

Piraten Sångbok



A swashbuckler release

Piratens Sångbok

Sjörövare och pirater har alltid lockat människors fantasi. De har kallats blodtörstiga och grymma. Men sanningen är den att lagens företrädare oftast var många gånger grymmare. Men piraterna har för många blivit havets motsvarighet till Robin Hood. Fria män som rakryggat slogs mot övermakten endast med sitt eget liv som insats.

Det har skrivits sånger om dem och de sjöng själva sånger. Flera av dessa sånger har vi samlat här. Vi har även samlat en del sånger som följer anknyttande sångtraditioner som den irländska och den burleska. Vi hoppas att ni ska få en trevlig stund när ni efter några groggar stämmer upp i sång, för det är under lagom inverkan av alkohol och i sällskap de ska sjungas. Gärna högt och stökigt.



Störtebeker

av Slime

Vor 600 Jahren ward er geboren
Ein großer Pirat zu sein
Er war stark und stolz und hatte Mut
Und er wurde ein zweiter Robin
Hood
Er beklautete die Reichen und beschenkte die Armen
Doch die Mächtigen kannten kein Erbarmen -
Und er verlor seinen Kopf

Störtebeker - Wir vergessen dich nicht
Störtebeker - Und wir trinken auf dich
Störtebeker - Du warst der beste Mann deiner Zeit
Haifisch nanntest du dein Schiff
Und es stand immer für dich bereit

Und nun singt der Linkendeeler Lied:
"Wo uns're Fahne weht
Ist es für jedes Schiff zu spät
Wir sind im Kampfe vereint,
Des lieben Gottes Freund
Und aller Welt Feind!"

Seinen Becher trank er leer in einem Zug
Dafür war er überall bekannt
Seinen letzten Becher trank er wohl
Als die Bunte Kuh ihn fand
Und sie brachten ihn nach Hamburg zurück

Das Beil stand schon bereit
Klaus und seine 150 Mann -
Vorüber war ihre Zeit

Störtebeker - Wir vergessen dich nicht
Störtebeker - Und wir trinken auf dich
Störtebeker - Du warst der beste Mann deiner Zeit
Haifisch nanntest du dein Schiff
Und es stand immer fuer dich bereit

Und nun singt der Linkendeeler Lied:
"Wo uns're Fahne weht
Ist es für jedes Schiff zu spät
Wir sind im Kampfe vereint,
Des lieben Gottes Freund
Und aller Welt Feind!"

Und nun singt der Linkendeeler Lied:
"Wo uns're Fahne weht
Ist es für jedes Schiff zu spät
Wir sind im Kampfe vereint,
Des lieben Gottes Freund
Und aller Welt Feind"



The Song From
The Pirates Of The Carribean

Also known as: Yo Ho, A pirates life for me

Written by Xavier Atencio & George Burns

Yo Ho
Yo Ho
A Pirate's Life For Me
We Pillage And Plunder And We
Rifle And Loot
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho
We Kidnap And Ravage And
Don't Give A Hoot
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho

Yo Ho
Yo Ho
A Pirate's Life For Me
We Extort We Pilfer We Filch And
Sack
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho
Maraud And Embezzle And Even
Hijack
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho

Yo Ho
Yo Ho
A Pirate's Life For Me
We Kindle And Char, Inflamm And
Ignite
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho
We Burn Up The City, We're Re-
ally A Fright
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho
We're Rascals And Scoundrels,
Villains And Knaves

Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho
We're Devils And Black Sheep,
Really Bad Eggs
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho

Yo Ho
Yo Ho
A Pirate's Life For Me
We're Beggars And Blighters
And Ne'er Do Well Cads Drink
Up Me Hearties Yo Ho
Aye But We Are Loved By Our
Mommies And Dads
Drink Up Me Hearties Yo Ho

Yo Ho
Yo Ho
A Pirate's Life For Me



Cardiff Rose

a.k.a. Jolly Roger

Written by Roger MacGuin

The sun came up over the Spanish
Sea
Our homeland far behind us
Being hunted by the king's navy
I'm sure he'll never find us

Pull away, me lads of the Cardiff
Rose and hoist the Jolly Roger

We pulled her into the leeward
wind,
And we made for the Caribbean
For thoughts of what it might have
been
Destroys a human being.
But thoughts about the Spaniard's
gold
And learning to desire it,
Could make a man so rash and
bold,
He'll soon become a pirate.

Pull away, me lads of the Cardiff
Rose and hoist the Jolly Roger

A gleam it came in our Captains
eye,
As he spied an english clipper
She looked the perfect shape and
size

"Let's go aboard and strip her".
So he fired a shot across her bow
And we eased ourselves beside
her,
With our keels as close as she'd
allow
We swung from the deck to ride
her.

