

# Odd Wednesday Men



## So Early In October

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**JOHN KANAKA**

(C/E)

I heard I heard the First Mate say **HUH**

*John Kanaka naka, tulai e*

Today, today is a holiday

*John Kanaka naka, tulai e*

*tulai e, oh, tulai e,*

*John Kanaka naka, tulai e,*

We'll work termorrer, but no work terday,

We'll work termorrer, but no work terday,

**CHORUS**

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay,

We're bound away at the break o' day,

**CHORUS**

We're bound away around Cape Horn,

We wisht ter heaven we'd never bin born,

**CHORUS**

Oh haul, oh haul oh haul away,

Oh haul away an' make yer pay.

**CHORUS**

It's rotten meat and weevily bread

In two months out you wish you were dead

**CHORUS**

I thought I heard the Bosun say

It's one more pull and then belay

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**



**ALL FOR ME GROG**

(D/F#)

*Well it's all for me grog me jolly, jolly grog  
All for me beer and tobacco  
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin  
Far across the western ocean I will wander*

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots  
Gone for me beer and tobacco  
Well the heels are worn out  
And the toes are kicked about  
And the sole is looking out for better weather

CHORUS

Where is me shirt, me noggin noggin shirt  
Gone for me beer and tobacco  
Well the collar it is worn  
And the sleeves they are all torn  
And the tail is looking out for better weather

CHORUS

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed  
Since first I came ashore with me plunder  
Well I spent all me dough  
On the ladies don't ye know  
Now across the western ocean I will wander

CHORUS

CHORUS



**BOTANY BAY**

(A/E)

Farewell to old England the beautiful!  
Farewell to my old pals as well!  
Farewell to the famous Old Baily  
Where I used to cut such a swell.

*My Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity      Too-ral li Roo-lal li Lay*  
*Too-ral li Roo-lal li Laity      And we're bound for Botany Bay!*

It's seven long years I been serving,  
It's seven I got for to stay,  
For beatin' a cop down our alley  
An' takin' his truncheon away.

**CHORUS:**

There's the captain what is our commander,  
The bos'n an' all the ship's crew,  
The married and also the single ones  
Knows what us poor convicts goes through.

**CHORUS:**

It ain't that they don't give us grub enough,  
It ain't that they don't give us clothes;  
It's all 'cause we light-fingered gentry  
Goes about with a chain on our toes.

**CHORUS:**

O had I the wings of a turtle dove,  
I'd spread out my pinions and fly  
Into the arms of my Polly love  
And on her soft bosom I'd lie.

**CHORUS:**

Now all you young viscounts and duchesses  
Take warning by what I do say,  
And mind it's all yours what you touches-es  
Or you'll land down in Botany Bay.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:



**SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

(A/E)

In South Australia I was born

*Heave away, haul away*

In South Australia round Cape Horn

*We're bound for South Australia*

*Haul away you rolling kings*

*Heave away, haul away*

*Haul away, you'll hear me sing*

*We're bound for South Australia*

As I stepped out one morning fair

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

CHORUS:

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

CHORUS:

And as we wallop around Cape Horn

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

CHORUS:

In South Australia my native land

Full of rocks and fleas and sand

CHORUS:

I wish I was on Australia's strand

With a bottle of whiskey in my hand

CHORUS:

[Repeat 1<sup>st</sup> verse]

In South Australia I was born

*Heave away, haul away*

In South Australia round Cape Horn

*We're bound for South Australia*



**EAST INDIAMAN**

(F)

*Illy, ally, illy, ally, oh - cheerily, boys, cheerily,  
Bend your backs and give a pull, cheerily I say (I say!),  
With a long pull and a strong pull  
we'll haul away together, boys,  
Belay every inch of that, belay, boys, belay.*

Many's the time I've sung this song  
when the wind's been blowing half-a-gale,  
Hoisting up a yard or shaking out a reef or  
hauling on the sheets of a sail,  
I've shipped on board of a man-of-war,  
in the Merchant Service too,  
I've fought for m' King and m' country while  
I've sailed on the ocean blue.

CHORUS:

On a bright May day we sailed away  
on a big East India ship,  
Though it's many, many years ago, m' boys,  
I'll not forget that trip,  
We said "goodbye" to Portsmouth quay,  
to Susan, Kate and Jane,  
And we hadn't been a'sailing but an hour or more  
when we joined in the old refrain:

CHORUS:

Now I'm back from the sea again,  
I'm gonna' coil up me ropes on the shore,  
Have a bit of a spell with m' long-haired gel,  
she's the one I do adore,  
But there's no doubt, should a war break-out,  
and seamen be required again,  
I'll join with m' crew, m' duty for to do and  
we'll join in the old refrain.

