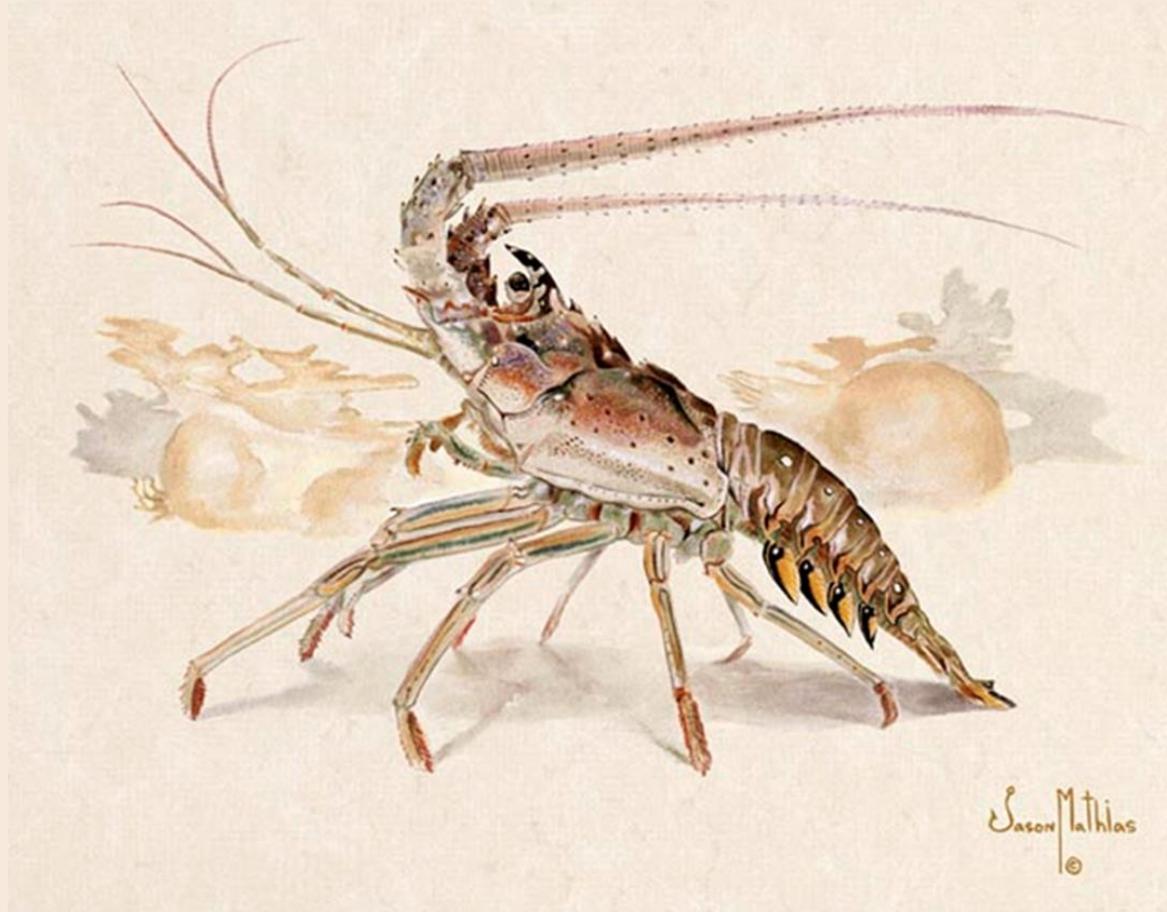


# The Anchormen Songbook



[@theanchormenwa](https://www.facebook.com/theanchormenwa)

*Fancy a shanty?*



# Eliza Lee

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The smartest clipper you can find is,

**Ho way, ho, are you 'most done?**

She's the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line!

