

# Odd Wednesday Men



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**NOAH'S ARK SHANTY**

(D/A)

In Frisco Bay there were three ships  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

In Frisco Bay there were three ships  
*A long time ago*

And one of them ships was Noah's old ark  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

All covered all over in hickory bark  
*A long time ago*

They took two animals of every kind  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

The bull and the cow, the stag and the hind  
*A long time ago*

But the bull and the cow they started to row  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

And t' little black dog went "row-de-dow-dow"  
*A long time ago*

Then said old Noah wi' a crack of his whip  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

"Come stop this row, or I'll scuttle the ship"  
*A long time ago*

But the bull stuck his horn through the side of the ark  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

The little black dog 'e started to bark  
*A long time ago*

So Noah took t' dog, shoved its nose up the hole  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

And ev'r since then t' dogs' nose has been cold.  
*A long time ago*

*It's a long long time and a very long time*  
*To me way, hay, hay-up*

*A long long time and a very long time*  
*A long time ago*





**SANTIANA**

(Dm)

*Heave her up and away we'll go  
Heave away Santiana  
Heave her up and away we'll go.  
All along the plains of Mexico*

O Santiana won the day  
*Heave away Santiana*  
He won the day down at Monterey.  
*All along the plains of Mexico!*

CHORUS

Now Santiana fought for gold,  
*Heave away Santiana*  
What deeds he did have oft been told.  
*All along the plains of Mexico*

CHORUS

Santiana fought for fame  
*Heave away Santiana*  
And Santiana gained a name  
*All along the plains of Mexico*

CHORUS

Now Santiana shovelled his gold  
*Heave away Santiana*  
Around Cape Horn through the ice and cold  
*All along the plains of Mexico*

CHORUS

CHORUS



**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**

(F/C)

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!)*





**SPANISH LADIES**

(D/A)

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish Ladies,  
 Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;  
 For we've received orders for to sail for old England,  
 But we hope in a short time to see you again.

*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,  
 We'll rant and we'll rave all on the salt sea.  
 Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;  
 From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues.*

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys,  
 We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;  
 'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,  
 So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

**CHORUS**

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,  
 Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight;  
 We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,  
 And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

**CHORUS**

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,  
 And all in the Downs that night for to lie;  
 Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!  
 Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

**CHORUS**

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,  
 And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;  
 We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,  
 And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

**CHORUS CHORUS**



**EDDYSTONE LIGHT**

(A/E)

Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,  
He married a mermaid one fine night,  
And from that union there came three,  
Two little fishies and the other was me.

*Yo-ho-ho, the wind blows free,  
Oh for the life on the rolling sea.*

One night as I was trimmin' the glim,  
And singing a verse from the evening hymn,  
I see by the light of me binnacle lamp,  
Me kind old father lookin' jolly and damp.

*Chorus*

A voice from starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"  
And there was me mother sittin' on a buoy,  
Meanin' a buoy for ships what sail,  
And not a boy what's a juvenile male.

*Chorus*

"Well, what became of me children three?"  
Me mother then she asked of me.  
Well, one was exhibited as a talking fish,  
The other was served as a savoury dish.

*Chorus*

The phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair,  
I looked again and me mother wasn't there,  
But her voice came echoing out of the night,  
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

*Chorus*

*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*



**RANDY DANDY-O**

(Gm/Bb)

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

*Way, hay, roll an' go*

Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn

*To be rollicking randy dandy-O*

*Heave a pawl, o heave away*

*Way, hay, roll an' go*

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

*To be rollicking randy dandy-O*

Man the stout capst'n an' heave with a will

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

CHORUS

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks

CHORUS

Come breast the bars bullies and heave her away

Soon we'll be rolling away down the bay.

CHORUS

Roust her out, bullies, the wind's blowing free,

Let's get the "glad-rags" on and drive her to sea.

CHORUS

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,

We are the boy-os to soon kick her through

CHORUS

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay

Get crackin', m' lads, 'tis a hell o' a way

CHORUS CHORUS



**SHENANDOAH**

(C/G)

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
*Away, you rolling river.*

Oh, Shenandoah, I can't get near you.  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

Oh, Shenandoah, I took a notion.  
*Away, you rolling river.*

To sail across that stormy ocean.  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.  
*Away, you rolling river.*

But in my dreams I'm bound to hear you.  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

For seven long years, I courted Nancy...  
*Away, you rolling river.*

For seven long years, she took me fancy.  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

And then she went to Kansas City  
*Away, you rolling river.*

So far away to Kansas City  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

