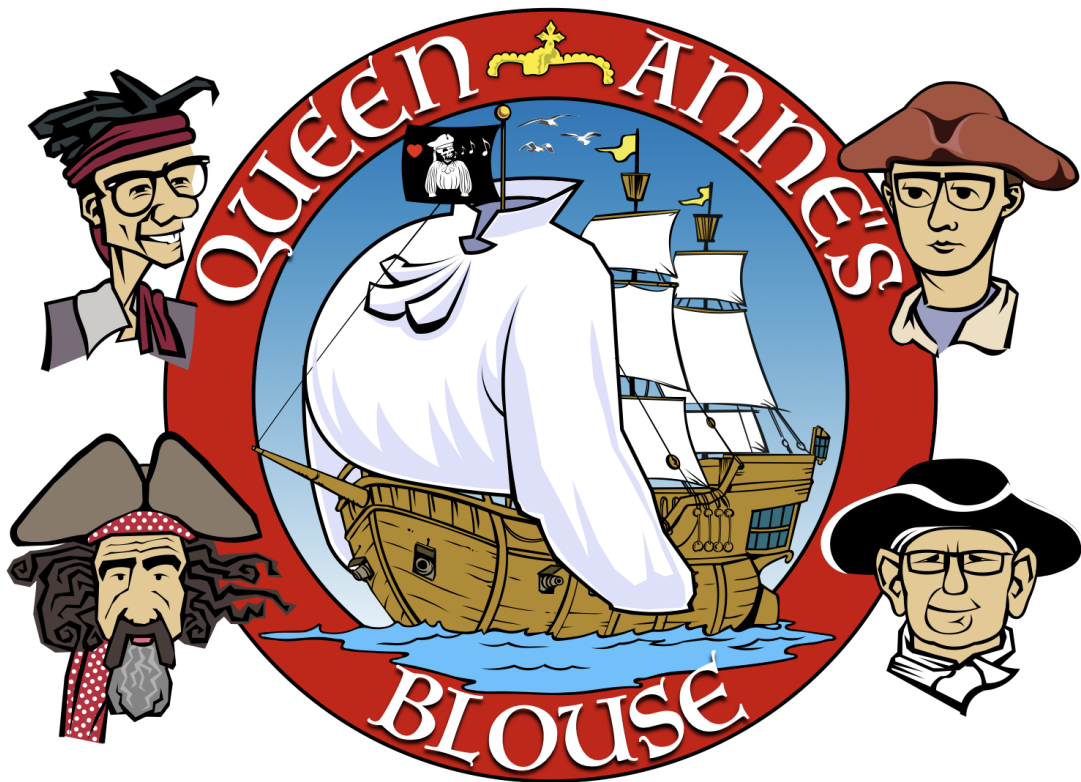


SEA SHANTY SING-ALONG

SONGBOOK #1



@QUEENANNESBLOUSE

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JOLLY ROGER BANNER BY JOEL ROBINSON**(PIRATE PARODY OF STAR SPANGLED BANNER)**

OH, SAILORS AT SEA

CRY OF WORRY AND FRIGHT

WHAT SO LOUDLY WE SAILED

AT THE SIGHT THEY START FLEEING

WHO'S CROSSBONES AND BRIGHT SKULL

ON A CLOTH BLACK AS NIGHT

TOPS'L HALYARD WE ROAR

WE'RE SO FLAGRANTLY STEALING

AND THEIR POCKETS ARE BARE

THEY COMPLAIN, "IT'S NOT FAIR!"

NO CARE FOR THEIR PLIGHT

QUEEN ANNE'S BLOUSE WAS STILL THERE

OH SAY DOES THAT JOLLY ROGER BANNER WAVE

FOR THE PIRATES THAT WE BE

AND THE SHIPS THAT WE RAID

YO, HO, HO (AND A BOTTLE OF RUM)

FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM

DRINK AND THE DEVIL HAD DONE FOR THE REST

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM.

THE MATE WAS FIXED BY THE BOSUN'S PIKE

THE BOSUN BRAINED WITH A MARLIN SPIKE

AND COOKEY'S THROAT WAS MARKED BELIKE

IT HAD BEEN GRIPPED BY FINGERS TEN;

AND THERE THEY LAY, ALL GOOD DEAD MEN

LIKE BREAK O'DAY IN A BOOZING KEN

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM.

