

THE HOLDSTOCK'S "WAY OUT WEST" Page 1

ALL THE WORDS TO WAY OUT WEST

AY! SUSANA

La Susana se paseaba
en un buque de vapor,
y lloraba por su amante,
y lloraba por su amor.

AY! Susana,
no llores por mi,
porque voy a California
Ayar oro Para ti

Poco tiempo San Francisc
Poco tiempo Mazatlan,
y volveré muy rico
con dinero pa' gastar.

La Susana se paseaba
en un buque de vapor,
y lloraba por su amante,
y lloraba por su amor.

HEAVE AWAY CHEERILY O!

Oh the Wind it is free and were bound for sea
Heave away cheerily o
The lassies are waving to you and to me
As off to the South'ard we go.

Sing me lads cheer-ilye,
Heave me lads cheer-ilye
Heave away cheer-iyeh
For the gold that we prize an' for sunnier
skies,
Away to the South'ard we go

Their shouting goodbye an the girls they do cry,
So, sing up me darlins and wipe yer tears dry

They're crying', come back, my dear John an'
dear Jack,
There's water in front an' no door at the back.

But we're Johnnies bold who can work for our
gold,
An' stand a good dousin' wi' out catching cold

The gals to the South'ard are bully and fine
When we gets to Frisco we'll have a good time

They love us for money whoever we be,
But when it's all gone we are shanghai'd to sea

A John he is true to his Sal and his Sue,
So long as he's able to keep em in view

We'll heave her up bullies, an run her away,
We'll soon be a heading out on a long lay

BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND

On Jordans stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye
To Cannan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie

I am bound for the promised land
Bound for the promised land
Oh who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

On that transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight

No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore
There sickness sorrow pain and death
Are felt and feared no more

Filled with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away

AWAY, SUSANNA!

Shanghai'd in San Francisco,
We fetched up in Bombay
Set us afloat in an old lease boat
That steered like a bale of hay

Then away, You Santy,
My dear Annie
Ho, you FRISCO girls,
You love us for our money.

'Tis goodbye, Sal and Lucy, '
'Tis time we were afloat
With a straw-stuffed bed,
An' aching' head, a knife an' an oil skin coat

Sing "Time For Us To Leave Her",
Sing "Bound For The Rio Grande"
When the tug turns back,
We'll follow her track for a last look at the land

We drank our rum in Portland;
We've thrashed through the Bearing Strait
An' we toed the mark on a Yankee barque
With a hard-arse down-east mate

We panted in the tropics
Whilst the pitch boiled up on deck
We've saved out hides, bugger all besides,
From an ice-cold North Sea wreck

We know the quays of Glasgow,
An' the boom of the lone Azores
We've had our grub from a salt-horse tub,
Condemned by the Navy stores

We know the streets of Santos,
The river at Saigon
We've had our glass with a Chinese lass
In Ship Street in Hong Kong

They'll pay us off in London,
Then it's oh, for a spell ashore
Then again we'll ship for a southern trip
In a week or hardly more

An' when the purple disappears
An' only the blue is seen
That'll take our bones to Davy Jones
An' our souls to Fiddler's Green

CALIFORNIA BOY

Going to California is a dreary life
Robs young girls of their heart's delight
Causes them to weep and causes them to
mourn
The loss of a true love, never to return.

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Captain, oh Captain bring me a boat
That I might over the ocean float
I'll hail every vessel that passes me by
And there I will inquire for my California boy

Brown is the color of my true love's hair
His cheeks resemble the roses fair
If he'll come back and bring me joy
None will I ever have but my California Boy

She called for a chair to sit upon
Pen and paper to write it on
At end of line she shed a tear
At the end of every page, she cried "o my dear"

Dig my grave both wide and deep
Put marble stones at my head and feet
Upon my breast put a turtle dove
To show all the world that I died for love

OFF TO SEA ONCE MORE

I met with a gay young Frisco gal,
And me heart was not me own,
But when I kissed her goodbye at last,
My money and my watch was gone.
As I was walking down the street
The people was a shouting at me
There goes a brave young sailor-lad
He's off to sea once more.

Once more once more,
He's off to sea once more,
There goes a brave young sailor-lad
He's off to sea once more

A boarding master picked me up
His name was Shanghai Brown,
I'll tell you the truth, he wasn't too ill,
For he gave me half a crown
Look here me brave young sailor lad,

There's no more work ashore,
Take a chance with 10 quid advance
And go to sea once more

Once more once more,
And go to sea once more

Take a chance with 10 quid advance
And go to sea once more.

He shipped me aboard of a whaler
That was bound for the Arctic sea,
Where the cold winds blow, and ice and snow
Froze my toes all off'n me.
And the worse of it was I had no clothes
To keep me dry and warm,
And then I swore that when onshore,
I'd go to sea no more.

No more, no more,
I'd go to sea no more
And then I swore that when onshore,
I'd go to sea no more.

Look here me brave young sailor boys,
Take a warning by me
Steer wide of the gay young Frisco gals
And never go to sea.
Don't drink whisky, smoke no cigars,
Nor run with the girls no more.
Get married instead, spend all night in bed
And go to sea no more

No more, no more
And go to sea no more
Get married instead, spend all night in bed
and go to sea no more.

BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA

The seas they run full mountains high
Which toss us up and down
We are in the midst of dangers
For fear our ship may found

Good bye me boys good bye
No one can tell me why
I am bound for California
To reap the shining gold

But never be down hearted boys
We'll see our girls again
In spite of all our enemies
We'll plow the raging main.

We're sailing to a foreign land
Which never yet was known
We'll bring back bags of gold my boys
When we arrive at home.

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON

On a lone barren isle,
Where the wild roaring billow,
Assails the stern rock,
And the loud tempest rave,
The hero lies still,
While the dew dripping willow
Like a fond weeping mourner
Leans over the grave.
The lightning may flash,
And the loud thunders rattle,
He hears not, he hears not,
He's free from all pain,
He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Yet spirit immortal,
The tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle
That soured to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage,
And leavest behind thee
A name which before thee
No mortal has won.
Though nations may combat,
And war's thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou
Sweep o'er the plain,
Thou sleepest thy last sleep,
Thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh shade of the mighty!
Where now are the legions?
That rushed but to conquer
When thou led them on?
Alas! they have perished
in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame

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Of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound
And the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not,
They're free from all pain,
They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.
No sound can awake him to glory again.

FISHING WITH JOHN

Sometimes I grow weary
Of big city ways
Tired of the rat race
And each day's new craze
Sometimes I find myself
Lost in the maze
Not knowing what
I can believe in.
But I just heard from John;
He says I should come soon
Spend time on his trawler
While the season's full bloom
He says it's no picnic;
There's no elbow room
But it's something that he can believe in.

I might stay forever, or just for a while
I might go an inch; I might go a mile
If someone asks for me, tell them I've gone
Away to the West Coast, fishing with John.

He says we'll run north
Till the last light of day
And wait out the night
In some rain spattered bay
In the mist of the dawn
We'll be well under way
To the fishing grounds,
Spoiling for salmon.
It's a sea Gypsy's life
That each season brings
On a boat that's in tune
With the song the wind sings
With the lines set for salmon;
Her poles out like wings
She glides like a bird on the water.

For forty years John's made
The sea his first home
And all that it's served up
He's faced on his own
It's his way of life he says,
All that he's known
He'll be fishing as long
As there's salmon
So I leave in the morning
To make my way west
How long they'll be salmon
Is anyone's guess
And God only knows
How much time John has left
But he's asked me to come
Share it with him.

LIVERPOOL JUDIES

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

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
skysail set.

Here's a health to our Captain where e'er 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 it's high time for to get up and
dance.

MUIRSHEEN DURKIN

In the days I went a courting'
I was never tired resorting'
To the ale house or the play house
Or many a house besides.
I told me brother Seamus
I'd go off and go right famous
And before I'd return again
I'd roam the world wide

So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin
I'm sick and tired of working
No more I'll dig the praties,
No longer I'll be fooled
As sure as me name is Carney
I'll go off to Californie
Where instead of digging praties
I'll be digging lumps of gold.

I've courted girls in Blarney,
In Kanturk and in Killarney,
In Passage and in Queenstown,
That is the Cobh of Cork
So goodbye to all this pleasure,
For I'm going to take me leisure
And the next time you'll hear from me
Will be a letter from New York.

Goodbye to all the folks at home,
I'm sailing far across the foam
To try to make me fortune
In far Amerikay
There's gold and money plenty
For the poor and for the gentry
And when I come back again,
I never more will stray.

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THE SONG OF THE SOCKEYE

Oh hark to the song of the sockeye.
Like a siren's call of old
When it gets in your blood you can't shake it
It's worse than the fever for gold
There's a hole in the BC coastline
Rivers' inlets the place I mean
And it's there you will find the old timer
And also the fellow who's green

Oh the boats head for there like the sockeye
And some are a joy to the eye
While others are simply abortions
And ought to be left high and dry

Now they go to the different canneries
And before they can make one haul
It's three hundred bucks for nets, grub and gas
Which they hope to pay off before Fall

Then it's off to the head of the inlet
At six a clock Sunday night
But when morning comes and you've got about three
The prospects don't look, very bright

Of course there is always an alibi
To account for a very poor run
The weather is wrong, the moon's not full
Or the big tides will make the fish come.

Now along about dusk when you're stating to doze
And you think you have a good nights set
An engine will roar and you look out the door
As some farmer tows into your net

Now some of us think of the future
While others have things to forget
But most of sit here and think of a school,
Of sockeye hitting the net

And when that the season is over
And you figure out what you have made
You're better of working for wages
No matter how low you were paid

For the comforts of home are worth something
So take it from me my friend,
Frying pan grub and no head room
Will ruin your health in the end

So hark to the song of the sockeye.
Like a siren's call of old
When it gets in your blood you can't shake it
It's worse than the fever for gold

FOLLOW THE RIVERS

I've panned the American; I've worked the
Mokelumne.
I've followed the Feather; I've dredged in the
Tuolumne
There's nuggets like boulders or so I've been
told
And I'll follow the rivers a searching for gold

Lai lai lai lee lee, the rivers run free
Lai lai lai lee lee, the rivers run free
Lai lai lai lee lee the rivers run free
Down from the mountains and into the sea.

The broad Sacramento runs glossy and gliding
The crooked Consumnes runs weaving and
winding
The San Joaquin's rocky and the Yuba is cold,
And I'll follow the rivers a searching for gold

I'll work the Merced while the weather is fair,
The Stanislaus, Calaveras and maybe the Bear
I' ragged and dirty and lousy and cold,
But I'll follow the rivers a searching for gold.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER

On board the steamer homeward bound,
With joyful hearts and noiseful glee;
Good Bye, good Bye, shake hands all round,
Then travel o'er the sea

But ne'er forget those pleasant times,
The mountains high and grizzly bear,
The good old camp up in the mines,

The Mountains fresh and fair.

'Tis twelve at night the moon shines bright,
The ship glides gently o'er the waves;
The soul is filled with pure delight,
And danger boldly braves.

Tis mirth and jollity on board
The mind runs wild as home draws nigh
No cheerless look, no angry word,
As homeward bound you fly.

Good bye! good bye! to all again
The long and tedious voyage is o'er;
Good bye! good bye! the raging main,
Long may thy billows roar.

THE GOLD MINE IN THE SKY

There's a goldmine in the sky far away
We will find it you and I some sweet day

And we'll sit up there
And watch the clouds roll bye
When we find that long lost
Goldmine In the sky
Far away, far away
We will find it you and I
Some sweet day
And we'll sit up there
And watch the clouds roll bye
When we find that long lost
Goldmine In the sky

They'll be clover just for you down the line
Where the sky's are always blue, pal of mine

Take your time old mule; I know your getting
lame
But you'll pasture in the stars when we strike
that claim

There are diamonds; there is gold way up high
There are treasures there untold for you and I