

# THE JOLLY ROGERS

## Pirates' Gold

### Santiano (traditional)

Satiano gained the day

**Away! Santiano!**

Satiano gained the day

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

Mexico, oh Mexico

**Away! Santiano!**

Mexico is a place I know

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

Those yella galls I do adore

**Away! Santiano!**

With their shinin' eyes and their coal-black hair

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

Those yella galls they love me so

**Away! Santiano!**

Because I won't tell them all I know

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

Those Liverpool galls don't use no comb

**Away! Santiano!**

They comb their hair with a kipper backbone

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

When I was a young lad in me prime

**Away! Santiano!**

I knocked them scouse girls 5 at a time

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

The time's is hard and the wage is low

**Away! Santiano!**

It's time for us to roll and go

**Along the plains of Mexico...**

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## Congo River (traditional)

Oooh – Was you ever on the Congo River?

**Blow, boys, blow!**

Black fever makes the white man shiver!

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

An Irish ship came down the river

**Blow, boys, blow!**

Her mast and yards, they shone like silver!

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

**And blow me boys, and blow forever**

**Blow, boys, blow!**

**I blow me down that Congo River**

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

And yonder comes the Arrow Packet

**Blow, boys, blow!**

She fires her guns, can't ya hear the racket?

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

And you do you think was the skipper of her?

**Blow, boys, blow!**

Why, Bully Haze, the sailor robber!

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

### Chorus

And what do you think she had for cargo?

**Blow, boys, blow!**

A black sheep that had run the embargo

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

And what do you think they had for dinner?

**Blow, boys, blow!**

Why, a Frenchman's heart, and a Scotsman's liver!

**Blow me bully boys, blow!**

### Chorus x2

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## **Blackball Line** (traditional)

I served me time on the Blackball Line  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
On the Blackball Line, I served me time  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line!**

The Blackball Line is good and true  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
The Blackball Line for me and you  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line!**

I am a gunner on the Blackball Line  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
My twenty-four pounders all in line  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line!**

With eighteen guns we turned about  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
With one broadside we put her down  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line!**

We robbed her blind as she went down  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
Now it's back to port, and back to town  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line!**

Eighteen knots with the wind about  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
Stand by your lanyards fore and aft  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line!**

Oh, take a trip to Liverpool  
**To me way, hey, hey, hur-righ-o!**  
Liverpool, that damn cesspool!  
**Hurrah for the Blackball Line! OY!**

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## Royal Oak (traditional)

As we were sailing, all on the seas,  
We hadn't been gone months, but two or three,  
When we saw ten sail, ten sail of Turks,  
All men of war, full as big as we.

"Haul down your colors, you English dogs!  
Haul down your colors, do not refuse.  
Haul down your colors, you English dogs,  
Or your precious lives, you will lose!"

Our captain being, a valiant man,  
And a well-bespoken, a man was he:  
"Let it never be said, that we died like dogs,  
For we shall fight, most manfully!"

"Go up aloft, you cabin boys,  
And mount the mainmast, atop so high,  
For to spread the news, to King George's fleet  
That we'll run the risk, or else we'll die!"

Now the fight began, about six in the morn,  
And on to the setting of the sun.  
And at the rise, of the next dawn,  
Where we saw ten ships, we couldn't see but one.

For three we sank, and three we burned,  
And three we caused, to run away,  
And one we towed, to Portsmouth harbour,  
For to let them know, we'd won the day.

If anyone then, should enquire  
As to our gallant captain's name,  
Captain Wellfounder, is our commander  
And the Royal Oak, is our ship by name.

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## **Roll Me Hearties** (The Jolly Rogers)

Our ship sailed out from Portsmouth town

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

She was a gallant ship both fore and aft

**Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

And bring her about with a heave and a ho now

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

A pirate crew with a captain bold

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

Seeking ships for silver and gold

**Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

There's a gale a-brewin', so bring her about now

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

With Captain Thomson at her wheel

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

We took all ships with shot and steel

**Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

And point her bow into the gale now

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

We turned for port with gold in store

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

As we neared the rocks the mainsail tore

**Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

The gale is here, God save us now, boys

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

“We're lost me boys”, the pilot said

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

“We're goin' down, we'll all be dead!”

**Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

With a terrible crash she broke in two

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

Their bones on the bottom, as white as snow

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

In the embrace of Davy Jones

**Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**That pirate crew all roasts in Hell now**

**Roll me hearties, heave – ho!**

**Roll me hearties, heave ---- HO!**

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## Mrs. McGraw (traditional)

"Oh, Mrs. McGraw," the captain said,  
"would you like to make a pirate out of your son, Ted?  
With a scarlet cloak and a fine cocked hat,  
Oh, Mrs. McGraw wouldn't you like that?"

**With me too-rye-yaah  
Foddle-diddle-daah  
Too-rye, oo-rye, oo-rye-yaah  
With me too-rye-yaah  
Foddle-diddle-daah  
Too-rye, oo-rye, oo-rye-yaah**

Now Mrs. McGraw lived on the seashore,  
for the space of seven long years or more,  
When she spied a ship sailing into the bay,  
"It's my son Teddy, would you clear the way."

[CHORUS]

Now my dear captain, where have you been?  
Have you been out sailin' on the Medit-ter-in?  
Have you any news of my son Ted?  
Is the poor boy livin', or is he dead?

[CHORUS]

Then up steps Ted, without any legs,  
And in their place, there were two wooden pegs.  
She kissed him a dozen times or two,  
Crying "Holy Moses, it couldn't be you!"

[CHORUS]

"Now was ya drunk, or was ya blind,  
When you left your two fine legs behind?  
Or was it out walking upon the sea,  
That tore your legs, from the knees away?"

[CHORUS]

"No, I wasn't drunk, no I wasn't blind,  
When I left my two fine legs behind.  
But a big cannon ball on the fifth of May,  
Tore my two fine legs from the knees away."

[CHORUS]

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“Now Teddy, me boy”, the old widow cried,  
Your two fine legs were your mommy’s pride.  
The stumps of a tree won’t do at all,  
Why didn’t you run from that big cannonball?

**[CHORUS]**

"All foreign wars, I do profane,  
Between Don John and the King of Spain.  
I’d rather have my Teddy as he used to be,  
Than the King of France and his whole navy!

**[CHORUS]**

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## South Australia (traditional)

In South Australia I was born,  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
South Australia, 'round Cape Horn.  
**Bound for South Australia!**

**Haul away, you rollin' king...**  
**Timmy, heave away! Timmy haul away!**  
**Haul away, you'll hear me sing,**  
**We're bound for South Australia!**

As I went out one morning fair,  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
It's there I met Miss Nancy Blair.  
**Bound for South Australia!**

[CHORUS]

I rollicked her up, and I rollicked her down,  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
I rollicked her 'round Olde London Towne!  
**Bound for South Australia!**

[CHORUS]

The only thing that grieves me mind,  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
Is leavin' Nancy Blairs' behind!  
**Bound for South Australia!**

[CHORUS]

If you ever go wallupin' 'round Cape Horn,  
**Heave away! Haul away!**  
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born!  
**Bound for South Australia!**

[CHORUS]

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## All For Me Grog (traditional)

**And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,  
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.**

Where are me boots, me noggy, noggin' boots?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
For the toe it is worn out, and the heels are knocked about,  
And the soles are looking up for better weather.

### [CHORUS1]

Where is me shirt, my noggy, noggin' shirt?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
For the collar is all wore, and the sleeves they are all tore,  
And the tail is looking up for better weather.

### [CHORUS1]

Where is me bed, me noggy, noggin' bed,  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
Well I lent it to a whore, now the sheets are all tore,  
And the springs are looking up for better weather.

### [CHORUS2]

**And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog,  
All for me beer and tobacco.  
Well I spent all me loot in a house of ill repute,  
And I think I'll have to go back there tomorrow!**

Where is me wench, me noggy, noggin' wench?  
All gone for beer and tobacco.  
Well her <clap> is worn out, and her <clap> is knocked about,  
And her <clap> is looking up for better weather!

