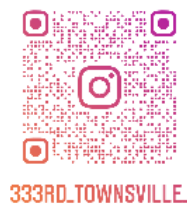
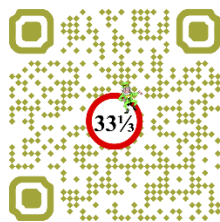




NAFA 2025 Song Book



333RD.TOWNSVILLE



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Botany Bay

Farewell to old England for ever
Farewell to my rum culls as well
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey
Where I used for to cut such a swell

CHORUS

Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ay
Singing too-ral li-ooral li-ad-dity
We're bound for Botany Bay

There's the Captain as is our commander
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew
There's the first and the second-class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through

CHORUS

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove
I'd soar on my pinions so high
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love
And in her sweet presence I'd die

CHORUS

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses
Take warning from what I've to say
Mind all is your own as you touchesses
Or you'll join us in Botany Bay

CHORUS x 2

Fiddler's Green

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt water and take the sea air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh, take me away boys my time is not long

CHORUS:

*Wrap me up in me oilskins and jumper
no more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old ship mates I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green*

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I hear tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

CHORUS

Where the skies are all clear and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with one swish on their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

CHORUS

When you get to the docks and the long trip is through
There's pub and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

CHORUS

Now I don't want a harp or a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing us a song

CHORUS x 2

Heave Away

Come get your duds in order 'cuz we're bound to cross the water

Heave away, me jollies heave away

Come get your duds in order 'cuz we're bound to leave tomorrow

Heave away, me jolly boys we're all bound away

Chorus

Sometimes we're bound for Liverpool, sometimes we're bound for Spain

Heave away, me jollies heave away

But now we're bound for old St. John's where all the girls are dancing

Heave away, me jolly boys we're all bound away

I wrote me love a letter, I was on the Jenny Lind

Heave away, me jollies heave away

I wrote me love a letter and I signed it with a ring

Heave away, me jolly boys we're all bound away

Chorus

So it's farewell Nancy darling 'cuz it's now I'm gonna leave ya,

Heave away, me jollies heave away

You promised that you'd marry me but how you did deceive me

Heave away, me jolly boys we're all bound away

Chorus x 2

Blow the man down

Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea,
to me way haye, blow the man down,
And pray pay attention and listen to me,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus

Blow the man down bullies blow the man down
to me way haye, blow the man down,
Blow him right back into Liverpool town
Give me some time to blow the man down.

I'm a deep water sailor just in from Hong Kong,
to me way haye, blow the man down,
if you'll give me some grog, I'll sing you a song,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus

'Twas on a Black Baller I first served my time,
to me way haye, blow the man down,
And on that Black Baller I wasted my prime,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus

'Tis when a Black Baller's preparing for sea
to me way haye, blow the man down,
You'd split your sides laughing at the sites that you see.
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus

With the tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all
to me way haye, blow the man down,
That ship for prime seaman on board a Black Ball.
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus

'Tis when a Black Baller is clear of the land,
to me way haye, blow the man down,
Our Boatswain then gives us the word of command
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Chorus X 2

The Last Shanty

Well, me father often told me when I was just a lad:
a sailor's life was very hard; the food was always bad.
But now I've joined the Navy, I'm aboard a man-o-war,
and now I find a sailor ain't a sailor anymore.

*Don't haul on the rope, don't climb up the mast,
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last.
Just get your civvies ready for another run-ashore,
a sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor anymore.*

Well, the killick of our mess, he says we had it soft,
it wasn't like that in his day when he was up aloft.
We like our bunks and sleeping bags but what's a hammock for?
Swinging from the deckhead, or lying on the floor?

Chorus

Well, they gave us an engine that first went up and down,
then with more technology the engine went around.
We know our steam and diesels but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel anymore.

Chorus

They gave us an Aldiss Lamp, so we could do it right,
they gave us a radio; we signalled day and night.
We know our codes and cyphers but what's a 'sema' for?
A bunting-tosser doesn't toss the bunting anymore.

Chorus

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot,
and now we've got an extra one because they stopped The Tot.
So, we'll put on our civvy-clothes, find a pub ashore.
A sailor's just a sailor just like he was before.

Chorus X 2

Being a pirate

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses an eye
It hurts like it blazes, it makes you pull faces, but you can't let your mates see you cry
A fancy black patch will cover the hatch, making sure that the socket stays dry
Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses an eye

Chorus

It's all part of being a pirate (a pirate, a pirate!)

You can't be a pirate with all of your parts

It's all part of being a pirate (a pirate, a pirate!)

You can't be a pirate with all of your parts

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses an ear
Blood drips down your neck, it falls on the deck, and somebody says ay, what's this 'ere?
You can't wear your glasses, you don't pull the lasses, and folks have to shout so you'll hear
Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses an ear

Chorus

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a hand
It spurts and it squirts, it jolly well hurts! Pain only a pirate can stand
The fashionable look is a nice metal hook, but now you can't play in the band
Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a hand

Chorus

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a leg
It hurts like the dickens, your pace never quickens, hobbling around on a peg
Ask your sweetheart to marry, but too long you've tarried, 'cause now you can't kneel down
and beg
Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a leg

Chorus

Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a whatsit
Use it and choose it, but you don't wanna lose it, let's hope somebody spots it
The doc comes along, he sews it back on, he ties it up tight and he knots it
Being a pirate is all fun and games, 'til somebody loses a whatsit

Chorus X 2

Excursion Around the Bay

Well it was on this Monday morning, the day be calm and fine
 To the Harbour Grace excursion, with the boys to have a time
 And just before the sailor took the gangway from the pier
 I saw some fellow haul me wife aboard as a volunteer

*Oh me, oh my, I heard me old wife cry
 Oh me, oh my, I think I'm gonna die!
 Oh me, oh my, I heard me old wife say,
 "I wish I'd never taken this excursion around the bay" (HEY!!)*

We had full three hundred souls aboard, oh what a splendid sight!
 Matt Strong in regimentals to make our spirits bright
 And meself being in the double, with the funny things they'd say
 And they'd choke themselves from laughing when they'd see us in the bay

Chorus

Now me wife she got no better, she turned a sickly green
 I fed her cake and candy, fat pork and kerosene
 Castor-oil and sugar of candy, I rubbed pure oil on her face
 And they said she'll be a dandy when we reaches Harbour Grace!

Chorus

My wife she got no better, my wife me darling dear
 The screeches from her throat you could hear in Carbonear
 I tried every place in Harbour Grace, tried every store and shop,
 To get her something for a cure or take her to the hop

Chorus

She died below the Brandies as we were coming back
 We buried her in the ocean, wrapped up in a Union Jack
 So now I am a single man, in search of a pretty face
 And the woman who says she'll have me, sure I'm off for Harbour Grace!

Chorus X 2

Haul away Joe

When I was a little boy my mother told me, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I did not kiss the girls, my lips would all grow moldy, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Chorus –

Way haul away, we'll haul away together, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Me first girl was a Yankee and she was fat and lazy, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Me next girl she was Irish, she nearly drove me crazy, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Chorus

Louis was the king of France until the revolution, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

And then he got his head cut off, it spoiled his constitution, to me

Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Chorus

Way haul away, the good ship now is rolling, 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

Chorus X 2

Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of the ship was the Billy of Tea
The winds blew up, and her bow dipped down
Blow, my bully boys, blow (huh)

Chorus

*Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go*

Da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da

She'd not been two weeks from the shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (huh)

Chorus

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low (huh)

Chorus

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of greed
He belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow (huh)

Chorus

For forty days or even more
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go (huh)

Chorus

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all (huh)

Chorus x 2