FIFTEEN MEN OF THE WHOLE SHIP'S LIST

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

DEAD AND BE DAMNED AND THE REST GONE WHIST!

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

THE SKIPPER LAY WITH HIS NOB IN GORE

WHERE THE SCULLION'S AXE HIS CHEEK HAD SHORE

AND THE SCULLION HE WAS STABBED TIMES FOUR

AND THERE THEY LAY, AND THE SOGGY SKIES

DRIPPED DOWN IN UP-STARING EYES

IN MURK SUNSET AND FOUL SUNRISE

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM.

FIFTEEN MEN OF 'EM STIFF AND STARK

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

TEN OF THE CREW HAD THE MURDER MARK!

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

TWAS A CUTLASS SWIPE OR AN OUNCE OF LEAD
OR A YAWING HOLE IN A BATTERED HEAD
AND THE SCUPPERS' GLUT WITH A ROTTING RED
AND THERE THEY LAY, AYE, DAMN MY EYES
LOOKING UP AT PARADISE
ALL SOULS BOUND JUST CONTRARIWISE
YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM.

BLOOD RED ROSES

OUR BOOTS AN' CLOTHES IS ALL IN PAWN
GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN
AND IT'S FLAMIN' DRAFTY 'ROUND CAPE HORN
GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN
OH YOU PINKS AND POSIES
GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN
IT'S AROUND THE CAPE WE ALL MUST GO
GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN
WE'RE ROUND ALL STIFF IN THE FROST AND SNOW
GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN
OH YOU PINKS AND POSIES

SONG MEANING

A traditional [halyard shanty](#), the earliest written reference to which seems to be in

1879, this piece was popularized in its current form by A.L. Lloyd in a 1956 film adaptation of *Moby Dick*. His version was based on a transcription by Doerflinger in 1951, who had found it in a sailor's manuscript dated 1893.

Though widely believed to refer to the welts from a flogging, there is no true consensus on the meaning of "blood red roses" in the song's refrain, and in fact the phrase seems to originate with Lloyd's version. Doerflinger and all earlier known examples give the title as some variation on "Come Down, You [Bunch of] Roses". It also appears to be related to a Caribbean children's play song called "Coming Down with a Bunch of Roses". Some collectors speculated that the "roses" were a reference to British soldiers in the Napoleonic wars, but there is little evidence to support this theory; it may simply refer to a sweetheart, or indeed, literal flowers.

https://thelongestsong.fandom.com/wiki/Blood_Red_Roses

THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY

IT'S OF A PRETTY FEMALE AS YOU MAY UNDERSTAND,

HER MIND BEING BENT FOR RAMBLING INTO SOME FOREIGN LAND.

SHE DRESSED HERSELF IN SAILOR'S CLOTHES OR SO IT DOES APPEAR,

AND SHE HIRED WITH A CAPTAIN TO SERVE HIM FOR A YEAR.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE SHE BEING ON BOARD, SHE SEEMED IN GREAT JOY

TO THINK HER HUSBAND HAD ENGAGED SUCH A HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

AND NOW AND THEN SHE SLIPPED HIM A KISS, AND SHE WOULD HAVE
LIKED TO TOY,

BUT IT WAS THE CAPTAIN FOUND OUT THE SECRET OF
THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

HER CHEEKS THEY WERE LIKE ROSES AND HER HAIR ALL IN A CURL,
THE SAILORS OFTEN SMILED AND SAID, HE LOOKS JUST LIKE A GIRL.

BUT EATING ALL THE CAPTAIN'S BISCUIT HER COLOUR DID DESTROY
AND THE WAIST DID SWELL OF PRETTY NELL, THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

IT WAS IN THE BAY OF BISCAY OUR GALLANT SHIP DID PLOUGH.

ONE NIGHT AMONG THE SAILORS WAS A FEARFUL FLURRYIN' ROW.

THEY TUMBLED FROM THEIR HAMMOCKS FOR THEIR SLEEP IT DID
DESTROY

AND THEY SWORE ABOUT THE GROANING OF THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY.

"OH DOCTOR DEAR, OH DOCTOR," THE CABIN BOY DID
CRY,

"ME TIME HAS COME, I AM UNDONE AND I SHALL SURELY DIE."

THE DOCTOR COME A-RUNNING AND SMILING AT THE FUN,

TO THINK A SAILOR LAD SHOULD HAVE A DAUGHTER OR A SON.