### [CHORUS2]

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

### [CHORUS2] x 2

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## Maids When You're Young (traditional)

Well, an old man came courting her,  
Hey, ding-dur-um daa!  
An old man came courting her, her being young.  
An old man came courting her, feign would he marry her,  
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.  
*So, why not?*

**Because he's got no fal-or-um, fal-diddle-i-orum!**  
**He's got no fal-or-um, fal-diddle-i-aay!**  
**He's got no fal-or-um, he's lost his ding-dor-um!**  
**Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.**

So when they went to bed,  
Hey, ding-dur-um daa!  
*Uh-huh...*  
When they went to bed, her being young.  
When they went to bed, *he lay like he was dead!*  
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.  
*So, why not, again?*

### [CHORUS]

So...she...threw a leg over him,  
Hey ding-dur-um daa!  
*Oww!*  
She threw a leg over him, her being young.  
She threw a leg over him, *damn well near smothered him!*  
*Think about it!*  
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.  
*She got it!*

### [CHORUS]

So when he went to sleep,  
Hey, ding-dur-um daa!  
*Ssshhh!*  
When he went to sleep, her being young.  
When he went to sleep, out of bed she did creep,  
Into the arms of a handsome young man!  
*Bloodbeard – Rather like me!*  
*All but Bloodbeard – Not hardly!*

**And she FOUND his fal-or-um, fal-diddle-i-orum!**  
**She FOUND his fal-or-um, fal-diddle-i-aay!**  
**She FOUND his fal-or-um; she got her ding-dor-um!**  
**Maids when you're young, never wed an old man.**

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## **Beer, Beer, Beer** (traditional)

**He ought to be an admiral, a sultan or a king,  
And to his praises we should always sing.  
Look what he has done for us; he's filled us up with cheer!  
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer, beer, beer –  
Tiddly beer, beer, beer.**

A long time ago, way back in history,  
When all there was to drink was nothin but cups of tea.  
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops,  
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

### **[CHORUS]**

A bushel of malt, a barrel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,  
The kind of lubrication that makes your engine tick.  
40 pints a'wallop a day, will drive away the cracks.  
*Its only one eight P a'pint, and two and six with tax!*

### **[CHORUS]**

Clancy's Bar, O'Reily's Pub, the hole in the wall, as well!  
On thing you can be sure of, it's Charlie's beer they sell!  
Come on all you luck lads, at eleven o' clock she stops.  
*Five short seconds now, to remember Charlie Mopps...  
One...Two...Threefourfive- Good enough!*

### **[CHORUS]**

He ought to be an admiral, a sultan or a king,  
And to his praises we should always sing.  
Look what he has done for us; he's filled us up with cheer!  
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer!  
*Hey, Beer! Hey!*

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## Westering Ho/Haul Away Joe (traditional)

**Westering ho with a song in the air,  
Light of me eye and it's goodbye to care.  
Laughter and love are a welcoming there,  
Pride of me heart my own love.**

Tell me a tale of the orient gay,  
Tell me of riches that come from Cathay .  
Ah but it's grand to be waken at day,  
And find oneself nearer to Mylay.

### [CHORUS]

Where are the folks like the folks of the west?  
Canty and Bouty and kinely, are best.  
There I would hie me, and there I would rest,  
At home with my own folks in Mylay.

### [CHORUS]

Now I'm at home and at home I do lay,  
Dreaming of riches that come from Cathay.  
I'll hop a good ship and be on my way,  
And bring back my fortune to Mylay.

### [CHORUS]

When I was a little lad, and so me mother told me.  
(To Me!),  
**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**  
That if I did not kiss the girls, me lips would grow all moldy.  
(To Me!),  
**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**  
**Way haul away;** we're bound for better weather.  
(To Me!),  
**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

Once I knew an English girl, and she was fat and lazy.  
(To Me!),  
**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**  
And then I met an Irish girl, she damn near drove me crazy!  
(To Me!),  
**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**  
**Way haul away;** we're bound for better weather.  
(To Me!),  
**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

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Saint Patrick was a gentleman, he came from decent people.

*(To Me!),*

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple.