Pull away, me lads of the Cardiff
Rose and hoist the Jolly Roger



So up she tumbles and starts to
twitch
And she signals for assistance.
We tightened our hold another
hitch,
We ended her resistance
It's many a day on the Spanish
Main
I've served aboard that raider,
But never did nothing more beau-
tifully,
Than the way that we belayed her

Pull away, me lads of the Cardiff
Rose and hoist the Jolly Roger

Her hold was hot as St.Elmos fire,
And her chests were filled with
treasure
We took as much as we'd require
and then took more for our lesiure
Now there's many a day on the
Spanish Main
But none I hold so dear,
As that happy day I first became
A scurvy buccaneer

Jenny, havens skräck

Sjömans-shantey med femton gästars kör av: Nationalteatern

Jag är Jenny!
(Oaa pa doo doo doo)
Jenny, havens skräck!
Jenny
(Oaa pa doo doo doo)
rysligt rå och fräck!

Jag skrämmer alla rika män
som trampar på trasiga och små
Jenny!
(Oaa pa doo doo doo)
kan du lita på!

Hon är Jenny!
(Oaa pa doo doo doo)
Jenny, havens skräck!
Jenny
(Oaa pa doo doo doo)
rysligt rå och fräck!

Hon skrämmer alla rika män
som trampar på trasiga och små
Jenny!
(Oaa pa doo doo doo)
kan du lita på!

Professional Pirate

from Muppet Treasure Island

Long John:

When I was just a lad looking for
my true vocation
My father said "Now son, this
choice deserves deliberation
Though you could be a doctor or
perhaps a financier
My boy why not consider a more
challenging career"

Pirates:

Hey ho ho
You'll cruise to foreign shores
And you'll keep your mind and
body sound
By working out of doors

Long John:

True friendship and adventure are
what we can't live without

All:

And when you're a professional
pirate

Bad Polly:

That's what the job's about

Long John:

"Upstage, lads, this is my ONLY

number!"

Now take Sir Francis Drake, the
Spanish all despise him
But to the British he's a hero and
they idolize him
It's how you look at buccaneers
that makes them bad or good
And I see us as members of a
noble brotherhood

Pirates:

Hey ho ho
We're honorable men
And before we lose our tempers
we will always count to ten

Long John:

On occasion there may be someo-
ne you have to execute

All:

But when your a professional
pirate

Morgan:

You don't have to wear a suit.....
what?

Mad Monty:

I could have been a surgeon

I like taking things apart

Bad Polly:

I could have been a lawyer
But I just had too much heart

Morgan:

I could have been in politics
Cause I've always been a big spender

Pirate:

And me...I could have been a contender

Long John:

Some say that pirates steal and should be feared and hated
I say we're victims of bad press
it's all exaggerated
We'd never stab you in the back,
we'd never lie or cheat
We're just about the nicest guys
you'd ever want to meet

Long John's speech...

All:

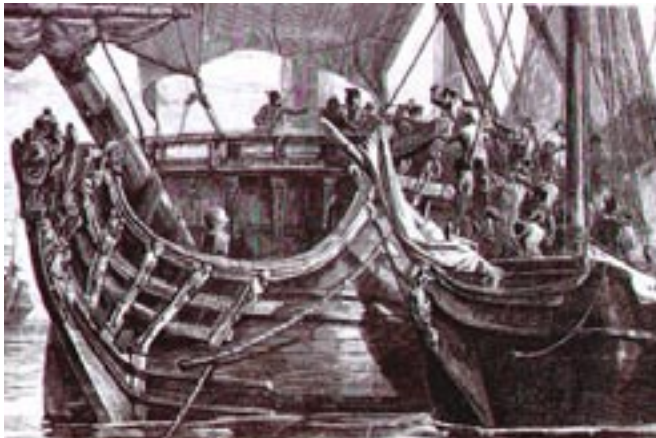
Hey ho ho
It's one for all for one
And we'll share and share alike
with you and love you like a son
We're gentlemen of fortune and
that's what we're proud to be
And when your a professional pirate

Long John:

You'll be honest brave and free
The soul of decency
You'll be loyal and fair and on the square
And most importantly

All:

When you're a professional pirate
You're always in the best of company



THE DERELIC

A.K.A FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S
CHEST (ALLISON AND WALLER)

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 rot-
ting red

And there they lay, aye, damn my
eyes

Looking up at paradise
All souls bound just contrawise
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

Fifteen men of 'em good and true
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Ev'ry man jack could ha' sailed
with Old Pew,

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest of Spa-



nish gold

With a ton of plate in the middle
hold

And the cabins riot of stuff untold,
And they lay there that took the
plum

With sightless glare and their lips
struck dumb

While we shared all by the rule of
thumb,

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through a stern-
light screen...

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Chartings undoubt where a woman
had been

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

'Twas a flimsy shift on a bunker
cot

With a dirk slit sheer through the
bosom spot

And the lace stiff dry in a purplish
blot

Oh was she wench or some shud-
derin' maid

That dared the knife and took the
blade

By God! she had stuff for a plucky

jade

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.

