

Hanging Johnny

Hauling shanty

arr. John English

I

E B7 E A

1. Oh they call me Hang - ing John - ny__
 2. They__ say I hang for mo - ney__
 3. And__ first I hanged me dad - dy__
 4. And__ then I hanged me mo - ther__

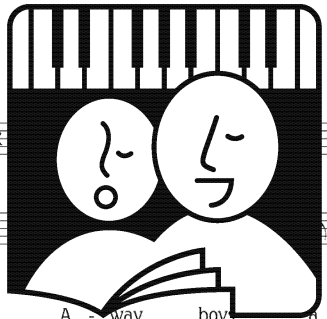
II

III

1. Oh they call me Hang - ing John - ny__
 2. They__ say I hang for mo - ney__
 3. And__ first I hanged me dad - dy__
 4. And__ then I hanged me mo - ther__

IV

A - way boys, a -



B A B7 C#m A E B7 E

way. They say I hang for mo - ney__
 But hang - ing is so fun - ny__
 And first I hanged me dad - dy__
 Me sis - ter and me bro - ther.

Oh hang, boys, hang.

way. Oh hang, boys, hang.

way. They say I hang for mo - ney__
 is so fun - ny__
 and me bro - ther.

Oh hang, boys, hang.



5. I hang and haul together,
 I hang and haul together,
 I'd hanged you all together,
 We'll hang and haul together,
 We'll hang for better weather.

Eddystone Light

Forebitter

arr. John English

I & II

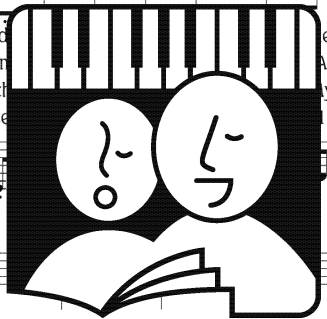
verse A7 D D

1. My Fa - ther was a keep - er of the Ed - dy - stone Light
 2. One night while I was a - way from home
 3. "Oh, what has be - come of my dear old father
 4. Then the phos - pho - rous flashed in her eyes

III

G A D

slept with a mer - maid one fine night.
 sing in' a verse of the e - ve - ning hymn. A
 mo - ther then asked of me;
 looked a - gain and my mo - ther wasn't there. A



D A7 D


From this un - ion there came three, A
 voice from the star - board shou - ted "A - hoy!" And
 "One was ex - hi - bited as a tal - king fish, The
 voice came e - cho - ing out of the night: "To

G A7 D

gy and the o - ther was me.
 o - ther a - sit - tin' on a buey.
 served in a chaf - fing dish.
 - per of the Ed - dy - stone Light!"

che A7 D D

Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free, oh, for a life on the rol - ling sea.



Haul Away Joe

Hauling shanty

arr. John English

verse

I & II

1. When I was a lit - tle lad
 2. Once I had a South - ern gal
 3. King Lou - is was the King of France

III

told me
 la - zy.
 lu - tion.

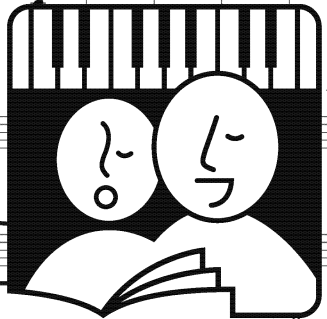
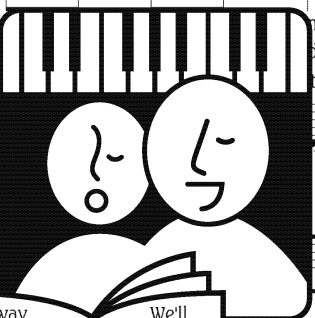
Way, haul a - way. We'll

haul a - way Joe. That if I did not kiss a gal, My
 But now I've got a Yan - kee gal, And
 But then he got his head cut off, Which

ould - - y,
 dai - - sy.
 tu - - tion.

