



Steady She Goes Songbook

Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate

Safe and sound at home again

Let the waters roar, Jack!

Safe and sound at home again

Let the waters roar, Jack!

Long we've tossed on the rolling main

Now we're safe ashore, Jack!

Don't forget your old shipmate

Faldee raldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound

Four years gone, or nigh, Jack!

Was there ever chummies, now

Such as you and I, Jack?

We have worked the self-same gun:

Quarterdeck division!

Sponger I and loader you

Through the whole commission!

Oftentimes have we laid out

Toil nor danger fearing!

Tugging out the flapping sail

To the weather bearing!

When the middle watch was on

And the time went slow, boy!

Who could choose a rousing stave

Who like Jack or Joe, boy?

There she swings, an empty hulk

Not a soul below now!

Number seven starboard mess

Misses Jack and Joe now!

But the best of friends must part

Fair or foul the weather!

Hand yer flipper for a shake

Now a drink together!

Get Up Jack, John Sit Down

Ships may come and ships may go, as
long as the sea doth roll.
Each sailor lad just like his dad he loves
the flowing bowl
A trip ashore he does adore with a girl
that's plump and round
When your money's gone, it's the same
old song:

**Get up, Jack, let John sit down
Come along, come along you jolly
brave boys
There's lots of grog in the jar
We'll plow the briny ocean
Like the jolly roving tar**

When Jack gets in it's then he steers for
some old boarding house.
He's welcomed in with rum and gin, they
feed him on pork souse.
He'll lend and spend and not offend till
he lies drunk on the ground.

When your money's gone it's the same
old song ...

He then will sail aboard some ship for
India or Japan,
In Asia there the ladies fair all love the
sailorman.

He'll go ashore and on a tear and buy
some girl a gown.
When your money's gone it's the same
old song ...

When Jack gets old and weather-beat,
too old to roam about,
In some rum shop they'll let him stop till
eight bells calls him out.
He'll raise his eyes up to the skies,
saying, "Boys, we're homeward bound!"
When your money's gone it's the same
old song ...

Randy-Dandy-O

Now we are ready to sail for the Horn

Weigh, hey, roll and go!

Our boots and our clothes, boys, are all
in the pawn,

To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh!

Heave a pawl, oh heave away

Weigh, hey, roll and go!

**The anchor's on board & the cable's
all stored**

To be rollicking Randy Dandy, oh

Soon we'll be warping her out through
the locks

Them pretty young girls will come down
in their frocks

Come breast about, bullies, and heave
her away

Soon we'll be rolling away down the Bay

Oh, man the stout caps'n and heave with
a will

Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way up the hill

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged
bums

Take yer hands from yer pockets and
don't suck yer thumbs

Roust her 'bout bullies and heave with
goodwill

Soon we'll be driving her straight up the
hill

Say goodbye to Sally and goodbye to
Sue

For we be the boy-os who can kick'er
through

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay
Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way!

Away Rio

We'll man the good capstan and run her
around

Away Rio!

We'll haul up her anchor from out in the
sound

Away to The Rio Grande!

And it's Away Rio! Away Rio!

**So fair thee well, all you pretty young
girls**

And we're bound for the Rio Grande!

The chain's up and down, the Bosun did
say

Heave up the hawse-pipe, the anchors
aweigh

Now t'anchor is weighed & t'sails they
are set

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

Heave with the will boys, heave long &
heave strong

And we'll all sing t'chorus for it is a
good song

She's a deep water ship and a deepwater
crew

You can keep to the coast but we're
damned if we do

So goodbye to Ellen and Sweet Georgia
Brown

We've left you enough for to buy a silk
gown

Sing goodbye to Nellie and goodbye to
Sue

And you who are listening, goodbye to
you

Our ship went a-sailing over the bar
They've pointed her bow towards the
Southern star

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses and
rum

And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving
has come

Strike the Bell

Out on the poop deck, walkin' about
Here comes the Second mate, so sturdy
and so stout
What he is thinkin' of, he doesn't know
himself
We wish that he would hurry up and
strike, strike the bell

Strike the bell, second mate
Let us go below!
Look awa' to windward,
You can see it's gonna blow!
Look at the glass,
You can see that it has fell!
We wish that you would hurry up and
Strike, strike the bell!

Down in the engine room, workin' on the
pumps
Leftie's gettin' oily and he's ready for his
bunk
He cannot find the spanner and he
swears like merry hell
Wishin' that the second mate would
strike, strike the bell

Up on the main deck, haulin' on the rope
The brown boys look to windward and
they are not filled with hope
They see on the horizon, headin' in to
swell
Wishin' that the second mate would
strike, strike the bell

Down on the main deck, and workin' at
the pumps,
There is the larboard watch ready for
their bunks;
Over to wind'ard they see a great swell,
And he's wishin' that the second mate
would strike, strike the bell.

Aft at the wheel poor Anderson stands,
Graspin' the spokes in his cold mitten
hands.
Lookin' at the compass and the course is
clear as hell
But he's wishin' that the second mate
would strike, strike the bell.

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant
captain stands,
Lookin' to wind'ard with the glasses in
his hand.
What he is thinkin' of we know very
well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than
strike, strike the bell.

Down on the mess deck, Toby's out of
bed
Ready for the dog watch with a tricorn
on his head
Thinks about Demelza, makes his poor
heart swell
Hopin' that the second mate will strike,
strike the bell

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

x3

Earl-lie in the morning!

Weigh-hey and up she rises!

Weigh-hey and up she rises!

Weigh-hey and up she rises!

