

# Liedboek Tenoren



‘De Batraven’

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Maandag 4 oktober 2010

**Refrein:**

**Wij zijn de Batraven, uit Bergen op Zoom  
Dat havenstadje, zo leutig en vroom  
De zeemansliedjes, zo fijn in 't gehoor  
Ansjovinisten, dit is nou het shantykoor**

- 1 Ons stadje, aan de schelde en onze ouwe kaai  
Daar kwamen onze schepen, daar had je toen je draai  
van Dort en ook de Landa's, die waren heel beroemd  
Die worden nou in Bergen nog elke dag genoemd**

**Refrein:**

- 2 En luste graag ansjovis, die Bergse lekkernij (*lekker hoor!!*)  
Als dan de boten kwamen, was iedereen weer blij**

**Refrein:**

- 3 De Kop van 't Hoofd, ja mensen, daar kwamen schepen aan  
Daar werden met de vissers de zaken toen gedaan  
Waar is nou onze Schelde, waar 't Kurhaus heeft gestaan  
Waar batraven toen speulden, is het nou echt gedaan.**

**Refrein:**

**Wij zijn de Batraven, uit Bergen op Zoom  
Dat havenstadje zo leutig en vroom  
De zeemansliedjes, zo fijn in 't gehoor  
Ansjovinisten, dit was nou het shantykoor  
Ansjovinisten, dit was nou het shantykoor**

zaterdag 21 juli 2012 (bassen)

- 1 Oh Santiano gained a-a day! **Away, Santia-ano!**  
 Santiano-o gaind a-a day! **All across the plains of / Mexico!**  
**And it's: ( bassen)**  
**Heave her up and away we'll go. Heave awaaay, Santia-ano**  
**Heave her up and away we-e'll go. All across the plains of / Mexico**
- 2 The Nassau girls ain't got no combs. **(f) Away, Santia-ano!**  
 They comb their hair with a kipper backbone. **(f) All across the plains of / Mexico!**

**Refrein:**

- 3 (ff) Them yellowskin gals I do adore. **Away, Santia-ano!**  
 With their shinin' eyes, and their coal black hair. **All across the plains of / Mexico!**

**Refrein:**

- 4 (p) Why do them yellow gals love me so? **Away, Santia-ano!**  
 Because I don't tell 'em all I know. **All across the plains of / Mexico!**

**Refrein:**

- 5 (f) When I was young and in my prime. **Away, Santia-ano!**  
***I'd knock those scouse girls two at a time. All across the plains of / Mexico!***

**Refrein:**

- 6 (f) The skipper likes whiskey, the mate likes rum. **Away, Santia-ano!**  
 The crew likes both, but we can't get none. **All across the plains of / Mexico!**

**Refrein: (regel 4 vertragen en laatste couplet traag)**

- 7 (ff) The Times is hard, and the wages low. **Away, Santia-ano!**  
 It's time for us to roll and go. **All across the plains of / Mexico!**

**Intro**

**1** The water is wide                   **(the water is wide),**  
 I can't cross o'er                   **(I can't cross o'er)**  
 Neither have I                   **(Neither have I)**  
 the wings to fly                   **(the wings to fly)**  
 Give me a boat                   **(boa-oat) (gelijk met baritons)**  
 that can carry two                   **(two-o) (gelijk met baritons)**  
 And both shall row                   **(And bot h shall row),**  
 my love and I                   **(my love and I)**

**2** There is a ship                   **(There is a ship)**  
 and she sails the sea                   **(and she sails the sea)**  
 Loa-oaded deep                   **(Loa-oaded deep),**  
 as deep can be                   **(as deep can be)**  
 But not so deep                   **(dee-eeep) (gelijk met baritons)**  
 as the love I'm in                   **(i-in) (gelijk met baritons)**  
 I know not how                   **(I know not how),**  
 I sink or swim                   **(I sink or swim)**

**Intro**

**3** I leaned my back                   **(I leaned my back)**  
 against an oak                   **(against an oak)**  
 Thinking it was                   **(Thinking it was)**  
 a trusty tree                   **(a trusty tree)**  
 But first it bent                   **(be-ent) (gelijk met baritons)**  
 and then it broke                   **(bro-oke) (gelijk met baritons)**  
 Just as my love                   **(Just as my love)**  
 proved false to me                   **(proved false to me)**

<b>4</b> O love is gentle and love is kind The sweetest flow'r when first it's new But love grows old and waxes cold And fades away like-the morning dew	<b>(O love is gentle) (and love is kind) (The sweetest flow'r) (when first it's new) (o-old) (gelijk met baritons) (co-old) (gelijk met baritons) (And fades away) (like-the morning dew)</b>
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## **Intro**

<b>5</b> The water is wide I can't cross o'er Neither have I the wings to fly Give me a boat that can carry two And both shall row my love and I	<b>(the water is wide), (I can't cross o'er) (Neither have I) (the wings to fly) (boa-oat) (gelijk met baritons) (two-o) (gelijk met baritons) (And both shall row), (my love and I)</b>
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## **Samen: My love and I**

# 2 The water is wide

tenoren

$\text{♩} = 100$



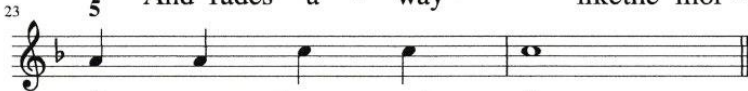
The wa - ter is wide I can't cross o'er  
Theres is a ship and she sails the sea  
I leaned my back a - gainst an oak  
O love is gentle and love is kind



Nei - ther have I the wings to fly boa - oat two - o  
Loa - oa - ded deep as deep can be dee - eep i - in  
Thin - king it was a trus - ty tree be - ent bro - oke  
The swee - test flow'r but first it's new o - old co - old



And both shall row my love and I  
I know not how I sink or swim swim  
Just as my love proved false to me  
And fades a - way likethe mor - ning dew dew



I my love and I

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

***Eerste couplet a-capella en zeer langzaam:***

- 1 What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor  
 What shall we do with the drunken sailor, early in the morning

Refrein:

Hooray, and up she rises, Hooray, and up she rises  
 Hooray, and up she rises, early in the morning  
 Lalalalalalalalala, Lalalalalalalalalala

- 2 Put him in the longboat, till he's sober  
 Put him in the longboat, till he's sober  
 Put him in the longboat, till he's sober, early in the morning  
 Refrein:

*Heel langzaam beginnen bij LALA  
 steeds voorzichtig versnellen het hele  
 nummer door*

- 3 Pull out the plug and wet him all over  
 Pull out the plug and wet him all over  
 Pull out the plug and wet him all over, early in the morning  
 Refrein:

- 4 Give him the hair of the dog that bit him  
 Give him the hair of the dog that bit him  
 Give him the hair of the dog that bit him, early in the morning  
 Refrein:

- 5 Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him  
 Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him  
 Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him, early in the morning  
 Refrein:

- 6 That's what we do with the drunken sailor  
 That's what we do with the drunken sailor  
 That's what we do with the drunken sailor, early in the morning

Refrein: Let op stop na 3<sup>e</sup> keer “ and up she rises”



- 1 On the fourth of Ju-ly eigh-teen hun-dred and six  
we set sail from the sweet port of Cork  
We were sai-ling a-way with a car-go of clay  
for the grand city hall in New York  
'tWas a won-der-ful craft, she was rigged for and aft  
and oh, how the wild wi-inds dro-ove her-  
She stood se-ve-ral blasts, she had twenty-se-ven masts  
and they called her the I-ri-ish Ro-ver**
  
- 2 We had one mil-lion bags of the best Sli-go rags  
We had two mil-lion bar-rels of stone  
We had three mil-lion sides of old blind hor-ses hides  
we had four mil-lion barrels of bone  
We had five mil-lion hogs, we had six million dogs,  
we had se-ven million bar-rels of por-ter -  
We had nine mil-lion bails of old nan-ny goats tails  
All on board of the I-ri-ish Ro-ver**
  
- 3 There was awl Mi-ckey Coote who played hard on his flute  
When the la-dies lined up for a set  
He was toot-ling with skill for each spar-king qua-drille  
Till the dan-cers were flu-ther'd and bet  
With his smart wit-ty talk he was cock of the walk,  
as he rolled the dames un-der and o-ver -  
When he took up his stance, they all knew at a glance  
that he sailed on the I-ri-ish Ro-ver**

**4 There was Bar-ney Mc-Gee from the banks of the Lee  
There was Ho-gan from coun-ty Ty-rone  
There was Mi-ckey Mc-Gurk who was scared stiff of work  
and a chap from West-Meath named Ma-lone  
There was Slug-ger O'-Tool who was drunk as a rule  
and figh-ting Bill Tra-cey from D-o-o-ver -  
There was Do-lan from Clare just as strong as the mayor  
All on board of the I-ri-ish Ro-ver**

**5 We had sailed se-ven years, when the mea-sles broke out  
and the ship lost it's way in the fog  
And that whole of a crew was re-duced down to two  
Just me-self and the cap-tains old dog  
Then the ship struck a rock O-oh Lord what a shock!  
The boat it was tu-urn'd right o-o-ver -  
Tu-urn'd nine times around, then the old dog was drowned  
I'm the last of the I-ri-ish Ro-ver**

# 4 The Irish Rover

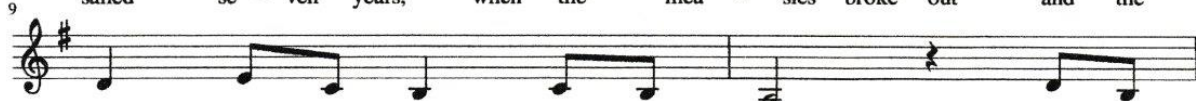
♩ = 120



On the  
We had  
There was  
There was  
We had



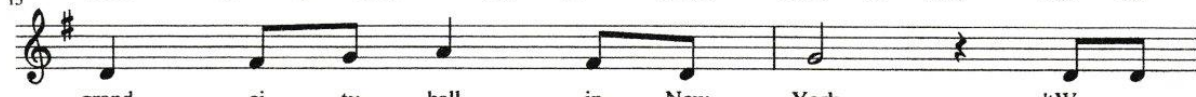
fourth of Ju - ly eigh - teen hun - dred and six we set  
one mil - lion bags eigh - teen the best Sli - go rags We had  
awl Mi - ckey Coote who played hard on his flute When the  
Bar - ney Mc - Gee from the banks of the Lee There was  
sailed se - ven years, when the mea - sles broke out and the



sail from the sweet port of Cork We were  
two mil - lion bar - rrels of stone We had  
la - dies lined up for a set He was  
Ho - gan from coun - ty Ty - rone There was  
ship lost it's way in the fog And that



sai - ling a - way with a car - go of clay for the  
three mil - lion sides of old blind hor - ses hides we had  
toot - ling with skill for each spar - kling qua - drille Till the  
Mi - ckey Mc - Gurk who was scared stiff of work and a  
whole of a crew was re - duced down to two Just me -



grand ci - ty hall in New York 'tWas a  
four mil - lion ba - rrels of bone We had  
dan - cers were flu - ther'd and bet With his  
chap from West - Meath named Ma - lone There was  
self and the cap - tains old dog Then the

15



won - der - ful craft, she was rigged for and aft and  
 five mil - lion hogs, we had six mil - lion dogs, we  
 smart wit - ty talk he was cock of the walk, as  
 Slug - ger O' - Tool who was drunk as a rule and  
 ship struck a rock O - oh Lord what a shock! The

17



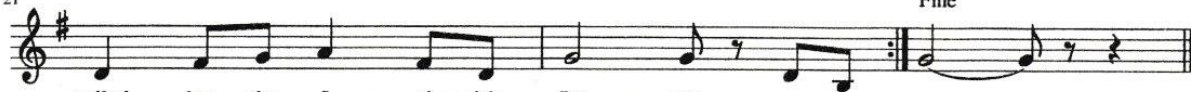
oh, how the wild wi - inds dro - ove her - She stood  
 had se - ven million bar - rels of po - ter - We had  
 he rolled the dames un - der and o - ver - When he  
 fi - ghting Bill Tra - ce - y from Do - o - ver - There was  
 boat it was tu - urn'd right o - o - ver - Tu - urn'd

19



se - ve - ral blasts, she had twenty - se - ven masts and they  
 nine mil - lion bails of old nan - ny goats tails All on  
 took up his stance, they all knew at a glance that he  
 Do - lan from Clare just as strong as the mayor All on  
 nine times a - round, then the old dog was drowned I'm the

21



called her the I - ri - ish Ro - ver  
 board of the I - ri - ish Ro - ver  
 sailed on the I - ri - ish Ro - ver  
 board of the I - ri - ish Ro - ver  
 last of the I - ri - ish Ro - ver

05	Down by the dockyard wall	
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**Refrain:**

Down by the dock-yard wall, I will wait for you,  
As you come across that walk a-shore in your suit-of blue,  
My love for you will never change, my heart is always true,  
Down by the dock-yard wall, I will wait for you.

1 Just a boy of 17, he said farewell to home,  
To sail across the migh-ty sea, so far a-way to roam,  
She said that she would wait for him, 'til he returned / again,  
As the an-chor chain came up-and down, he heard this soft refrain

Refrain

2 'Round the world he tra-vel'd, beneath the en-sign high,  
He saw the South Sea's fly-ing fish, the star-less arc-tic sky,  
But in his heart a pi-ning for, someone so far / away,  
As the bow wave split the cool night air, he heard the lee wind say:

Refrain

3 Home again and good times came, her arms were o-pen wide,  
He held her safely close to him, and she walked by his side,  
But dark clouds soon filled up the sky, the sea, it be / ckoned on,  
Until once again a sad farewell, a young girl stands alone.

Refrain

4 That's a long, long time ago, there's a-picture in a frame,  
And tears shed every Christ-mas for the memories still the same,  
And-if the young man in the pho-to-graph could hear what she had to say  
He had likely join her in the words, she sings them every day

Refrain

# 05 DOWN BY THE DOCKYARD WALL

Tenoren

**C** INTRO **G** **D7** **G** **G** REFREIN

Down by the dock-yard-wall.

7 **C** **Am** **D7**

I will wait for you, as you come a-cross that walk a-shore in your suit of

12 **G** **C**

bleu. My love for you will ne-ver change, my heart is al-ways true.