Way haul a

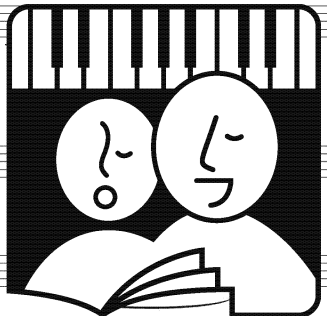
way, We'll a - way Joe.

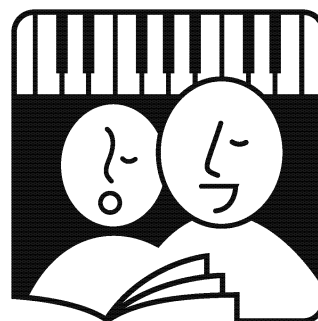
chorus

Way, haul a - way, we'll haul for bet - ter wea - - ther,

Way, haul a - way, we'll haul a - way



- Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
 He came of decent people.
 But built a church in Dublin Town,
 And on it put a steeple.
- The cook is in the galley now,
 Making duff so handy.
 And the Captain's in his cabin now,
 Drinkin' wine an brandy.



John Kanaka

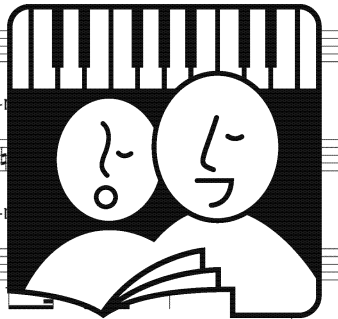
Hauling shanty

arr. John English

Ad libitum at beginning and end

Grave F B \flat F E \flat 7 C7 B \flat 7 D \flat F D7 C7 F

I & II Tu laĩ - é oh, Tu laĩ - é, John Ka-
 III Tu laĩ - é oh, Tu laĩ - é, John Ka-
 IV & V Tu laĩ - é oh, tu laĩ - é, John Ka-na - ka - na - ka tu laĩ - é.



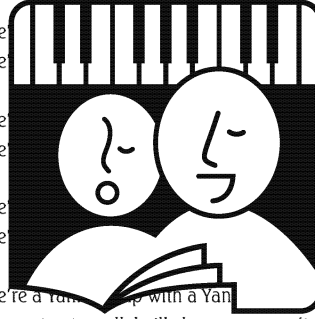
Moderato F F C7 F

verse
 I thought I heard the Old man say John Ka-na - ka - na - ka tu laĩ - é.
 To-day, to-day is a ho - li - day

F Dm C C7 F

chorus
 Tu laĩ - é, Oh Tu laĩ - é, John Ka-na - ka - na - ka tu laĩ - é.

2. We
 We
 3. We
 We
 4. We
 We
 5. We're a rascal with a Yan
 If you stop to walk he'll change your gait,



6. We'll haul, we'll haul, we'll haul away,
 And make her port and take our pay,

Glos'ter Girls

Hauling shanty

arr. John English

verse D G D

I & II
 1. Glos' - ter girls they have no combs,
 2. Glos' - ter boys they have no sleds, Heave
 3. Glos' - ter mo - thers don't bake no pies, Heave



D D

They comb their hair with cod - fish bones.
 They slide down hill on cod - fish' heads. We're bound for East Aus - tra - lia.
 They feed their chil - dren cod - fish eyes.
 We're bound for East Aus - tra - lia.

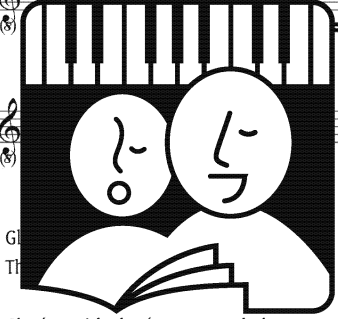
chorus D G D

Heave a - way, my bul - ly, bul - ly boys, Heave a - way, heave a - way!
 Heave a - way, heave a - way!

D D G A7 D

you make a noise? We're bound for East Aus - tra - lia.
 We're bound for East Aus - tra - lia.

