',      Chorus  
Then Oi sets me sails afore the gales an' started in a-kissin'.      Chorus

Naow first Oi got a Spanish gal and she wuz fat an' lazy,      Chorus  
An' then Oi got a Southern tart - she nearly druv me crazy.      Chorus

Once I was in Ireland, digging turf and 'taties,      Chorus  
But now I'm on a line-juice ship, hauling on the braces.      Chorus  
( Oh, once Oi wuz in Oireland a-diggin' turf an' taities, )  
( But naow Oi'm on a Lime juice shi an' haulin on the braces )

St. Patrick was (wuz ) a gentleman ( gintlemen 'an ), he come of daycent people,      Chorus  
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple ( set a staypul ).      Chorus

He held High Mass for forty days before he blessed the staypul,      Chorus  
He held High Mass, 'twas a sorry pass, but he couldn't fool the paypul.      Chorus

From Oireland thin he druv the snakes, then drank up all the whiskey,      Chorus  
This made him dance an' sing an' jig, he felt so fine and frisky.      Chorus

Once I married an Irish girl, and her name was Flannigan,      Chorus  
She stole my money, she stole my clothes, she stole my plate and pannikin      Chorus  
( Then oi got meself an oirish gal an' her name was Flannigan )  
( She stole me boots, she stole me clothes, she pinched me plate and pannikin )

Oh, once I had (courted) an Irish girl, and she was fat and lazy,      Chorus  
But now I've got a Yankee girl, and she is just a daisy.      Chorus  
( Alternate: But now I'm courting a yellow girl, she drives me almost crazy. )

**HAUL AWAY JOE** (continued)

Oi courted then a Frenchie gal, she took things free an' easy,	Chorus	
But now oi've got an English gal and (an') she is a daisy.	Chorus	
( Oh ) King Louis was ( wuz )the king of France afore the revolution,	Chorus	
But Louis got his head cut off, which spoiled his constitution.	Chorus	
( but the people cut his big head orf and spoiled his constitution )		
Oi found meself a Yankee gal an' sure she wasn't civil,	Chorus	
So Oi stuck a plaster on back an' sent her to the Divil.	Chorus	
Sheepskin, pitch, an' beeswax, they made a bully plaster,	Chorus	
The more she tried ter git it of it only stuck the faster.	Chorus	
So list while Oi sing ter yer about me darlin' Nancy,	Chorus	
She's copper bottomed, clipper built, she's just me style an' fancy.	Chorus	
Ye may talk about yer Yankee gals (London, Liverpool, Havre, etc.) An' round the corner Sallies,	Chorus	Chorus
But they couldn't make the grade, me bhoys, wid the gals from down our alley.	Chorus	Chorus
We sailed away for the China Seas, our bhoys so neat an' handy,	Chorus	
The Ould man in his cab'n, bhoys, a-drinkin' run an' brandy.	Chorus	
We loaded for the homeward run, all hands so free an' aisy,	Chorus	
And in his galley sat the doc, a-makin' plum-duff graisy.	Chorus	
We squared our yards an' away we rolled, with the fiddles playin' handy,	Chorus	
Wid a roll 'n' gok a westward ho, an' a Yankee Doodle Dandy.	Chorus	
Then they sent the King away to sea, to larn him how ter swim,	Chorus	
They sent him wid a Bluenose mate who put a squarehead on him.	Chorus	Chorus
Yiz call yerself a second mate an' cannot tie a bowline,	Chorus	
Ye cannot even stand up straight when the packet she's a-rollin'.	Chorus	

---



**WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?**

or **DRUNKEN SAILOR** or **HOORAY AN' UP SHE RISES**

Start:

What do you do with a drunken sailor?    What do you do with a drunken sailor?

What do you do with a drunken sailor?    Early in the morning!

Chorus:

High, High, up she rises!

High, High, up she rises!

High, High up she rises!

Early in the morning!

Or

Or

Or

Way Hay, up she rises!

Patent Blocks o Different Sizes    Weigh Haye up she rises

Earlye in the morning!

Verses:

Put him in a boat and row him over,  
Early in the morning!