*(To Me!),*

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

**Way haul away;** we're bound for better weather.

*(To Me!),*

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

King Louis was the king of France, before the rev-o-lu-shy-un!

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

And then he got his head chopped off, it spoiled his con-sti-tu-shy-un!

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

**Way haul away;** this good ship now is rolling.

*(To Me!),*

**Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

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## Cuckoo's Nest (traditional)

There's a corner in the meadow where the lads and lasses meet,  
for they do here what they couldn't do upon the open street.  
They play all kinds of games there, but the one I like the best,  
Is when everybody rumples up the cuckoo's nest.

**Its high the cuckoo, low the cuckoo, high the cuckoos nest.  
Its high the cuckoo, low the cuckoo, high the cuckoos nest.  
I'll give any maid a shilling and a bottle of the best,  
just to rumple up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest.**

I wooed her in the morning, and I had her in the night,  
she was my very first one, so I tried to do it right.  
I searched around and wandered, and I never would have guessed,  
if she hadn't showed me, where to find, her cuckoo's nest.

### [CHORUS]

When she showed me where to find it, I knew just where to go,  
through the underbrush and brambles where the little cuckoos grow.  
From the moment that I found it, she would never let me rest,  
from rumpling up the feathers of her cuckoo's nest.

### [CHORUS]

It was bushy, it was prickled, it was feathered all around.  
It was tucked away so neatly and it wasn't easy found.  
She said young man you're blundering, but I knew it wasn't true,  
for I left her with the makings of a young cuckoo.

### [CHORUS] x2

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## The Devil's Son (The Jolly Rogers)

His name was Teach when he came to Carolina.  
Like a man possessed he scoured the sea,  
And the Devil called him son! <*Blackbeard!*>

**Teach; the demon on the sea!  
Run, you sailors, run!  
With a beard of flame and a heart of ice,  
Blackbeard, the Devil's son!**

He shot his first mate in the hold one day,  
He said, "I don't give a damn!"  
If I don't kill someone now and then,  
You'll forget who I am! <*Blackbeard!*>

He married a girl of fifteen years  
Named Liza.  
From across the town, they heard her screams,  
As he took her maidenhead! <*Blackbeard!*>

[CHORUS]

Governor Spotswood cried, "I'll rid the world  
Of Blackbeard!"  
One hundred pounds will buy his head,  
And Hell can have his soul! <*Blackbeard!*>

From Portsmouth town there came a man  
Named Maynard.  
He did not come to save their lives,  
He came for bounty money! <*Blackbeard!*>

[CHORUS]

Teach met his fate off the shore  
Of Carolina.  
A challenge rang across the waves,  
"You'll dance with death today!" <*Blackbeard!*>

Sabers bit, and bullets flew,  
As the ships drew side by side.  
Blackbeard screamed like a cannons' roar,  
"It's a damn good day to die!" <*Blackbeard!*>

[CHORUS]

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An axe, a sword, a bullets burn,  
Blackbeard stood them all.  
He spat at his killers through broken teeth,  
“You’ll never take me alive!” <*Blackbeard!*>

Now Teach is gone, and the seas  
Are safe today.  
But down in Hell, the Devil’s laughing,  
‘Cause Blackbeard’s’ home to stay! <*Blackbeard!*>

[CHORUS]

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## Rocks of Bawn (Patrick Kelly)

Come all you loyal heroes, wherever that you be.  
And don't hire with any master, 'till you know what your work will be.  
For you must rise up early, 'fore the clear daylight of dawn.  
And I know that you'll ne'er be able, to plow the rocks of Bawn.

And it's rise up lovely Sweeney, and give your horse some hay.  
And give him a good feed of oats, before you ride away.  
Don't feed him on soft turnips; put him out on your green lawn.  
And I know that you'll ne'er be able, to plow the rocks of Bawn.

My curse attend you Sweeney, for you have me nearly robbed.  
A-sittin' by the fireside, with your doodeen in your gob.  
A-sittin' by the fireside, from the clear daylight 'till dawn.  
And I know that you'll ne'er be able, to plow the rocks of Bawn.

My shoes they are well worn out, my stocking, they are thin.  
And my heart is always trembling, for fear that they'll let in.  
My heart is always trembling, from the clear daylight 'till dawn.  
And I know that I'll ne'er be able, to plow the rocks of Bawn.

I wish the Queen of England, would write to me in time.  
And place me in some regiment, all in my youth and prime.  
I'd fight for Ireland's glory, from the clear daylight 'till dawn.  
And I know that I'll ne'er be able, to plow the rocks of Bawn.  
And I know that I'll ne'er be able, to plow the rocks of Bawn.

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## The Clean Song (Oscar Brand)

There was a young sailor who looked through the glass,  
Spied a fair mermaid with scales on her...

*Island* where seagulls fly over their nests,  
She combed the long hair that hung over her...

*Shoulders* and caused her to tickle and itch.  
The sailor cried out, "There's a beautiful..."

*Mermaid*, a-sitting out there on the rocks",  
The crew came a-running, all grabbing their...

*Glasses* and crowded four deep to the rail,  
All eager to share in this fine piece of...

*News* which the captain soon heard from the watch,  
He tied down the wheel, and he reached for his...

*Crackers* and cheese which he kept near the door,  
In case he might someday encounter a...

*Mermaid* he knew he must use all his wits,  
Crying "Throw out a line, we'll lasso her..."

*Flippers.*" And then we will certainly find,  
If mermaids are better before or be...

*Brave* my good fellows." The captain then said.  
"With fortune we'll break through her mermaid..."

*Heading* to starboard they tacked with dispatch.  
And caught that fair mermaid just under her...

*Elbows* and hustled her down below decks,  
Each took a turn at her feminine...

*Setting* her free, at the end of the farce,  
She splashed through the waves, landing flat on her...

*After* a while, one man noticed some scabs,  
Soon they broke out with the pox and the...

*Scratching* with fury, cursing with spleen,  
This song may be dull, but it's certainly clean!

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## The Dutchman (Michael Peter Smith)

The Dutchman's not the kind of man,  
to keep his thumb jammed in the dam  
that holds his dreams in.  
But that's his secret, only Margaret knows.  
When Amsterdam is golden, in the morning,  
Margaret brings him breakfast; she believes him.  
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the snow.  
He's mad as he can be, but Margaret only sees that sometimes,  
sometimes she sees her unborn children, in his eyes.

**Let us go to the banks of the ocean,  
where the walls rise above the Zuiderzee.  
Long ago, I used to be a young man.  
And dear Margaret remembers that for me.**

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes;  
his cap and coat are patched with love  
that Margaret sewed in.  
Sometimes he thinks he's still in Rotterdam.  
He watches tug boats down canals,  
and calls out to them, when he thinks he knows the Captain.  
'Till Margaret comes to take him home again.  
Through unforgiving streets, that trip him though she holds his arm.  
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone, and calls her name.

### [CHORUS]

Windmills swirl the winter rain,  
she winds his muffler tighter,  
they sit in the kitchen.  
And the tea with whiskey, keeps away the dew.  
He sees her for a moment, calls her name,  
she makes the bed up, humming some old love song.  
She learned it when the tune was very new.  
He hums a line or two; they hum together in the night.  
The Dutchman falls asleep, and Margaret blows the candle out.

### [CHORUS] x2

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## The Derelict (Young Ewing Allison)

Fifteen men on the 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 boson's pike,

The boson brained with a marlin spike,

And cookie's throat was marked belike.

It had been gripped by fingers ten,

And there they lay all good dead men.

Like break of day at a boozin' ken

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

Fifteen men of a 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 knob in gore,

With a scullion's axe his cheek had shore.

And the scullion he was stabbed times four.

And there they in the soggy skies,

Dripped all day long in up staring eyes.

At murk sunset, and at foul sunrise.

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

Fifteen men of them 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, "I damn me eyes",

All lookouts clapped on paradise,

All souls bound just contrary-wise.

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

Fifteen men of the good and true.

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

Every man-jack could have sailed with Old Pew!

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,

With a ton of plate, in the middle hold.

And cabins riot of loot untold!

And they lay there, that had took the plumb,

With sightless glares, and their lips struck dumb.