THE SAILORS WHEN THEY SAW THE JOKE, THEY ALL DID STAND AND
STARE.

THE CHILD BELONG TO NONE OF THEM, THEY SOLEMNLY
DID SWEAR.

AND THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE SHE SAYS TO HIM, "MY DEAR I
WISH YOU JOY,
FOR IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME HAS BETRAYED THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY."
SO EACH MAN TOOK HIS TOT OF RUM AND HE DRUNK SUCCESS TO TRADE,
AND LIKEWISE TO THE CABIN BOY WHO WAS NEITHER MAN NOR MAID.
IT'S HOPING THE WARS DON'T RISE AGAIN, OUR SAILORS TO DESTROY,
AND HERE'S HOPING FOR A JOLLY LOT MORE LIKE THE HANDSOME CABIN
BOY.

SLOOP JOHN B

WE COME ON THE SLOOP JOHN B
MY GRANDFATHER AND ME
AROUND NASSAU TOWN WE DID ROAM
DRINKING ALL NIGHT
GOT INTO A FIGHT
WELL I FEEL SO BROKE UP
I WANT TO GO HOME
SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B'S SAIL
SEE HOW THE MAIN SAIL SETS
CALL FOR THE CAPTAIN ASHORE
LET ME GO HOME, LET ME GO HOME
I WANT TO GO HOME, YEAH YEAH

WELL I FEEL SO BROKE UP
I WANT TO GO HOME
THE FIRST MATE HE GOT DRUNK
AND BROKE IN THE CAP'N'S TRUNK
THE CONSTABLE HAD TO COME AND TAKE HIM AWAY
SHERIFF JOHN STONE
WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE, YEAH YEAH
WELL I FEEL SO BROKE UP, I WANT TO GO HOME
SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B'S SAIL
SEE HOW THE MAIN SAIL SETS
CALL FOR THE CAPTAIN ASHORE
LET ME GO HOME, LET ME GO HOME
I WANT TO GO HOME, LET ME GO HOME
WHY DON'T YOU LET ME GO HOME
(HOIST UP THE JOHN B'S SAIL)
HOIST UP THE JOHN B
I FEEL SO BROKE UP I WANT TO GO HOME
LET ME GO HOME
THE POOR COOK HE CAUGHT THE FITS
AND THREW AWAY ALL MY GRITS
AND THEN HE TOOK AND HE ATE UP ALL OF MY CORN
LET ME GO HOME

WHY DON'T THEY LET ME GO HOME
THIS IS THE WORST TRIP I'VE EVER BEEN ON
SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B'S SAIL
SEE HOW THE MAINSAIL SETS
CALL FOR THE CAPTAIN ASHORE
LET ME GO HOME, LET ME GO HOME
I WANT TO GO HOME, LET ME GO HOME
WHY DON'T YOU LET ME GO HOME

PIRATA BUCAR BY JOEL ROBINSON

THERE WAS A CORSAIR WITH A VERY LARGE HEAD
HIS FIERY TEMPER DID TURN HIS FACE RED
WHEN BARKING NEW ORDERS HIS CREW JUMPED THE BOW
FOR HIS BREATH WAS SO HOT IT BURNED OFF THEIR EYEBROWS
PIRATA BUCAR WILL RAID YOUR MARINA
HE LOOTED ALL SPANIARDS FOR ARGENTINA
PIRATA BUCAR WILL BURN YOUR CASITA
FOR HE CIRCLED THE GLOBE AND NOW I REPEAT-A
SECOND VERSE ENDS WITH "NOW WE COMPLETE-A!"