We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l
tight

With twice ten turns of a hawser's
bight

And we heaved 'em over and out
of sight,

With a Yo-Heave-Ho! and a fare-
you-well

And a sudden plunge in the sullen
swell

Ten fathoms deep on the road to
hell,

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!



Captain Kidd

My name is Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed

My name is Captian Kidd, as I sailed

My name is Captian Kidd, God's laws I did forbid

And most wickedly I did, as I sailed, as I sailed

Oh, my parents taught me well, as I sailed, as I sailed

My parents taught me well, as I sailed

My parents taught me well to shun the gates of Hell

But against them I rebelled, as I sailed, as I sailed



Well, I murdered William Moore, as I sailed, as I sailed

I murdered William Moore, as I sailed

I murdered William Moore and I left him in his gore

Forty leagues from shore, as I sailed, as I sailed

And being cruel still, as I sailed, as I sailed

And being cruel still, as I sailed

And being cruel still the gunner I did kill

And his precious blood did spill, as I sailed, as I sailed

Well, my repentance lasted not, as I sailed, as I sailed

My repentance lasted not, as I sailed

My repentance lasted not, my vows I soon forgot

Damnation was my lot, as I sailed, as I sailed

To execution dock I must go, I must go

To execution dock I must go

To execution dock, lay my head upon the block

And no more the laws I'll mock, as I sail, as I sail

Irish Rover

In the year of our Lord, eighteen
hundred and six
We set sail from the fair Cobh of
Cork.
We were bound far away with a
cargo of bricks
For the fine city hall of New York.

In a very fine craft, she was rigged
fore-and-aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove
her.
She had twenty-three masts and
withstood several blasts
And we called her the Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee from
the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County
Tyrone.
And a chap called McGurk who
was scared stiff of work
And a chap from West Meade cal-
led Mellone.

There was Slugger O'Toole who
was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Casey from
Dover.
There was Dooley from Claire
who was strong as a bear
And was skipper of the Irish Ro-
ver.

We had one million bales of old
billy goats' tails,
We had two million buckets of
stones.
We had three million sides of old
blind horses hides,
We had four million packets of
bones.

We had five million hogs, we had
six million dogs,
And seven million barrels of
porter.
We had eight million bags of the
best Sligo rags
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven years when
the measles broke out
And the ship lost her way in a fog.
And the whole of the crew was
reduced unto two,
'Twas myself and the captain's old
dog.

Then the ship struck a rock with a
terrible shock
And then she heeled right over,
Turned nine times around, and the
poor dog was drowned--
I'm the last of the Irish Rover.



Shiver My Timbers

FROM MUPPET TREASURE ISLAND a n d

Pirates:

Shiver my timbers, shiver my soul
Yo ho heave ho
There are men whose hearts are as
black as coal
Yo ho heave ho

Inkspots:

And they sailed their ship cross
the ocean blue
A blood-thirsty captain and a cut-
throat crew

Alligators:

It's as dark a tale as was ever told
Of the lust for treasure and the
love of gold

Pirates:

Shiver my timbers, shiver my
sides
Yo ho heave ho
There are hungers as strong as the
wind and tides
Yo ho heave ho

Possums:

And those buccaneers drowned
their sins in rum

Monkey:

The devil himself would have to
call them scum

Crabs:

Every man aboard would have killed his mate
For a bag of guineas or a piece of eight

Alligators:

A piece of eight

Octopus:

A piece of eight

Mosquitos:

Five, six, seven, eight

Stone Faces:

Hulla wacka ulla wacka something
not right
Many wicked icky things gonna
happen tonight
Hulla wacka ulla wacka sailor
man beware

Crabs:

When de money in the ground
dere's murder in de air

Totems:

Murder in de air

Stone Faces:

One more time now

Pirates:

Shiver my timbers, shiver my
bones
Yo ho heave ho
There are secrets that sleep with
old Davy Jones
Yo ho heave ho

Snakes:

When the mainsail's set and the
anchor's weighed
There's no turning back from any
course that's laid

Skulls:

And when greed and villainy sail
the sea
You can bet your boots there'll be
treachery

Pirates:

Shiver my timbers, shiver my sails
Dead men tell no tales



Barrett's Privateers

Well the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Edinburgh
now
When a Letter of Marquis sent fae
the King
To the Scummiest vessel I'd ever
seen

Chorus
God damn them all I was told,
we'd sail the seas for american
gold.
We'd fire no shots and cry no
tears.
I'm a broken man on the Halifax
pier,
The last o' Barrett's Privateers.

