

SEA SHANTY SING-ALONG!



Bellingham
Seafeast

with the

《: GOOD TIME GIRLS:》

A DROP OF NELSON'S BLOOD

(ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT)

**Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind**

CHORUS:

**COME ON AND ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG
WE'LL ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG
AND WE'LL ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG
AND WE'LL ALL HANG ON BEHIND!**

**Oh, a bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm
A bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm
A bottle of rum wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind**

CHORUS

**Oh, a night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm
A night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm
A night with the girls wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind**

CHORUS

**Oh, a pint of Boundary Bay wouldn't do us any harm
A pint of Boundary Bay wouldn't do us any harm
A pint of Boundary Bay wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind**

CHORUS

BULLY IN THE ALLEY

HELP ME, BOB, I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY
WAY, HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY
HELP ME, BOB, I'M BULLY IN THE ALLEY
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL'

Well, Sally is the girl that I love dearly
WAY, HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL'

CHORUS

For seven long years I courted Sally
WAY, HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY

All she did was dilly dally
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL'

CHORUS

When I get back, I'll marry Sally
WAY, HEY, BULLY IN THE ALLEY

We'll have kids and count them by the tally
BULLY DOWN IN SHINBONE AL'

CHORUS

WHEN JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

I've never seen the likes since I was born,
An Arkansas farmer with sea boots on
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

CHORUS

SO IT'S WAKE HER, WAKE HER!
SHAKE HER, SHAKE HER!
WAKE THAT GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, POOR OLD MAN

My wife she died in Tennessee
And they sent her jawbone back to me
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

I put that Jawbone on the fence
And I ain't heard nothing but the jawbone since
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

Chorus

So hand me down my riding cane
I'm off to see ms. Sarah Jane
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

Them Hilo girls all dress so fine
They aint got Jesus on their minds
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

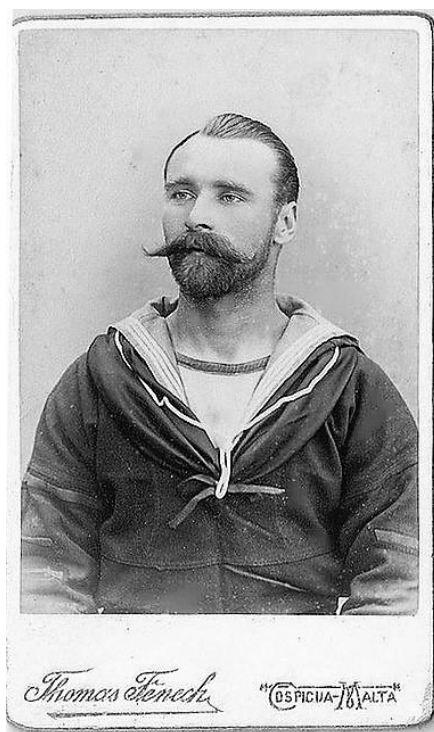
NEXT PAGE

CHORUS

Now I once had a gal, her hair was red
'Twas curly all over except on her head
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

Her eyes were blue, her dress the same
But she always fell asleep before I came
JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO, A POOR OLD MAN

CHORUS



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 gales are done
How hard the winds did blow,
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds
With a good ship taut and free,
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls from old Maui.

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS,
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI,
WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUNDS,
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI.

Once more we sail with the northerly gales
Through the ice and wind and rain,
Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores,
We soon shall see again;
Six hellish months we've passed away
On the cold Kamchatka sea,
But now we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds
Rolling down to old Maui.

CHORUS

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales,
Towards our island home,
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung,
And we ain't got far to roam;
Our stuns'll's bones is carried away,
What care we for that sound,
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound.

CHORUS

CLAMZO

*(The Story Of Reuben Clamzo & His Strange Daughter
In The Key Of A, as sung by Arlo Guthrie)*

Oh, poor old Reuben Clamzo CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
Oh, poor old Reuben Clamzo CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

Oh, Reuben was no sailor CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
So, they shipped him on a whaler CLAMZO ME BOYS CLAMZO

Because he was no beauty CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
He would not do his duty CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

Because he was so dirty CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
We gave him five and thirty CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

Oh, Reuben Clamzo's daughter CLAMZO BOYS CLAMZO
She begged her dad for mercy CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

She brang him wine and water CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
And a bit more than she oughta CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

Well, he got his seaman's papers CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
He's a terror to the whalers CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

And he sails where 'er the whalefish blow CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
As the hardest bastard on the go CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO

Oh, poor old Reuben Clamzo
CLAMZO BOYS, CLAMZO
Oh, poor old Reuben Clamzo
CLAMZO ME BOYS, CLAMZO!!!!

DRUNKEN SAILOR

**What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!**

**Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Earl-eye in the morning!**

Chorus:

**WAY HAY AND UP SHE RISES
WAY HAY AND UP SHE RISES
WAY HAY AND UP SHE RISES
EARL-EYE IN THE MORNING**

Repeat: What do you do....

**Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him
Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him
Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him
Earl-eye in the morning!**

Chorus

Repeat: What do you do....

**Throw him in the brig until he's sober
Throw him in the brig until he's sober
Throw him in the brig until he's sober
Earl-eye in the morning!**

Chorus

GOOD MORNING LADIES ALL

We are outward bound for Kingston town
WITH A HEAVE-O, HAUL!
And we'll heave the old wheel round and round
GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL!

And when we get to Kingston town
WITH A HEAVE-O, HAUL!
Oh, 'tis there we'll drink, and sorrow drown
GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL!