JOSEPH JOHN OR JOSE JUAN? BY JOEL ROBINSON

JOE CHAPMAN CAME FROM BOSTON OR DID HE COME FROM MAINE

A BLACKSMITH WITH A HAMMER OR CARPENTER WITH PLANE

A SHIP BUILDER OR SAILOR, THE SEA DID CALL HIS NAME

THE YEAR OF 1811, ARGENTINA BROKE FROM SPAIN

SO HE HEADED SOUTH, THEN HE HEADED WEST TO THE ISLES OF

SANDWICH

BUT THE QUESTION IS HOW HE JOINED THE CREW OF HIPPOLYTE'S

WARSHIP

DID CHAPMAN VOLUNTEER OR ALAS BECOME A SLAVE

WAS HE A MUTINEER TO ESCAPE A WATERY GRAVE

TO SAY THAT HE WAS FORCED WAS A TALE THAT HE GAVE

OR SEEK A WRITTEN SOURCE, FROM PAPERS THEY DID SAVE

SO HE HEADED EAST, THEN HE HEADED SOUTH FROM THE FORT OF

MONTEREY

BUT THE QUESTION IS HOW HE SETTLED DOWN AS THE MAN CALLED JOSE

WAS CHAPMAN TAKEN PRISONER WHILE ATTACKING MONTEREY

OR CAPTURED BY THE SPANISH IN A SORTIE ON THE BAY

OR ATTACKING SANTA BARBARA AND CAPTURED ON THE WAY

OR CAPTURED, FREED AND CAPTURED MORE TIMES THAN HE CAN SAY

DID HE SURRENDER, AS A DESERTER AT MISSION SANTA INES

DID HE WRECK HIS SHIP NEAR SAN PEDRO'S TIP

THAT'S THE TALE HIS SON SAYS

JOE CHAPMAN CAME FROM BOSTON OR DID HE COME FROM MAINE

A BLACKSMITH WITH A HAMMER OR CARPENTER WITH PLANE

A BUILDER OF A GRIST MILL, A GRINDER OF THE GRAIN

AWAIT THE KING'S DECISION, A PRISONER FREED FROM SPAIN

HE WAS THEN BAPTIZED, CAUGHT MARIA'S EYES, FOR SHE WAS TO BE THE

ONE

AND FROM THAT POINT ON, NO MORE JOSEPH JOHN, HE BECAME JOSE

JUAN

HIS HOUSE WAS IN THE PUEBLO WITH FARM TO PLANT THE VINE

TO WORK AROUND THE PUEBLO AND MISSION WAS JUST FINE

HE GREETED JEDEDIAH WHOSE PARTY CROSSED THE LINE

AND POINTED OUT LA BREA, BLACK PITCH INSTEAD OF PINE

THEN HE BUILT A BOAT, FOR HIS WIFE TO FLOAT, GUADALUPE WAS HER

NAME

AND HE DRESSED THE WOUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR SO HE WOULD NOT BE

LAME

JUAN CHAPMAN CAME FROM BOSTON OR DID HE COME FROM MAINE

IN ALTA CALIFORNIA, A CITIZEN HE BECAME

HE MOVED TO SANTA BARBARA, THE BEACH WAS WHERE HE STAYED

HIS LAND BOUGHT FROM THE MISSION OR LAND GRANT WAS HE PAID

WE MAY NEVER KNOW HOW THE STORY GOES FOR THE TELLERS HAVE ALL
GONE

(SLOW DOWN) AND TOO NUMEROUS WERE THE TALES OF JOSEPH JOHN
OR JOSE JUAN

SWAB OF THE DECK

I SWABBED IN THE MORNING WHEN THE DAY BEGAN,
AND I SWABBED AT NOON WHILE THE CREW WAS GETTING TAN,
AND I SWABBED IN THE EVENING FROM BOW TO STERN,
AROUND MIDNIGHT IT WAS STILL MY TURN.

SWAB, SWAB, WHEREVER I MAY BE,
I AM THE SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB WHEREVER I MAY BE,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME
I SWABBED FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY I WAS BORN

I SWABBED FOR A YEAR ON THE JOURNEY TO CAPE HORN
I SWABBED FULLY DRESSED IN MY UNIFORM
WHILE SOAKED TO THE BONE IN THE WORST RAINSTORM

SWAB, SWAB, WHEREVER I MAY BE,
I AM THE SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB WHEREVER I MAY BE,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME

I SWABBED SO THE CAPTAIN COULD SEE HIS FACE
I SWABBED ALL THE MUCK, SO THERE WOULDN'T BE A TRACE
I SWABBED EVERY SURFACE TILL MY ARMS WERE STRONG
AND NOW IT'S TIME THAT WE END THIS SONG!
SWAB, SWAB, WHEREVER I MAY BE,
I AM THE SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB WHEREVER I MAY BE,
AND I'LL SWAB, SWAB, SWAB OF THE DECK, SAYS ME

THE LOST MEN OF PORTOLÁ BY JOEL ROBINSON

IT WAS JULY 18TH, 1769, WHEN FRAY JUAN CRESPI SAID TO GASPAR DE PORTOLÁ, "I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE, BUT THERE ARE GOOD GRASSES AND MANY WILD GRAPES, SO THIS VALLEY SHALL BE NAMED... SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO"

ON JULY 22ND, 1769, WE CAME TO A POOL OF WATER AND MET 14 FRIENDLY HEATHEN. WE BAPTIZED 2 SICK LITTLE GIRLS WITH THEIR PERMISSION, OF COURSE. FOR THIS REASON, IT WAS NAMED...