**Clear away the track and let the bullgine run!**

**To me hey rig-a-jig in a jaunting gun,**

**Ho way, ho, are you 'most done?**

**With Liza Lee all on my knee,**

**Clear away the track and let the bullgine run!**

# Strike the Bell

---

**Strike the bell, second mate,  
let's go below,  
Look out to wind'ard you can  
see it's gonna blow.  
Look at the glass you can see  
that it has fell,  
We wish that you would hurry  
up and strike, strike the bell.**





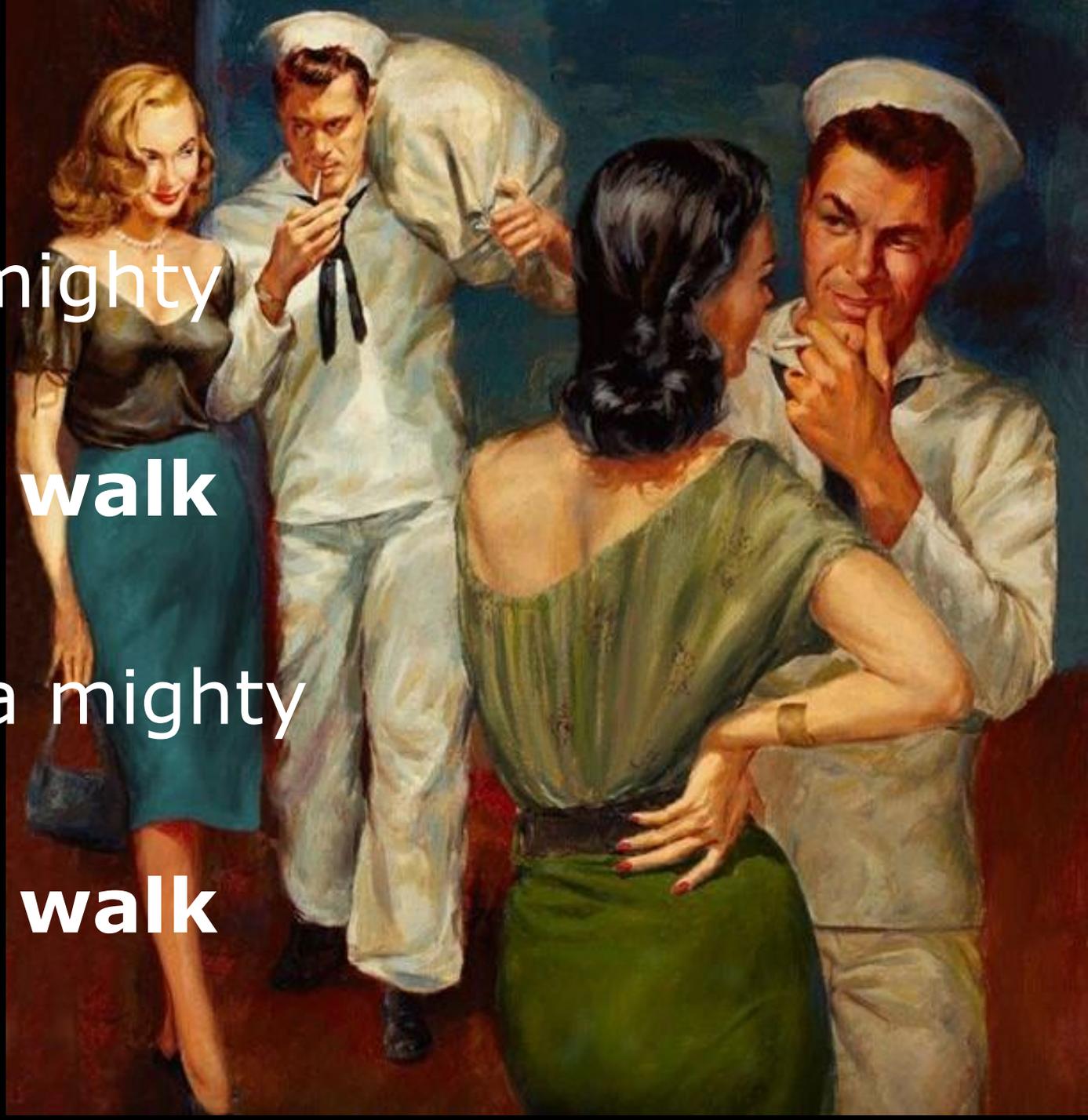
## Johnson Girls

The Johnson girls is a mighty  
fine girls,

**Walk around, honey, walk  
around**

Them Johnson Girls is a mighty  
fine girls

**Walk around, honey, walk  
around**





# Boys of Kellybegs

---



There are wild and rocky hills  
on the coast of Donegal  
and their fisherman are hearty brave and free  
and the big Atlantic Swell  
is a thing they know right well  
as they fight to take a living from the sea

**With a pleasant rolling sea  
and the herring running free  
and the fleet all riding gently thru the  
foam**

**When the boats are loaded down  
there'll be singing in the town  
when the boys of Killybegs  
come rolling home**

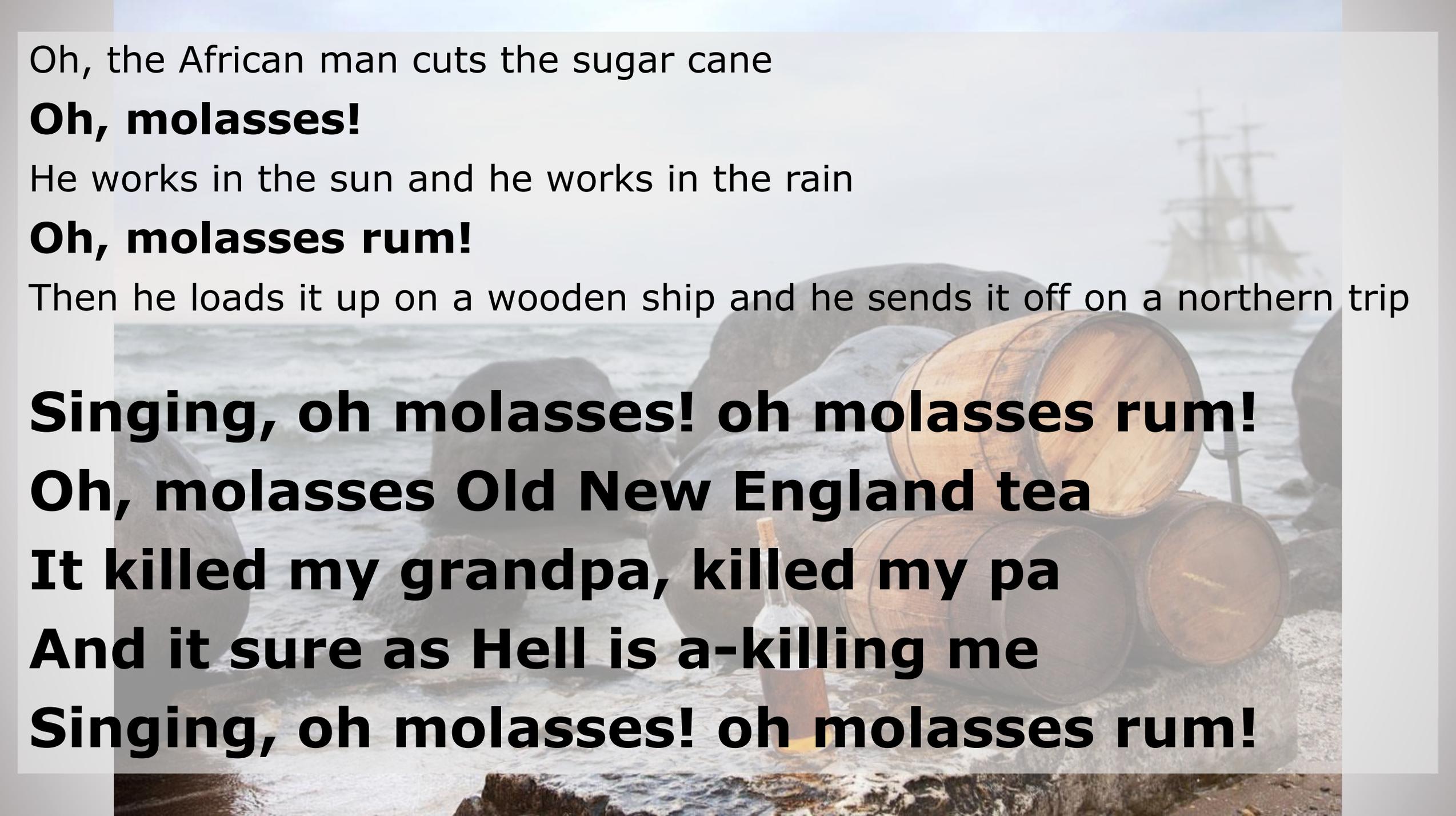


OTHER VERSES:

Two verses then a chorus

# Oh, Molasses!





Oh, the African man cuts the sugar cane

**Oh, molasses!**

He works in the sun and he works in the rain

**Oh, molasses rum!**

Then he loads it up on a wooden ship and he sends it off on a northern trip