Twass then Sid Barret Cried the
town
How I wish I was in Edinburgh
now
For twenty men all fishermen true
would make for him the Antelope
crew

Chorus

Now the Antelope sloop was a
sickening sight
How I wish I was in Edinburgh

now
With a list to port and her sails in
rags
And the Cook & the scutters with
the staggers and jags

Chorus

On the Kings birthday we sailed
away
How I wish I was in Edinburgh
now
When a great big Yankee hove in
sight
We cracked four pounders without
a fight

Chorus

The Yankee laid lowdown with
gold

How I wish I was in Edinburgh
now
She was low and fat and loose in
stay
But to catch her took the Antelope
three whole days

Chorus

But at length we stood two cables
away

How I wish I was in Edinburgh
now

Our cracked four pounders made
an awful din

But with one fat ball the Yank
stove us in

Chorus

Well the Antelope shook and pit-
ched on her side

I wish I was in Edinburgh now
Barret was smashed like a bowl of
eggs

And the main track took away
both my legs

Chorus

So here I lie in my 25th year
I wish I was in Edinburgh now
six years ago since We sailed away
But we just made Halifax yester-
day

Chorus

I'm a broken man on Halifax peir
You'll never find a better man far
or near

I'm the last of Barrets Privateers



The Pirates' Sea-Song

Taken from the Percy Society's *Early English Poetry, Ballads and Popular Literature of the Middle Ages* (London, 1848), vol. 23, p. 21. This Song first appeared about 1570 in a comedy called *Common Conditions*

Lustely, lustely, lustely let us sail
forthe,

The winde trim doth serve us, it
blowes from the north.

All things we have ready, and
nothing we want,

To furnish our ship that rideth
hereby;

Victals and weapons thei be not-
hing skant,

Like worthie mariners ourselves
we will trie.

Lustely, lustely, lustely let us saile
forthe,

The winde trim doth serve us, it
blowed from the north.

Her flagges be new trimmed, set
flanting alofte,

Our ship for swift swimmyng, oh,
she doeth excell;

Wee feare no enemies, we have
escaped them ofte;

Of all ships that swimmeth she
beareth the bell.

Lustely, lustely etc.

And here is a maister excelleth in
skill,

And our maisters mate he is not to
seeke;

And here is a boteswaine will do
his good will,

And here is a ship boye, we never
had leeke.

Lustely, lustely etc.

If fortune then faile not, and our
next voiage prove,

Wee will returne merely and make
good cheare,

And holde all together as friends
linkt in love,

The cannes shal be filled with
wine, ale, and beere.

Lustely, lustely etc.



SCOTLAND'S DEPRAVED

Bring out the whiskey mother
I am a thirsty mother
bring out the sheeps
I'm feeling randy tonight

Bring out my little brother
He is my only lover
England might ruel the world
But Scotland's depraved

Forget about them birds and bees
bring out the chimpansees
Bring out the lard
I'm feeling kinky tonight

Bring out my little sister
God knows I've really missed her
England might rule the world
But Scotland's depraved



Svarta Malin

Povel Ramel

Det finns faror till havs, det finns
faror på land,
det finns faror i vattnet och faror
på strand.

Det finns faror i syd, det finns
faror i nord,
det finns fartyg med farliga männ-
skor ombord.

Ja, det finns farliga män, och det
finns farliga kvinns,
här är listan på dom värsta kapte-
ner som finns:

Kapten Enben och kapten Tvåben
och kapten Träben,
och kapten Modig och kapten
Blodig och kapten Frodig,
och kapten Styrbord, och kapten
Babord och kapten Kuling,
och kapten Wennblad och kapten
Fuling
och kapten Söder och kapten Wäs-
ter och kapten Öster,
och kapten Bister och kapten
Buster
och kapten Akter och kapten
Nykter,
ja, nog är det en förfärlig skock,
men sjutusen tunner värre är dock:

Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!
Salmonellahavets fasa!

Gör detsamma vart man stävar,
alla stönar, alla bävar
Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!
Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!

Jag har prejat mig till såväl mat
som dukat,
det är sjörövarns rätt genom pre-
judikat.

I mitt anletes svett har jag prejat
mig mätt,
jag har till och med prejat min
egen korvett!

Ja, jag har plundrat i väst, och jag
har plundrat i öst,
här är listan på dom jag har plund-
rat i höst:

Kapten Enben och kapten Tvåben
och kapten Träben,
och kapten Modig och kapten
Blodig och kapten Frodig,
och kapten Styrbord, och kapten
Babord och kapten Kuling,
och kapten Wennblad och kapten
Fuling
och kapten Söder och kapten Wäs-
ter och kapten Öster,
och kapten Bister och kapten
Buster
och kapten Akter och kapten
Nykter,

nu kan dom livnära sig på tång,
men vem är det som är still going
strong?

Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!
Salmonellahavets fasa!
Gör detsamma vart man stävar,
alla stönar, alla bävar
Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!
Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!