LOS CRISTIANOS

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

ON JULY 24TH, 1769, AT A SMALL ARROYO, ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS LOST HIS BLUNDERBUSS, YOU KNOW, A FIREARM WITH A SHORT BARREL AND FLARED MUZZLE, SO THE CREEK WAS NAMED...

ARROYO TRABUCO

ON JULY 26TH, 1769, WE CAMPED AT A DRY LAGOON. NEAR THE CAMP WE FOUND 2 SMALL SPRINGS OF WATER, CLEAR AND GOOD, SO THE SPOT WAS NAMED...

THE SPRINGS OF FATHER GOMEZ

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

ON JULY 27TH, 1769, WE CAMPED AT A CREEK WHERE WE SAW WILLOWS, GRAPEVINES, BRAMBLES AND 2 HEATHEN. SINCE WE RESTED FOR OUR PATRON SAINT OF SPAIN 2 DAYS BEFORE, THE CREEK WAS NAMED...

ARROYO SANTIAGO

ON JULY 28TH, 1769, WE CAMPED ON THE BANK OF A RIVER NEAR A VILLAGE OF FRIENDLY HEATHENS. THEY GAVE US GIFTS AND AFTER 4 HORRIFYING EARTHQUAKES, THE PLACE WAS NAMED...

JESUS DE LOS TEMBLORES

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES THEY PASSED

FOR THE MEN WERE NEVER LOST BECAUSE THEY NAMED THE PLACES
THEY PASSED

COME ON MEN, LET'S MOVE ON, FOR WE ARE THE MEN OF PORTOLÁ
FOR MEN, WE CAN'T BE LOST. WE EVEN CARVED OUR NAME ON THAT
ROCK

GOOD THING WE NAMED EACH PLACE WE VISITED AND RECORDED IT IN
OUR DIARIES BECAUSE THAT'S A SURE FIRE WAY TO NEVER, EVER...
GET LOST!

OLD CURIOUS & RICHARD HENRY (SAN-DEE REUNION) BY JOEL ROBINSON

THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT

TWAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW

A BAREFOOT MAN WITH A WIDE STRAW HAT

WAS STROLLING ABOUT PICKING STONES AND SHELLS

I TRIED TO SEE IF HIS FACE WAS THAT

OF MY OLD PROFESSOR FROM HARVARD MASS.

I LEFT HIM SEATED IN SCIENCE CLASS

WHEN NEXT I SAW HIM, 2 YEARS HAD PASSED

THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT

TWAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW

PROFESSOR N AS THE WORD GOT OUT

HAD TRAVELED BY LAND ON A NORTHWEST ROUTE

HE LEFT HIS BOTANY AND BIRDING CLASS
COLLECTING SAMPLES TO BRING THEM BACK
HE RODE THE PILGRIM FROM MONTEREY
AND MET ME AT SAN DIEGO BAY
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
T'WAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW
OLD CURIOUS AS THEY CALLED HIM OUT
WOULD SPEND HIS TIME PICKING THE FLOWERS AND SHELLS
AROUND CAPE HORN THROUGH THE SNOW AND ICE
TO STATEN LAND IS SO AWFULLY NICE
AND OUT HE CAME LIKE A BUTTERFLY
OLD CURIOUS ASKED FOR TO STAY A WHILE
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
T'WAS TIME TO BE LEAVING THIS WESTERN SHORE NOW
A WHITE HAired CHAP FROM YORKSHIRE WAY
HIS SPECIMENS HIDDEN LIKE STOWAWAYS
SOMETIMES, AT WHEEL OF A CALM NIGHT
A YARN HE'D SHARE IN THE MOONLIGHT
AN OAK, WOODPECKER AND MAGPIE
WERE NAMED FOR THIS CURIOUS OLD GUY
THE TIDE WENT IN, THE TIDE WENT OUT
WE SAILED THE ALERT BACK TO BOSTON TOWN NOW

THOMAS NUTTALL AND RICHARD HENRY

TO THINK THAT WE MET ON THE SAND OF SAN-DEE

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA WITH A LOAD OF SUGAR

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

MAKE HER RUN YOU, LIME JUICE SQUEEZES

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

O, I GOT A SISTER, SHE'S NINE FEET TALL

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

SLEEPS IN THE KITCHEN WITH HER FEET IN THE HALL

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA! (HEY!)