17 **G** **D7** **G** slot **G** **couplet**

Down by the dock-yard wall, I will wait for you — Just a boy of  
'Round the world he  
Home a-gain and  
That's a long long

23 **C**

se - ven - teen, he said fare-well to home, To  
tra - a - velled be - neath the en-sign high He  
good times came her arms were o - pen wide He  
time a go there's apic-ture in a frame And

26 **Am** **D7** **G**

sail a - cross the might - ty sea, so far a - way to roam She  
saw the South Seas fly - ing fish the star - less arc - tic sky But  
held her sa - fely close to him and she walked by his side But  
tears shed e - very Christ-mas for the mem - ories still the same And if \_

30



said that she would wait for him, til he re - turned a -  
 in his heart a pi - ning for some - one so far a -  
 dark clouds soon filled up the sky the sea it be - ckon'd  
 theyoung man in the pho - to - graph could hear what shehad\_ to

33



gain, as the an - chor chain came up and down, he  
 way as the bow wave split the cool night air he  
 on Unt - til once a gain a sad fare - well a  
 say He had lik - ely join her in the words she

36



heard this soft re - frain  
 heard the lee wind say  
 young girl stands a - lone  
 sings them ever - y day

1

4

laatste maal  
refrein herhalen

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their re-evels keep.  
Like an eagle caged I pine  
On this dull unchanging shore.  
Oh give me the flashing brine  
The spray and the tempest'  
**roa-oa-oa-oar.**

**Refrein:**

**A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep!  
Where the scattered waters rave  
And the winds their re-evels keep,  
The winds..... (The WINDS )  
the winds.... (THE WINDS)  
the winds their revels keep.  
The winds..... (THE WINDS)  
the winds.... (THE WINDS )  
the winds their revels keep.**

- 2 Once more on the deck I stand,  
Of my own swift gliding craft.  
Set sail, Farewell to the land  
The gale follows fai-air abaft.  
We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
Like an ocean-bird set free.  
Like the ocean-bird, our home,  
We'll find far out on the  
**sea-ea-ea-ea.**

Refrein:

- 3 The land is no longer in view,  
The clouds have begun to frown.  
But with a stout vessel and crew,  
We'll say : Let the storm come down!  
And the song of our heart shall be,  
While the winds and waters rave  
A life on the heaving sea  
A home on the bounding  
**wa-a-a -ave!**  
**Refrein: (twee keer)**

**Couplet niet meeklappen.**

**Allerlaatste Refrein:**

**meeklappen.**

**Let op!: In het Refrein: wordt er  
alleen geantwoord door de  
bassen**



Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 As I went a-strolling to the quay. **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
A trimmed young craft I chanced to see. **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

**Blow boys, blow**  
**For Calliforny-a-o**  
**There's lots of gold,**  
**so I've been told**  
**On the banks / of Sacramento**

- 2 Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue. **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
Her lips were red and sweet to view. **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

- 3 I raised my hat and said, "How do?" **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
She bowed and said: "Quite well, thank you!" **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

- 4 I asked her, then, to come with me. **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
Down to the docks, my ship to see. **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

- 5 She quickly answered, "O dear, no!" **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
"I thank you, but I cannot go!" **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

- 6 I have a sweetheart brave and true. **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
So cannot give my love to you. **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

- 7 And so I bade this craft adieu. **And a hoodah, and a hoodah**  
I said that girls like her were few. **And a hoodah, hoodah day**

**Refrein:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

**Refrein:**

**It's all for me grog,  
me jolly, jolly grog  
It's all for me beer and tobacco  
For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin  
Far across the Western Ocean  
I must wander**

**1 Where are me boots,  
me army, army boots  
They're all gone  
for beer and tobacco  
And the uppers are worn out  
And the soles are kicked about  
And the heels are looking out for better weather  
Refrein:**

**2 Where is me shirt,  
me nogging, nogging shirt  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
And the collar is all worn  
And the front it is all torn  
And the sleeves are looking out for better weather  
Refrein:**

**3 Oh, sick in the head,  
I haven't been to bed  
Since I came ashore  
with me plunder  
I've seen centipedes and snakes  
And I'm full with pains and aches  
And I think I'll make a path  
for way out yonder**

**Refrein: (a-capella)**

**Refrein: (mét muziek)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Wij enterden jaren geleden  
De prachtige bark Santa Fé  
Bracht wijn van Malaga naar Zweden  
Het fijnste hout nam zij weer mee  
Toen moest er bij haar laatste tochtje,  
Bij 't pakhuis iets mis zijn gegaan,  
Ze werd per vergissing wat docht je,  
Met tweehonderd vat rum belaa'n.

Refrein: :

Toen dronken de piraten,  
de rum direct uit de vaten.  
De beste rum faldera, rum faldera, rum faldera.  
De beste rum faldera, rum uit Jamaica Ja-Ja!

- 2 De bark kon de rum niet verdragen,  
Het lag haar heel zwaar op de maag.  
Begon toen te kreunen en klagen,  
En zeilde verrekt slecht en traag.  
Ze stak steeds haar kop onder water,  
En schudde haar kont en 't roer.  
De kaptein zei bleekjes "nou gaat er,  
De bark gauw naar haar ouwe moer."

Refrein:

- 3 De kaptein zei "weg met die vaten,  
En donder de rum maar in zee."  
De crew zei dat zul je wel laten,  
Wij offeren ons op voor de Fee.  
We hebben de rum opgezopen,  
Piraten die zijn toch niet gek.  
De bark zeilde weer veertien knopen,  
En wij zeilden zwalkend aan dek.

Refrein: Stop voor laatste JAJA

*Maandag 4 oktober 2010*

- 1 Now if you want a merchant ship,  
to sail the seas at large  
You'll not have any trouble  
if you have a good discharge,  
Signed by the Board of Trade  
with everything exact,  
For there's nothing done  
on a Lime juice ship,  
contrary to The act

*Refrein:*

So Haul, boys, your weather-mainbrace and ease away your lee  
Hoist jibs and to-opsails lads, and let the ship go free,  
Hurrah, boys, hurrah! We'll sing this jubilee,  
To hell with the Navy boys, a merchant ship for me!

- 2 Now when you join a merchant ship,  
you'll hear your Articles read.  
They'll tell you of your beef and pork, your butter and your  
bread,  
Your sugar, tea and coffee, boys,  
your peas and beans exact,  
Your lime juice and your vinegar, boys, according to The Act.

*Refrein:*

- 3 Now watch and watch the first day out, according to the Act.  
' Ten days out we all lay aft to get our limejuice whack.  
Fetch-out her 'handy billy' boys, and clap it on the tack,  
For we-gonna set the mainsail, oh, according to The Act.

*Refrein:*

- 4 It's-up the deck, me bully boys, with many a curse we go,  
A'waiting to hear eight bells struck, that we may go below.  
The watch is called, the bell is struck, and the log is hove exact;  
Relieve the wheel and go below, according to The Act.

*Refrein:* Afsluiten met Hoera !!!

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 As I was going over the Kilkenny Mountains  
I met colonel Pepper and his money he was counting  
I rattled my pistols and I drew forth my sabre  
Saying "*stand and deliver!*", for I am a bold deceiver

**Refrein:**

**Musha ring dum-a-do dum-a-da**

**(pom-pom-pom-pom)**

**Whack fall the daddy-O**

**Whack fall the daddy-O**

**There's whiskey in the jar**

- 2 The shining golden coins, did look so bright and jolly  
I took them with me home and I gave them to my Molly  
She promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me  
But the devil's in the women and they never can be easy

**Refrein:**

- 3 When I was awoken between six and seven  
The guards were around me in the numbers odd and even  
I drew my pistols, but alas I was mistaken  
For my Molly drew my pistols and a prisoner I was taken

**Refrein:**

- 4 They put me in jail, without judge or writing  
For robbing Colonel Pepper on the Kilkenny Mountains  
But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down  
And I bid a long farewell to the jail in Sligo town

**Refrein:**

**(Meeklappen met solist)**

- 5 Now some take delight, in fishing and in bowling  
And others take delight, in their carriages a-rolling  
But I take delight in the juice of the barley  
And courting pretty girls in the morning so early

**Refrein:**

**In the town of Lunenburg down Nova Scotia way  
In nineteen twenty-one on a windy day  
A sailing ship was born, "Bluenose" was her name  
You'll never see her kind again**

**REFREIN:**

**Bluenose, the ocean knows her name  
Sailors know how proud a ship was she  
Bluenose, leading in the wind  
Racing ev'ry way on the sea**

**Her hull was long and black, her sails were snowy white  
She looked just like a young bird in flight  
And from the very first, the Bluenose loved to run  
She loved the smell of sea and sun**

**REFREIN:**

**For twenty-five long years she ruled the Northern sea  
Riding like a queen on the tide  
In the Caribbean one dark and stormy day  
She ran into a reef and died**

**REFREIN:**

**Now just the other day, down Nova Scotia way  
In Lunenburg they christen'd a ship  
Just like the old Bluenose, down to the very name  
The Bluenose lives and sails again**

**REFREIN:**

# 12 Bluenose

tenoren

♩ = 180

Intro

Couplet



In the town of  
hull was long and  
tween - ty - five long  
just the o - ther



Lu - nen - burg down No - va Sco - tia way in nine - teen tween - ty -  
black her sails were sno - wy white She looked just like a  
years she ruled the Nort - thern sea ri - ding like a  
day down No - va Sco - tia way in Lu - nen - burg the



one on a win - dy day A sai - ling ship was born  
young bird in flight And from the ve - ry first the  
queen on the tide In the Ca - rib - be - an one  
Chris tened a ship Just like the old Blue - nose, down

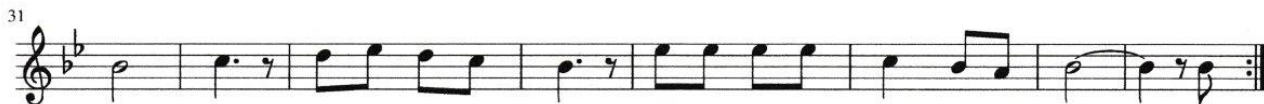


Blue - nose was her name you'll ne - ver see her kind a - gain Bue -  
Blue - nose loved to run, she loved the smell of sea and sun  
dark and stor - my day, she ran in - to a reef and died  
to the ve - ry name, the Blue - nose lives and sails a - gain

Refrein



nose the o - cean knows her name sai - lers - know how proud a ship was she



Blue - nose lea - ding in the wind ra - cing ev' ry way on the sea

Her  
For  
Now

*woensdag 4 februari 2015*

- 1 Fire in the galley, fire down below.  
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,  
There's fire down below.**

**Refrein:**

**Fire! Fire! Fire down below.  
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,  
There's fire down below.**

- 2 Fire in the foresheets, fire down below.  
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,  
There's fire down below.**

**Refrein:**

- 3 Fire in the windlass, fire down below.  
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,  
There's fire down below.**

**Refrein:**

- 4 Fire in the loft and fire down below.  
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,  
There's fire down below.**

**Refrein:**

- 5 Fire in the galley, fire down below.  
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,  
There's fire down below.**

**Refrein:**



donderdag 26 maart 2015

- 1 Aan de kusten van de Breton,  
 Waar de zee woest tekeer gaat,  
 Neem ik afscheid va-an mijn lief,  
 Ee-eenzaam wachtend in St. Jean.

Refrein:

Schepen die stampen en slingeren  
 En hoge golven op zee.

De vissers die hun netten slepen  
 Vol rijke buit van de zee.

Oh, mo-on amour!

Jou nam de zee a-als haar bruid,

En liet mij alleen,

Wachtend op jou, mijn hart in kou.

- 2 Donker en grauw i-in St. Jean,  
 Als de zon aan de lucht staat.  
 Mijn gedachten na-am jij mee,  
 Diep in die eindeloze zee.

Refrein:

- 3 Jaren gingen e-er voorbij,  
 Als de wiss'ling van getijden.  
 Nu-u komt de zee ook voor mij,  
 Straks heb ik jou weer aan mijn zij.

Refrein:

Schepen die stampen en slingeren  
 En hoge golven op zee.

De vissers die hun netten slepen  
 Vol rijke buit van de zee.

Oh, mo-on amour!

Jou nam de zee a-als haar bruid,

En liet mij alleen,

Wachtend op jou, mijn hart in kou.

Oh, mo-on amour!

Jou nam de zee a-als haar bruid,

En liet mij alleen,

Wachtend op jou, mijn hart in kou.

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Call all hands to man the capstan  
See the cable run down clear  
Heave away, and with a will boys  
For Old England we will steer  
Hands will sing in joyful choris  
In the watches of the night  
And we'll sight the shores of England  
When the grey dawn brings the light

***Refrein:***

**Rolling home, rolling home  
Rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to dear Old England  
Rolling home, dear land to thee**

- 2 Many thousand miles behind us  
Many thousand miles before  
Ancient ocean heave to waft us  
To the well-remembered shore  
Cheer up Jack!  
bright smiles await you  
From the fairest of the fair  
And her loving eyes will greet you  
With kind welcomes everywhere

***Refrein:***

- 3 Eastward, eastward, ever eastward  
To the rising of the sun  
We have steered up ever eastward  
Since our voyage has begun  
Off Cape Horn, on a winter morning  
Setting sails in ice and snow  
You could hear the shell-backs calling  
Hise the ra! and let her go!