**Singing, oh molasses! oh molasses rum!**

**Oh, molasses Old New England tea**

**It killed my grandpa, killed my pa**

**And it sure as Hell is a-killing me**

**Singing, oh molasses! oh molasses rum!**



# New York Girls

As I walked down the Broadway  
One evenin' in July  
I met a maid who asked me trade  
And a sailor John says I.

**And it's away, you Santee  
My dear Annie  
O, you New York Girls  
Can't you dance the Polka?**

—

# God Moves on the Water

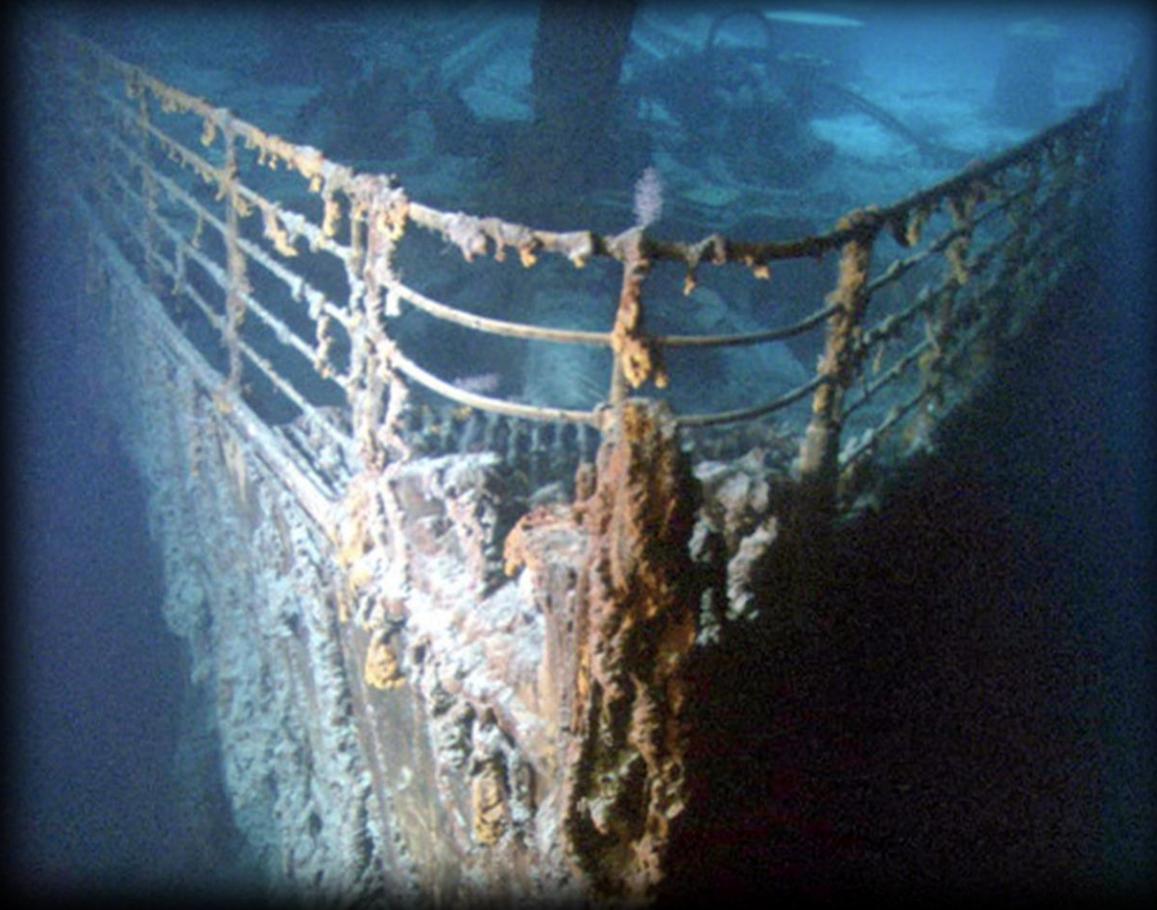
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**God moves on the water,  
April the fourteenth day  
God moves on the water,  
Everybody going to run and pray**