CHORUS:



**SLOOP JOHN B**

(C/G)

We sailed on the sloop John B, My Grandfather and me,  
Around Nassau town we did roam.

Drinking all night, we got in a fight

I feel so broke up, (Oh yeah!) I want to go home

<i>So hoist up the John B sails</i>	<i>( hoist up the John B.....)</i>
<i>See how the mainsail's set,</i>	<i>(See how the mainsail....)</i>
<i>Call for the captain ashore,</i>	
<i>Let me go home</i>	<i>(Let me go home)</i>
<i>I wanna go home</i>	<i>(Let me go home)</i>
<i>And I wanna go home</i>	<i>(Hoist up the John B sail)</i>
<i>Well, I feel so broke up</i>	<i>(Oh yeah!)</i>
<i>I want to go home</i>	

*(Do-Bah, Do Do-Bah, Do Do-Bah, Do Do-Bah)*

The first mate he got drunk,  
And broke in the Captain's trunk.

The Constable had to come and take him away.

O Sheriff John Stone, (Sheriff John Stone)

Why won't you let me alone, (Yeah yeah!)

I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

CHORUS

The poor cook, he got the fits.  
And threw away all the grits,  
And then he took and eat up all o' my corn,  
Let me go home, I want to go home.  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

CHORUS CHORUS

*Well, I feel so broke up I want to go home*  
*(Oh yeah!)*





**JOHNNY TODD**

(c)

Johnny Todd, he took a notion  
For to cross the ocean wide  
And he's left his love behind him  
Weeping by the Liverpool tide

For a week, she wept with sorrow  
Tore her hair and wrung her hands  
Till she met another sailor  
Walking by the Liverpool sands

Why fair maid are you a weeping  
For your Johnny gone to sea?  
If you'll wed with me tomorrow  
I will kind and constant be

I will buy you sheets and blankets  
I'll buy you a wedding ring  
You shall have a silver cradle  
For to rock the baby in

Johnny Todd came home from sailing  
Sailing on the ocean wide  
And he's found his fair and false one  
Was another sailor's bride

All young men who go a sailing  
For to fight the foreign foe  
Do not leave your love like Johnny,  
Marry her before you go!



**IN MY LIVERPOOL HOME**

(C/G)

*In my Liverpool Home, in my Liverpool Home  
We speak with an accent exceedingly rare,  
Meet under a statue exceedingly bare,  
If you want a Cathedral, we've got one to spare.  
In my Liverpool Home.*

I was born in Liverpool, down by the docks  
Me Religion was cath'lic, occupation Hard-Knocks  
At stealing from lorries I was adept,  
And under old overcoats each night we slept

**CHORUS**

When I grew up I met Bridget McGann  
She said "You're not much but I'm needin a man"  
"Well a want sixteen kids and an 'ouse out in Speke"  
Well the spirit was willing but the flesh it was weak

**CHORUS**

Way back in the forties the world it went mad  
Mister Hitler threw at us everything that he had  
When the smoke and dust had all cleared from the air  
"Thank God" said the old man, "The Pier Head's still there"

**CHORUS**

Walton Gaol is the place for a quiet week-end.  
Climb over the wall, and you'll meet all your friends.  
You can sit and watch telly, drink whisky and beer  
and chalk on the prison walls; "KILROY was here".

**CHORUS**

The Dockers Umbrella has bitten the dust  
You might buy a Meccanno, no charge for the rust  
Scottie Road is a legend now past away  
But you can go down to Yateses and drink all the day

**CHORUS x2**



**LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL**

(F)

*Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,  
until it doth run over.*

*Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,  
until it doth run over.*

*For tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,  
Tomorrow we'll be sober!*

Here's to the lad drinks water pure  
and goes to bed quite sober.       x2  
Falls as the leaves do fall,       x3  
So early in October.

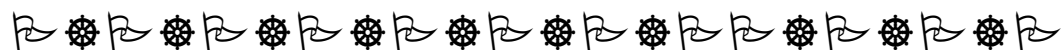
Here's to the lad who drinks good ale  
and goes to bed quite mellow.       x2  
Lives as he ought to live,       x3  
And dies a jolly fellow.

Here's to the lass who steals a kiss  
and runs to tell her mother.       x2  
She's a foolish, foolish thing,       x3  
For she'll not get another.

Here's to the lass who steals a kiss  
and stays to steal another.       x2  
She's a boon to all mankind,       x3  
For she'll soon be a mother.