***Refrein: (drie keer)***

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 In Dublin's fair city  
 Where the girls are so pretty  
 I first set my eyes  
 on sweet Molly Malone  
 As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
 Through the streets,  
 broad and narrow  
 Crying: "cockles and mussels!"  
 Alive, alive-O

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

**Alive, alive-O-O**

**Alive, alive-O**

**Crying: "cockles and mussels!"**

**Alive, alive-O-O**

**(Tussenspel muziek)**

2 She was a fishmonger  
 And sure it's no wonder  
 For so where her father  
 and mother before  
 As they wheeled their wheelbarrow  
 Through the streets,  
 broad and narrow  
 Crying: "cockles and mussels!"  
 Alive, alive-O

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

**(Langzaam)**

3 She died of a fever  
 And no one could save her  
 So that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
 Through the streets broad and narrow  
 Crying: "cockles and mussels!"  
 Alive, alive-O

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 The ship goes sailing down the bay  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
We may not meet for many a day  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
My heart will ever more be true  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
Though now we sadly say adieu  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye

**Refrein:**

**Bilo my baby, bilo my baby,  
Bilo my baby,  
goodbye, my lover, goodbye**

2 I'll miss you on the stormy deep  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
What can I do but ever weep  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
My heart is broken with regret  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
But never dream that I'll forget  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye

**Refrein:**

3 Then cheer up till we meet again,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
I'll try to bear my weary pain.  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!  
Though far I roam across the sea,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye  
My ev'ry thought of you shall be  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

- 1 Stoer zijn de mannen en stoer de kaptein  
Storm of orkaan, nee je krijgt ze niet klei-ei-ein  
Maar we worden als boter met vrouwen en drank  
Zelfs kreupele pietje loopt dan niet meer mank**

**Want....**

**Sigaren en whisky en wilde wijven,  
Die maken ons stapel, die maken ons ge-e-ek  
Sigaren en whisky en wilde wijven,  
Die maken ons stapel, die maken ons gek**

- 2 Honger en dorst wordt al fluitend doorstaan  
Tevree zuigen zij op de laatste banaa-aa-aan  
Maar ze worden als boter met vrouwen in zicht  
Zelfs blinde André ziet ineens weer 't licht**

**Want....**

- 3 Blauw zijn de mannen en groot is hun dorst  
Kroeg en bordelen, het is hen een wo-o-orst  
En worden ze dronken van het vele bier,  
de lonkende wijven en veel eetplezier**

**Want....**

- 4 Ze hijsen de zeilen en varen weer uit  
De duizenden vrouwen die zwaaien ze ui-ui-uit  
Ze komen in havens en leggen dan aan  
Hetzelfde liedje begint weer vooraan**

**Want....**

- 5 Ze zwoegen, ze zweten, ze stinken joegee  
Want ze zijn niet zo proper daar midden op zee-ee-ee  
Maar lullen als broekjes in 't havencafé  
Zelfs stinkende Jantje die wast dan z'n la-la-la-la-la-la  
Sigaren....**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 As I roved by the dockside one evening so rare  
To view the salt water and take the salt air  
I heard an old fisherman singing this song:  
Oh, take me away boys, my time is not long

**Refrein:**

**Wrap me up in my oilskin and jumper  
No more on the docks I'll be seen  
Just tell my old shipmates,  
I'm taking a trip mates  
And I'll see you some day  
in Fiddler's Green**

- 2 Now, Fiddler's Green is a place, I've heard tell  
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell  
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play  
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

**Refrein:**

- 3 The sky's always clear and there's never a gale  
And the fish jump on board with a flip of their tail  
You can lay on your leisure, there's no work to do  
And the skipper's below, making tea for the crew

**Refrein:**

- 4 And when you're in dock and the long trip is through  
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too  
The girls are all pretty and the beer is all free  
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree

**Refrein:**

- 5 I don't want a harp, not a halo, not me  
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea  
And I'll play my old squeeze-box as we sail along  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

**TUSSENSPEL MONDHARMONICA**

**Refrein:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

### Refrein:

**Er is een schip gezonken, vol bier en brandewijn  
De maten waren dronken en ook de kapitein  
Er is een schip gezonken, vol bier en brandewijn.**

- 1 Ik weet nog goed hoe ze uit Rotterdam vertrokken,  
Die ouwe schuit zat boordevol met alcohol  
En ze hebben met z'n allen nog staan zwaaien,  
En nu zijn ze met z'n allen naar de haaien.  
Maar ze wisten wat er in de sterren staat,  
Dat een drankschuit vroeg of laat **ten onder gaat.**

### Refrein:

- 2 Ik zit nog vaak in dat cafeetje aan de haven,  
En stel me voor hoe het aan boord moet zijn geweest.  
Ja, ze zaten met z'n allen aan de jajem,  
En verdwenen met z'n allen in de majem.  
Maar ze wisten wat er in de sterren staat,  
Dat een drankschuit vroeg of laat **ten onder gaat.**

### Refrein:

- 3 Dus als ook jij een keer op zee zou willen varen,  
Kijk dan goed uit met de bemanning van die schuit.  
Want door de drank begint toch altijd het gedonder,  
Zo sta je boven, maar zo lig je er weer onder.  
Maar ook jij weet wat er in de sterren staat,  
Dat een drankschuit vroeg of laat **ten onder gaat.**

### Refrein: (a capella)

### Refrein:

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Essequibo River is the queen of rivers all, Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
 Essequibo River is the queen of rivers all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**

**Refrein:**

**Somebody Ooooo, somebody O**  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
**Somebody Ooooo, somebody O**  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**

- 2 Essequibo Captain is the king of captains all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
 Essequibo Captain is the king of captains all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**

**Refrein:**

- 3 Essequibo bosun is the chief of bosuns all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
 Essequibo bosun is the chief of bosuns all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**

**Refrein:**

- 4 Essequibo sailor is the chief of sailors all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
 Essequibo sailor is the chief of sailors all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**

**Refrein:**

- 5 Essequibo Sally is the queen of Sally's all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
 Essequibo Sally is the queen of Sally's all Hey  
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O

**Refrein:**

- 6 Essequibo River is the queen of rivers all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**  
 Essequibo River is the queen of rivers all Hey  
**Buddy tanna na, we are somebody O**

**Refrein: (drie keer,)**

**tweede keer À capella), derde keer"buddy tana naaaa. Stop. we are....**



- 1 A sailor loves a gallant ship  
and shi-ipmates bold and free  
and ever welcomes wi-ith delight  
Saturday night at sea

Refrein:

Saturday night at sea my boys

Saturday night at sea

Let ev'ry gal and sai-ailor sing:

Saturday night at sea

- 2 One hour each week was snatched from care  
As throu-ough the world we roam  
To think of dear friends fa-ar away  
And all the joys at home

Refrein:

- 3 We'll think of tho-ose bright be-ings  
Who bedeck with joys our lives  
And raise to heaven a prayer to bless  
Our sweetheart and our wives

Refrein:

woensdag 30 oktober 2013

1 The sky was clear, the mo-orning fair  
not a breath came over the sea  
whe-en Mary left her hi-ighland home  
and wa-ander'd fo-orth with me  
Thou-ough flowers decked the mountain side  
and fragrance fi-illed the vale  
By far the sweetest flo-ower there,  
was the ro-ose of Allendale

Refrein:

Sweet rose of a-allenda-ale,  
Sweet Rose of allenda-ale  
By far the sweetest flo-ower there,  
was the Ro-ose of Allendale

2 Where'er I wandered ea-east or west,  
thou-ough faith bega-an to low'r  
A-a solace still she wa-as to me  
In so-orow's lo-only hour  
Whe-en tempest lashed our lonesome barque  
And tore her shivering sail  
One maiden form withstoo-ood the storm  
'Twas the Ro-ose of Allendale

Refrein:

3 And when my fever'd li-ips were parched  
O-on Afric's burning sands  
She-e whispered hopes of ha-appiness  
And ta-ales of di-istant lands  
My-y life has been a wilderness  
Unblessed by fo-ortune's gale  
Had fate not linked my lo-ove to hers  
The Ro-ose of Allendale

Refrein:

*donderdag 16 november 2017*

## **The sea!**

**1 We love the schooners, lo-ove the ships  
We love these ladies, lo-ove their hips  
We love the clippers, gi-ive them lee,  
But mo-ost of a-all we lo-ove the sea  
The sea!**

**Refrein:**

**The sea!**

**The sea, the sea, the ro-oling sea,  
There is no better pla-ace to bee  
She's blue, she's grey, somti-imes she's green  
The loveliest girl we have e-ever seen**

**2 We love the lighthouse, lo-ove the land  
We love the beaches, lo-ove the sand  
We love the maidens o-on the quay  
But mo-ost of a-all we lo-ove the sea  
The sea!**

**Refrein:**

**3 We love the whiskey, lo-ove the booze  
We love the ladies, so-oft and smooth  
We love to kiss them o-on the knee  
But mo-ost of a-all we lo-ove the sea  
The sea!**

**Refrein:**

**4 We love the sunrise, lo-ove the gales  
We love the dolphins, lo-ove the whales  
We love the sunset soo-oon to be  
But mo-ost of a-all we lo-ove the sea  
The sea! Refrein:**

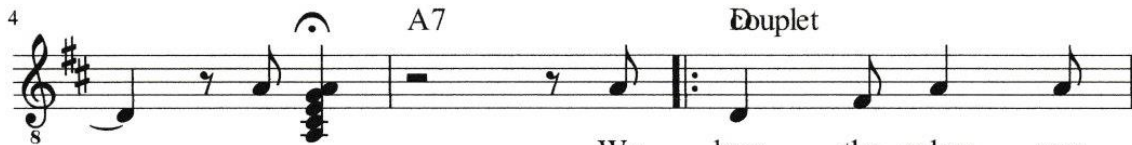
# The sea

Tenoren - Baritons

intro

AD

♩ = 105



We love the schoo - ners

love the light - house

love the whis - key

love the sun - rise



lo - ove the ships, we love these la - dies lo - ove their hips. we

lo - ove the land, we love the bea - ches lo - ove the sand. we

lo - ove the booze, we love the la - dies so - oft and smooth we

lo - ove the gales, we love the dol - phins lo - ove the whales we

*donderdag 11 januari 2018*

**1 On a cold winters night, with a storm at its height, the lifeboat answered the call  
They pitched and they tossed, till we thought they were lost  
As we watched from the harbor wall, though the night was pitch black  
There was no turning back, for someone was waiting out there  
And each volunteer had to live with his fear, as they joined in a silent prayer**

**Refrein:**

**(p) They carried us home, home, home from the sea  
Angels of mercy, answer'd our plea**

**(mf) They carried us home, home, home from the sea  
Carried us safely home, home from the sea**

**2 (p) As they battled their way, past the mouth of the bay,  
it was blowing like never before  
As they gallantly fought, every one of them thought of loved ones back on the shore  
(f) Then a flicker of light and they knew they were right  
There she was on the crest of a wave  
(mf) She's an old fishing boat and she's barely afloat  
Please God, there are souls we can save**

**Refrein:**

**3 (mf) And back in the town, in a street that runs down to the sea and the harbor wall  
They'd gathered in pairs at the foot of the stairs to wait for the radio call  
(p) And just before dawn, when all hope had gone,  
(f) came a hush (p) and a faraway sound  
(mf) 'Twas the coxswain he roared: 'all survivors on board'  
Thank God and we're homeward bound**

**Refrein:**

# 25 Home from the sea

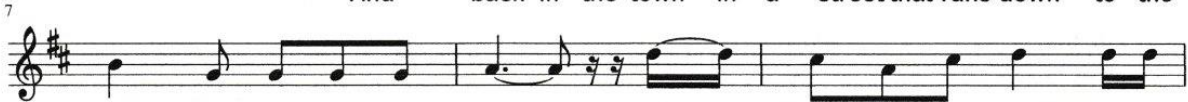
Tenoren

♩ = 60

COUPLET



On a cold win-ters night with a storm at its height The  
As they bat-tled their way past the mouth of the bay Twas blo-  
And back in the town in a street that runs down to the



life - boat answered the call They - pitched and they tossed till we  
wing like ne - ver be - fore As they gal - lant - ly fought eve-ry -  
sea and the ha - ar - bour wall They gath - ered in pairs at the



thought they were lost As we watched from the ha - ar bor wall Though the  
one of them thought of loved ones back on the shore Then a  
foot of the stairs to wait for the ra - di - o call And



night was pitch black There was no tur - ning back for some - one was wai - ting out  
fli - cker of light and they knew they were right There she was on the crest of a  
just be - fore dawn when all hope had gone came a hush and a far a - way



there And each vo - lun - teer had to live with his fear as - they  
wave She's an old fi - shing boat and she's bare - ly a - float Please  
sound Twas the cock - swain he roared all sur - vi - vors on board Thank



joined the si - i - lent prayer And carry us home home home from the sea  
God there are souls we can save  
God and we're ho - me - ward bound



an - gels of mer cy ans - wer our plea And carry us home home home from the sea



car - ry us safe - ly home from the sea

**(p)** Bora Bora hey  
**Bora Bora in Tahiti hey**  
**Bora Bora in Tahiti hey**

1	Als ich nach Bora Bora kam	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Und mir den Strand als Zimmer nahm	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Streckte ich meine Beine aus	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Fühlte mich wie zuHaus	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey

2	Palmen und Blüten um mich her	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Klar wie Kristall das blaue Meer	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Ein Vogel sang im Mangobaum	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Alles war wie ein Traum	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey

**Refrein:**

**(mf)** Bora Bora Hey, **(p)** Bora Bora in Tahiti hey

**(mf)** Mein Paradies im Sommerwind

**Wo alle Menschen glücklich sind**

**Bora Bora Hey, (p) Bora Bora in Tahiti hey**

**(mf)** Wo Allen gleich die Sonne scheint

**Ist Jeder des Anderen Freund**

**(p)** Bora Bora in Tahiti hey

**Bora Bora in Tahiti hey**

3	Zehn tausend Meilen von zu Haus	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Brach dann bei mir das Heimweh aus	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Ich denk' noch heut' mein Herz zerspringt	<b>(p)</b> Bora in Tahiti hey
	Wenn dieses Lied erklingt	<b>(p)</b> Bora in

**Tahiti hey**

**Refrein:**

**Bora Bora in Tahiti hey**

**Bora Bora in Tahiti hey**

**Tahiti hey**





# 26 Bora Bora

Tenoren

Solist



Bora Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey Bora

11 Couplet




Bo-ra in Ta-hi-ti hey Bo-ra in Ta-hi-ti hey

19



Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey Bora in Ta-hi-ti

28 Refrein



hey Bo - ra Bo - ra hey Bo - ra Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey

37



Mein Pa - ra - dies im Sommer - wind Wo al - le Men - schen glücklich

43



sind Bo - ra Bo - ra hey Bo - ra Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey

53



Wo al - len gleich die Son - ne scheint Ist je - der des An - de - ren

59 D.S. al Fine Fine



Freund Bora Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey Bora Bora in Ta-hi-ti hey Ta-hi-ti

65



hey

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 I've been a wild rover for many a year  
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer  
But now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Refrein:

And it's No, Nay, never,  
No, nay, never no more  
Will I play the wild rover,  
No never no more

- 2 I went to an alehouse I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady my money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me: "Nay,  
Such customs as you I can have any day"

Refrein:

- 3 I took from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best  
And the words I have told you were only in jest"

Refrein:

- 4 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done  
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son  
And, when they've caressed me as oft times before  
I never will play the wild rover no more

Refrein: (twee keer, eerste keer À capella)

donderdag 26 maart 2015

1 't Is een heel oud verhaal, mensen luister  
 Over duivelse machten op zee  
 Kapitein van der Decken staat op de kampanje  
 Hij schreeuwt en hij vloekt dat het rookt  
 Hij wil varen, wil weg uit Terneuzen  
 Kijk, zijn schip ligt al klaar voor de reis  
 Door het want raast een storm en giert woest door de haven  
 Met dit weer vaart niemand uit