4. G
 Th
 5. Glos'ter girls don't wear no clothes,
 We're Glos'ter bound as straight as she goes.

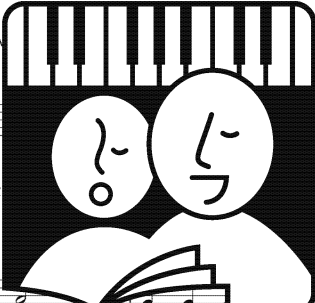


Leave Her Johnny

Capstan or Pumping shanty

arr. John Englisch

verse D A D A D

I 

1. Oh, I thought I heard the Ol' Man say,
 2. The work wuz hard and the voy'ge was long
 3. The grub wuz bad an' the wa-ges low

To - mor - row ye will get your pay,
 The sea wuz high an' the gales wuz strong, An' it's time
 But now once more a-shore we go.

chorus Em A7 D G D

I & II 

III *melody*

IV

Leave her John - ny, leave her! Oh leave her John - ny, leave her! For the voy'ge is done, An' the

Leave her John - ny, leave her! Oh, leave her John - ny, leave her! For the voy'ge is done, An' the

Leave her John - ny, leave her! Oh, leave her John - ny, leave her! For the voy'ge is done, An' the

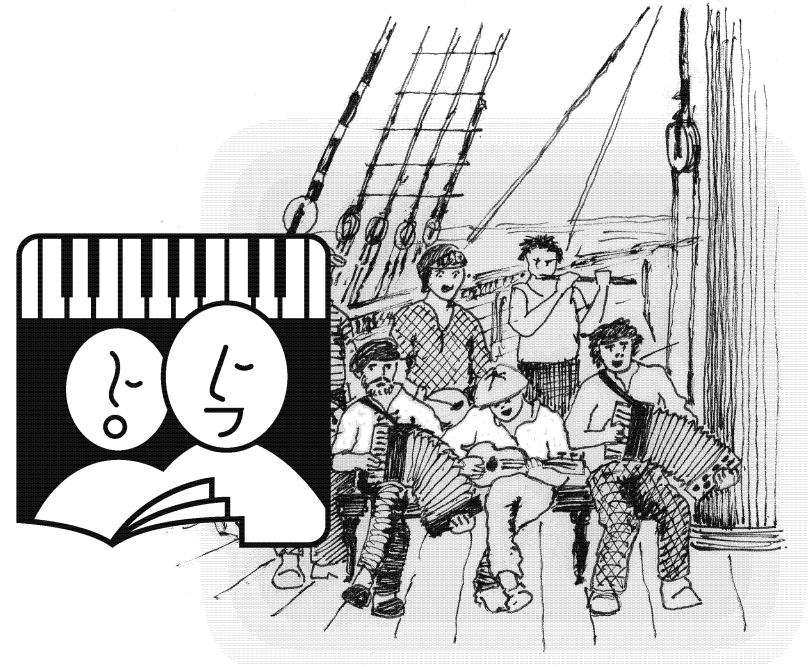
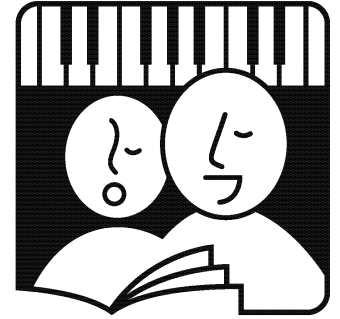
D Bm D A7 D Bm D A7 D

winds don't blow, An' it's time for us to leave her, An' it's time for us to leave her!

for us to leave her, An' it's time for us to leave her!

for us to leave her, An' it's time for us to leave her!

4. The Old Man says she's a nice clean gal,
 She's a nice clean gal.
5. Oh, sing that we boys will never be
 We'd be better off in a nice clean gal,
 With all night in an' plenty o' ale.
6. We'd be better off in a nice clean gal,
 With all night in an' plenty o' ale.
7. She's poverty stricken a' parish-rigged,
 The bloomin' crowd is fever-stricked.
8. Oh, sing that we boys will never be
 In a hungry bitch the likes o' she.
9. The Old Man swears an' the mate swears too,
 The crew all swears and so would you.