And there she had a shuss-shuss baby  
*Away, you rolling river.*

And there she had that shuss-shuss baby  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

I guess she's got another lover.  
*Away, you rolling river.*

I've heard she's lodging with a soldier.  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri.*

Farewell my dear, I'm bound to leave you.  
*Away, you rolling river.*

I'm bound away and I won't deceive you.  
*Away, I'm bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri. X2*





**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**



**PIQUE LA BALEINE**

(Bm)

Pour retrouver ma douce amie

*Oh, mes bouées ouh là ouh là là*

Pour retrouver ma douce amie

*Oh, mes bouées ouh là ouh là là*

*Pique la baleine, joli baleinier*

*Pique la baleine, je veux naviguer*

*Pique la baleine, joli baleinier*

*Pique la baleine, je veux naviguer*

Aux milles mers j'ai navigué *Oh, mes bouées ouh là ouh là là*

Aux milles mers j'ai navigué *Oh, mes bouées ouh là ouh là là*

CHORUS

Des mers du Nord aux mers du Sud *Oh, mes bouées ....*

Des mers du Nord aux mers du Sud *Oh, mes bouées.....*

CHORUS

Dans les grands fonds, elle m'espérait

Dans les grands fonds, elle m'espérait

CHORUS

Tous deux ensemble on a pleuré

Tous deux ensemble on a pleuré

CHORUS

En couple à elle je m'suis couché

En couple à elle je m'suis couché

CHORUS

Phonetic pronunciation

*O, may bou-ay, ouh la, ouh laa laa*

Chorus

*Peeka la ba-len-er, joly ba-len-yay*

*Peeka la ba-len-er, shu ver nav-i-gay.*



**LE CAPITAINE DE SAINT MALO**

Le Capitaine de Saint Malo

*(Ali alo)*

Qui fait la pêche au cachalot

*(Ali ali ali alo. Ali alo)*

Il a trois filles qui font la peau

La première à Valparaiso

La deuxième à Rio de Janeiro

La troisième à San Francisco

Il mange la viande, nous laisse les  
os

Il boit du vin et toi de l'eau

Il donne la goutte à ses matelots

À grande coups de barre de  
guindeau

Le lieutenant t'envoie la haut

À coups de bottes dans le dos

Et le second, qui est le plus beau

Si tu groumes, il te fout à l'eau

Le Capitaine de Saint Malo

Qui fait la pêche au cachalot.

*(Ali ali ali alo Ali alo)*

*(Ali ali ali alo Ali alo)*

**English Translation**

(Dm/A)

The Captain of Saint-Malo

(Ali alo)

Who hunts sperm whales

(Ali ali ali alo Ali alo)

He has three girls who're on the  
game

The first in Valparaiso

The second in Rio de Janeiro

The third in San Francisco

He eats the meat, leaves us the  
bones

He drinks wine and you, water

He gives "the drop" to his sailors

With great blows from a capstan  
bar

The lieutenant sends you up top

With a boot to your back

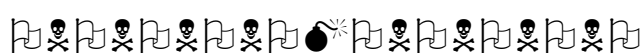
And the second mate, the  
handsomest

If you grumble, he throws you  
overboard

The Captain of Saint-Malo

Who hunts sperm whales

*(Ali ali ali alo Ali alo)*



**ARETHUSA**

(Am/C)

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,    Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
While English glory I unfold,        Huzza for the Arethusa!

She is a frigate stout and brave,

As ever stemmed the dashing wave;

Her men are staunch to their fav'rite launch,

And when the foe shall meet our fire,

Sooner than strike we'll all expire,        *On board the Arethusa!*

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,

The English Channel to cruise about,

When four French sail, in show so stout,        Bore down on the Arethusa!

The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,

The Arethusa seemed to fly,

Not a sheet or a tack, or a brace did she slack,

Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff,

But they knew not the handful of men how tough,

*On board the Arethusa.*

On deck five hundred men did dance,

The stoutest they could find in France,

We with two hundred did advance,        *On board the Arethusa.*

Our captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho!"

The Frenchmen then cried out, "'Allo!?"

"Bear down, d'ye see, to our Admiral's lee,"

"No, no," says the Frenchman, "zat can't be,"

"Then I must lug you along with me,"        *Says the saucy Arethusa.*

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,

We drove them back upon their strand,

For we fought till not a stick would stand,        *On the gallant Arethusa.*

And now we've driven the foe ashore,

Never to fight the Britons more,

Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass!

A health to the captain and officers true,

And all that belong to the jovial crew,        *On board the Arethusa.*

*On board the Arethusa*



**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**





**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