Refrein:

Daar doemt zij op uit dampige nevelsliert  
 Zeilende tegen de wind. Spookt door de nacht  
 in eeuwigheid over zee Altijd tot sterven gedoemd

2 'Hijs de zeilen', beveelt van der Decken  
 Wend de steven, wij varen nu uit  
 Vol van schrik vroeg de boots: 'kapitein het is Pasen,  
varen brengt ongeluk'  
 'Los de tros' klinkt het van de kampanje  
 Hoog de zeilen, het schip kiest nu zee  
 De bemanning doet morrend zijn werk,  
 Slaat een kruis denkt bevend aan vrouw en kind  
 Refrein:

3 Na maanden op zee doemt de Kaap op  
 Het schip slingert en stampet in een hel  
 Uitgeput zijn de mannen  
 na wekenlang zwoegen in hevige woeste storm  
 'Keer toch terug' roep vertwijfeld de bootzman  
 Blind van woede raast nu de kaptein  
 'Ja met God of de duivel, de Kaap vaar ik om  
 Als het moet tot in eeuwigheid'  
Refrein:

4 Nooit is 't schip meer gezien in een haven  
 Zeilt maar door, is vervloekt voor altijd  
 Het zaait dood en verderf, aan het roer de kapitein,  
 Dode mannen doen stil het werk  
 't Is de Vliegende Hollander,  
 Bloedrode zeilen,  
 een varende geest op zee

There once was a ship that put to sea  
And the name of that ship was the Billy o`Tea  
The wind blew hard, her bow dipped down  
Blow, me bully boys, blow **(huh)**

**Refrein:**

**Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day, when the tonguing' 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 **(huh)**

**Refrein:**

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 **(huh)**

**Refrein:**

For forty days or even more  
The line went slack then tight once more  
All boats were lost, there were only four  
And still that whale did go **(huh)**

**Refrein:**

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 **(huh)**

# WELLERMAN

♩ = 80



1. There once was a ship that put to sea and the  
 2. She had not been two weeks from shore, when  
 3. Be - fore the boat had hit the wa - ter the  
 4. For for - thy days or e - ven more, the  
 5. As far as I've heard the fight's still on, the



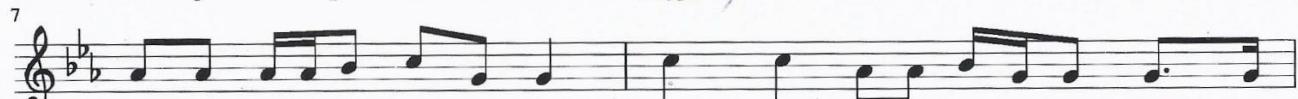
name of that ship was the Bil - ly o' Tea. The  
 down on her a right whale bore. The  
 wha - le's tail came up and caught her. All  
 line went slack then tight once more. All  
 line's not cut and the whale's not gone. The



wind blew hard, her bow dipped down  
 cap - tain called all hands and swore he'd  
 hands to the side, har - pooned and fought her when  
 boats were lost there were on - ly four and  
 Wel - ler man makes his re - gu - lar call to en



blow, me bul - ly boys, blow. (Huh) Soon may the Wel-ler-man come, to  
 take that whale in tow. (Huh)  
 she dived down be - low. (Huh)  
 still that whale did go. (Huh)  
 cou-rage the cap - tain, crew and all. (Huh)



bring us su-gar and tea and rum.  
 One day, when the ton-guing' is done, we'll



take our leave and go.

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

**Intro met mondharmonica**

1 They call me Hanging Johnny

**Away hy-o**

They say I hung for money

**It's hang boys, hang**

2 They say I hung my daddy

**Away hy-o**

They say I hung my mammy

**It's hang boys, hang**

3 I hung my sister Sally

**Away hy-o**

They say I hung my family

**It's hang boys, hang**

**Tussenspel mondharmonica**

4 Get round the corner Sally

**Away hy-o**

We'll make you **saccarappa**

**It's hang boys, hang**

5 We'll hang and hang together

**Away hy-o**

And hang for better weather

**It's hang boys, hang**

**Tussenspel mondharmonica**

6 We'll hang and hang together

**Away hy-o**

And hang for better weather

**It's hang boys, hang**

**It's hang boys, hang**

**It's hang boys, hang**

**mondharmonica**

- 1 Farewell to your bricks and morta-ar  
Farewell to your dirty lies  
Farewell to your gangers and gang planks  
To hell with your overtime  
For the good ship ragamuffi-in  
She's lying at the quay  
For to take ol' pat with a shovel on his back  
To the shores of botany bay
- 2 i'm on the way down to the quay  
Where the ship at anchor lays  
To command a gang of navy-ys  
That they told me to engage  
I thought I'd drop in for a drink  
Before I went away  
For to take a trip on an emigra-ant ship  
To the shores of botany bay
- 3 The boss came up this morni-ing  
He says "well, pat you know  
If you don't get your navvys out  
I'm afraid you'll have to go"  
So I asked him for my wage-es  
And demanded all my pay  
For I told him straight,  
I'm going-to-emigrate  
To the shores of botany bay
- 4 And when I reach australia  
I'll go and look for gold  
There's plenty there-for-the digging of  
Or so I have been told  
Or else I'll go back to my trade  
And a hundred bricks i'll lay  
Because I live  
for an ei-eight hour shift  
To the shores of botany bay

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 In eighteen hundred and sixty one,  
Roll, Alabama, roll  
This ship her building was begun  
Oh roll, Alabama, roll
- 2 Oh, she was built in Birkenhead  
Roll, Alabama, roll  
Built in the yard of Jonathan Laird  
Oh, roll Alabama, roll
- 3 And down the Mersey, she rolled one day,  
Roll, Alabama, Roll.  
Across the Western, she ploughed her way,  
Oh Roll, Alabama, Roll.
- 4 But off Cherbourg the 'Kearsarge' laid tight,  
Roll, Alabama, Roll.  
Awaiting was Winslow to start a good fight,  
Oh Roll, Alabama, Roll.
- 5 Outside the three mile limit they fought  
Roll Alabama, roll  
And Semmes escaped on a fine British yacht  
Oh roll Alabama, roll
- 6 The 'Kearsarge' won, Alabama so brave,  
Roll, Alabama, Roll.  
Sank to the bottom, to a watery grave,  
Oh Roll, Alabama, Roll.



Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 And he kissed her on the face,  
 And the crew began to roar.  
 Oh, oh, up she goes,  
 we're bound for Baltimore.  
 And he kissed her on the cheeks,  
 And the crew began to roar,  
 Oh, oh, up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore.

Refrein:

No more, no more,  
 we're going to sea no more,  
 As soon we reach the town tonight  
 We're leaving for the shore.

2 And he kissed her on the neck,  
 And the crew began to roar.  
 Oh, oh, up she goes,  
 we're bound for Baltimore.  
 And he kissed her on the lips,  
 And the crew began to roar,  
 Oh, oh, up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore.  
 Refrein:

3 And he kissed her on her arms,  
 And the crew began to roar.  
 Oh, oh, up she goes,  
 we're bound for Baltimore.  
 And he kissed her on the legs,  
 And the crew began to roar,  
 Oh, oh, up she goes, we're bound for Baltimore.  
 Refrein:

4 And he kissed her on her knees,  
 And the crew began to roar.  
 Oh, oh, up she goes,  
 we're bound for Baltimore.  
 And he kissed her on the Nooo!!, (stop )  
 And the crew began to roar,  
 Oh, oh, up she goes,  
 we're bound for Baltimore.

Refrein:

LET OP: Regels met 'kiss' lief zingen.

Regels met 'Roar' ruw zingen

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 Well, It wouldn't be a sailor lad a-sailin' on the main,  
To gain the good will of his captain's good name?  
He came ashore one evening for to be,  
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me.

**Refrein:**

**And it's home, boys home,  
Home, I'd like to be  
Home for a while in me own count-a-ry,  
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree  
They all are growin' green in the old count-a-ry**

2 Well I asked her for a candlelight to light me up to bed  
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around my head.  
She came on my knee like a young maid ought to do,  
And I asked her, 'Darling dear, won't you jump in with me too?'

**Refrein:**

3 Well she jumped into my bed, making no alarm,  
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.  
I hugged her and I kissed her the whole night long,  
Untill she wished the short night had been seven years long.

**Refrein:**

4 Well early next morning the sailor lad arose  
And in Mary's apron threw a handful of gold  
Saying, 'Take this me dear for the mischief I've done  
For tonight I've left you with a daughter or a son'.

**Refrein:**

5 Well, if it is a girl child, bring her up to nurse,  
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse,  
If it is a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue  
And climbing in the rigging like his daddy ought to do.

**Refrein:**

6 Well listen now fair maidens, a warning take from me,  
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,  
I trusted one, and he beguiled me,  
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee.

**Refrein: (break vóór de laatste regel)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 Well modern ships, they carry mighty fine gear  
**Get away, get away you shantyman**  
 I ain't seen a sail for many a year  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**

**Refrein:**

**Shantyman, oh shantyman**  
**Who's got a berth for a shantyman**  
**We sing you a song and the world goes wrong**  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**

2 Everything is now push button and leave  
**Get away, get away you shantyman**  
 They got no use for horny-handed heavers  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**  
**Refrein:**

'Get Away' ook zodanig ruw zingen.

3 Those were the days when the times were hard  
**Get away, get away you shantyman**  
 Freezing to death on the topsail-yard  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**  
**Refrein:**

4 Listen to my song and tell me what to do  
**Get away, get away you shantyman**  
 When you're off Cape Stiff with your fuses blew  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**  
**Refrein:**

5 Listen on the night when you might hear  
**Get away, get away you shantyman**  
 A distant sound of yester-year  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**  
**Refrein:**

6 Is it the voice from the distant past  
**Get away, get away you shantyman**  
 Or the sound of the wind in your radar mast  
**And they got no use for a shantyman**  
**Refrein: (twee keer)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

**Refrein:**

**Hill you ho boys / let her go-o boys,  
Bring her head round / now a-all together.  
Hill you ho boys / let her go-o boys,  
Sailing home, home / to Mi-ingulay.**

**1 What care we though / white the Mi-inch is?  
What care we for / the wi-ind or weather.  
Let her go boys / every i-inch is  
Wearing home, home / to Mi-ingulay.**

**2 Skye,,, or Lewis / Mull or U-uist,  
Tiree, Co-oll / or Vatersa-ay.  
None can call us / like our i-island,  
our dear island / of Mi-ingulay.**

Steeds 2 keer 3 tellen tussen  
refrein en couplet.  
Let op de break in de 2<sup>e</sup> regel van  
het 4<sup>e</sup> couplet.

**Refrein:**

**3 Wives are waiting / by the ha-arpour  
Wives been waiting / since bre-eak o'day-o  
Wives been waiting / by the ha-arpour  
Till the sun sets / on Mi-ingulay!**

**4 Ships return now / heavy la-aden  
Mothers holdin' / bai-airns a-cryin'  
They'll return, though / when the su-un sets  
They'll return home / to Mi-ingulay.**

**Refrein: (*a capella*)**

**Refrein:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Oh, the Arabella set the big main sail,  
The Arabella set the big main sail  
The Arabella set the big main sail  
A-rollin' down the river.

**Refrein:**

**A-rollin' down, a-rollin' down,  
A-rollin' down the river,  
A-rollin' down, a-rollin' down,  
Said the bucko mate  
to the greaser's wife,**

**A pumpkin pudding and a bulgine pie,  
A pumpkin pudding and a bulgine pie,  
A pumpkin pudding and a bulgine pie,  
Aboard the Arabella!**

- 2 Oh, the Arabella set the main topsail  
The Arabella set the main topsail  
The Arabella set the main topsail  
A-rollin' down the river.

**Refrein:**

- 3 Oh, the Arabella set the main foresail  
The Arabella set the main foresail  
The Arabella set the main foresail  
A-rollin' down the river.

**Refrein:**

- 4 Oh, the Arabella set the main royal  
The Arabella set the main royal  
The Arabella set the main royal  
A-rollin' down the river.

**Refrein:**

1. By a lonely prison wall  
Michael they are sending you away  
 For you stole Treveleyan's corn  
 I heard a young girl ca-a-alling /  
 So the young might see-ee the morn  
 Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

**Refrein:**

**Low, lie the Fields of (Athen)ry  
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
 Our love was on the wing  
 (We had) **dreams and so-ongs to sing**  
 (Now it's) **lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry****

2. By a lonely prison wall  
 I heard a young man ca-a-alling /  
 "Nothing matters Mary when you're free  
 Against the Famine and the Crown  
 I rebelled, they ra-an me down  
 Now, you must raise our child with dignity"

**Refrein:**

3. By a lonely harbour wall  
 She watched the last star fa-a-alling /  
 As the prison ship sailed ot against the sky  
 But she'll wait / and hope / and pray  
 For her love in Botany Bay  
 Now it's lonely 'round the Fields of Athenry

**Refrein:**

*Sir Charles Trevelyan was een Engelse landheer in Ierland.  
 Hij vond dat de hongersnood tussen 1845 en 1852 zeer effectief  
 was tegen de overbevolking en een straf van God.*

Tenoren

# The fields of Athenry

Pete St. John

Track 0

Low lie the fields

4  
ry where once we watched the small free birds

7  
fly - y y Our love was on the

10  
Dreams and so ongs to

13  
lone ly 'round the fields of A then ry

16

Donderdag 22 oktober 2009

- 1 The boat is sailing around the bend,  
**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**  
All loaded down with fishermen  
**And I won't be home tomorrow.**

**Refrein:**

**Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye,**  
**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**  
**Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye,**  
**And I won't be home tomorrow.**

- 2 A dollar a day is a sailor's pay  
**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**  
It's easy come, easy slip away  
**And I won't be home tomorrow.**

**Refrein:**

- 3 Oh Roseann, sweet Roseann  
**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**  
I'm going away, but not to stay  
**And I won't be home tomorrow.**

**Refrein:**

- 4 We're sailing North, across the bay  
**Bye-bye, my Roseanna.**  
We won't be back for many a day  
**And I won't be home tomorrow.**

**Refrein: (twee keer)**



Als het anker is gelicht, gaan we naar de oceaan  
Want daar pas voelen wij ons thuis,  
daar vangt ons leven aan.  
We varen heen, we varen weer,  
de zeewind blaast ons schoon  
En als we in de haven zijn, klinkt het op blijde toon

Refrein:

Een zeeman kan niet leven  
Als hij niet varen kan  
Adieu dus vrouw, adieu dus kind  
Ik kom wel weer eens an

We varen op de wilde zee Geen golf is ons te hoog  
En als we in de haven zijn  
Dan houden we `t niet droog  
De lading vast, de trossen los  
En gaan we weer op pad  
De reis duurt vele weken Maar dan hebben we het gehad

Refrein:

En toch als hij op zee is Dan denkt hij vaak aan thuis  
Te midden van de golven  
En van het stormgeruis  
Dus heeft hij eig`lijk nergens rust  
Aan land denkt hij aan zee  
En als hij de golven wiegt Dan wil hij naar de ree

Refrein 2

Adieu dus vrouw, Adieu dus kind  
Ik kom wel weer eens an  
Adieu dus vrouw, adieu dus kind,  
Ik kom wel weer eens.....an.

