

TCBB Chanteys

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Earlye in the morning

Weigh hey and up she rises,
Weigh hey and up she rises,
Weigh hey and up she rises,
Earlye in the morning

- 1.Put him in the longboat til he's sober
- 2.Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him
- 3.Put him in the bilge and make him drink it
- 4.Give him a taste of the boatswain's (bosun's) rope end

Coda

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,
That's what we do with a drunken sailor,
That's what we do with a drunken sailor,
Earlye in the morning.

Cape Cod Girls

Cape Cod Girls don't use no combs
Haul away, Haul away!
They comb their hair with codfish bones
And we're bound away for Australia.

chorus:

So heave her up, my bully, bully boys
Haul away, Haul away!
Heave her up and don't you make a noise
And we're bound away for Australia.

Cape Cod Boys ain't got no sleds,
They slide down hill on codfish heads

Cape Cod cats don't ave no tails
They lost them all in a Northeast gale

Cape Cod Ladies ain't got no frills
They're plain and skinny as codfish gills

Haul Away, Joe

When I was a little boy, so my mother told me truly
Sing 'way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
That if I did not kiss the girls, my lips would grow all moldy
Sing 'way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
'Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,
Sing 'way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe

Once I was in Ireland, a'diggin' turf and taters...
But now I'm on a Yankee ship, a'haulin' sheets and braces...

Once I had a Spanish girl, she nearly drove me crazy...
But now I've got a Yankee girl and she is just a daisy...

King Louis was the King of France, before the reolu-shi-un...
But then he got his head cut off, which spoiled his constitu-
shi-un...

Coda

'Way, haul away, we'll haul away together
Sing 'way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
'Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,
Sing 'way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
'Way, haul away, we're bound for better weather,
Sing 'way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe

Blow Ye Winds

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans, a-whaling for to go, singing

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds, high-o!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, boys, blow.

They take you to New Bedford, that famous whaling port,
And give you to some land-sharks to board and fit you out.

They tell you of the clipper-ships a-going in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred sperm before you're six
months out.

It's now we're out to sea, my boys, the wind comes on to
blow;
One half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

When our ship is full, me boys, and we don't give a damn,
We'll bend on all our stu'nsails and sail for Yankee land.

When we get home, our ship made fast, and we get through
our sailing,
A brimming glass around we'll pass and damn this blubber
whaling