*CHORUS*

*CHORUS*



**MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN**

(D/A)

Oh, Martin said to his man,

**fie, man, fie**

Martin said to his man,

**who's the fool, now?**

Martin said to his man,

Fill thou the cup and I the can

**Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now**

I saw the man in the moon,

Clouting of St. Peter's shoon

I saw a hare chase a hound,

Twenty miles above the ground

I saw a mouse chase a cat,

Saw a cheese eat a rat

I saw a goose ring a hog,

Saw a snail bite a dog

I saw a flea heave a tree,

Twenty miles out to sea

I saw a maid milk a bull,

At every pull a bucket full

Oh, Martin said to his man,

**fie, man, fie**

Martin said to his man,

**who's the fool, now?**

Martin said to his man,

Fill thou the cup and I the can

**Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now**



**BLOW THE MAN DOWN** (Fisherman's Friends version)

Add here words of Blow The Man Down version by Fishermen's Friends found on Track 9 on Keep Hauling (music from the movie]



CHORUS

*Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down  
Wey-hey, blow the man down!  
Blow him right back into Liverpool town  
Gimme some time to blow the man down!*



**ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT**

(D/F#)

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm

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

An' we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm...

CHORUS

And a good run ashore ...

CHORUS

And a pint from the Landlord...

CHORUS

Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm...

CHORUS

[Improvise verses to suit location]



**FIRE DOWN BELOW**

(A)

*Fire! Fire! Fire down below.*

*It's fetch a bucket of water, lads,  
there's fire down below.*

1. There's fire in the galley,  
fire in the house.  
Fire in the beef-kid,  
a-scorching of the scouse.

CHORUS

2. There's fire in the fore tops,  
Fire in the main,  
Fire in the wind-er-lass,  
Fire in the chain.

CHORUS

3. There's fire in the lifeboat,  
there's fire in the gig,  
Fire in the pig-sty;  
a-roasting of the pig.

CHORUS

4. There's fire in the orlop,  
fire in the hold  
Fire in the strong room  
a-melting all the gold.

CHORUS

5. Fire up above me boys,  
there's fire down below,  
Dowse it with the water lad  
and let us roll and go.

CHORUS



**YARMOUTH TOWN**

(F/C)

In Yarmouth Town there lived a man,  
Kept a little tavern down by the strand.  
The landlord had a daughter fair,  
A plump little thing with the golden hair.

*Oh, won't you come down, Won't you come down,  
Won't you come down to Yarmouth town. X2*

One night there came a sailor man  
And he's asked the daughter for her hand.  
Oh, why should I marry you? she said,  
I get all I want without being wed.

*CHORUS*

But if with me you do want a linger,  
I'll tie a piece of string all around my finger  
And as you pass by, just pull on the string  
And I'll come down and I'll let you in.

*CHORUS*

At closing time the sailor man  
He's gone to the tavern down by the strand  
Now he's never seen such a sight before,  
'cause the string around the finger was all she wore.

*CHORUS*

The sailor stayed the whole night through  
And early in the morning went back to his crew,  
He told them about the daughter fair,  
The plump little thing with the golden hair.

*CHORUS*

The news it soon got around  
And the very next night in Yarmouth Town  
There was fifteen sailors pulling on the string  
And she's come down and she's let them all in.

*CHORUS*

So all young men that to Yarmouth go,  
if you see a pretty girl with her hair hanging low,  
Well, all you've got to do is pull on the string,  
She'll come down and she'll let you in.

*CHORUS CHORUS CHORUS [getting faster]*



**GOSPORT NANCY**

(A)

Gosport Nancy, she's my fancy,  
She's the girl to make good sport  
How she'll greet you, when she meets you  
When your ship gets into port.  
All the Gosport Ladies they loves a sailor man  
But to find a way to spend your pay  
*There's none like Gosport Nan!*

Gosport ladies love their gargle  
Gosport girls they love their tot  
Rum and brandy, gin and shandy  
Gosport girls will drink the lot!  
All the Gosport ladies they swig the flowing can  
**But** for knocking it back with Honest Jack  
*There's none like Gosport Nan.*

Gosport girls, they're good at dancing  
They're the best, there is no doubt.  
When the music sends them prancing  
How they'll fling their skirts about!  
All the Gosport ladies they do the French Can-Can  
**But** for real high kicks and fancy tricks  
*There's none like Gosport Nan.*

Gosport Nancy keeps a parlour  
Where the boys can take their ease  
She will wake you, yes she'll shake you,  
Yes she'll do what e'er you please  
All the Gosport ladies they do the best they can  
But for making a bed for a sailor's head  
*There's none like Gosport Nan*

**But** for making a bed for a sailor's head  
*There's none like Gosport Nan*



**A-ROVING**

(C/G)

In Amsterdam there lived a maid - *Mark well what I do say!*  
In Amsterdam there lives a maid, And this fair maid my trust betrayed.  
*I'll go no more a rovin, with you fair maid.*  
*A roving, A roving, since roving's been my ru-i-in,*  
*I'll go no more a roving, with you fair maid.*

Her eyes are like two stars so bright - *Mark well what I do say!*  
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,  
Her face is fair, her step is light.