När jag nyss fyllde år och kolle-
gerna kom
för att hylla mej bjöd jag på kaviar
och rom.
Så bröt helvetet ut, det blev slags-
mål till slut,
man flög på jubilaren med värjor
och krut.
Sen jag försvarat mitt namn jag
från valplatsen smög,
här är listan på dom som låg kvar
i en hög:

Kapten Enben och kapten Tvåben
och kapten Träben,
och kapten Modig och kapten
Blodig och kapten Frodig,
och kapten Sillben och kapten
Bordsben och kapten Skenben,
och kapten Nackben och kapten
Barnsben,
och kapten Ellen och kapten Del-
len och kapten Enock,
och kapten Rånock, och kapten
Dönick,

och kapten Ryter och kapten Skri-
ker och kapten Döver,
och kapten Hjärter och löjtnant
Spader och kapten Klöver,
och kapten Svartskägg och kapten
Blåskägg och kapten Rödskägg,
och kapten Rötägg, och kapten
Lösskägg,
och kapten Orre och kapten Hur-
ring och kapten Råsop,
och kapten Erland, knappt en
tvärhand,
och kapten Kosing och kapten
Rosing och kapten Krasse,
och kapten Herman och kapten
Wedholm och Tjocka Lasse,
och kapten Svensson och kapten
Plåthorn och kapten Platen,
och kapten Nilsson - Piraten,
och kapten Prygel och kapten
Dunka och kapten Banka,
och kapten Planka, och katten
Felix, eh, Kalle Anka,
och kapten Akter och kapten
Nykter,
ja, nog var det en besvärlig fight,
men vem var det som stod rycken
all right?

Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!
Salmonellahavets fasa!
Vilken riktning jag än stävar,
alla stönar, alla bävar
Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!
Svarta Malin! Svarta Malin!



FIGHTING MEN OF CROSSMAGLEN

I'll sing a song of the bravest men
That famous fighting unit from
Armagh
They are the men of Crossmaglen
Among the bravest Ireland's ever
saw

[chorus]

In Crossmaglen the fire burns true
The patriotic flame will never die
And when you hear the battlecry
It will be those fightin men from
Crossmaglen

At night you hear bazookas roar
And armalites are heard across the
land
The I.R.A. their spirits soar
They know their reckoning is
close at hand

Those British scum, they do fear
That they'll ne'er again see their
cursed shore
Because they know they will pay
dear
The 'Ra will even Irelands bloody
score

They'll not give up untill they're
free
Till Ireland is out of England's
hands
They'll never rest untill they see
Brittannia's rule driven from our
land (tiocfaidh ar la)

SAM SONG

Gerry O'Glacain (Irish Brigade)

A song about a weapon used by the I.R.A. to defeat the Brit helicopters that attacked Republican strongholds in South Armagh.

Well I have been a Provo now for 15 years or more
with armalites and mortorbombs I thought I knew the score
But now we have a weapon, we've never used before
The Brits are looking worried - and their going to worry more!

[chorus]

Tiocfaidh Ar La, sing Up the Ra
SAM Missiles in the sky

I started off with petrol bombs and throwing bricks and stones
With a hundred more lads like me I never was alone
But soon I learned that bricks and stones won't drive the Brits away
It wasn't very long before I joined the IRA

Then there came Internment in the year of '71

The Brits thought we were beaten, that we were on the run
On that early August morning they kicked in our back door
but for every man they took away, they missed a hundred more

I spent eight years in the cages, I had time to think and plan
for though they locked away a boy, I walked out a man
and there's only one thing that I learned while in their cell I lay
the Brits will never leave us, until they're blown away!

All through the days of hunger strike I watched my comrades die
while in the streets of Belfast you could hear the women cry
I can't forget the massacre that Friday at Loughgall
I salute my fallen comrades, as I watch the choppers fall

Go On Some

[chorus]

Go on home British soldiers, go on home.

Have you got no fuckin' homes of your own ?

For eight hundred years we've fought you without fear

And we will fight you for eight hundred more.

Leave us be British soldiers leave us be.

We're fed up with yer lies and tyranny

For it's now your turn to run, cause its us that have the guns
So take a trip and leave us while you may.

If you stay British soldiers, if you stay

You will never ever beat the IRA
The fourteen men in Derry are the last that you will bury
Go on home and leave us while you may.

No, we're not British, we're not Saxon, we're not English
We're Irish! and proud we are to be.

So fuck your union jack we want our country back

We want to see old Ireland free once more.

Well we're fighting British soldiers for the cause

We'll never bow to soldiers because

Throughout our history we were born to be free

So get out British bastards, leave us be.