Them girls down south are free and gay
WITH A HEAVE-O, HAUL!
With them we'll spend our hard-earned pay
GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL!

With Poll and Meg and Sally too
WITH A HEAVE-O, HAUL!
We'll drink and dance with a hullabaloo
GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL!

We'll swing around, we'll have good fun
WITH A HEAVE-O, HAUL!
And soon we'll be back on the homeward run
GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL!

So, a long goodbye to all you dears
WITH A HEAVE-O, HAUL!
Don't cry for us, don't waste your tears
GOOD MORNING, LADIES ALL!

IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

**In South Australia I was born
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
In South Australia 'round cape Horn
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

CHORUS:

**So, haul away your rolling king,
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
Oh, Haul Away and you'll hear me sing
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

**Well, I walked out one morning fair
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
And chanced to meet with Nancy Blair
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

**Well, I shook her up and I shook her down
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
I danced her 'round and 'round the town
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

CHORUS

**Well, I wish I was on a lonesome strand
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
With rum and whiskey all in hand
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

**Now two old women lying on the sand
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
Each one wishing that the other was a man
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

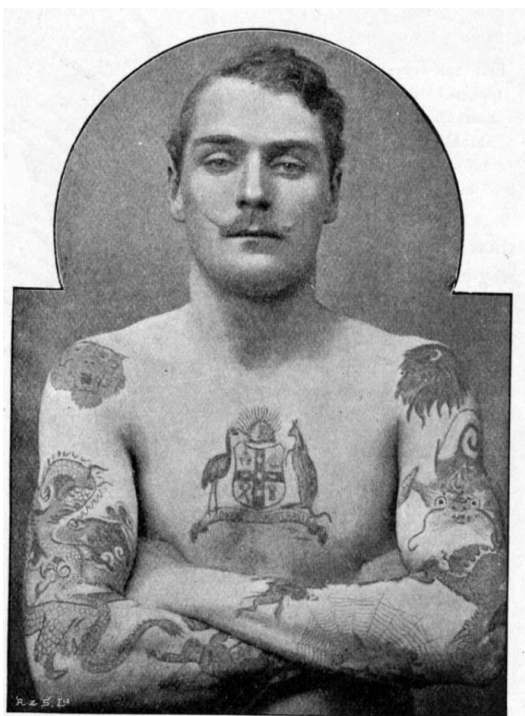
NEXT PAGE

CHORUS

And as we wallop around cape Horn
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
You'll wish to God you've never been born
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Oh, South Australia is a bloody fine place
HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY
To get blind drunk is no disgrace
AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA

CHORUS



Een Australiër.

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

**Running down to Cuba for a load of sugar
WAY, ME BOYS, FOR CUBA!**

**Make her run, you lime-juice squeezers
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

WAY, ME BOYS, FOR CUBA! RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!

**Running down to Cuba with a press of sail
WAY ME BOYS FOR CUBA!**

**Flinging the water all over the rail
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

WAY, ME BOYS , FOR CUBA! RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!

**Oh my God! How the winds do blow
WAY ME BOYS FOR CUBA!**

**Running on south from the ice and snow
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

WAY, ME BOYS , FOR CUBA! RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!

**Oh, I've got a gal about nine feet tall
WAY ME BOYS FOR CUBA!**

**She sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

WAY, ME BOYS , FOR CUBA! RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!

**Yes, that's my gal and her name is Eliza
WAY ME BOYS FOR CUBA!**

**You can guess where she gives me a-rise-a
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

WAY, ME BOYS , FOR CUBA! RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!

NEXT PAGE

**That's my gal, she can dance the Fandango
WAY ME BOYS FOR CUBA!**

**Cheeks like a melon, tastes sweet as a mango
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

**WAY, ME BOYS , FOR CUBA!
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

**Load the sugar and homeward go
WAY ME BOYS, FOR CUBA!**

**'Cause Mr. May, he told me so
RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!**

WAY, ME BOYS , FOR CUBA! RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA!



BLOW THE MAN DOWN

A Working Girl's Perspective by Emily Baron

He walked with a swagger all cock sure and proud

WAY HEY BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I dropped a low curtsy and winking he bowed

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

His coin purse was heavy with silver and gold

WAY HEY BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I said you should see what I've got in my hold

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

We went to a tavern I'd used in the past

WAY HEY BLOW THE MAN DOWN

He lead me upstairs for to show me his mast

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

He spoke of his ramrod, his rapier, his gun

WAY HEY BLOW THE MAN DOWN

His broadsword his masthead his giant cannon

GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

NEXT PAGE

He huffed and he puffed but to little avail
WAY HEY BLOW THE MAN DOWN
For he had so much rum that we never set sail
GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

You can brag all you want to but hear what I say
WAY HEY BLOW THE MAN DOWN
We don't have to leave port, but you still have to pay
GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I SAID
GIVE ME SOME TIME TO BLOW THE MAN
DOOOOOWWWNNNN!



SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME

(as made popular by TikTok)

**There once was a ship that put to sea
The name of the ship was the Billy O' Tea
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (HUH)**

Chorus:

**SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME
TO BRING US SUGAR AND TEA AND RUM
ONE DAY, WHEN THE TONGUING IS DONE
WE'LL TAKE OUR LEAVE AND GO**

**She'd not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (HUH)**

CHORUS

Da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

NEXT PAGE

**Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low (HUH)**

CHORUS

**No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of greed
And he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow (HUH)**

CHORUS

(Da-da-da-da-da....)

**For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go (HUH)**

CHORUS

**As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all (HUH)**

CHORUS x2

THANK YOU FOR JOINING US!

Bellingham
SeaFeast



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