Put him in a boat and row him over,  
Chorus:

Put him. . . ,

Hoist him aboard with a running bowline,  
Early in the morning!

Hoist him aboard with a running bowline,  
Chorus:

Hoist him. . . ,

Put him the brig until he's sober,  
Early in the morning!

Put him the brig until he's sober,  
Chorus:

Put him. . . ,

Hoist him up to the topsail yardarm,  
Early in the morning!

Hoist him up to the topsail yardarm,  
Chorus:

Hoist him. . . ,

Make him turn to at shining bright work,  
Early in the morning!

Make him turn to at shining bright work,  
Chorus:

Make him. . . ,

Put him in scuppers with the (a) hose pipe on him.  
Early in the morning!

Put him in scuppers with the (a) hose pipe on him.  
Chorus:

Put . . . ,

Make him clean out all the spit kids.  
Early in the morning!

Make him clean out all the spit kids.  
Chorus:

Make him. . . ,

Temperance lectures will never help him.  
Early in the morning!

Temperance lectures will never help him.  
Chorus:

Temperance . . . ,

Give him a hair of the dog that bit him.  
Early in the morning!

Give him a hair of the dog that bit him.  
Chorus:

Give him. . . ,

**WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?** ( continued )

Put him in the long boat till he's (gets) sober.      Put him in the long boat till he's (gets) sober.      Put him. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Keep him there an' make him bale her.      Keep him there an' make him bail her.      Keep him. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.      Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.      Trice him. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.      Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.      Tie . . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Take him an' shake 'im, an' try an' wake 'im.      Take him an' shake 'im, an' try an' wake 'im.      Take . . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Give him a dose o' salt an' water.      Give him a dose o' salt an' water.      Give him. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Give him a taste o' the bosun's rope-end.      Give him a taste o' the bosun's rope-end. Give him. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Stick on his back a mustard plaster.      Stick on his back a mustard plaster.      Stick on. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Soak him in oil till he spouts a flipper.      Soak him in oil till he spouts a flipper.      Soak him. . . ,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Scrape the hair off his chest with a hoop iron razor.      Scrape the hair off his chest with a hoop iron razor.      Scrape,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Put him in the guard (barrack) room till het gets sober.      Put him in the guard room till het gets sober.      Put him.,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus

Final Verse:

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,  
Earlye in the morning!      Chorus:      Amen.

Or ( final chorus )

What shall we do with the Queen O' Sheeba?

What shall we do with a drunken soldier?

---

**LEAVE HER, JOHNNY or**  
**TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER or LEAVE HER**

This song was reserved for the last task after the ship was fast to the pier, and the crew were about to go ashore. It was the sailor's farewell song at the end of the voyage, in which he expressed, without fear since the voyage was over, his opinion of the ship and officer's. It sums up the feelings accumulated during the voyage.

**Chorus I: Leave her, Johnny, leave Her!**

**Chorus II: ( 'An ) It's time for us to leave Her!**

Solo

I thought I heard the Old Man say,	Chorus I
You can go ashore and draw yer pay,	Chorus II
(Alternate: Tomorrow ye will get your pay )	
The winds were foul, the trip was long,	Chorus I
But before we go we'll sing this song.	Chorus II
You may make her fast and pack your gear,	Chorus I
And leave her moored to the West Street pier.	Chorus II
I thought I heard the second mate say:	Chorus I
"Just one more drag and then belay."	Chorus II
Oh, the times was hard and the wages low;	Chorus I
I'll pack my bag and go below.	Chorus II
(But now once more ashore we'll go.)	
The winds were foul, the work was hard,	Chorus I
From Liverpool docks to the Brooklyn yard	Chorus II
The winds wuz foul an' the sea ran high,	Chorus I
An' the Sea ran high.	Chorus II
(She shipped it green an' none went by.)	
Oh, the times was hard and the wages low;	Chorus I
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow,	Chorus II

**LEAVE HER, JOHNNY** (continued)

The work was ( wuz ) hard, the voyage ( wuz ) long,      Chorus I  
The seas were ( wuz ) high, the ( 'an ) gales were ( wuz ) strong:      Chorus II