# HET ZEEMANSLIED

PH

31-03-2020

A D E7 A D E7 A

Als het an-ker is ge-licht gaan we naar de o-ce - aan. Want daar pas voe-len

10 D E7 A D E7 A

wij ons thuis, daar vangt ons le-ven aan. We va-ren heen, we va-ren weer, de zee-wind blaast ons schoon. En

17 D E7 A E A E A

als we in de ha-ven zijn, klinkt op blij-de toon: Een zee-man kan niet le-ven, als hij niet va-ren kan. A -

25 D E7 A D E7 A

dicu dus vrouw, a - dicu dus kind, ik kom wel weer eens an En toch als hij op

34 D E7 A D E7 A

zee is, dan denkt hij vaak aan huis. Te - mid-den van de gol-ven, en van het storm-ge - druis. Dus heeft hij eig-lijk

42 D E7 A D E7 A E

ner-gens rust, aan land denkt hij aan zee. En als hij op de gol-ven wiegt, dan wil hij naar de ree. Een zee-man kan niet

50 A E A D E7 A D

le-ven, als hij niet va-ren kan. A - dieu dus vrouw, a - dieu dus kind, ik kom wel weer eens an

59 E7 A E A E A D

Een zee-man kan niet le-ven, als hij niet va-ren kan. A - dieu dus vrouw, a - dieu dus kind, ik

67 E7 A D E7 A

kom wel weer eens an. A - dieu dus vrouw, a - dieu dus kind, ik kom wel weer eens an.

# 41 The holy ground

donderdag 1 oktober 2015

- 1 Adieu to you my Di-inah, ten thousand times adieu  
We`re going away from the Holy Ground  
and the girls that we love true  
We will sail the South sea o-over  
And then return for su-ure  
To see again the girls we love  
And the Holy Ground once more

## **Refrein:**

**Fine girl you are!**

**You`re the girl I do ado-ore**

**And still I live in hopes to see**

**The Holy Ground once more.**

**Fine girls you are!**

- 2 And now a storm is ra-aging,  
We are fa-ar from the shore  
The good old ship is tossing about,  
And the rigging is all tore  
And the secret of my life, my girl,  
You're the girl I do ado-ore  
And still I live in hope to see,  
The Holy Ground once more

## **Refrein:**

- 3 And now the storm is o-over,  
And we are safe a-and well  
We will go into a public house,  
And we sit and drink like hell  
We will drink strong ale and po-orter,  
And make the rafters roa-oar  
And when our money is all spent,  
We will go to sea o-once more

## **Refrein:**

- 1 No-ow 'twas of a famous Yankee ship,  
To new york we were bound,  
Our captain being an irishman belonging to Dublin town

**Refrein:**

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For the girls of Dublin town,  
Hurrah for the bonny green flag,  
And the harp without the crown!

- 2 A-and when he gazes on the land,  
That town of high renown,  
Oh, it's break away the green burgee  
And the harp without the crown

**Refrein:**

- 3 'Twa-as on the seventeenth of march,  
We arrived in New York bay  
Our captain being an Irishman,  
Must celebrate the day.

**Refrein:**

**Tussenspel:**

4 With the stars and stripes way high aloft,  
And fluttering all around.  
But underneath his monkey-gaff  
flew the harp without the crown

**Refrein:**

- 5 Bu-ut by tomorrow morning, boys,  
We'll work without a frown,  
For aboard the saucy "Shenandoah"  
Flies the harp without the crown!

**Refrein:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 It is time to go now  
Haul away your anchor  
Haul away your anchor  
It's our sailing time
  
- 2 Get some sails upon her  
Haul away your halyards  
Haul away your halyards  
It's our sailing time
  
- 3 Get her on her course now  
Haul away your foresheets  
Haul away your foresheets  
It's our sailing time
  
- 4 Waves are surging under  
Haul away down-channel  
Haul away down-channel  
On the evening tide

**Tussenspel muziek**

**Zacht:**

- 5 When my days are over  
Haul away to heaven  
Haul away to heaven  
Lord be by my side

**Aanzwellend:**

- 6 It is time to go now  
Haul away your anchor  
Haul away your anchor  
It's our sailing time

**Refrein:**

**Here's to the Grimsby lads out at the trawling  
Here's to the lads on the billowing deep  
Shooting their nets and heaving and hauling  
All the night long, and the landsmen asleep.**

1. They-ey sail in the cold and the grey of the morning,  
Leaving their wives and their fam'lies behind;  
Following the fishing, fulfilling their calling,  
Their charts are all ready the shoals for to find.

**Refrein:**

2. A-away to the north where they know will be waiting  
Frost and black ice and the lash of the gale,  
Trawling and hoping and anticipating  
A ship bumper full and safe homeward to sail.

**Refrein:**

3. The-e nets are inboard and the catch lies a-gleaming;  
There's gutting and washing and packing below.  
Ten days of fishing and home they'll be steaming:  
A thousand miles gone and a thousand to go.

**Refrein:**

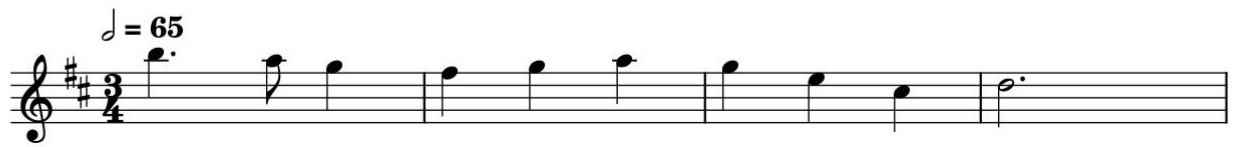
4. O-on Humber's brown water the new sun is gleaming;  
To the fisherman's prayer the breeze sings the Amen.  
The smoky grey town in the stillness is dreaming;  
Her sons from the waters return once again.

**Refrein:**

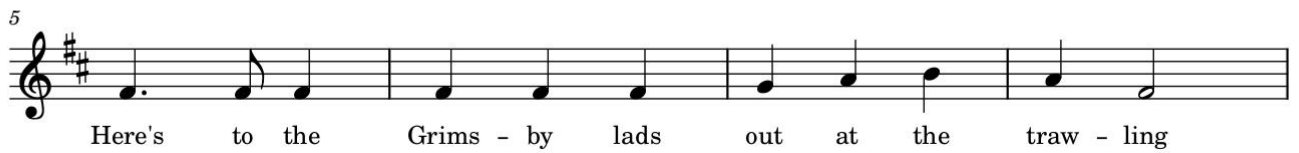
# 44 Grimsby Lads

## Tenoren

$\text{♩} = 65$

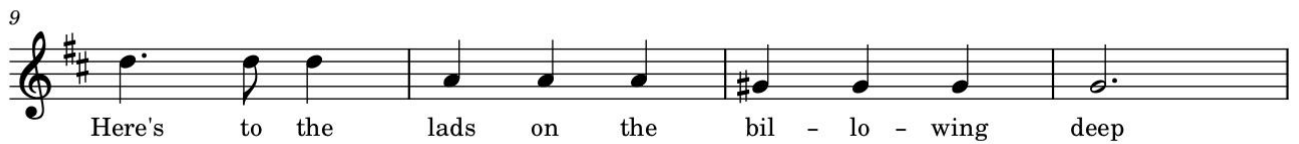


5



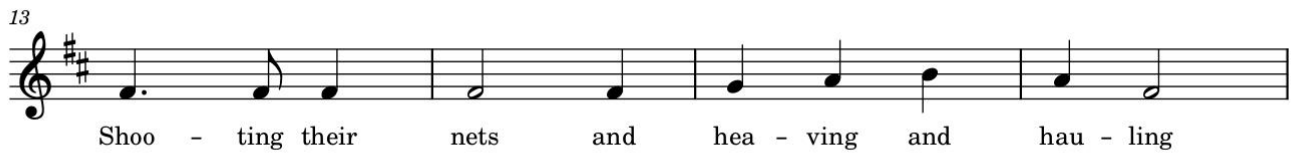
Here's to the Grims - by lads out at the traw - ling

9



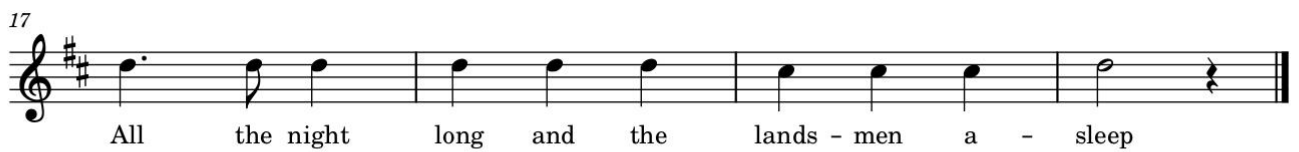
Here's to the lads on the bil - lo - wing deep

13



Shoo - ting their nets and hea - ving and hau - ling

17



All the night long and the lands - men a - sleep

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 The work is hard and the wages low  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
The work is hard and the wages low  
And it's time for us to leave her

Refrein:

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

2 The rain is rained the whole day long  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
The north-east wind is blowing strong  
And it's time for us to leave her  
Refrein:

3 It's pump or drown the old man said  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
It's pump or drown the old man said  
And it's time for us to leave her  
Refrein:

4 Oh the winds were foul  
and the work was hard  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
From the Liverpool docks  
to the Brooklyn yard  
And it's time for us to leave her

*Tussenspel muziek*

Refrein:

5 I thought I heard the old man say  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her  
You can go ashore  
and collect your pay  
And it's time for us to leave her

Refrein:



Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 When I was a schoolboy, I lived at home at ease  
 Now I am a trawlin' man, I sail the wintry seas  
 I thought I'd like seafarin' life, it's all right 'till I found  
 It's a damned sight worse than slavery, when we got off the ground

**REFREIN:** (SOLIST: *AND IT WAS*)

**Haul, boys haul / Haul, boys haul**

**Heave away the capstan, lads, and let's get up the trawl  
 When the winds are blowin', the ship's are gently rollin'  
 Miami, Miami, won't you be true to me**

- 2 Now every night in winter, as regular as a clock  
 It's on we all sail Wester, likewise your oilskin frock  
 An then up to the capstan, lads, then we'll heave away  
 Well that's the cry in the middle of the night as well as in the day

**Refrein:** (SOLIST: *AND IT WAS*)

- 3 No when the fish are up on deck, pilin' to our knees  
 We slip and slide and wonder why we ever went to sea  
 But then ashore we sell the catch. That's easier to bear  
 For it's beer all night in the sailors arms when we get paid our share

**Refrein:** (SOLIST: *AND IT WAS*)

- 4 With winter passin' over and springtime comin' on  
 We go out in all weathers, no time for beer or song  
 For the fish don't wait for lovers, as you might quickly find  
 Put on your oilskin jacket lad, and leave the girls behind

**Refrein:** (SOLIST: *AND IT WAS*)

- 5 And when our trip is over, hard up the tiller goes  
 And straight way into Yarmouth with a big jib on her nose  
 And when we reach the pierhead, all the girls will loudly say  
 Here comes our jolly trawlin' lads that have been so long away

**Refrein:** (SOLIST: *AND IT WAS*)

**Haul, boys haul / Haul, boys haul**

**Heave away the capstan, lads, and let's get up the trawl  
 When the winds are blowin', the ship's are gently rollin'  
 Miami, Miami, won't you be true to me  
 Miami, Miami, won't you be true to me**



- 1 Op Wieringen daar woonde de vrouw van schipper Ké (zacht)  
Een ieder die haar beloonde mocht met haar naar benee. (sterker)  
Een ieder die haar beloonde mocht met haar naar benee. (sterk)
- 2 Maar eerst werd er gedronken, een borreltje of vier (zacht)  
In zúlke grote kruiken, vol brandewijn en bier. (sterker)  
In zúlke grote kruiken, vol brandewijn en bier. (sterk)
- 3 En hadden zij hun dorst gelest, maar hun geld was nog niet op (zacht)  
Dan gingen ze naar beneden al met een zatte kop. (sterker)  
Dan gingen ze naar beneden al met een zatte kop. (sterk)
- 4 Maar beneden aangekomen, wachtte hun een grote pech (zacht)  
Daar werden zij geronseld, al hun centen waren weg. (sterker)  
Daar werden zij geronseld, al hun centen waren weg.
- 5 Zo voer daar menig zeeman op een zeilschip naar de West (zacht)  
Omdat ze bij de vrouw van Ké hun dorst hadden gelest. (sterker)  
Omdat ze bij de vrouw van Ké hun dorst hadden gelest. (sterk)
- 6 Op Wieringen daar woonde de vrouw van Schipper Ké (zacht)  
Die haar brood verdiende aan de mannen van de zee. (zacht)  
Die haar brood verdiende aan de mannen van de zee. (sterker)  
Ja, die haar brood verdiende aan de mannen van de zee. (sterk 2X)

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1. Oh blow the man down bullies, blow the man down  
To me way haye, blow the man down,  
Oh blow the man down in the Liverpool town  
Give me some time to blow the man down.
2. I'm a deepwater sailor, just in from Hong Kong,  
To me way haye, blow the man down,  
if you'll give me some grog, I'll sing you a song,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.
3. 'Twas on a Black Baller, I first served my time,  
To me way haye, blow the man down,  
And on the Black Baller I wasted my prime,  
Give me some time to blow the man down.
4. 'Tis when a Black Baller's preparing for sea  
To me way haye, blow the man down,  
You'd split your sides laughing at sites that you see.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.
5. With tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all  
To me way haye, blow the man down,  
That ship for prime seaman on board a Black Ball.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 'T is advertised in Boston, New York, and Buffalo:  
Five hundred brave Americans a-whaling for to go.