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

THE CAPTAIN HE WILL TRIM THE SAILS

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

WINGING THE WATER OVER THE RAILS

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

GIVE ME A GIRL CAN DANCE FANDANGO

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

ROUND AS A MELON AND SWEET AS A MANGO (HEY!)

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

LOAD THIS SUGAR AND HOMEWARD GO

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

MISTER MATE, HE TOLD ME SO

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA (HEY!)

WEIGH, ME BOYS, TO CUBA!

RUNNING DOWN TO CUBA

SEA CAVE BY JOEL ROBINSON

I HEAR THERE IS A SEA CAVE

SOME SAY AT DANA'S POINT

GOOD FORTUNE MAY AWAIT YE

IF YE CAN FIND THE JOINT

I HEAR ONE HOLY HAG STONE

WHEN FOUND ALONG THE WAY

WILL SAFEGUARD ANY PIRATE

WHO SEEKS TO FIND THE CAVE

DO YE DARE TO ENTER
PIDDOCK OR ANGELWING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
I HEAR THERE ARE WHITE CRYSTALS
THEY SHIMMER ON THE PATH
BUT DO NOT TRY TO TAKE THEM
OR FACE POSEIDON'S WRATH
I HEAR THE SLIMY SEA HARES
ARE WADING IN THE POOLS
TO MATE OR EAT EACH OTHER
THEY KNOW NO OTHER RULES
DO YE DARE TO ENTER
PIDDOCK OR ANGELWING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
I HEAR THE CRUMBLY SEA CLIFFS
WHERE FALCONS NEST ABOVE

MAY DROP A STONE ON YER HEAD
WHILE FALCON HUNTS THE DOVE
I HEAR THE TAILS OF LOBSTER
ARE STREWN ABOUT THE SHORE
DON'T FALL AMONG THE ROCK LICE
OR YER SCALP WILL BE THEIR FLOOR
DO YE DARE TO ENTER
PIDDOCK OR ANGELWING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING
A SIPHON FOR SEA WATER
AND A TOMB OF STONE WE SING

TWO FIN WHALES BY JOEL ROBINSON

THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE WAS SAN DIEGO BOUND
THE PIER IT WAS ALL GARNISHED WITH THE NAVY SOLDIERS 'ROUND
COMMANDER SEYMOUR GAVE THE ORDER, "DISLODGE THEM FROM THE
HULL!"
FOR UNDERNEATH TWO RAZORBACKS, THEIR DEATHS FOR US TO MULL
FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS, LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS
FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES
ON THE SHORE OF BOLSA CHICA OUR CREW MATES STOOD AROUND

WITH OUR TRICORNS AND OUR BLOUSES AND THE SEA HAG RUNNIN' ROUND
FOR HER STENCH IT WAS BEFORE US, THE MOTHER WE HAD FOUND
HER SIXTY FIVE-FOOT BODY DID LAY ROTTING ON THE GROUND
FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS, LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS
FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES
DID SHE REACH ONE HUNDRED FORTY OR AT LEAST ONE THIRTY FIVE
THE THINGS SHE MUST'VE SEEN, THE STUFF OF DREAMS WHEN SHE WAS
LIVE
ON THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER NINETEEN SEVENTY
A BEACHED SPERM WHALE WAS DYNAMITED INTO MEMORY
FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS, LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS
FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES
IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HOMINIDS A BEACHED WHALE WAS A FEAST
BUT THE TRASH FROM #ADRIANSKICKBACK MAY HAVE KILLED THIS FINE FIN
BEAST
AS THE SECOND LARGEST MAMMAL SHE COULD DIVE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
FEET
HOLD HER BREATH FOR TWENTY MINUTES MORE THAN ANYONE YOU'LL MEET
FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS
FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES
FOR IT'S TEAR UP ME LASS LET THE WIND FROM YOUR SAILS
FOR THE HMAS SYDNEY SHE RAN OVER TWO FIN WHALES