Go to Sea No More

Forebitter

arr. John English

chorus

I No more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more.

II No more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more.

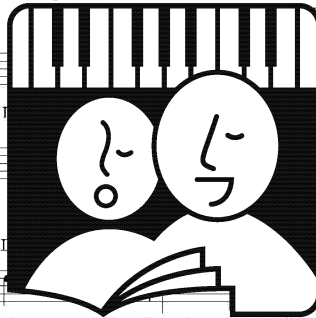
III No more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more.

goes Jack Rack, poor sail - or boy, who's going to sea no more. No more!

goes Jack Rack, poor sail - or boy, who's going to sea no more. No more!

melody

goes Jack Rack, poor sail - or boy, who's going to sea no more!



verse

All 1. When first I went to Fris - co I went up - on the spree.

Me hard earned cash I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be.

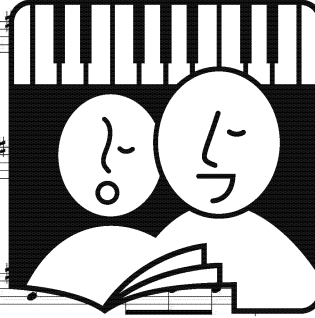
spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be.

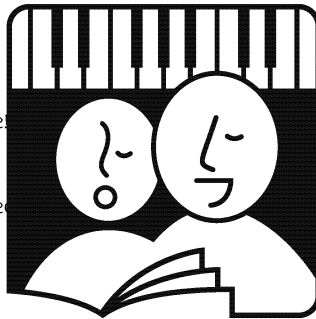
was all gone, or spent wi' some ol' whore

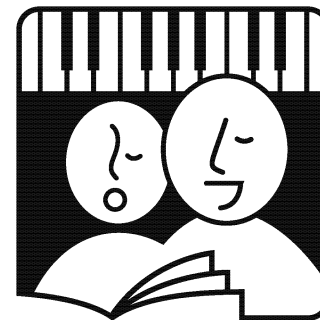
I was ful - ly in - clined, made up my mind, to go to sea no more.

melody

I was ful - ly in - clined, made up my mind, to go to sea no more.



- That night I slept wid Mary Ann, too drunk to turn in bed.
My clothes wuz new, me money wuz too, next morning wid them she 'd fled.
A feelin' sick I left the house an' went down by the shore,
Oh, an' then as I went, me head all bent, the crimps they all did roar.
 - The first chap I ran foul of wuz Mister Shanghai Brown.
I axed him neat, for to stand treat, he looked me up an' down.
Sez he, 'Last time yiz wuz paid off, wi' me yiz chalked no score.
But I 'll give ye a change, an' I'll take yer advance, for to go to sea once more.
 - Oh, he shipped me aboard of a whalin' ship bound for the Arctic seas.
Where the cold winds blow an' the frost an' the snow makes even hot rum freeze.
I had no clothes, I had no gear, me cash spent on a whore,
Oh, 'twas then that I swore when once on a shore, I'd go to sea no more.
 - Some days we caught our sparm whales, boys, some day we did catch none.
Wid a twenty foot oar stuck in yer paw we pulles the whole day long.
'And when the night it came along an' ye nod upon yer oar.
Oh, a man must be blind fer ter make up his mind fer go ter sea no more.
 - Come, all ye bully sailorman, an' listen to me song.
O, I hope ye just listen till I tel yiz what went wrong.
Take my advice don't drink strong rum, nor go sleepin' wid a whore.
But just git spliced, that's mu advice, and go ter sea no more!
- 



Paddy Lay Back

Capstan shanty

arr. John English

verse

I, II & III

't Was a cold an' drear - y mor - ning in De -

An' all of me mon - ey it was sp

where it went oh Lord I can't re - mem - ber, re - mem -

So down to the ship - pin' of - fice it went, went, went.

chorus

f *p* *f* *p*

Pad - dy lay back, Pad - dy lay back, take in yer slack, Take in your slack!

f

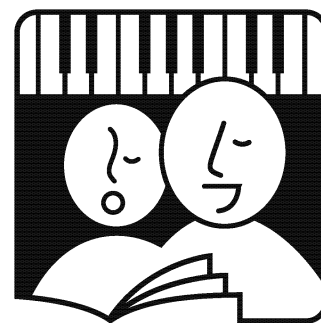
round the cap - stan, heave a pawl, heave a

pawl! 'Bout ship, sta - tions, boys be han - dy, be han - dy!