Come Out Ye Black And Tans

I was born in a Dublin street
where the loyal drums do beat
And the loving English feet they
tramped all over us
And each day and every night
when my father comes home tight
He'd invite the neighbours outside
with this chorus

[chorus]

Oh come out ye Black and Tans,
come out and fight me like a man
Show your wives how you won
medals down in Flanders
Tell them how the IRA made you
run like hell away
From the green and lovely lanes in
Killeshandra

Come let me hear you tell how
you've slung the brave Parnell
When you thought him well and
truly persecuted
Where are your sneers and jeers
that you loudly let us hear
When our heroes of '16 were
executed

Alan Larkin and O'Brian held you
strong and called you swine
Robert Emmett who you hung and
drew and quartered
High upon the scaffold high, how
you butchered Henry Joy
And the Croppy Boys of Wexford
you did slaughter

Oh let me hear you slew them
poor Arabs two by two
Like the Zulus they had spears and
bows and arrows
How you bravely faced each one
with your sixteen-pounder gun
And you've frightened them poor
natives to their marrows

Well the day is closing fast and the
time will soon be past
When each dawning will be cast
aside afore us
And if I be in need then me kids
will say godspeed
With a bar or two of Stephen
Behan's chorus

Take It Down From The Mast

[chorus]

Take it down from the mast, Irish
traitors,
It's the flag we republicans claim,
It can never belong to free staters,
For you've brought on it nothing
but shame.

Why not leave it to those who are
willing,
To uphold it in war and in peace,
To the men who intend to do
killing,
Until England's tyrannies cease.

We'll stand by Davy and Larkin
By the Provisionals and
Sutherland the bold
And we'll break down the English
connections
And we'll win back the nation you
stole.

You sold out the six counties for
your freedom

When we have given you
McCracken and Wolfe Tone
And the Ulstermen have fought
for you in Dublin
Now you watch as we fight on
alone.

And up in Ulster we're fighting on
for freedom

For our people they yearn to be
free

You executed those men who
fought for us

With a hangman from over the
sea.

You have murdered our brave
Liam and Rory,

You've slaughtered young Richard
and Joe,

Your hands with their blood is still
gory,

Fulfilling the work of the foe.



Albertina

Där byggdes ett skepp uti Norden,
Albertina, så var det skeppets
namn. Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara, Albertina,
ingen fara,
Albertina, så var det skeppets
namn. Pumpa läns!

Den skutan är allaredan målad,
hon är målad i rött och gredelint.
Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

Ja, Albertina, hon är nu redan
lastad,

ja, hon är lastad med öl och brän-
nevin. Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

På böljorna gungar Albertina,
ja, hon gungar uppå böljorna de
blå. Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

Den skutan har allaredan strandat,
hon har strandat ibland bränningar
och skär. Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

Dess gravskrift är allaredan skri-
ven,
den är skriven på förgyllande latin.
Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

På stranden står flickan och gråter,
ja, hon gråter för lilla vännen sin.
Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

Men nu så är Albertina bärgad,
hon är bärgad ibland bränningar
och skär. Pumpa läns!
Albertina, må så vara...

Barnacle Bill

”| :Who’s that knocking at my door? :|
Who’s that knocking at my door?”
Said the fair young maiden.
It’s only me from over the sea,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
My ass is tight, my temper’s raw,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I’m so wound up I’m afraid to stop,
I’m looking for meat or I’m going to pop,
A rag, a bone with a cherry on top,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

2. |: I’ll come down and let you in, :|
I’ll come down and let you in,
Said the fair young maiden.
Well, hurry before I bust the door,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor
I’m hard to windward and hard a-lee,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
I’ve newly come upon the shore,
And this is what I’m looking for,
A jade, a maid, or even a whore,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

3. |: Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks, :|

Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,
Said the fair young maiden.
I’m dirty and lousy and full of fleas,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor
I’ll stick my mast in whom I please,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor
My flowing whiskers give me class,
The sea horses ate them instead of grass,
If they hurt your cheeks, they’ll tickle your ass,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

4. |: Tell me that we’ll soon be wed :|
Tell me that we’ll soon be wed
Said the fair young maiden.
You foolish girl, it’s nothing but sport,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor
I’ve got me a wife in every port,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor
Off I go on another tack
To give some other fair maid a crack,
But keep it oiled till I come back,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Alternative Version

:| Who's that knocking at my door? :|

Who's that knocking at my door?
Said the fair young maiden
It's only me from over the sea,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
I'm all lit up like a Christmas tree,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
I've sailed the seas until I'm broke,
I drink and swear and gamble and smoke,
But I can't swim a bloody stroke,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

2. |: Are you young and handsome, sir? :|

Are you young and handsome, sir?
Said the fair young maiden.
I'm old and rough and ready and tough,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
I never can get drunk enough,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
I drinks my whisley when I can
Drinks it from an old tin pan,
For whiskey is the life of man,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

3. |: I'll come down and let you in, :|

I'll come down and let you in,
Said the fair young maiden.
Well hurry before I break the door,

Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
I'll rip and rave and rant and roar,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor,
I'll eat your cakes and I'll eat your pies,
I'll spin ye yarns and I'll tell ye lies,
I'll kiss your lips and I'll black your eyes,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

4. |: Tell me when we'll meet again, :|

Tell me when we'll meet again,
Said the fair young maiden.
Never again, we'll meet no more,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
Tonite I'm sailing from this shore,
Says Barnacle Bill the sailor.
And if you wait here till Kingdom Come,
Sittin' and waitin' and suckin' yer thumb,
You'll be waiting here till the day of yer doom,
Says Barnacle Bill the Sailor.