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

IT'S A DAMN TOUGH LIFE, FULL OF TOIL AND STRIFE, WE WHALERMEN

UNDERGO

AND WE DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN THE GALE IS DONE, HOW HARD THE

WINDS DID BLOW

'CAUSE WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND WITH A GOOD

SHIP, TAUT AND FREE

AND WE WON'T GIVE A DAMN WHEN WE DRINK OUR RUM WITH THE GIRLS OF

OLD MAUI

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

ONCE MORE WE SAIL WITH THE NORTHERLY GALE THROUGH THE ICE AND

WIND AND RAIN

THEM COCONUT FRONDS, THEM TROPICAL LANDS, WE SOON SHALL SEE

AGAIN

SIX HELLISH MONTHS WE'VE PASSED AWAY ON THE COLD KAMCHATKA SEA

BUT NOW WE'RE BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD

MAUI

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

ONCE MORE WE SAIL WITH THE NORTHERLY GALE, TOWARDS OUR ISLAND
HOME

OUR MAINMAST SPRUNG, OUR WHALING DONE, AND WE AIN'T GOT FAR TO
ROAM

OUR STU'N'S'L BONES IS CARRIED AWAY, WHAT CARE WE FOR THAT SOUND?

A LIVING GALE IS AFTER US, THANK GOD WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

HOW SOFT THE BREEZE THROUGH THE ISLAND TREES, NOW THE ICE IS FAR
ASTERN

THEM NATIVE MAIDS, THEM TROPICAL GLADES, IS AWAITING OUR RETURN

EVEN NOW THEIR BIG BROWN EYES LOOK OUT, HOPING SOME FINE DAY TO
SEE

OUR BAGGY SAILS, RUNNING 'FORE THE GALES, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS, ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

JUST SIT RIGHT BACK AND YOU'LL HEAR A TALE

A TALE OF A FATEFUL TRIP, THAT STARTED FROM THIS

TROPIC PORT, ABOARD THIS TINY SHIP.

THE MATE WAS A MIGHTY SAILIN' LAD, THE SKIPPER

BRAVE AND SURE,

FIVE PASSENGERS SET SAIL THAT DAY, FOR A THREE

HOUR TOUR, A THREE HOUR TOUR.

THE WEATHER STARTED GETTING ROUGH, THE TINY SHIP WAS TOSSED.

IF NOT FOR THE COURAGE OF THE FEARLESS CREW

THE MINNOW WOULD BE LOST.

THE MINNOW WOULD BE LOST.

THE SHIP SET GROUND ON THE SHORE OF THIS

UNCHARTED DESERT ISLE WITH GILLIGAN,

THE SKIPPER TOO. THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS WIFE,

THE MOVIE STAR, THE PROFESSOR AND MARY ANN, HERE ON GILLIGAN'S

ISLE.

THEY'RE HERE FOR A LONG LONG TIME.

THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS,

IT'S AN UPHILL CLIMB. THE FIRST MATE AND HIS SKIPPER

TOO WILL DO THEIR VERY BEST,

TO MAKE THE OTHERS COMF'TERBLE IN THEIR TROPIC ISLAND NEST.

NO PHONE, NO LIGHTS, NO MOTOR CAR, NOT A SINGLE
LUXURY LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE IT'S PRIMITIVE AS CAN BE.
SO JOIN US HERE EACH WEEK MY FRIENDS, YOU'RE SURE
TO GET A SMILE, FROM SEVEN STRANDED CASTAWAYS
HERE ON GILLIGAN'S ISLE!

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

I THOUGHT I HEARD THE OLD MAN SAY:

"LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER."

TOMORROW YOU WILL GET YOUR PAY

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

OH, LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

FOR THE VOYAGE IS LONG AND THE WINDS DON'T BLOW

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

OH, THE WIND WAS FOUL AND THE SEA RAN HIGH

"LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!"

SHE SHIPPED IT GREEN AND NONE WENT BY

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

OH, LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

FOR THE VOYAGE IS LONG AND THE WINDS DON'T BLOW

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER

I HATE TO SAIL ON THIS ROTTEN TUB

"LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!"

NO GROG ALLOWED AND ROTTEN GRUB

AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER