

HOLDSTOCK & MACLEOD'S "DEEPWATER SONGS" PAGE 1

The Bonnie Ship, the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship, me lads, for the Davis Strait she's bound
And the quay it is all garnished wi' bonnie lasses round.
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide
Where the sun it never sets, me lad, nor darkness dims the sky.
Chorus
And it's cheer up me lads, let your hearts never fail
When the bonnie ship The Diamond goes a-fishing for the whale.

Along the quay at Peterhead the lassies staun aroon'
Wi' their shawls all pulled about them and the salt tears runnin' doon.
Don't you weep my bonnie lass, though you be left behind
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our
minds.

Here's a health to The Resolution, likewise The Elisa Swan.
Here's a health to The Battle Of Montrose and The Diamond ship
o'fame.
We wear the troosers o' the white and the jackets o' the blue
When we return tae Peterhead we'll hae sweethairts enoo'.

It'll be bracht both day and neet when the Greenland lads come hame
Wi' a ship that's fu' o' oil me lads and money tae dor name
We'll make the cradles for tae rock and the blankets for tae tear
And every lass in Peterhead sing hushabye my dear.

The Press Gang:

As I walked out on London Street,
A press gang there I chanced for to meet,
They asked me if I'd join the fleet
Refrain
On board of a man of war boys, On board of a man of war.

Come brother shipmates tell me do,
What kind of a treatment they give you?
That I might know before I go

When I got there to my surprise,
All that they told me where rotten lies
There was a row, a jolly old row

The first thing they done they took me in hand
They lashed me with the tar of a strand,
They flogged me till I could not stand

Now I was married and me wife's name was Grey
'Twas she that caused me to go away,
'Twas she that caused me to go astray.

When next I get me feet on the shore,
To see them London girls once more,
I'll never go to sea no more.

Roll Bullies Row

From Liverpool to Frisco a Roving I went
For stay in that country it was my intent
But girls and strong whisky like other damn fools
I soon was transported back to Liverpool
Chorus
Singing roll, roll, bullies roll
Them Liverpool Judies have got us in tow.

I shipped on the Alaska Line out in the bay
Waiting for a fair wind to get underway
The sailors all drunk and their backs are all sore
The whisky's all gone and you can't get no more

Along comes the mate with his jacket of blue
A looking for work for us sailors to do
It's jib topsail halyards he loudly does roar
Saying lay aloft Paddy you son of a whore.

One night off Cape Horn I won't soon forget
It gives me the horrors to think of it yet

She was diving bows under the sailors all wet
She was doing twelve knots with her main skys'l set.

Here's a health to our Captain where ere he may be
He's a friend to the sailor on land or on sea
But as for our first mate that dirty old brute

I hope when he dies straight to hell he'll sky hoot

And now we'll arrive at the Bramblymore docks
The fair maids and lassies around us will flock
Me whisky's all gone and me six quid advance
And I think its high time for to get up and dance.

Death of Nelson

On the twenty-first of October at the rising of the sun
We formed the line of battle, and at twelve o'clock begun.
Brave Nelson to his men did say, "The Lord will prosper us this
day."
So fire the broadside, fire away, on board of a man of war."
Chorus
Let him die in peace
God Bless you all, on board of a man of war
Let him die in peace

'Twas broadside to broadside along time we did lay
Like hail stones small shot across our decks did fly,
Our rigging it was blown away besides some hundreds on that
day
Were killed or wounded in the fray, on board of a man of war.

And then our brave commander with grief he shook his head,
There's no relief, there's no relieve old Nelson he is dead
It was a fatal musket ball that caused old Nelson fall
Let him die in peace God bless you all on board of a man of war.

Aboard The Kangaroo

Once I was a waterman who lived at home at ease.
Now I am a mariner who ploughs the angry seas.
I thought I'd like seafaring life so I bid me love adieu
And I sailed away as boson's mate aboard The Kangaroo.
Chorus:
I never thought she would be false or ever prove untrue
As we sailed away from Bristol Quay on board The Kangaroo.

My love she was no foolish girl, her age it was three score
My love she was no spinster, she'd been married twice before.
You would not say it was her wealth that stole me heart away
She was starcherer at a laundry for fifteen pence a day.

Our vessel she was homeward bound from many's a foreign shore
And many's a foreign present unto my love I bore.
I brought her spice from Tenerife and teas from Timbuctoo,
A China cat, a Bombay rat, and a yellow cockatoo.