**Refrein:**

(Solist: Singing)

**Bloow ye winds in the mo-orning, and bloow, ye winds  
heigh-ho!**

**Haul away your running gear, and bloow, ye winds  
heigh-ho!**

- 2 They send you to New Bedford, that famous whaling port,  
And give you to some landsharks to board and fit you out.

**Refrein:**

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

**Refrein:**

- 4 And 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.

**Refrein:**

- 5 The skipper's on the quarterdeck a-squinting at the sails,  
When up above the lookout spies a mighty school of whales.

**Refrein:**

- 6 Then lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll travel,  
But if you get too near his tail, he'll kick you to the Devil.

**Refrein:**

- 7 And now that he is ours my boys, we'll tow him alongside,  
Then over with our blubberhooks and rob him of his hide.

**Refrein:**

- 8 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.

**Refrein: (*twee keer*)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

**Refrein:**

**Mull of Kintyre, oh mist rolling in from / the sea  
My desire, is always to be here  
Oh Mull of Kintyre**

- 1 Far have I travelled and much have I seen  
Dark distant mountains, with valleys of green  
Past painted deserts, the sunsets on fire  
As he carries me home to / the Mull of Kintyre**

**Refrein:**

- 2 Sweep through the heather / like deer in the glen  
Carry me back to / the days I knew then  
Nights when we sang like / a heavenly choir  
Of the life and the times of / the Mull of Kintyre**

**Tussenspel muziek**

**Refrein:**

- 3 Smiles in the sunshine / and tears in the rain  
Still take me back where / my mem'ries remain  
Flickering embers grow higher and high'r  
As they carry me back to / the Mull of Kintyre**

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Oh come all you sailor lads, and listen to my song,  
And when you've heard it, won't you pity me-e,  
For I was a bloody fool, In the port of Liverpool  
The first time that I came home from sea
- 2 I was payed at Rotherhithe, by a man from of the Clyde  
And four pounds ten a month, it was my pay-ay  
And it jingled in my tin, Till I got taken in / by a young girl and they call her  
Maggie May

**Refrein:**

**Ooh, Maggie, Maggie May,  
They've taken you away  
To slave upon van Diemen's cruel sho-o-ore,  
You've cheated all the sailors and captains of the whalers  
But you'll never walk down Liverpool no more!**

- 3 How well I do remember when I first met Maggie May,  
S'was cruisin' up and down old Canning Pla-ace,  
And she had a figure finer, then the fastest ocean liner  
And being just a sailor I gave chase.
- 4 In the morning I awoke, I was flat and stoney broke,  
No shirt or pants or waistcoat could I fi-ind  
When I asked her where they were,  
She said: 'Jack me dear, they're down in Paddy's pawnshop no.9'

**Refrein:**

- 5 To the pawnshop I did go, no clothes there did I find  
So the scuffers came and took that gal away-ay  
And the Judge and jury found her, for robbing a homeward-bounder  
That dirty robbing whore called Maggie May

**Refrein:**

- 6 I was there right by her side on the night that Maggie died  
And she willed me to her old red flanel drawers  
They were stained with gin and beer, from the front right to the rear,  
Those old red flanel drawers that Maggie wore

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

7 april 2016

Refrein:

Her eyes, they shone like the diamonds.  
You'd think she was queen of the land,  
And her hair hung over her shou-oulders,  
Tied up with a black velvet band.

1 In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprentice to trade I was bound.  
And many an hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town.  
Till bad misfortune came o'er me, and caused me to stray from the  
land  
Far away from my friends and rela-ations.  
They follow the black velvet band. Refrein:

2 Well, I went out strolling one evening, not meaning to go very far,  
When I met with a frolicsome damsel. She was selling her trade in  
the bar.  
A watch she took from a customer, and slipped it right into my hand.  
Then the law came and put me in pri-ison.  
Bad luck to her black velvet band! Refrein:

3 Next morning, before judge and jury, for trial I had to appear.  
And the judge, he said: my young fellow, the case against you is  
quite clear.  
And seven long years is your sentence. You're going to Van  
Diemen's Land,  
Far away from your friends and rela-ations.  
They follow the black velvet band. Refrein:

4 Now, come all ye jolly young fellows, I'll have you take warnings by  
me.  
And whenever you're out on the liquor, my lads, beware of the pretty  
colleens.  
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter, till you are not able to  
stand.  
And the very next thing that you know, my lads,  
you've landed in Van Diemen's Land. Refrein:



Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Oh say, was ye ever in Rio Grande  
**Oh, you Rio!**  
It's there that the river runs down golden sands  
For I'm bound for the Rio Grande

**Refrein:**

**And away you-ou Rio,  
Oh you Rio!  
Sing fa-are you we-ell my bonnie young girls  
For I'm bound / for the Rio Grande**

- 2 Now Bowery ladies, we'd have ye to know  
**Oh, you Rio!**  
We're bound to the south'ard,  
Oh Lord let us go  
For I'm bound for the Rio Grande

**Refrein:**

- 3 So pack up your donkey and get under way  
**Oh, you Rio!**  
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay  
For I'm bound for the Rio Grande

**Refrein:**

- 4 And goodbye, farewell all ye ladies of town  
**Oh, you Rio!**  
We've left you enough for to buy a silk gown  
For I'm bound for the Rio Grande

**Refrein: (twee keer)**





1 In South Australia, where I was Born  
**Heave away, haul away**  
South Australia 'round Cape Horn  
**And we're bound for South Australia**

**Refrein:**

**Haul away you rolling King**  
**Heave away, haul away**  
**All the way you'll hear me sing:**  
**We-e're bound for South Australia**

2 South Australia is me home  
**Heave away, haul away**  
From there I never more shall roam  
**And we're bound for South Australia**

**Refrein:**

3 South Australia is me native land  
**Heave away, haul away**  
Rich in lizards, flies and sand  
**And we're bound for South Australia**

**Refrein:**

4 South Australia is a bloody fine place  
**Heave away, haul away**  
To get blind drunk is no disgrace  
**And we're bound for South Australia**

**Refrein:**

5 I wish to god, I'd never been born  
**Heave away, haul away**  
To go a-rambling 'round Cape Horn  
**And we're bound for South Australia**

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 I shipped on board of the Ebenezer, every day 'twas "scrub an' grease 'er"  
Send us aloft to scrape 'er down.  
And if we growled they'd blow us down. (vertragen)

Refrein: 1:

Oh git-a-long, boys, git-a-long do, handy, me boys, so handy!  
Git-a-long, boys, git-a-long do, handy me boys, so handy!

- 2 The old man was a drunken geezer, couldn't sail the Ebenezer,  
Learned his trade on a Chinese junk,  
He spent most time, sir in his bunk. (vertragen)

Refrein: 2:

Oh git-a-long, boys, git-a-long do, handy, me boys, so handy!  
Git-a-long, boys, git-a-long do, handy me boooys, so handy!

*Tussenspel muziek*

- 3 A Boston buck for second greaser, he used to ship in a Limejuice ship sir  
The limey packets got too hot;  
He jumped them and he cursed the lot.. (vertragen)

Refrein: 1:

- 4 The bosun came from Tennessee, sir, he always wore a Blackball cheeser,  
He had a gal in every port,  
At least that's what his missus thought. (vertragen)

Refrein: 2:

*Tussenspel muziek*

- 5 Wet hash, it was our only grub, sir, for breakfast, dinner and for supper.  
Our bread was hard as any brass  
Our meat was salt as Lot's wife's ass. (vertragen)

Refrein: 1

- 6 We sailed away before a breeze, sir, bound away for Valap-a-rease  
Round the Horn she lost her sticks  
The mollyhawks picked up the bits. (vertragen)

Refrein:

Let op!:

Refrein: 1 altijd doorzingen

Refrein: 2 op het aangeven van dirigent  
aanhouden.

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

1 It was a frosty wintermorn'  
The snow lay on the ground  
A sailor boy stood on the quay  
His ship was outward bound  
His sweetheart standing by his side  
Shed many a bitter tear  
And as he pressed her to his heart  
He whispered in her ear:

**Refrein: 1:**

**Farewell, farewell my own true love, this parting gives me pain  
You'll be my own true guiding star till I return again  
My thoughts shall be of you my love,  
when storms are raging high. So farewell love, remember me,  
your faithfull sailor boy**

2 It was in a gale, the ship set sail  
His sweetheart standing by  
She watched the ship far out of sight  
Till tears had blend her eyes  
She prayed to God in heaven above  
To guide him on his way  
And then those parting words she heard  
Came rolling on the bay:

**Refrein 1:**

3 But sad to say the ship returned  
Without the sailor boy  
He lost his live far out at sea  
The flag was half-mast high  
And then his comrades came ashore  
And told her he was dead  
In a letter that he wrote to her  
The last lines sadly said:

**Refrein 2:**

**Farewell, farewell my own true love  
On earth we meet no more  
We'll meet on the eternal shore  
on that bright heaven above  
My thoughts have been of you my love  
When storms are raging high  
Now farewell love, remember me  
Your faithfull sailor boy**

*(VOC-zeemanslied uit 1650)*

**Refrein:**

**Ja ik moet weer gaan varen mijn lief,  
voor de VOC**

**Ja ik moet weer gaan varen mijn lief,  
en de dood vaart met ons mee  
De reis is vol gevaren mijn lief,  
groot is de oceaan**

**Ja ik moet weer gaan varen mijn lief,  
heel ver bij jou vandaan**

- 1 Wij varen en varen op de oceaan  
Matrozen die lijden een hongerbestaan  
Wij sleuren en sjouwen voor zo weinig poen  
Daar kunnen wij net zes weken mee doen**

**Refrein:**

- 2 Piraten die liggen constant op de loer  
Matrozen die zijn vaak kanonnenvoer  
De chirurgijn zaagt onze benen af  
En menigeen vindt zijn zeemansgraf**

**Refrein:**

- 3 En lijden wij schipbreuk dan is de kans groot  
wij zullen sterven de verdrinkingsdood  
Maar wij zijn zo arm, wij moeten wel naar zee  
In de armen gedreven van de VOC**

**Refrein:**

# 60 Ik moet weer gaan varen

Tenoren

$\text{♩} = 70$

Ja, ik moet wee-er gaan va renmijn lief voor de V - E O C

5

Ja ik moet wee-er gaan va-renmijnlief en de dood vaart met ons mee De

9

reis is vo-ol ge - va renmijnlief groot is de o-o-ce - aan Ja ik moet wee-er gaan

14

va - renmijnlief heel ver bij jou van daan Wij va - ren en va - ren  
Pi - ra - ten die lig - gen  
En lij - den wij schip - breuk

19

op de o - ce - aan Ma - tro - zen die lij - den een hong - er be -  
con - stant op de loer Ma - tro - zen die zijn vaak ka - non - nen  
dan is de kans groot dat wij zul - len ster - ven de ver - drin - kings-

24

staan We sleu - ren en sjou - wen voor zo wei - nig poen Daar  
voer De chi - rur - gijn zaagt on - ze be - nen af En  
dood Maar wij zijn zo arm wij moe - ten wel naar zee In

29

kun - nen wij net zes we - ken me doen  
me - ni - geen vindt zijn zee - ee - mans - graf  
d'ar - men ge - dre - ven van de V - O - C



- 1 'Twas a cold and dreary morning in December,  
And all of me money it was spent **(spent, spent)**,  
Where it went to oh Lord, I can't remember  
So down to the shipping office went,

**Refrein:**

**Paddy, lay back** (Paddy, lay back)!

**Take in your slack** (take in your slack)!

**Take a turn around the capstan - heave a pawl - heave  
a pa-a-awl!**

**About ship's stations, boys be handy** ( be handy)!

**We're bound for Valaparaaiser round the Horn.**

- 2 That day there was a great demand for sailors  
For the Colonies and for Frisco and for France  
**(France, France)**,  
So I shipped aboard a limey barque the Hotspur  
And got paralytic drunk on my advance

**Refrein:**

- 3 Although me poor old head was all a-jumping',  
We had to loose her rags the following morn; **(Morn, morn)**  
I dreamt the boarding-master I was thumping,  
When I found out he'd sent me around the Horn.

**Refrein:**

- 4 So there was I once more again at sea, boys,  
The same old ruddy business over again; **(Over again )**  
Oh, stamp the capstan round and make some noise, boys,  
And sing again this dear old sweet refrain.

**Refrein:**

**1 Fa-arewell to you-ou my-y own true love.  
I am going fa-ar away.  
I am bound for Ca-ali-ifornia,  
And I know that I'll return some day**

**Refrein:**

**So-o fare thee well, my-y own true love  
And when I return, united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grie-ieves me,  
But my darling when I think of thee**

**2 I have shi-ipped on a Yankee sailing ship.  
Davey Crocket i-is her name.  
A-and Burgess i-is the-e captain of her  
And they say she is a floating hell**

**Refrein:**

**3 Oh the sun is o-on the-e harbour, love  
And I wish I cou-ould remain.  
For I know it wi-ill be a long long time,  
Be-efore I see-ee you again**

**Refrein:**

<b>63</b>	titel	
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*datum*

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 It was Friday-ay morning, whe-en we set sail,  
And we were not fa-ar from the land  
When our Captain he spied / a me-ermaid so fair  
With a glass and a co-omb in her hand.

**Refrein:**

**And the ocean waves do roll**

**And the stormy winds do blow**

(Baritons:

And the ocean waves do / waves do roll

And the stormy winds do / winds do blow)

**And we poo-oor sailors / are skippin' at the top**

**While the landlubbers lay-down below,** (below, below)

**While the landlubbers lay-down below** (below).

- 2 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship  
And a well spoken ma-an wa-as he!  
I have merried a wife in Sa-ale-em town  
And tonight she a wi-idow will be!"

**Refrein:**

- 3 Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,  
And a greasy old coo-ook wa-as he  
I care mu-uch more for me po-ots and me pans  
Than I do for the roaring of the sea."

**Refrein:**

- 4 Then up spoke the galley-boy of our gallant ship,  
And a dirty little bra-at wa-as he!  
"I have frie-iends in Bo-osto-on town,  
they don't care a pe-eny for me."

**Refrein:**

- 5 Then three times around / went our gallant ship,  
And three times arou-ound went she  
And the third time that she-e went around  
She sank to the bottom of the sea!