Earl-lie in the morning!

Put him in the longboat till he's sober...

Pull out the bung and wet him all over...

Put him in the scuppers wi' the lee rail
under...

Throw him overboard with a bow-line on
him...

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...

Put him in the brig until he's sober...

Put him in bed wi' the captain's
daughter...

Put him in a bunk wi' the captain's
daughter...

Have you ever seen the captain's
daughter?...

Roll the Old Chariot Along

We'd be alright if the wind was in our
sails x3

And we'll all hang on behind!

And we'll roll the old chariot along!

We'll roll the old chariot along!

We'll roll the old chariot along!

And we'll all hang on behind!

We'd be alright if we make it round the
Horn x3

Well, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't
do us any harm! x3

A night on the town wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A plate of Irish Stew wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A pint of the stout wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A round on the house wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A kiss on the cheek wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A roll in the clover wouldn't do us any
harm! x3

A night in the gaol wouldn't do us any
harm! X3

Fish in the Sea

Come all you young sailor men, listen to me

I'll sing you a song of the fish in the sea:

And it's windy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys!

When the wind blows, we're all together, boys!

Blow ye winds westerly, blow ye winds, blow!

Jolly sou'wester, boys, steady she goes!

Up jumps the eel with his slippery tail
Climbs up aloft and reefs the topsail

Then up jumps the shark with his nine rows of teeth

Saying, "You eat the dough boys, and I'll eat the beef!"

Up jumps the lobster with his heavy claws,
Bites the main boom right off by the jaws!

Up jumps the halibut, lies flat on the deck

He says, 'Mister Captain, don't step on my neck!'

Up jumps the herring, the king of the sea,
Saying, 'All other fishes, now you follow me!'

Up jumps the codfish with his chuckle-head,

He runs out up forward and throws out the lead!

Up jumps the whale, the largest of all
"If you want any wind, well, I'll blow ye a squall!"

Santiana

Oh, Santiana gained the day
Away Santiana!
Napoleon of the West, they say
Along the plains of Mexico!

Well, heave her up and away we'll go
Away Santiana!
Heave her up and away we'll go
Along the plains of Mexico!

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good
crew
And an old salty Yank for a captain too

Santiana fought for gold
Around Cape Horn through the ice and
snow

'Twas on the field of Molley-del-Rey
Well both his legs got blown away

It was a fierce and bitter strife
The General Taylor took his life

Santiana now we mourn
We left him buried off Cape Horn

Rolling Down to Old Maui

It's a damn tough life full of toil and
strife we whalermen undergo
And we won't give a damn when the gale
is done how hard the winds did blow
For we're homeward bound from the
Arctic ground with a good ship taut and
free
And we won't give a damn when we
drink our rum with the girls of Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys!
Rolling down to Old Maui!
We're homeward bound from the
Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui!

Once more we sail with a Northerly gale
Through the ice, and wind, and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical
lands, we soon shall see again
Six hellish months we passed away on
the cold Kamchatka Sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic
ground, Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with the Northerly
gale to-wards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
and we ain't got far to roam
Our stans'l booms is carried away

What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us, thank God we're
homeward bound

How soft the breeze through the island
trees now the ice is far astern
Them native maids, them tropical glades,
is awaiting our return
Even now their big brown eyes look out
hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales
Rolling down to Old Maui

And now we're anchored in the bay with
the Kanakas all around
With chants and soft aloha-oes they greet
us homeward bound
And now ashore we'll have good fun
we'll paint them beaches red
Awaking in the arms of a wahine with a
big fat aching head

Eliza Lee

The smartest clipper you can find is,

Ho eh, ho ah, are you most done?

She's the Margaret Evans in the Blue
Star Line!

***Clear away the track and let the bulgine
run!***

To me hey, rig a jig, in a jaunting gun,

Ho eh, ho ah, are you most done?

With Eliza Lee all on my knee,

**Clear away the track and let the
bulgine run!**

Oh, the Margaret Evans on the Blue Star
Line,

She's never a day behind the time,

And when we're over in New York
Town,

We'll dance those Bowery girls around,

Oh, we're outward bound for the
Westering pier,

We'll go ashore at Liverpool Pier,

Oh, I thought I heard the old man say,
We'll leave that brig three points away.

Oh, when we're back in Liverpool town,
I'll stand you whiskeys all around!

Leave Her Johnny

I thought I heard the old man say
“Leave her, Johnny, leave her!”
It's a long, hard pull to the next payday
And it's time for us to leave her!

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is done and the winds
don't blow!
And it's time for us to leave her!

Oh, the winds were foul and the work
was hard
From the Liverpool dock to the London
yard

It was rotten meat and moldy bread
You'd eat it or you'd starve to death

I hate to sail on this rotten tub.
No grog allowed and rotten grub

Oh, the skipper was bad, but the mate
was worse
He'd blow you down with a spike and a
curse

There's Liverpool Pat in his tarpaulin hat
And Yankee John, the pocket rat

The mate was a bucco, the old man was a
Turk.
And the boatswain was a bugger with a
middle name of work

The old man swears, and the mate swears
too,
The crew all swear, and so would you

She would not wear and she would not
stay
She shipped great seas both night and
day

We swear by rote for want of more.
But now we're through so we'll go on
shore.

The starboard pump is like the crew
It's all worn out and will not do

The rats have gone and we the crew
It's the time be-damned that we went, too

The sails all furled, our work is done
and now ashore we'll take our run

Well I pray that we shall ne're more see
A hungry ship, the likes of she

Well it's time for us to say goodbye
For now those pumps are all pumped dry