Paid off I sought her dwelling beyond the Minster down
Where an ancient crone, upon the line, was hanging out a gown.
Where is me love? She's married sir, about six months ago
To a smart young man, commander of a barge that trades in coal.

Farewell to dreams of married life, to soapsuds and the blue
Farewell to all them Bristol girls, their fickle hearts too.
I'll see some distant foreign clime, no longer will I stay
And on some Chinese Hottentot, I'll throw my life away.

Polly On the Shore

Come all ye wild young men
And a warning take by me
Never to lead your single lives astray
And into no bad company.

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As I myself have done
It being in the merry month of May
When I was pressed by a sea captain
And on board a man o'war I was sent

We sailed on the ocean so wide
And our bonny, bonny flag we let fly
Let every man stand true to his gun
For the Lord only knows who must die

Our captain was wounded full sore
Likewise all the rest of his men
Our main mast mizzen it lay scattered on the deck
So that we were obliged to give in

Our decks they were spattered with blood
And the cannon did loudly roar
Thousands of times I have wished myself at home
All along with my Polly on the shore

She's a tall and a slender girl
With a dark and a roving eye
And here I lie a bleeding on the deck
But for her sweet sake I must die

So farewell to my parents and my friends
Farewell my dear Polly too
I never would have sailed that salt sea so wide
If I had have been ruled by you

Napoleon's Dream

One night sad and languid I went to my bed
And I scarcely reclined on my pillow
When a vision surprising came into my head
I thought I was crossing the billow,
I thought as my vessel sped over the deep,
I beheld that rude rock that grows so craggy and steep
Where the willow, the willow is now seen to weep
Or the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

I thought as my vessel sped near to the land
I beheld clad in green his bold figure
With the trumpet of fame he had clasped in his hand,
On his brow there shone valor and vigor.
He said noble stranger you have ventured to me
From the land of your fathers who boast they are free
If so then a tale I will tell unto thee
'Tis concerning the once famed Napoleon

You remember the time so immortal he cried
When I crossed o'er the Alps famed in story,
When the legions of France who's sons were my pride
I marched them to honor and glory
On the fields of Marengo I tyranny hurled
Where the banners of France first to me were unfurled
As a symbol of liberty all over the world
And a symbol of fame cried Napoleon.

Like a hero I've born both the heat and the cold
I've marched to the trumpet and symbol
But by the dark deeds of treachery I now have been sold
Though monarchs before me have trembled
You princes and rulers who my station demean
Like scorpions you spit forth all your venom and spleen
But Liberty all over the world shall be seen.
As I woke from my dream cried Napoleon.

The Shellback:

Farewell your square riggers your voyaging's done
And good-bye to the days of sail,
Farewell you Cape Horners and every tall ship,
That ever defied a gale,
And good-bye to you shellbacks who rode the wind
Through a world of sea and sky,
For your roving is over yer seafaring's ended,

Yer mariners all good-bye.

Oh I am a bold seafaring man,
And I come from everywhere,
Name any a point of the compass you like,
And your bound to find me there,
I was born in a gale in the roaring forties,
Entered in the log,
Sent up aloft to the upper t'gansail
And christened in Navy grog.

All that I own are the clothes on me back
And the tools of a sailors trade,
With me fid in me palm a few needles, a spike,
And a knife with a good keen blade,
I've a bunk in the forecandle and a seat at the bench
In the galley where I gets me beer.
And a hook for to hang me old oilskins on,
What more does a shellback need.

I signed on shorthanded Yankee ships,
With skippers who knew the score,
And I sailed with the drinkers who can't navigate,
A course past the bar room door.
And I sailed with the masters, who were sailors,
And knew how to treat a man well,
But some of the others the miserable buggers,
They made me life a hell.

And I've sailed both Atlantic's and doubled both capes,
More times than I can tell,
And I fought the big seas in parish rigged barks,
I've frozen off cape farewell,
And I've cursed the calms and the doldrums
Where you swear the wind was dead,
Laid to off Cape Horn in a westerly gale,
Could blow the hair off yer head.

I've learned to go whaling way up in the north,
In the Greenland seas so strange,
I've left Lisbon astern in a northerly gale,
For a run in a northeast rage,
With the wind as me school and the seas me books
And the currents me ABC.
With the sun and the stars I've gone traveling far,
All over the raging sea.
I know all the boardinghouse masters ashore,
From Cardiff to Tokyo,
I know all the pimps and the water front crimps
From Riga to Calleo,
I've spent me advance with Rasmusen the Dane,
I've lodged at Patty West's,
I've known the slop chest for to get half me pay,
While Big Nelly she took the rest.