**Refrein:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 De 'Ameland' was al een dag onderweg.  
Ze zeilde van Bremen naar Harlingen toe. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 2 Ze zeilde goed en ze zei-eilde hard.  
Ze had een goede en kostbare vracht. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago**
- 3 En toen / de schipper / eens vloekte en schold.  
Kwam daar de duivel het dek op gehold. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 4 Als jij / me in een dag / het wad over zeilt.  
Dan krijg je mijn zie-iel dat staa-aat geheid. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 5 Die klomp liep negentien mijl op het laatst.  
Met kluiver en topzeil / de duivel had haast. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**

**tussenspel muziek**

- 6 En in 't midden / van 't wad / stond de ouwe aan 't wiel.  
Daar zei de duivel: "Nu hier met je ziel". **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 7 Toen zei de stuurman:" Ach laat die man vrij.  
Eerst gaan we voor anker bij 't Nij-elands Reid". **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 8 De duivel was woedend / en keek ook wat sip.  
Hij ging naar de bak en bracht 't anker op slip. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 9 De bootsman die had nu de duivel verrast.  
Hij had / aan de ketting de staart van hem vast. **To my way hay hooday  
Oh, a long time ago.**
- 10 En als het anker nu schuurt aan de grond.  
Dan schuurt ook de duivel, die vui-uile hond (*vertragen*) **To my way hay hooday**

**(a-capella) Oh, a long time ago.**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

**Refrein:**

**In 't schipperskwartier, in 't schipperskwartier,  
Daar zoeken ze steeds hun plezier.  
Ze lonken en pronken, ze drinken en stinken  
naar jenever, naar whiskey en bier.**

- 1 De Jos heeft Marleen / en Katrien heeft een Deen.  
En de Pol heeft Mariëtte bij haar teen.  
De kok heeft Sofie,  
zie Malou op de knie-van de Fred en ze maken veel pret.

**Refrein:**

- 2 Een Fransoos ligt in d'armen / van Martine te warmen  
Ze schenkt hem een vleugje plezier  
Hij heeft heimwee naar huis, naar zijn streek, naar zijn thuis,  
Hij verdrinkt zijn gedachten met bier.

**Refrein:**

- 3 De matroos is paraat / en Lowie ligt bij Kaat  
De "Madam" staat te tellen aan de toeg.  
De patron is present / ja die is wel content  
want ze drinken, en staan weeral droog.

**Refrein:**

- 4 Ze vertrekken weldra, het geluk achterna,  
De zee is hun leven en troost.  
Wie weet volgend jaar, dan zijn we weer daar,  
met zijn allen terug uit de Oost

**Refrein:**

- 5 Maar de tijd vliegt voorbij / en het wordt weer hoog tij,  
Het afscheid nemen valt zwaar.  
De tranen die vloeien, de sirenen die loeien, (*vertragen*)

**Adieu schat, adieu, au revoir. (*langzaam*)**

datum

- 1 It's a rough, tough life full of toil and strife,  
 we-e whalemen u-undergo  
 We don't give a damn when the gale is done,  
 ho-ow hard the winds do blow  
 We are homeward bound, it's a damn fine sound,  
 with a good ship taut and free-ee  
 We don' t give a damn when we drink our rum,  
 with the girls of old Mau-ee

*Refrein:*

Rolling down to old Mau-ee, me boys,  
 rolling down to old Mau-ee-ee,  
 We're homeward bound from the arctic ground,  
 rolling down to o-old Mau-ee,

- 2 Once more we sail, with a north-erly gale,  
 through the ice and slee-eet and rain  
 Them co-co-nut fronds on them tropic lands,  
 we-e soon shall see again  
 Si-ix hellish months ha-ave passed away,  
 in the cold Kamchatka sea-ea  
 But now we are bound from the Arctic ground,  
 rolling down to old Mau-ee

*Refrein*

- 3 How soft the breeze of the tropic seas,  
 now the ice is fa-ar astern  
 And them native maids in them island glades  
 are a-waiting our return  
 With their big black eyes even now look out,  
 hoping some fine day to see-ee  
 Our baggy sails running fore the gales,  
 rolling down to old Mau-ee

*Refrein*

4 And now we sail with a fa-vorable gale,  
to-oward our i-island home  
Our main yard sprung, a-all whaling done,  
wha-at care we for that sound?  
Our stunsail booms are ca-arried away,  
What care we for that old sou-ound  
A living gale is after us,  
tha-ank God we're homeward bound

*Refrein*

Rolling down to old Mau-ee, me boys,  
rolling down to old Mau-ee-ee,  
We're homeward bound from the arctic ground,  
rolling down to o-old Mau-ee,

5 And now we're anchored in the bay,  
with the Ka-nakas a-all around,  
With chants and soft a-alo-ha-ees  
the-ey greet us homeward bound  
A-and now ashore we will have good fun,  
we will paint them beaches re-ed  
Awake in the arms of an island maid,  
with a big, fat, aching head

*Refrein*



# Rolling down to old Maui

Tenoren

$\text{♩} = 70$



It's a  
Once  
How  
And  
And



rough tough life full of toil and strife we - e  
more we sail with a north - erly gale through the  
soft the breeze of the tro - pic seas now the  
now we sail with a fa - vorable gale to - o -  
now we're an - chored in the bay with the



whale - men u - un der go We  
ice and slee - eet and rain Them  
ice is fa - ar a - stern And  
wards our i - is - land home Our  
Ka - nakas a - all a - round With



don't give a damn when the gale is done, ho - ow  
co - co - nut fronds in them tro - pic lands we - e  
them na - tive maids in them i - sland glades are a -  
main yard sprung, a - all wha - ling done wha - at  
chants and soft a - a - lo - ha - ees the - ey



hard the winds do - blow We are  
soon shall see a - gain Si - ix  
wai - ting our re - turn With their  
care we for that sound Our stun  
greet us home - ward bound A - and

14



home - ward bound it's a damn fine sound with a  
 hel - lish months ha - ve passed a - way in the  
 big black eyes e - ven now look out ho - ping  
 'sl booms are ca - ar - ried a way what care  
 now a - shore we will have good fun we will

16



good ship taut and free - ee We  
 cold Kam - chat - ka sea - ea But  
 some fine days to see ee Our  
 we for that old sou ound A  
 paint them bea - ches re - ed A -

18



don't give a damn when we drink our rum with the  
 now we are bound from the arc - tic ground rol - ling  
 bag - gy sails run - ning fore the gales rol - ling  
 li ving gale i - is af - ter us, tha - ank  
 wake in the arms of an is - land maid with a

20



girls of old Mau - ee Rol - ling down to old Mau  
 down to old Mau - ee  
 down to old Mau - ee  
 God we're home - ward bound  
 big fat a - ching head

23



ee me boys rol - ling down to old Mau - ee é We're

26



home - ward bound from the Arc - tic ground rol - ling

28



down to o - old Mau - ee

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1** Wie wil er mee, naar Wieringen varen,  
's morgens vroeg al i-in de dauw  
Met een mooi meisje van achttien jaren,  
dat zo graag naar Wieringen wou

**Refrein:**  
Schipper ik hoor de hanen kraaien  
Schipper ik zie de vlaggetjes waaien  
Stuurman laat je roe-oer maar gaan,  
dan zullen we spoedig op Wieringen staan
- 2** Als we dan straks op Wieringen komen  
zien wij zoveel boeren daar staan  
Die er het spek met lepels vol eten  
Je-zou er wel-om naar Wieringen gaan

**Refrein:**
- 3** Straks in de herberg 't gulden Poortje  
daar verkopen ze bra-andewijn  
Één potje vol al o-om een oortje  
Suiker en kaneel-erbij

**Refrein:**
- 4** En op de markt, daar zullen wij lopen  
arm in arm dicht bij-ij elkaar  
Als ik je vraag, dan zal je me kopen  
Een nieuw jakje Ka-ant en klaar

**Refrein:**
- 5** En na de markt, dan zullen wij maken  
Veel plezier met brood en bier  
en ook het vlees zal mij er wel smaken  
Schipper laat mij to-och niet hier

**Refrein:**
- 6** En in de herberg, daar zul je slapen  
Naast een mooie jo-onge meid  
Je zult vergeten dat je moet gapen  
En je krijgt hier va-an geen spijt

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

1. Pour retrouver ma douc(e) amie,  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

Pour retrouver ma douc(e) amie,  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

**Refrain:**

**Pique la baleine, joli baleinier  
Pique la baleine, je veux naviguer!  
Pique la baleine, joli baleinier  
Pique la baleine, je veux naviguer!**

2. Aux mille mers, j'ai navigué,  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

**Refrain:**

3. Des mers du Nord, aux mers du Sud,  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

**Refrain:**

4. Au fond d'la mer, elle m'espérait  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

**Refrain:**

5. En couple à ell(e), j(e) me suis couché  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

**Refrain:**

6. Pour retrouver ma douce amie,  
**Oh, mes boués! Ouh la, ouh la la!**

**Refrain:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

In Brighton daar stond een kroeg bij de poort  
 Vervallen een ding uit een droom  
 Nog altijd wordt hier de legende gehoord -  
 Rond de kroeg met de lans en de kroon  
 De kastelein was O'Connell de Ier  
 Hij schonk er z'n whiskey en gin  
 Zijn bier was zo bitter als gal van een stier -  
 Maar de whiskey die ging er best i-in

Refrein: (twee keer)

In de kroeg van O'Connell (O'Connell) de Ier  
 Had iedere zeeman plezier (veel plezier)  
 Een meid aan je arm en de drank hield je warm/  
 In de kroeg van O'Connell de Ier

Tussenspel muziek

In kamers boven de kroeg was het koud  
 Het spookte daar werd er verteld  
 Want Mackey Maclean had 't zelluf gezien -  
 Toen hij boven een fles had besteld  
 Hij viel met z'n dronken kop naar benee  
 Een grijns op z'n schunnige bek  
 De zware plavuizen, ze vielen niet mee -  
 En die val kostte Mackey z'n ne-ek

Refrein: (twee keer)

*Bassen zingen óók de herhalingen in het  
 Refrein: die tussen haakjes staan*

Tussenspel muziek

Kom je in Brighton, vraag dan naar de kroeg  
 Aan de muur hing een lans en een kroon  
 Men zal het je wijzen, 't is vlak bij de poort -  
 Zegt men op eerbiedige toon  
 Want 't was eens de kroeg van O'Connell de Ier  
 Hij is al zo'n honderd jaar dood  
 Hij dronk als een gek en was sterk als een stier -  
 En deed alles wat God hem verbood

Refrein: (twee keer)









<b>74</b>	titel	
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*datum*

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Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Me thinks I see a host of craft, spreading their sails a-lee  
As down the Humber they do glide, all bound for the Northern Sea.  
Me-e thinks I see on each small craft, a crew with hearts so brave  
Setting out to earn their daily bread upon the restless wave.

**Refrein:**

**And it's three score and ten / boys and men / were lost from  
Grimsby town.**

**From Yarmouth down to Scarbo-orough many hundreds more  
were drowned.**

**Our herring crafts, our tra-awlers, our fishing smacks as well,  
They long did fight that bitter night and battled with the swell.**

- 2 Me thinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind  
Casting their nets into the sea, the fishing shoals to find.  
Me thinks I see them yet again and all on board's all right,  
With the sails close reefed and the decks all cleared  
and the side lights burning bright.

**Refrein:**

- 3 Me thinks I heard the skipper say: "Now lads, all hands on deck"  
For the sky to all appearances looks like an approaching gale  
Me thinks I see them yet again, after midnight hour is past  
Their tiny crafts where battling still against the icy blast

**Refrein:**

- 4 October's night with such a sight, 'twas never seen before  
There were masts and spars and broken yards came floating to the shore  
There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart so brave  
There was many a hearty fisher lad  
did find a watery grave

**Refrein:**

--	--

**Refrein:**

**It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready, we're sailing away  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready to sai-ail**

- 1 We rise in the morning, sail out on the tide  
**Silent we slip / from the quay**  
With the gulls overhead and the seals alongside  
**And proudly we head out to sea**

**Refrein:**

- 2 We'll fish in the Minches, fair weather or foul  
**Living our lives / on the sea**  
It's hard and it's tough and the pay's not enough  
**But what other life can there be?**

**Refrein:**

- 3 A trawler man's plight is to work day and night  
**Grabbing our sleep / in between**  
Casting their nets out and hauling them in.  
**Sometimes not a fish to be seen**

**Refrein:**

- 4 We're cold, tired and hungry and drenched to the skin  
**We head back to Stornoway town**  
Our catch safely landed, we'll have a good dram  
**In The Clachan, The Lewis or Crown**

**Refrein: 2X**

donderdag 3 februari 2011

- 1 Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John,  
 come along, come along!  
 Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, come along. **Ha,Ha,Ha**  
 Don't stand there like a silly old fool, **Hahaha**  
 Don't stand there and do-on't be so cool.  
 Don't feel shy of the ladies,  
 And the teeth in his mouth went a-bang!

**Refrein: (2X):**

**Down by the sea,**

**Where the watermelons grow.**

**Back to my home, I shall not go.**

**And shall I dream of love's sweet song.**

**Who can be happier / than a sailor / tonight.**

- 2 Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, was a sailor man.  
 He had been all around all the day. **Ha,Ha,Ha**  
 Joking with the ladies, playing hide and seek. **Hahaha**  
 Happy as the day went a-bang-a-bang-a-bang.  
Not a penny he had to pay,  
 For ay-deedle-dy all the day.

**Refrein: (2X):**

- 3 Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, take your gun, take your gun-  
 There are monkeys in the garden playing in the sun. **Ha,Ha,Ha**  
 Johnny took his gun and the gun was loaded. **Hahaha**  
 Pulled on the trigger and the gu-un exploded.  
 Ay-deedle bum-bum, ay-deedle bum,  
 And he'll never pull the trigger of a gun.