MAIDS, WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG, NEVER WED AN OLD MAN

An old man came courting me,
high-do-oh-darrity
An old man came courting me, me
being young
An old man came courting me,
then he proposed to me
Maids, when you're young, never
wed an old man.

Chorus:
For he had no feloorum, fol-didd-
le, fol-doorum
He had no feloorum, fol-diddle,
fol-dee
He had no feloorum, he lost his
ding-doorum
So maids, when you're young,
never wed an old man.

When we went to the church,
high-do-oh-darrity
When we went to the church, me
being young
When we went to the church, he
lay there in the lurch
Maids, when you're young, never
wed an old man.

Chorus

When we went into bed, high-do-
oh-darrity

When we went into bed, me being
young
When we went into bed, he lay
there as if he were dead
Maids, when you're young, never
wed an old man.

Chorus

I put my leg over him, high-do-oh-
darrity
I put my leg over him, me being
young
I put my leg over him, damn ne-
arly smothered him
Maids, when you're young, never
wed an old man.

Chorus

When he was fast asleep, high-do-
oh-darrity
When he was fast asleep, me be-
ing young
When he was fast asleep, out of
bed I did creep
Into the arms of a handsome
young man.

Oh he had feloorum, etc.

Leave Her, Johnny

I thought I heard the skipper say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
To-morrow you will get your pay,
It's time for us to leave her.

The work was hard, the voyage
was long,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
The seas were high, the gales were
strong,
It's time for us to leave her.

The food was bad, the wages low,

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
But now ashore again we'll go,
It's time for us to leave her.

The sails are furled, our work is
done,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
And now on shore we'll have our
fun,
It's time for us to leave her.

HAUL AWAY JOE

Louis was the king of France

Before the revolut-i-on
Away, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe

But then he got his head chopped
off

Which spoiled his constitut-i-on
Away, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe

(To me) way, haul away
We'll heave and hang together

Away, haul away, we'll haul
away Joe

Once I was in Ireland

Digging turf and pratties
And now I'm on a Yankee ship
Hauling on sheets and braces

Now when I was a little boy

And so me mother told me
That if I didn't kiss the girls
Me lips would all grow mouldy

Way haul away

We'll haul away the bowline
Way, haul away
The packet is a-rollin'

THE RIO GRANDE

O say was you ever in Rio Grande?

Way, you Rio

It's there that the river runs down
golden sand

For we're bound to the Rio
Grande

And away, boys, away

Way, you Rio

Sing fare you well my pretty
young girls

For we're bound to the Rio
Grande

Oh, New York town is no place
for me

I'll pack up my bag and go out to
sea

So it's pack up your donkey and
get under way

The girls we are leaving can take
our half pay

We'll sell our salt cod for molasses
and rum

And get home again 'fore Thanksgiving
has come

Sing good bye to Nellie and good
bye to Sue

And you who are listening, good
bye to you

And good-bye, fare you well, all
you ladies of town

We've left you enough for to buy
a silk gown

Now you Bowery ladies we'd
have you to know

We're bound to the south'ard, O
Lord, let us go!

Our good ship's a-going out over
the bar

And we'll point her nose for the
South-er-on Star

Oh say was you ever in Rio
Grande?

Oh was you ever on that strand?

South Australia

In South Australia I was born
To me heave away, haul away
In South Australia round Cape
Horn

We're bound for South Australia
Haul away you rolling kings
To me heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy
Blair

I shook her up and I shook her
down

I shook her round and round the
town

I run her all night and I run her all
day

And I run her until we sailed away

There ain't but one thing grieves
me mind

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

And as we wallop around Cape
Horn

You'll wish to God you'd never
been born

In South Australia my native land

Full of rocks and thieves and fleas
and sand

I wish I was on Australia's strand

With a bottle of whiskey in my
hand



High Barbary

There were two lofty ships
From old England came
Blow high, blow low
And so sail we
One was the Prince of Luther
The other Prince of Wales
All a-cruisin' down the coast
Of High Barbary

"Aloft there, aloft there"

Our jolly bosun cried
"Look ahead, look astern,
Look to weather an' a-lee"

"There's naught upon the stern, sir

There's naught upon our lee
But there's a lofty ship to wind'ard
An' she's sailin' fast and free"

"Oh hail her, oh hail her"