CHORUS:

I asked this fair maid for a walk, - *Mark well what I do say!*  
I asked this maid out for a walk  
That we might have some private talk.

CHORUS:

Then I took this fair maid's lily white hand, - *Mark well what I do say!*  
I took this fair maid's lily white hand  
In mine as we walked along the strand.

CHORUS:

Then I put my arm around her waist - *Mark well what I do say!*  
For I put my arm around her waist  
And from her lips snatched a kiss in haste!

CHORUS:

Then a great big Dutchman rammed my bow *Mark well what I do say!*  
For a great big Dutchman rammed my bow,  
And said, "Young man, dit is mijn vrouw!"

CHORUS:

Then take a warning boys, from me, - *Mark well what I do say!*  
So take a warning, boys, from me,  
With other men's wives don't make too free.

CHORUS:

For if you do you'll surely rue - *Mark well what I do say!*  
For if you do you'll surely rue Your act, and find my words come true.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:



**LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER** (c)

Well the times are hard and the wages low,

*Leave her, Johnny, leave her!*

an' I think it's time for us to go!

*An' 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, I thought I heard the Ol' Man say,

Tomorrow ye will get your pay,

**CHORUS:**

Oh the work was hard and the voyage was long,

The sea was high and the gales were strong.

**CHORUS:**

The wind blew foul an' the sea ran high,

She shipped it green an' none went by.

**CHORUS:**

I hate to sail on this rotten tub,

No grog allowed and rotten grub.

**CHORUS:**

We swear by rote for want of more,

But now we're through so we'll go ashore.

**CHORUS:**

We'd be better off out of the gale

In an inn all night with plenty of ale.

**CHORUS:**

**CHORUS:**



**YELLOW RIBBON**

(C/E)

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon

**She wore it** in the springtime and in the month of May

*And if you asked her why the heck **she wore it** -  
**She wore it** for her lover who was far, far away.*

*Far away, Far away*

*Oh, **she wore it** for her lover who was far, far away*

Around her knee she wore a purple garter

**She wore it** in the springtime and in the month of May...

And through the town she wheeled a p'rambulator,

**She wheeled it** in the springtime and in the month of May...

And in that pram there sat three bonnie triplets.

**They sat there** in the springtime and in the month of May...

Behind the door her father kept a shotgun [clap]

**He kept it** in the springtime and in the month of May....

And on the wall she keeps a marriage license

**She keeps it** in the springtime and in the month of May

*And if you asked her why the heck **she keeps it** -  
**She keeps it** for her lover who was far, far away.*

*Far away, Far away ( getting quieter)*

***She keeps it** for her lover who was far, far away*

*Far away, Far away (shhhsh)*

***She keeps it** for her lover who was far, far away.*

*Far away, Far away (shhhhhshh)*

***She keeps it** for her lover who was far, far away.*



**WELLERMAN**

(Am/E)

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

**HUH**

*Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day, when the tinguin' is done  
We'll take our leave and go*

She had 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

*CHORUS*

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 below

*CHORUS*

No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The Captain's mind was not of greed  
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed  
She took the ship in tow

*CHORUS*

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

*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

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

**HUH**



**OLD MAUI**

(Em/B)

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife We whaler men undergo  
 And we won't give a damn when the gale is done  
 How hard the winds do blow  
 For We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground  
 With a good ship taut and free  
 And we don'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 shores  
 We soon shall see again  
 For 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

**CHORUS**

Once more we sail the Northerly gale      Towards our Island home  
 Our whaling done, out mainmast sprung  
 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

**CHORUS**

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

**CHORUS**



**MESSING ABOUT ON THE RIVER**

(D/F)

When the weather is fine you know it's the time  
*For messin' about on the river*

If you take my advice there's nothing so nice  
*As messin' about on the river*

There's big boats and wee boats ands all kinds of craft  
Puffers and keel boats and some with no draught  
With the wind in your face there's no finer place  
*Than messin' about on the river*

There are boats made from kits that'll reach you in bits  
*For messin' about on the river*

And you might want to scull in a glass fibred hull  
*Go messin' about on the river*