A A⁷ D E⁷ A

Raise tacks, sheets, an' mains 'l haul, mains 'l haul!

2. That day there wuz a great demand for sailors, for sailors,
For the Colonies an' for Frisco an' for France, an' for France.
So I shipped aboard a Limey barque the Hotspur, the Hotspur,
An' got paralytic drunk on my advance, my advance.
3. Now I joined her on a cold December mornin', a mornin',
A-frappin' o' me flippers to keep me warm, keep me warm.
With the south coine a-hoisted as a warnin', a warnin',
To stand for the comin' o' a storm, o' a storm.
4. So there wuz I once more again at sea, boys, at sea, boys,
The same ol' ruddy business over again, over again;
Oh, stamp the caps'n round an' make some noise, boys, some noise, boys,
An' sing again this dear ol' sweet refrain, sweet refrain.



Can't Ye Dance the Polka?

Capstan shanty

arr. John English

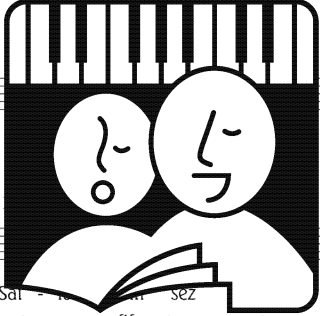
verse

I & II

III & IV

E F#m B7 E

As I walked down the Broad-way, One
To Tif - fan - y's I took her, I



E A F#

I met a maid, she asked my trade, An' a Sal - sez
I bought her two gold ear - rings. An' they cost me fif - teen cents.

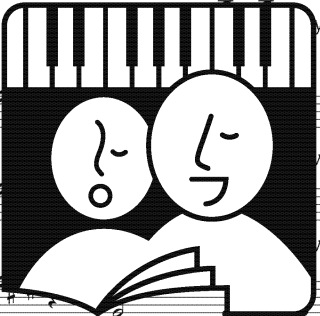
chorus

E A B7 B7 E

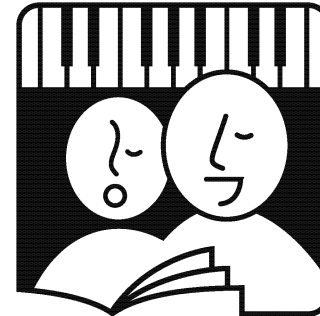
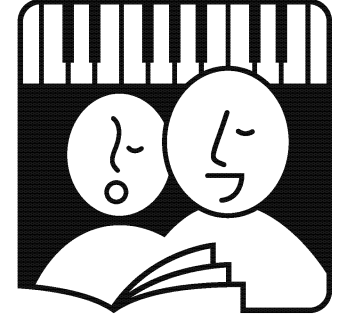
Then a - way you san - tee, My dear An - nie,
Then a - way you san - tee, My dear An - nie,
Then a - way you san - tee, My dear An - nie,
Then a - way you san - tee, My dear An - nie,

F#7 B7 B7 E

Oh ye New York gals, can't ye dance the Pol - ka?
Oh ye New York gals, can't ye dance the Pol - ka?
Oh ye New York gals, can't ye dance the Pol - ka?
Oh ye New York gals, can't ye dance the Pol - ka?



- Sez she, 'You lime-juice sailor, now take me home you may.'
But when we reached her cottage door she this to me did say:
"My flashman he's a Yankee wid his hair cut short behind,
He wears a pair o' long sea boots an' he sails the Blackball line."
- 'He's homeward bound this evening, an' wid me he will stay.
So git a move on, sailor boy, git crackin' on yer way.'
So I kissed her hard an' proper, afore her flashman came,
An' fare ye well, me Bowery gal, I know yer little game.
- I wrapped me glad rags round me, an' to the docks did steer.
I'll never court another maid, I'll stick to rum an' beer.
I joined a Yankee blood-boat, an' sailed away next morn.
Don't ever fool around wid gals, yer safer-off Cape Horn!