Well the old Man's a bugger and the mate, he's a Turk,      Chorus I  
And the bosum he's a bastard with the middle name of work      Chorus II  
(Alternate: The mate wuz a bucko an' the Old Man a Turk, )  
(The wuz a beggar with the middle name o' work )

She would neither steer nor wear nor stay,      Chorus I  
She shipped it green both night and day.      Chorus II

The ship won't steer, nor stay, nor wear,      Chorus I  
An' so us shellbacks learnt to swear.      Chorus II

The Old Man swears an' the mate swears too,      Chorus I  
The crew all swear, an' so would you.      Chorus II

We'll sing, oh, may we never be      Chorus I  
( oh sing that we boys will never be )  
On ( In ) a hungry bitch the like of ( o' ) she.      Chorus II

She shipped it green and she made us curse, -      Chorus I  
The mate is a devil and the old man worse.      Chorus I

The winds were foul, the ship was slow,      Chorus I  
The grub was bad, the wages, low,      Chorus II

The winds wuz foul, all work, no pay ( play )      Chorus I  
to Liverpool Docks from 'Frisco Bay      Chorus II

Oh her stern was foul and the voy'ge was long;      Chorus I  
And the winds was bad and the gales was strong.      Chorus II

The grub wuz ban an' the wages low,      Chorus I  
But now one more ashore we'll go.      Chorus II

I'm getting thin and growing sad      Chorus I  
Since first I joined this wooden-clad      Chorus II

**LEAVE HER, JOHNNY** (continued)

Oh, our Old Man he don't set no sail, We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol.	Chorus I Chorus II
We'd be better off in a nice clean gaol, With all night in an' plenty o' ale.	Chorus I Chorus II
She's poverty-stricken an' parish rigged, The bloomin' crowd is fever stricked.	Chorus I Chorus II
We wuz made to pump all night an' day An' we half dead had beggar-all to say,	Chorus I Chorus II
Oh, leave her Johnny, an' we'll work no more Of Pump or drown we've had full store.	Chorus I Chorus II
And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim And ( We'll) heave the hungry packet in (or bastard in).	Chorus I Chorus II
The rats have gone, and we the crew, It's time, by God, that we went too.	Chorus I Chorus II
Oh leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin, (For) ther's many a worser we've sailed in. ( She's the hungriest bastard we ever shipped in )	Chorus I Chorus II
For the voyage is done, An' the winds don't blow	Chorus I Chorus II
And now it's time to say goodbye, For the old pierhead's a-drawing night.	Chorus I Chorus II
It's growl you ( yer ) may, but ('an) go you must; It matters not whether you're last or fust.	Chorus I Chorus II
The sails are furled, our work is done, And now on shore, we'll have our fun!	Chorus I Chorus II

**The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald**

"The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee."  
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead when the skies of November turn gloomy.  
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,  
that good ship and true was a bone to be chewed when the "Gales of November" came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconsin.  
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most with a crew and good captain well seasoned,  
concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms when they left fully loaded for Cleveland.  
And later that night when the ship's bell rang, could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound and a wave broke over the railing.  
And ev'ry man knew, as the captain did too 'twas the witch of November come stealin'.  
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the Gales of November came slashin'.  
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain in the face of a hurricane west wind.

When supertime came the old cook came on deck sayin'. "Fellas, it's too rough t'feed ya."  
At seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in; he said, "Fellas, it's bin good t'know ya!"  
The captain wired in he had water comin' in and the good ship and crew was in peril.  
And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
Does any one know where the love of God goes when the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay if they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'er.  
They might have split up or they might have capsized; they may have broke deep and took water.  
And all that remains is the faces and the names of the wives and the sons and the daughters.  
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings in the rooms of her ice-water mansion.  
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams; the islands and bays are for sportsmen.  
And farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her,  
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know with the Gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."  
The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee."  
"Superior," they said, "never gives up her dead when the gales of November come early!"

Gordon Lightfoot

*The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*