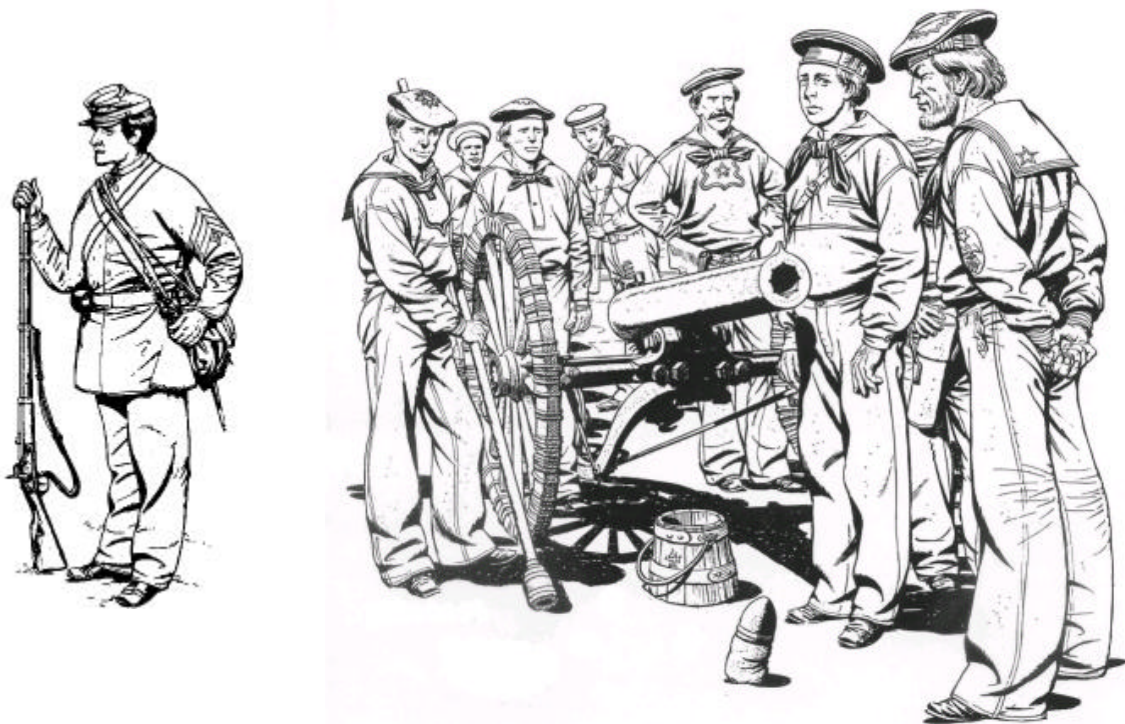


# USS FORT HENRY

## SEA SHANTIES

Compiled by  
Humberto R. Alvarez



# Alabama

Information	Lyrics
<p><b><u>Long Haul</u></b></p> <p>This is a traditional Long Haul shanty which consisted of one pull to a beat for longer sustained pulling tasks such as, raising the mainsail.</p>	<p>When the Alabama's keel was laid <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> They laid her keel at Birkenhead <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>Oh, she was built in Birkenhead <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> Built in the yard of Jonathan Laird <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>Away down the Mersey she rolled one day <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> Across the "Western" she ploughed her way <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>With British guns, oh, she was stocked <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> She sailed into Cherbourg and did dock <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>To fight the north Semmes did employ <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> Any method to kill and destroy <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>But off Cherbourg the Kearsage lay tight <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> Awaiting was Winslow to start a good fight <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>Outside the three mile limit they fought <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> An Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p> <p>The Kearsage won - Alabama so brave <i>Roll Alabama, roll</i> Sank to the bottom of a watery grave <i>Oh, roll Alabama, roll</i></p>

# Admiral Benbow

Information	Lyrics
<p><b>Admiral John Benbow died in 1702. He was the son of a tanner in Shropshire who became admiral. He was much loved by ordinary sailors because he had risen from the ranks. During a battle with the French in the West Indies, all but one of his captains (including Wade and Kirkby) refused to pursue the French as ordered. Captain Walton of the <i>Ruby</i> pursued with Benbow until the <i>Ruby</i> was disabled. Benbow was wounded and his captains persuaded him to give up the chase. However, when they returned to Jamaica he had two of the captains court-martialed (another died before the trial) and shot. Two were suspended. Benbow later died of his wounds.</b></p>	<p>Come all you seamen bold and draw near, and draw near, Come all you seamen bold and draw near. It's of our admiral's fame, Brave Benbow called by name, How he fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall hear.</p> <p>Brave Benbow he set sail For to fight, for to fight Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight. Brave Benbow he set sail with a fine and pleasant gale But his captains they turn'd tail in a fright, in a fright.</p> <p>Says Kirby unto Wade: We will run, we will run Says Kirby unto Wade, we will run. For I value no disgrace, nor the losing of my place, But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his guns.</p> <p>The Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the french The Ruby and Benbow fought the French. They fought them up and down, till the blood came trickling down, Till the blood came trickling down where they lay, where they lay.</p> <p>Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot. Our Admiral lost his legs, and to his brave men he begs, Fight thee on my English lads, 'Tis our lot, 'tis our lot.</p> <p>The surgeon dress'd his wounds, Cries Benbow, cries Benbow The surgeon dress'd his wounds, cries Benbow. Let a cradle now in haste, on the quarterdeck be placed That the enemy I may face 'Til I die, 'Til I die.</p>

# Boney

Information	Lyrics
<p><u>Short Haul or Double Pull</u></p> <p>This is a traditional Short Haul or Double Pull shanty which consisted of two hard pulls at a time as in windlass or pumping work, raising sail a short distance or the last short distance up a long mast.</p>	<p><b>Boney was a warrior</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>A warrior and a terrier</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Boney fought the Russians</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>And Boney fought the Prussians.</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Boney went to Moscow</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>Across the Alps, across the snow.</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Moscow was a-blazing</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>And Boney was a-raging.</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Boney went to Elba</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>Boney he came back again.</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Boney went to Waterloo</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>There he got his overthrow.</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Then they took him off again</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>Aboard the Billy Ruffian.</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>He went to Saint Helena,</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>There he was a prisoner,</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p> <p><b>Boney broke his heart and died</b> <i>Away, a- yah!</i> <b>Away in Saint Helena</b> <i>Jean Francois!</i></p>

# Roll The Old Chariot Along

Information	Lyrics
<p><b><u>Hauling Shanty</u></b></p> <p>This is a traditional Hauling shanty which consisted of a long series of pulls short and hard. It would be sung when pulling out to sea and the anchor needed hauling or heaving or weighing, The anchors aweigh.</p>	<p>Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm            No, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm            Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>So 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</p> <p>Oh, a plate of Irish Stew wouldn't do us any harm X3  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p><i>Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm X3</i>  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Oh, a nice glass of beer wouldn't do us any harm X3  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm X3  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Oh, a night upon the shore wouldn't do us any harm X3  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm X3  <i>And we'll all hang on behind.</i>  <i>Chorus</i></p>

# Congo River

## Information

**This is a traditional Halyard Shanty. Used for taskings requiring longer beats for pacing. Much like a Long Haul.**

## Lyrics

### Chorus

**So blow me boys and blow forever,  
Blow boys blow!  
Why blow me down the Congo River,  
Blow me bullyboys blow.**

**Oh was you ever on the Congo River,  
Blow boys Blow!  
Black fever makes the white man shiver,  
Blow me bullyboys blow!**

**A yankee ship came down the river,  
Blow boys blow!  
Her mast and yards they shone like silver.  
Blow me bullyboys blow.**

### Chorus

**What do you think she had for cargo,  
Blow boys blow!  
Why Black Sheep that had run the embargo.  
Blow me bullyboys blow.**

**And what do you think he had for dinner,  
Blow boys blow!  
Why a monkeys heart and a donkeys liver.  
Blow me bullyboys blow.**

### Chorus

**Yonder comes the Arrow packet,  
Blow boys blow!  
She fires her guns can't you hear the racket.  
Blow me bullyboys blow.**

**Who do you think is the skipper of her,  
Blow boys blow!  
Why Bully Hayes the sailor of her.  
Blow me bullyboys blow.**

### Chorus

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# Drunken Sailor

Information	Lyrics
<p data-bbox="272 273 576 625"><u>Capstan Shanties</u> The shanty was a tune designed to aid sailors in their work. Additional verses could be created as necessary until the job was completed.</p> <p data-bbox="272 657 592 1228">The capstan shanty was a moderate tune sung to raising the anchor. In order to raise the anchor bars were inserted into the capstan and sailors would walk around it, turning the capstan to raise the anchor. Sailors would stamp on the deck on the words "Way Hay and Up She Rises."</p>	<p data-bbox="626 273 933 451"><i>Chorus</i> <i>Way, hay up she rises,</i> <i>Way, hay, up she rises,</i> <i>Way, hay, up she rises,</i> <i>Earlye in the morning!</i></p> <p data-bbox="626 493 1169 640"><b>What will we do with a drunken sailor? What will we do with a drunken sailor? What will we do with a drunken sailor? Earlye in the morning?</b></p> <ol data-bbox="626 672 1339 1659" style="list-style-type: none"><li><b>1. Sling him in the long boat till he's sober</b></li><li><b>2. Keep him there and him bale her</b></li><li><b>3. Take him, shake him try to wake him</b></li><li><b>4. Trice him up in a running bowline</b></li><li><b>5. Give him a taste of the botsun's rope-end</b></li><li><b>6. Give him a dose of salt and water</b></li><li><b>7. Shave his belly with a rusty razor</b></li><li><b>8. Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him</b></li><li><b>9. Make him turn to at shining bright work.</b></li><li><b>10. Soak him in oil till he sprouts flippers</b></li><li><b>11. Put him in the guard room till he's sober</b></li><li><b>12. Put him in bed with the captain's daughter</b></li><li><b>13. Turn him over and drive him windward</b></li><li><b>14. That's what we'll do with a drunken sailor</b></li></ol>



# Here's to the Grog

Information	Lyrics
<p>Grog was a mixture of rum and water. It was served as a ration in the United States Navy until September 1, 1862</p>	<p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p><i>Here's to the grog, the jolly, jolly grog Here's to the rum and tobacco I've a-spent all my tin with the lassies drinking gin And to cross the briny ocean I must wander</i></p> <p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p>I've got me coat and a nobby, nobby coat I've got a coat a-seen rough weather For the sides are near wore out and the back's flying about And the lining's looking out for better weather</p> <p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p>I've got me pants, me nobby, nobby pants I've got pants a-seen rough weather For the pouch is near wore out and the seat's flying about And me knees are looking out for better weather</p> <p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p>I've got me shirt and a nobby, nobby shirt I've got a shirt a-seen rough weather For the collar's near wore out and the sleeves flying about And me tail's looking out for better weather</p> <p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p>I've got me boots, me nobby, nobby boots I've got boots a-seen rough weather For the bottoms' near wore out and the heels flying about And me toes are looking out for better weather</p> <p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p>I've got me tile, a nobby, nobby tile I've got a tile a-seen rough weather For the brim is wore out and the crown's flying about And the lining's looking out for better weather</p> <p><u>CHORUS</u></p> <p>I'm sick to me head, and I haven't been to bed And the sky's looking blacker than the thunder And the tavern keeper too, for I haven't got to sue, That's the way your treated when your out and under.</p>

# Leave her Johnny

Information	Lyrics
<p><u><b>Pump Shanties</b></u></p> <p>This is a traditional pump shanty. <i>Leave Her, Johnny</i> was used at the pumps, but it also served the purpose of the seamen airing their grievances (hence it being done at the end of a voyage).</p>	<p>Oh, I thought I heard the Ol' Man say, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> Tomorrow ye will get your pay, <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Chorus</u></p> <p>Leave her J ohhny leave her, Oh Oh <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow, <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p>The work was hard an' the voyage was long, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> The sea was high an' the gales was strong. <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Chorus</u></p> <p>The wind was foul an' the sea ran high, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> She shipped it green an' none went by. <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Chorus</u></p> <p>It's rotten beef and weev'ly bread, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> Eat it or starve the Old Man said. <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Chorus</u></p> <p>I hate to sail this rotten tub, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> No grog allowed and rotten grub. <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Chorus</u></p> <p>The ship won't steer, nor stay, nor wear, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> An' so us shellbacks learnt to swear. <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Chorus</u></p> <p>Now I thought I heard the Old Man say, <i>Leave her, Johnny, Leave her!</i> One more good heave an' then belay. <i>An it's time for us to leave her!</i></p>

## Amsterdam Maid

Information	Lyrics
<p><u><i>Pump Shanties</i></u></p> <p><b>This shanty was used on flywheel pump handles and windlass.</b></p>	<p>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.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>I asked this fair maid for a walk, Mark well what I do say I asked this fair maid for a walk I gave her whiskey she did talk.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Then I put my arm around her waist Mark well what I do say! I put my arm around her waist And from her I snatched a kiss in haste!</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>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, dis bin mein vrow!"</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>Then take good warning boys, from me, Mark well what I do say! So take good a warning, boys, from me, With other men's wives don't be free.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Chorus</i></p> <p>For if you do you will surely rue Mark well what I do say! For if you do you will surely rue Your act, and find my words come true.</p>

# Rolling down to Old Maui

## Information

### Forecastle Shanties

This is a traditional "forebitter" song the sailors would sing at rest rather than work. They entertained themselves particularly for the forecastle when off duty.

## Lyrics

### **CHORUS:**

*Rolling down to old Maui, me boys,  
down to old Maui,  
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds,  
rolling down to old Maui.*

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife,  
we whalemens 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.

### *Chorus*

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 bound from the Arctic grounds,  
rolling down to old Maui.

### **CHORUS**

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales,  
towa---rds our island home,  
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung,  
and we ain't got far to roam;  
Ou---r stuns'l's bones 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.