And It's All for Me Grog

Hauling shanty

Arr. John English

Allegro

chorus

D G Em C G

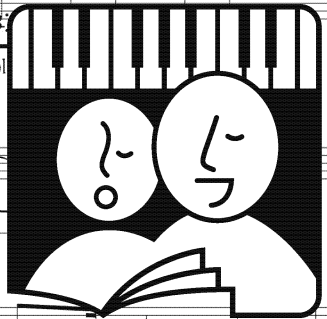
I & II

And it's all for me grog, me job

All for me beer and ter - bec - cer.

spent all me tin on the las - sies drink - ing gin, now a -

cross the wes - tern o - cean I must wan - - - der



verse

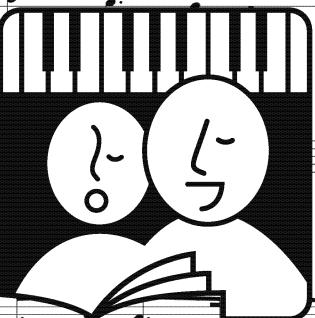
G Em C G

1. Where are me boots, me nog - gin, nog - gin boots?
2. Where is me shirt, me nog - gin, nog - gin shirt?

and ter - bec - cer. For the
and ter - bec - cer. Though the

and the toes are kicked a - bout, and the
and the front is knocked a - bout, and the

soles are look - ing out for bet - ter wea - - - ther!
tail is stik - ing out for bet - ter wea - - - ther!



to chorus

Lento

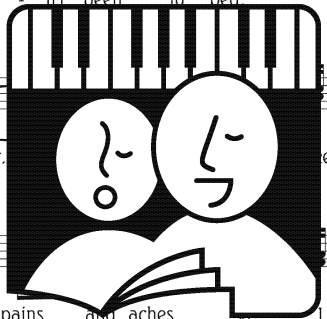
D G Em C G

3. Now I'm sick in me head, and I have n't been to bed

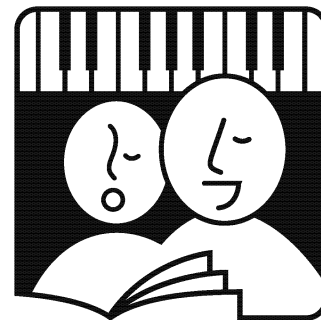
since I came a - shore with me plun - der,

cen - ti - pedes and snakes and I'm full of pains and aches,

think I steer a course for way down yon - - - der!



to chorus



The Leaving of Liverpool

Forebitter

arr. John English

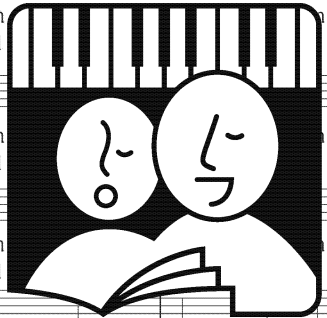
verse

I 1. Fare well to you my own
2. I have shipped on a Yan - kee sail

II 1. Fare well to you my own
2. I have shipped on a Yan - kee sail

III 1. Fare well to you my own
2. I have shipped on a Yan - kee sail

IV 1. Fare well to you my own
2. I have shipped on a Yan - kee sail



Bm7 D G D E C7 A7 D

go - ing far, far a - way, far a - way, I am bound for
Croc - kett is her name, is her name. and the Cap - tain's

go - ing far, far a - way, I am bound for
Croc - kett is her name, and the Cap - tain's

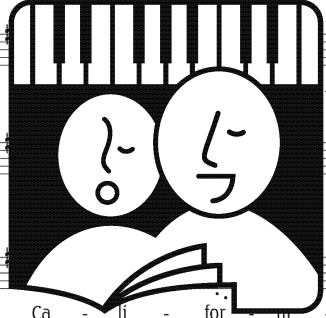
go - ing far, far a - way, far a - way, I am bound for
Croc - kett is her name, is her name. and the Cap - tain's

D G#° D A7 D

a, and I know that I'll re - turn some day.
gess, and they say that she's a float - ing hell.

a, and I know that I'll re - turn some day.
gess, and they say that she's a float - ing hell.