**Refrein: (2X):**

- 1 Oh it was in the broad Atlantic, mid the equinoctial gale  
That a young fellow / fell overboard / among the sharks and whales.  
A-and down he went like a streak of light.  
So-o quickly down went he  
U-until he came to a merma-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea..
- She-e raised herself on her beautiful tail a-and gave him her soft wet hand  
"I've long been waiting / for you my dear, no-ow welcome safe to land  
Go-o back to your messmates for the last time a-and tell them all from me  
That you're marri-ed to a merma-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea
- Singing: Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the wa-a-a-aves  
Britons never, never, never shall be ...  
marri-ed to a merma-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea
- 2 We-e sent a boat to look for him, e-expecting to find his corpse  
Whe-en up he came with a bang and a shout and a voice sepulchrally hoarse:  
'My-y comrades and my messmates / o-oh do not look for me  
For I'm marri-ed to a merma-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea'
- In my chest you'll find my half year's wage, li-ikewise a lock of hair  
Thi-is locket from my neck you'll take, and bear to my young wife dear  
My 'carte de visite' to my grandmother take, tell her not to weep for me  
For I'm marri-ed to a merma-id at the bottom of the deep blue sea'
- Singing: Rule Britannia....
- 3 The-e anchor was weighed, and the sails unfurled and the ship was sailing free  
Whe-en up we went to our cap-i-tan and our tale we told to he  
The-e captain went to the old ship's side a-and out loud bellowed he:  
"Be as happy as you can, with your wife, my man, at the bottom of the deep blue sea"
- Singing: Rule Britannia.....

woensdag 4 februari 2015

- 1 Seemann, lass' das träumen  
Denk' nicht an zuhaus!  
Seemann, Wind und Wellen  
Rufen dich hinaus.

**Refrein:**

**Deine Heimat ist das Meer,  
Deine Freunde sind die Sterne  
Über Rio und Shanghai,  
Über Bali und Hawaii.  
Deine Liebe ist dein Schiff,  
Deine Sehnsucht ist die Ferne,  
Und nur ihnen bist du treu  
Ein Leben lang.**

- 2 Seemann, lass' das träumen  
Denke nicht an mich!  
Seemann, denn die Fremde  
Wartet schon auf dich

**Deine Heimat ist das Meer,  
Deine Freunde sind die Sterne  
Über Rio und Shanghai,  
Über Bali und Hawaii.  
Deine Liebe ist dein Schiff,  
Deine Sehnsucht ist die Ferne,  
Und nur ihnen bist du treu  
Ein Leben lang.**

**Deine Heimat ist das Meer,  
Deine Freunde sind die Sterne  
Über Rio und Shanghai,  
Über Bali und Hawaii.  
Deine Liebe ist dein Schiff,  
Deine Sehnsucht ist die Ferne,  
Und nur ihnen bist du treu  
Ein Leben lang.  
Und nur ihnen bist du treu  
Ein Leben lang.**



woensdag 4 februari 2015

**(a capella)**

- 1 Curaçao, 'k heb jou zo menigmaal bekeken,  
En al jouw loze streken die stane mij niet aan,  
En al jouw loze streken die stane mij niet aan,  
Daarom ga ik vertrekken naar waar ik kom vandaan.

**Refrein:**

**Oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo! (2<sup>e</sup> hóger dan de 1<sup>e</sup>)**

**Wij gaan u verlaten, Paramaribooo!**

**Wij gaan u verlaten, Paramaribo.**

- 2 'Kwam laatst, met haast, al door het Heerenstraatje,  
Men sprak: "Mijn lieve maatje, kom zet u hier wat neer,  
En drink met ons een glaasje en rook een pijp tabak."  
Met al die loze streken raakt 't geld snel uit je zak

**Refrein:**

- 3 Een zoen, kan doen, de hele nacht te blijven,  
Dan hoort men niet het kijven van onze officier,  
Zo raken wij aan 't dwalen, zo dronken als een zwijn,  
Het schip ligt voor de palen, en aan boord moeten wij zijn.

**Refrein:**

- 4 Maak los, de tros, de voor- en achtertouwen,  
Wij zijn niet meer te houwen: wij gaan naar Holland toe,  
Waar is het beter leven, dan bij een blanke vrouw?  
Vervloekt zijn alle hoeren van 't eiland Curaçao.

**Refrein:**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Allen die willen te kaap'ren varen Moeten mannen met baarden zijn (baritons)  
**Allen die willen te kaap'ren varen Moeten mannen met baarden zijn (allen)**

**Refrein:**

**Jan, Piet Joris en Corneel,  
Die hebben baarden, die hebben baarden (zacht)  
Jan, Piet Joris en Corneel  
Die hebben baarden, zij varen mee...**

- 2 Al die deftige pijpkes roken, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (baritons)  
**Al die deftige pijpkes roken, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (allen)**

**Refrein:**

- 3 Al die van stormen en golven houden, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (baritons)  
**Al die van stormen en golven houden, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (allen)**

**Refrein:**

- 4 Al die van wijven en brandewijn houden, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (baritons)  
**Al die van wijven en brandewijn houden, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (allen)**

**Refrein:**

- 5 Al die de dood en de duivel niet duchten, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (baritons)  
**Al die de dood en de duivel niet duchten, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (allen)**

**Refrein:**

- 6 Allen die willen te kaap'ren varen, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (baritons)  
**Allen die willen te kaap'ren varen, moeten mannen met baarden zijn (allen)**

**Refrein:**

**Break na 3<sup>e</sup> regel  
(laatste regel a capella)**

1 Als de klok van Arnemuiden  
Welkom thuis voor ons zal luiden  
Wordt de vreugde  
soms vermengd met droefenis  
Als een schip op zee gebleven is

2 Aan het strand stil en verlaten  
Bij het klimmen van de maan  
Ziet men daar een aardig paartje  
Zeer van weemoed aangedaan  
Liefste, 'k moet je gaan verlaten  
Morgen ga ik weer naar zee  
En dan trouw ik als ik thuiskom  
Hier op Hollands stille ree

Maar hij keerde nimmer weder  
Want de dood waart om ons heen  
En zij keerde telkens weder  
Aan het strand stil en alleen

3 Hoor je het ruisen der golven?  
Hoor je het lied van de zee?  
Vaar met me mee  
om de wereld m'n kind  
Kom kus me en ga met me mee  
Vaar met me mee  
om de wereld m'n kind  
Kom kus me en ga met me mee

4 Meisje, ik ben een zeeman  
Een zeeman is heel vaak van huis  
Meisje, ik ben een zeeman  
Het water, het schip is mijn thuis  
Meisje, ik ben een zeeman  
Kun je wel wachten zo'n lange tijd  
Ik ga je voor heel lang verlaten  
Veel geluk, het ga je goed, mijn lieve meid  
Veel geluk, het ga je goed, mijn lieve meid

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 West-zuid-west van Ameland**  
Daar ligt een kolkje diep  
Daar vangt men schol en schellevis  
Maar mooie meisjes niet

**Refrein:**

Hoog is de zolder, laag is de vloer  
Mooi is het meisje, maar lelijk is de moer

- 2 Toen 'k laatst van Suriname kwam**  
Zag ik van ver een schip  
Dacht dat 't aan de wolken hing  
't zat boven op een klip

**Refrein:**

- 3 En op die kli-ip een koe**  
Een wonderbare koe  
Die alle dagen kalven moest  
Ze was er naar aan toe

**Refrein:**

- 4 Het was een vru-uchtbaar jaar**  
Het was een vruchtbaar jaar  
Dat alle vrouwen kraamden  
En ik de vader waar

**Refrein:**

- 5 Dit is het einde van ons lied**  
Een lied zonder moraal  
Maar als we straks naar huis toe gaan  
Dan zingen we allemaal:

**Refrein: (twee keer)**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Op de woelige baren, bij storm en bij wind  
Denkt hij steeds aan zijn blondje, dat vrolijke kind  
Zij leeft in zijn harte, zij zingt in zijn bloed  
Hij hoort nog haar stemme, in de eb en de vloed
- 2 Op de sluizen van IJmuiden, heb ik jou vaarwel gekust  
Op dat plekje bij de haven, stelde jij mij weer gerust  
Kon mijn tranen niet bedwingen Afscheid nemen deed ons zeer  
Op de sluizen van IJmuiden, daar zien wij elkander weer
- 3 Mijn vissersmeisje, kom waag een reisje  
Zing bij dit wijsje een blij refrein  
Het vissersleven zal vreugde geven  
Kom wend de steven, 't zal ǃ héérlijk zijn
- 4 Op een zeemansgraf staan nooit geen rode rozen  
Op een zeemansgraf staat zelfs geen houten kruis  
Niemand weet dus wie een rustplaats heeft gekozen  
Op die stille plek zo mijlen ver van huis
- 5 Zie ik de lichtjes van de Schelde  
Dan gaat mijn hart wat sneller slaan  
Ik weet dat jij op mij zult wachten  
En dat je aan de kaai zult staan  
Zie ik de lichtjes van de Schelde  
Is 't of ik in je ogen kijk  
Die zo heel veel liefs vertellen  
Dan ben ik als een prins zo rijk
- 6 Waar het lied der branding ruist bij dag en nacht  
Waar 't vertrouwde huisje altijd op me wacht  
Waar de meeuwen schreeuwen, boven 't golfgedruis  
Daar ben ik geboren, daar voel ik mij thuis  
Waar de klokken luiden, visser vaar naar huis  
Daar ben ik geboren, daar voel ik mij thuis  
Waar de klokken luiden, visser vaar naar huis  
Daar ben ik geboren, daar voel ik mij thuis

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Toen wij van Rotterdam vertrokken, met de Edam, een oude schuit  
Met kakkerlakken in 't midscheeps en rattennesten in 't vooruit  
Toen hadden wij een kleine jongen als ketelbink bij ons aan boord  
Die voor de eerste keer naar zee ging **en nooit van haaien had gehoord**
- 2 **Die van zijn moeder aan de kade wat schuchter lachend afscheid nam**  
**Omdat hij haar niet dorst te zoenen**  
**Die straatjongen uit Rotterdam**
- 3 Hij werd gescholden door de stokers, omdat ie van de eerste dag  
Toen wij maar net de pier uit waren, al zeeziek in het foxhol lag  
En met jenever en citroenen, werd hij weer op de been gebracht  
Want zieke zeelui zijn nadelig, **en brengen schade aan de vracht**
- 4 **Als ie dan sjouwend met zijn ketels**  
**Uit de kombuis naar voren kwam**  
**Dan was het net een brokkie wanhoop**  
**Die straatjongen uit Rotterdam**
- 5 En als ie 's avonds in zijn kooi lag, en na zijn sjouwen eind'lijk sliep  
Dan schold de man die wacht te kooi had, omdat ie om zijn moeder riep  
Toen is ie op een mooie morgen, 't was in de Stille Oceaan  
Terwijl ze brulden om hun koffie, **niet van zijn kooigoed opgestaan**
- 6 **En toen de stuurman met kinine**  
**En wonderolie bij hem kwam**  
**Vroeg hij een voorschot op z'n gage**  
**Voor 't ouwe mens uit Rotterdam**
- 7 In zeildoek en met roosterbaren, werd hij die dag op 't luik gezet  
De kapitein lichtte zijn petje, en sprak met grocstem een gebed  
En met een "**één, twee, drie in Godsnaam**", ging 't ketelbinkie overboord  
Die 't ouwetje niet dorst te zoenen, **omdat dat niet bij zeelui hoort**
- 8 **De man een extra slokkie shootan**  
**En 't ouwe mens een telegram**  
**Dat was het einde van een zeeman**  
**Die straatjongen uit Rotterdam**

Maandag 4 oktober 2010

- 1 Ich bin der allerbeste Koch.  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
Hat auch der Topf einmal ein Loch  
**Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**  
Dann stopf ich Kautabak hinein. Die Suppe schmeckt noch mal so fein  
**Refrein:**  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
**Schnapps ist gut für die cholera!**  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da! Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**
- 2 Des Morgens, wenn ich früh aufsteh  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
Koch ' ich der Mannschaft gleich Kaffee  
**Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**  
Zu stark, dan ist es nicht gesund. Man nimmt ja 'n Priempje in dem Mund.  
**Refrein:**
- 3 Die Töpfe halt' ich immer rein  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
Von innen und von aussen fein.  
**Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**  
Ich spüll' sie alle Monat aus. Das ist bei uns auf see so brauch.  
**Refrein:**
- 4 Die Bohnesuppe koch ich schön.  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
Sie is so dick wie gelbe Lehm.  
**Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**  
Speck gib ich nicht so viel hinein Denn selten slachten wir ein Schwein  
**Refrein:**
- 5 Das essen für den Kapitän  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
Schmeckt kräftig und recht angenehm  
**Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**  
Drum wird davon, eh' es serviert. Das beste an die Seit' plasiert.  
**Refrein:**
- 6 Für Schmalz da kreigt man schönes Geld.  
**Jub-Hei-Di! Jub-Hei-Da!**  
Still wird es an der Kant gestellt.  
**Jub-Hei-Di-Hei-Da!**  
Und ist die reise dann volbracht wird Schmalz und Speck zum Geld gemacht.  
**Refrein:**





**Refrein:**

**Schuif maar aan, en dein maar mee,  
Op de golven van de zee.  
Ouwe schipper, met je klipper  
En je glaasje schippersbitter**

- 1. Alle hens in de kajuit,  
stampen we het zeegat uit.  
Negen knopen slaat de klok,  
maatje reef de hellemstok.  
Geef de kluiverboom een zwiep,  
Want je steekt zes glazen diep**

**Refrein**

- 2. Kap de zeilen, roef in top,  
Gijp het zwaard en ruimt het op.  
Hijs de masten, puts de loef.  
Veeg het anker, viert de schroef.  
Kruiken open, luiken dicht,  
Als je straks voor pampus ligt**

**Refrein**

- 3. Foei hoe suffig staat gij daar.  
Zijt gij niet van zessen klaar.  
Wakk're jongens stoere bincken,  
Want het schip begint te zinken.  
Komt er in de krant te staan:  
Schip met man en muis vergaan.**

**Refrein**

# 110 Storm in een glas

tenoren

$\text{♩} = 185$

Schuif maar

9  
aan en dein maar mee Op de gol ven van de

21  
zee Ou - we schi pper met je kli pper en je

33  
glaa sje schi pper bi - tter Al le  
Kap de  
Foei hoe

45  
hens in de ka - juit Stam - pen we het zee - gat uit Ne - gen  
zei - len roef in top Gijp het zwaard en ruimt het op Hijs de  
suf - fig staat gij daar Zijt gij niet van zes - sen klaar? Wa - k're

53  
kno - pen slaat de klok Maa - tje reef de hel - lem stok Geef de  
mas - ten puts de loef Veeg het an - ker viert de schroef Krui - ken  
jon - gens stoe - re bincken Want het schip be - gint te zinken Komt er

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klui - ver - boom een zwiep want je steekt zes gla - zen diep  
o - pen lui - ken dicht als je straks voor Pam - pus ligt  
in de krant te staan: Schip met man en muis ver gaan

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