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While we shared all, by the rule of thumb.

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

More was seen by the stern light screen.

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

Chartings, no doubt, where a woman had been.

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

A flimsy shift of a bunker cot,

With a thin dirk-slot through the bosom spot.

And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.

Or was she a wench, some shuttering maid,

That dared the knife, and took the blade.

By God, she was stuff for a plucky jade!

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

Fifteen men on the 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!**

We wrapped them all in the mainsail tight.

With twice-ten turns of a hawsers bight.

Then we heaved them over and out of sight!

With a "Yo, Heave Ho!" and a "Fair you well!"

And a sullen plunge in a sullen swell.

Ten fathoms deep, on the road to Hell...

**Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!**

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## A Drop of Nelson's Blood (traditional)

And a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

**And we'll roll the old chariot along,  
We'll roll the old chariot along,  
We'll roll the old chariot along,  
And we'll all hang on behind!**

And a little mug of beer wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a little mug of beer wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a little mug of beer wouldn't do us any harm,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

**[CHORUS]**

Well, a little slug of gin wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a little slug of gin wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a little slug of gin wouldn't do us any harm,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

**[CHORUS]**

Well, a night upon the shore wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a night upon the shore wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a night upon (A WHORE!) the shore wouldn't do us any harm,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

**[CHORUS]**

Well, a little dram of wine wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a little dram of wine wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a little dram of wine wouldn't do us any harm,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

**[CHORUS]**

And a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm!  
Oh, a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't do us any harm,  
And we'll all hang on behind!

**[CHORUS]x2**

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## The Dreadnaught (traditional)

There's a saucy flash packet, the packet of fame,  
She hails from New York, and the Dreadnaught's her name.  
On the way to the west wind, where the wild winds do blow!  
She's a Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!  
**Derry down, down, down derry down.**

Oh, the Dreadnaught is lying in the River Mersey,  
'Waiting the Independence to tow her to sea  
Out 'round the Rock Light, where them wild winds do blow!  
She's the Liverpool packet. Oh Lord, let her go!  
**Derry down, down, down derry down.**

Now the Dreadnaught is sailing the Atlantic so wide,  
Where the high roaring seas, roll along her black side.  
With her sails taughtly set, for the Red Cross to show!  
And away in the Dreadnaught, to the west wind we'll go!  
**Derry down, down, down derry down.**

Now the Dreadnaught's arriving in New York once more,  
We'll go ashore shipmates, to the girls we adore  
With the wives and with sweethearts, how merry we'll be!  
And we'll drink to the Dreadnaught where'er she may be!  
**Derry down, down, down derry down.**

Here's a health to the Dreadnaught, and the whole of her crew,  
To bold Captain Samuels, and his officers too,  
You can keep your flash packets, Whitetail and Black Ball!  
For the Dreadnaught's the fighter that can lick 'em all!  
**Derry down, down, down derry down.**  
**Down, down derry down.**  
**Down, down derry down.**

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## The Pirate Ward (traditional / The Jolly Rogers)

Come all you gallant seamen bold,  
All you that march to drum,  
And listen here of Captain Ward,  
who far out to sea he robbed;  
He is the biggest robber  
That ever you did hear,  
There's not been such a robber found  
In about a hundred years.

A ship was sailing from the east  
And going to the west,  
Loaded with silks and satins  
And velvets of the best,  
But meet it did with Captain Ward,  
It was a sad meeting;  
He robbed them of their wealth and store  
And bid them tell their king.

O then the king provided a ship of noble fame,  
She's called the "Royal Rainbow,"  
If you would know her name;  
She was as well provided for  
As any ship could be,  
Full thirteen hundred men on board  
To fill her company.

With that the gallant "Rainbow"  
She shot out of her pride,  
Full fifty gallant brass shot  
Charged on every side.  
All these gallant shooters,  
Prevailed not a pin.  
For they were brass on the outside,  
While Ward was steel within.

"Shoot on, shoot on," cried Captain Ward,  
"Your sport well pleases me,  
"And he who first gives over,  
"Shall yield unto the sea!"  
It was then that Captain Ward he fired,  
And fired and fired, again.  
'Till six and sixty of his foes,  
All on the deck lay slain.

Then Ward swung about,

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To give the Rainbow trial.  
His cannon fired broadsides,  
That set the deck afire.  
The fury of his bold attack,  
Rent their mast in two.  
And the beaten men when overboard,  
All in to the briney blue.

Soon the rainbow sank from sight,  
And her men swam away.  
They clung to planks and wooden spars,  
As Ward turned to say:  
"Go home, go home," cried Captain Ward,  
"And tell your king from me,  
"Though he'll reign king on all dry land,  
"I'll reign king on sea!"

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## L'Ollonois (The Jolly Rogers)

Avec les coups gentils gentils  
Il coupait bien le sucre dans le champ  
Il prenait les plantes dans ses jolis mains  
Il les mettait dans un longue fil

**Il était un baptême avec sang  
Le diable aimait son propre fils  
L'Ollonois a gagné son rang  
En mille six cents soixante six**

Avec les coups gentils gentils  
Il a coupé le corps humain  
Il aimait tenir un coeur dans le main  
Et le manger après le meilleur style

[CHORUS]

Avec les coups gentils gentils  
Il a coupé son chemin  
Dans la jungle, sans aucun demain  
Ses homes dans un longue fil

[CHORUS]

Avec les coups gentils gentils  
Les indigens lui battait  
Il était mort, ses hommes tués  
La boue sanglante était son lit

[CHORUS]

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## Olde Thomas Harpooneers (traditional, AKA: Coast of Peru)

Come all you bold sailormen,  
Who've rounded Cape Horn.  
Come all you bold sailors  
Who follow the whale.  
For the captain has told us,  
And we hope he says true;  
That there's plenty of Sperm whale,  
Off the coast of Peru...

It was early one morning  
Just as the sun rose.  
The man on the foremast  
Cried out, "There she blows!"  
"We're away!" says our captain  
"And where does she lay?"  
Three points to the eastward,  
Not a mile away.

And it's lower you boats, me boys  
And after him travel.  
Steer clear of his flukes  
Or he'll flip you to the devil.  
Lay on with them oars, boys  
And make your boats fly.  
But one thing we're dread of,  
Keep clear of his eye.

He raced and he sounded,  
He twist and he spin.  
But fought along side,  
And we got our lance in.  
Which caused him to vomit,  
And the blood for to spout,  
And in ten minutes time, me boys,  
He rolled both pins out.

We got him turned over,  
And laid along side.  
Then we over with our blubber hooks,  
To rob him of his hide.  
We commenced cuttin' him, boys,  
And then trying out,  
And the mate in the mainsail,  
How loud he did shout...

Now we're bound for Olde Thomas,

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In our manly power.  
Where a man buys a whorehouse,  
For a barrel of flour.  
We'll spend all our money on them  
Pretty girls ashore.  
And when it's all gone, me boys...  
We'll go whalin' for more.

THE JOLLY ROGERS

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## Pay Me (traditional)

You pay me, you owe me!  
**Pay me my money now!**  
You gots to pay me, mister stevedore!  
**Pay me my money now!**

If I'd known the boss was blind,  
**Pay me my money now!**  
I wouldn't have gone to work 'till half past nine!  
**Pay me my money now!**

### [CHORUS2]

You pay me, you owe me!  
**Pay me my money now!**  
You gots to pay me or go to jail!  
**Pay me my money now!**

Thought I heard, the old man say,  
**Pay me my money now!**  
Go to shore, spend all your pay!  
**Pay me my money now!**

### [CHORUS1]

Thought I heard, the men below,  
**Pay me my money now!**  
If you don't pay me, the ship won't go!  
**Pay me my money now!**

### [CHORUS2]

I need my pay, to go to shore,  
**Pay me my money now!**  
I'll drink my whiskey and get a whore!  
**Pay me my money now!**

### [CHORUS1]

### [CHORUS3]

You owe me, you owe me!  
**Pay me my money now!**  
You gots to pay me or go to jail!  
**Pay me my money now!**

*Abso-floggin'-lute-ly!*

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