Ca - li - for - ni - a, and I know that I'll re - turn some day.
name was Bur - gess, and they say that she's a float - ing hell.



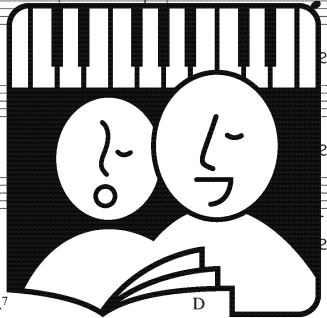
chorus melody A A7 A#° G Em D G

So fare thee well, my own true love, for when

So fare thee well, my own

So fare thee well, my own

So fare the well my own



D G Em A Em A7 D

I re - turn u - ni - ted we will be. it's not the leav - ing of

I re - turn u - ni - ted we will be. it's not the leav - ing of

I re - turn u - ni - ted we will be. it's not the leav - ing of

I re - turn u - ni - ted we will be. it's not the leav - ing of

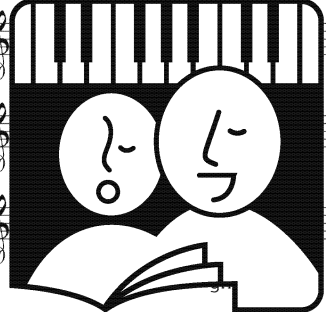
D7 G D G#° D A7 D

Liv - er - pool that grieves me, but my dar - ling when I think of thee.

Liv - er - pool that grieves me, but my dar - ling when I think of thee.

Liv - er - pool that grieves me, but my dar - ling when I think of thee.

Liv - er - pool that grieves me, but my dar - ling when I think of thee.



3. I have sailed with Burgess once before, and I think I know him well.

If a man 's a sailor he will get along, if not, then he's sure in hell.

4. Oh the sun is on the harbour, love, and I wish I could remain,

For I know it will be a long, long time before I see you again.

Goodbye Fare Thee Well

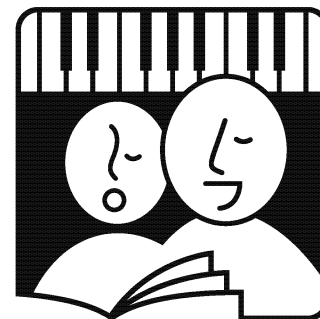
Capstan shanty

arr. John Englisch

All

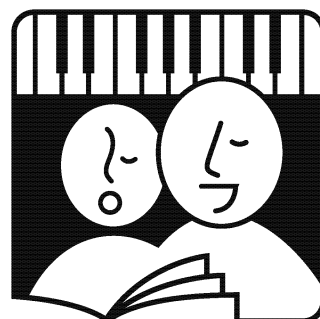
1. We're home - ward bound to
2. Them girls there on Lime Street we

Good - bye fare thee well, good - bye
melody
Good - bye fare thee well, good - bye
Good - bye fare thee well, good - bye fare thee well
Good - bye fare thee well, good - bye fare thee well



1. Where them Li - ver - pool ju - dies they all will come down
2. And soon we'll be rol - ling both sides of the street

Hur - rah me boys we're home - ward bound! Home - ward, home-ward bound!
melody
home - ward bound! Home - ward, home-ward bound!
home - ward bound! Home - ward, home-ward bound!
home - ward bound! Home - ward, home - ward bound!



3. We'll meet the gals all weedy hell,
With them judies we'll meet there, we'll raise bloody hell.

5. We're homeward bound to the gals of the town,
So stamp up me bullies and heave it around.

4. And I'll tell me old woman when I gets back home
The gals there on Lime Street won't leave me alone.

6. We're homeward bound, we'll have you to know,
And over the water to Liverpool we'll go.