Farewell yer square-riggers yer voyaging's done
And good-bye to the days of sail,
Farewell you Cape Horners and every tall ship,
That ever defied a gale,
And good-bye to you shellbacks who rode the wind
Through a world of sea and sky,
For yer roving is over yer seafaring's ended,
Yer mariners all good-bye.

Banks of Newfoundland

Me bully boys from Liverpool I'll have you to beware
When you sails on a packet ship, no dungaree jacket wear.
But get you a monkey jacket all ready to your hand
And there blows some cold nor'westers off the coast of
Newfoundland

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her with holeystone and sand
And there blows some cold nor'westers off the coast of
Newfoundland

There's Michael Finch from Ballenhinch, Tim Murphy and Sam
Moore

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'Twas in the days of sixty-two them poor boy's suffered sore
They pawned their clothes in Liverpool and they didn't get no more
And there blows some cold nor'westers off the coast of Newfoundland

Our captain he stood at the folksy head and loudly he did roar,
Come look aloft me bonnie lads were bound for America's shore
So look aloft and let her in and give her all she can stand
Cause there blows some cold nor'westers off the coast of Newfoundland

And now were off the hook me boy's and the lands all covered with snow
Pretty soon our tug it comes into New York port we'll go,
Them pretty girls will come down in flocks and solemnly declare
It's snugger with me than it is at sea on the coast of Newfoundland.

Pilots of Tiger Bay

'Twas in the year o '94 and I think on March the 20th day
I thought I'd have a little cruise from the Welsh St. Home to Tiger Bay
As I roved thro old Wapping Street 'twas there I met a pretty maid
She gave me a kiss, she lifted her skirts, her legs were all in fine array.
Cho: Wack falalooral Laddy, wack falalooralalay
Wack falalooral Laddy, hurrah for the pilots of Tiger Bay.

When we set sail it was quite late, it was the hour of 10 at night
Never slacked a line or a sheet until we came to the house of Mother Wright
When I say that cozy room, I there resolved to stay next day
So I took that girl for me harbour dues, and she piloted me down to Tiger Bay.

Then in the morning when I woke, I found myself in doldrums ground
For the madam wouldn't let me go until I had spent 20 pound
Says I to myself this will never do, I'll jump this bark without delay
So I set me a course for the Well St. Home from the rocks and shoals of Tiger Bay

When I got back to the Welsh St. Home, I met my mate in the smoker there
He says, "Jack where the hell you've been? You seem to be in ballast there"

I hung my head; not a word did say and got me another ship that day
And if ever I go to London again, I'll take another cruise down Tiger Bay

So all ye fellas in this room, I've only got one word to say
Whenever you meet a pretty little girl just lead her gently by the way
There's many and ups and downs in this world and many's the girl all
down the highway
But the prettiest ones you'll ever see are the pilots down in Tiger Bay.

The Dreadnought

There's a saucy wild packet, a packet of fame,
She belongs to New York and the Dreadnought's her name,
She's bound to the westward where the wide waters flow,
Bound away to the westward in the Dreadnought we'll go!

Derry down, down, down derry down

And now we are haulin' out of Waterloo Dock'
The boys and the girls on the pierhead do flock
They'll give us three cheers while their tears freely flow,
Saying, "God bless the Dreadnought where e'er she may go!"

And now we are sailing down the wild Irish Sea,
Our passengers are many and their hearts full of glee,
Our sailors like tigers they walk to and fro,
Bound away in the Dreadnought to the westward we go.

Now the Dreadnought's a sailing' the Atlantic so wide
Where the high roaring seas roll along her backside
With her topsails set taut for the Red Cross to show
Bound away to the westward_ oh Lord let her go.

Now the Dreadnought's becalmed on the banks of Newfoundland
Where the water's so green and the bottom's all sand.
Where the fish of the ocean do swim to and fro_
Bound away in the Dreadnought to the westward we'll go.

Now the Dreadnought's arrived in New York once more,
So go ashore shipmates to the land we adore,

With wives and with sweethearts so merry we'll be
And drink to the Dreadnought where e'er she may be.

Three Score and Ten

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

Chorus:

And its three score and ten boys and men were lost from
Grimbsy town
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough, many hundreds more
were drowned
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well
They long did fight that bitter night, their battle with the swell.

Methinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind
Casting their nets into the sea, the herring shoals to find
Methinks I see them yet again, and they on board all right
With their nets hove in, their decks cleaned up and their
sidelights burning bright.

Methinks I hear the captain say, "me lads, we'll shorten sail
For the sky to all appearances looks like an approaching gale"
Methinks I see them yet again and the midnight hour was past
Their little craft a-battling there all with the icy blast.
October's night brought such a sight, 'twas never seen before
There was masts and yards and broken spars come a-driving
into shore
There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart so
brave
There was many a fine and hearty lad to find a watery grave.

Jolly Roving Tar

Ships may come and ships may go as long as the seas do
roll,
Each sailor lad just like his dad loves that flowing bowl
Each trip ashore he does adore with a girl that's plump and
round
But when yer moneys gone it's the same old song, get up jack
John sit down
Chorus
So come along, come along me jolly brave boys
There's lots of grog in the jar
We'll plow the mighty ocean with the jolly roving tar

When Jack gets in it's then he'll steer to some old boarding
house
They'll welcome him with rum and gin; they'll feed him pork
and scows,
He'll lend and spend and not offend till he lies drunk on the
floor,
But when yer moneys gone it's the same old song get up Jack
John sit down

Its then he'll steer on some old ship to India or Japan
In Asia there the ladies fair all love that sailor man,
Then on a spree he'll go ashore and by some girl a gown
But when your moneys gone it's the same old song get up jack
John sit down

When Jack gets old and weather beat too old to roam about,
It's then he'll steer to some rum shop till eight bells calls him
out,
He'll role his eyes up to the skies saying Jack your homeward
bound
But when your moneys gone it's the same old song get up Jack
John sit down

The Bold Princess Royal

On the 14th day of August we sailed from the land
On the bold "Princess Royal" bound for Newfoundland

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We had forty bright sailors for our ship's company
And proudly from the eastward to the westward sailed we.

We had not been sailing scarce days two or three
When our man from the masthead a sail he did see
She bore down upon us to see what we were
And from under her mains, red colors she wore.

"Oh God", cried our captain, "what shall we do now,
For there comes a bold pirate to rob us I know"
"Oh no", cried our first mate, "it cannot be so,
We'll spread our rig, boys, and from her we'll go"

And when this bold pirate came up alongside
Thru a loud-speaking trumpet he said "who are you"?
Our captain walked the quarterdeck and answered him so,
"We came from fair London and we're bound for Cairo."

"Then drop your courses and keep your ship still
For I've got a letter to send on by you."
"We'll drop our courses and keep our ship still
But it'll be in some harbor and not alongside of you."

He chased us to windward for all the long day
He chased us to windward three nights and a day
He chased us to windward but could not prevail
While the bold "Princess Royal" she showed him her tail.

Thank God", cries our captain, "for the pirate is done.
Bring a cask of good brandy for that, that is won
Go down to your grog boys, and be of good cheer
For as long as we sail on, bonny boys never fear.

Ranter's Wharf:

On Ranter's Wharf the sun went sailing down
Like an old square rigger bound for sea once more
And in the inkling of the evening light
I heard a small voice crying, crying on the shore.

I saw her standing by the waterside
The evening mist like the cloak she wore.
Oh Betsy Walton is my name kind sir
I'm here to see my Johnny, Johnny on the shore

My Johnny was a handsome sailor lad
I lost him in the gale of 94.
His vessel broke all on the midnight sand
And there I found him lying, lying on the shore

I watch the seasons come and go and sir,
I'm waiting still for what can I do more,
Some times I hear my Johnny calling me
When I hear the seagulls crying, crying on the shore

On Ranter's wharf the tide is changing now,
As the moon creeps through no silver girl I saw.
Oh was I dreaming or a drunken man?
As I heard the seagulls crying, crying on the shore.

Row On:

Clouds are upon the summer's sky
There's thunder in the wind
Pull on, pull on and homeward hie
Nor give one look behind.

Row on, row on another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night
À

Bear where thou goest the words of love
Say all that words can say
Changeless affection strength to prove
But speed upon the way

Like yonder river would I glide,
To where my heart should be
My bark should soon outsail the tide

That hurries to the sea.

But yet a star shines constant still
Through yonder cloudy sky
And hope as bright my bosom stills
From faith that cannot die.

Row on, row on God speed the way
I cannot linger here
Storms hang about the closing day
Tomorrow may be clear