Anchors and tillers and rudders and cleats  
Ropes that are sometimes referred to as sheets  
With the wind in your face there's no finer place  
*Than messin' about on the river*

Skippers and mates and rowing club eights  
*All messin' about on the river*

Capstans and quays where you tie up with ease  
*All messin' about on the river*

Outboards and inboards and dinghies you sail  
The first thing you learn is the right way to bale  
In a one man canoe you're both skipper and crew  
*Messin' about on the river*

Moorings and docks, trailers and locks  
*All messin' about on the river*

Whirlpools and weirs that you must not go near  
*Messin' about on the river*

Backwater places all hidden from view  
Mysterious wee islands just waiting for you  
So I'll leave you right now, go cast off your bow  
*Go messing about on the river*            x3

**LITTLE EYES**

(F/C)

I dreamed a dream, the other night  
The strangest dream of all  
I dreamed that I was kissing you  
Behind the garden wall  
And she said:

*Little eyes I love you (honey!)*

*Little eyes I love you*

*I love you in the springtime and the fall*

*Little eyes I love you (honey!)*

*Little eyes I love you I love you best of all.*

I went to call on my best girl.  
Her bulldog flew at me  
And bit me by the old back porch  
Right by my Maple Tree.

**CHORUS**

I took my true love home last night  
Beneath the spreading pine  
I put my arms around her waist  
And pressed her lips to mine

**CHORUS**

It was not you I saw last night  
Behind the garden wall.  
It was my wife a-looking at me  
She looked so big and tall.

**CHORUS**

O tell me honey tell me do,  
Who is your turtle dove  
O tell me honey tell me true  
Who is the one you love.

**CHORUS CHORUS**



**SAM'S GONE AWAY**

(C/E)

I wish I was a cabin boy,  
aboard a Man O' War!

HOI!

*Sam's gone away, aboard a Man O' War!*

I wish I was a cabin boy,  
aboard a Man O' War!

HOI!

Sam's gone away, aboard a Man O' War!

*Pretty work, brave boys,*

*Pretty work, I say!*

*Sam's gone away,*

*aboard a Man O' War!*

I wish I was a Gunner,  
aboard a Man O' War!

BANG!

CHORUS

I wish I was the Bos'n  
aboard a Man O' War!

<whistle>

CHORUS

I wish I was the Padré  
aboard a Man O' War!

AMEN

CHORUS

I wish I was the Captain  
aboard a Man O' War!

SIR!

CHORUS

I'm glad I'm not a mermaid .....

aboard a Man O' War! .

Oooo

We're glad he's not a mermaid....

Oooo

CHORUS

I wish I was a shanty-singer

aboard a Man O' War!

TRA-LA-LA!

CHORUS

CHORUS



**A SAILOR AIN'T A SAILOR ANYMORE** (D/A)

*Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast  
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last [HO]  
Get your civvies ready for another run-ashore  
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore*

Me father often told me when I was just a lad  
A sailor's life is very hard, the food is always bad  
But now I've joined the navy, aboard a man-o-war  
But now I've found a sailor ain't a sailor any more.

CHORUS

The Killick of our mess, he says we has it soft  
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft.  
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?  
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

CHORUS

They gave us an engine that first went up and down  
Then with some more technology the engine went around  
We know our steam and diesels but what's a mainyard for?  
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore.

CHORUS

They gave us an Aldis Lamp so we could do it right.  
They gave us a radio to signal day and night.  
We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a semaphore?  
A Bunting tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore.

CHORUS

Two cans of beer a day and that's your jolly lot  
And now I've got an extra one because they stopped The Tot  
So we'll put on our civvy-clothes and find a pub ashore  
A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before.

CHORUS x2





**DRUNKEN SAILOR**

(A/E)

What will we do with the drunken sailor?  
What will we do with the drunken sailor?  
What will we do with the drunken sailor?  
*Earlye in the morning?*

*Hooray and up she rises,  
Hooray and up she rises,  
Hooray and up she rises,  
Earlye in the morning!*

Put ‘im in the scuppers with an ‘ose pipe on ‘im x3

CHORUS

Put ‘im in a leaky boat and make ‘im bail ‘er x3

CHORUS

Put ‘im in the brig until ‘e’s sober x3

CHORUS

Put ‘im in a cabin with the Captain’s daughter x3

CHORUS

‘ave you seen the Captain’s Daughter? X3

CHORUS

Keel Haul ‘im, Keel Haul ‘im.  
Keel Haul ‘im, Keel Haul ‘im.  
Keel Haul ‘im, Keel Haul ‘im.

CHORUS