Our gallant captain cried
"Are you a man-o-war
Or a privateer?" cried he

"Oh, I'm not a man-o-war

Nor privateer," said he

"But I am salt sea pirate
All a-looking for me fee"

For Broadside, for broadside

A long time we lay
'Til at last the Prince of Luther
Shot the pirate's mast away

"Oh quarter, oh quarter"

Those pirates they did cry
But the quarter that we gave them
Was we sank 'em in the sea



ALL FOR ME GROG

CHORUS: And it's all for me
grog. me jolly, jolly grog
All for my beer and tobacco
Well, I spent all me tin with the
lasses drinkin' gin
Far across the Western Ocean I
must wander

Where is me shirt, me noggin',
noggin' shirt
It's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see the sleeves were all worn
out and the collar been torn about
And the tail was lookin' out for
better weather

CHORUS

Where are me boots, me noggin',
noggin' boots
They're all sold for beer and
tobacco
See the soles they were thin and
the uppers were lettin' in
And the heels were lookin' out for
better weather

CHORUS

Where is me bed, me noggin',
noggin' bed
It's all sold for beer and tobacco
You see I sold it to the girls until
the springs were all in twirls
And the sheets they're lookin' out
for better weather

CHORUS

I'm sick in the head and I haven't
been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me
plunder
I've seen centipedes and snakes
and me head is full of aches
And I have to take a path for way
out yonder

ALT CHORUS: 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.

SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

As I went home on Monday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a horse outside the door,
where my old horse should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that horse outside the
door,
where my old horse should be?

Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see.
That's a lovely sow that my mot-
her sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've trave-
led, a hundred miles or more,
but a saddle on a sow, sure, I never
saw before.

As I went home on Tuesday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a coat behind the door,
where my old coat should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that coat behind the
door,
where my old coat should be?

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see.
That's a woolen blanket that my

mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've trave-
led, a hundred miles or more,
but buttons on a blanket, sure, I
never saw before.

As I went home on Wednesday
night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a pipe upon the chair,
where my old pipe should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that pipe upon the chair
where my old pipe should be.

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see.
That's a lovely tin-whistle, that
my mother sent to me.
Well, it's many a day I've trave-
led, a hundred miles or more,
but tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I
never saw before.

As I came home on Thursday
nigh,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw two boots beside the bed,
where my old boots should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns them boots beside the
bed

where my old boots should be.

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see.
They're two lovely flower pots my
mother sent to me.

Well, it's many a day I've travel-
led, a hundred miles or more,
but laces in flower pots I never
saw before.

As I came home on Friday night,
as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a head upon the bed,
where my old head should be.
I called my wife and I said to her:
Will you kindly tell to me,
who owns that head upon the bed,
where my old head should be.

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see.
That's a baby boy, that my mother
sent to me.

Well, it's many a day I've travel-
led, a hundred miles or more,
but a baby boy with his whiskers
on, sure, I never saw before.

As I came home on a Saturday
night,
as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a thing inside my wife,
where my old thing should be.

I called to my wife and I said to
her:

Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that thing inside of
thee,
where my old thing should be?

Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk,
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see
That's the cucumber that me mot-
her sent to me.

Well, it's many a day I've travel-
led a hundred miles or more,
but a cucumber with a man at-
tached, I never saw before.

As I came home on Sunday night,
a little after three
I saw man coming out the door
with his pants about his knees
I called my wife and I said to her:
Would ya kindly tell to me,
who was that man coming out
the door with the pants about his
knees?

Oh you're drunk, you're drunk,
you silly old fool,
still you cannot see,
That's the taxcollector that the
Queen has sent to me.

Well, it's many a day I've travel-
led, a hundred miles or more,
But an englishman that could last
til three I never saw before.

Blow the Man Down

Come all ye young fellows that
follows the sea

To me, way hey, blow the man
down

Now please pay attention and
listen to me

Give me some time to blow the
man down

I'm a deep water sailor just come
from Hong Kong

You give me some whiskey, I'll
sing you a song

When a trim Black Ball liner's
preparing for sea

On a trim Black Ball liner I was-
ted me prime

When a trim Black Ball liner pre-
paring for sea

You'll split your sides laughing
such sights you would see

There's tinkers and tailors, sho-
emakers and all

They're all shipped for sailors
aboard the Black Ball

When a big Black Ball liner's a-
leaving her dock

The boys and the girls on the pier-
head do flock

Now, when the big liner, she's
clear of land

Our bosun he roars out the word
of command

Come quickly, lay aft to the break
of the poop

Or I'll help you along with the toe
of me boot

Pay attention to orders, now, you
one and all

For see high above there flies the
Black Ball

'Tis larboard and starboard, on
deck you will sprawl

For kicking Jack Rogers com-
mands the Black Ball



Det här är en Swashbuckler release.
Kolla även in vår MusikCD med Piratsånger
och Shanties.
Finns hos en distro nära dig...