When the Titanic left Southampton,  
Everyone was bold and gay  
But when they struck that iceberg,  
Well I know that their minds were changed

**God moves on the water,  
April the fourteenth day  
God moves on the water,  
Everybody going to run and pray**



# My Son John



**Timmy roo dun da, fadda riddle da**  
**Whack fo' the riddle Timmy roo dun da**

My son John was tall and slim  
And he'd a leg for ev'ry limb  
**But now he's got no legs at all**  
**For he ran a race with a cannon ball**

**Timmy roo dun da, fadda riddle da**  
**Whack fo' the riddle Timmy roo dun da**

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind  
When ya left your two fine legs behind  
**Or was it sailin' on the sea**  
**Wore your two fine legs right down to the knee**

**Chorus**

I was not drunk, I was not blind  
When I left my two fine legs behind  
**Nor was it sailin' on the sea**  
**Wore my two fine legs right down to the knee**

**Chorus**

Each foreign war I'll now denounce  
'tween the King of England and the King of  
France

**For I'd rather my legs as they used to be**  
**Than the king of Spain and his whole navy**

**Chorus**

I was tall and I was slim  
And I'd a leg for ev'ry limb  
**But now I've got no legs at all**  
**They were both shot away by a cannon  
ball**

**Chorus**

**I was tall and I was slim**  
**And I'd a leg for ev'ry limb**  
**But now I've got no legs at all**  
**They done come off on a cannon ball**

**Chorus x 2 (Second time slowly)**



# Whip Jamboree!

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The background image shows a coastal landscape. In the foreground, there are large, reddish-brown rocks. In the middle ground, a green, grassy cliffside rises, featuring a white lighthouse with a lantern room on top. A winding path or road is visible on the cliffside. The sky is a hazy, light brownish-orange color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall scene is misty and atmospheric.

Well now my lads be of good cheer  
For the Irish Coast will soon draw near  
In a few days more we'll sight Cape Clear  
Jinny keep your ring-tail warm!

**Whip jamboree, whip jamboree  
John, take in your slack!  
Man, sheet it home behind!  
Whip jamboree, whip jamboree!  
Jinny keep your ring-tail warm!**



Pass around the  
grog

---

Pass around the grog, me  
boys, and never mind the  
score,

Drink the good old liquor  
down and then we'll call for  
more

**For 'tis he who will not  
merry, merry be; shall  
never taste of joy,**

**See, see the cape's in view  
and forward my brave  
boys.**







# Drunken Sailer

---



**What shall we do with a drunken sailor?  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?  
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?  
Earlie in the morning?**

**Way-hay, up she rises  
Way-hay, up she rises  
Way-hay, up she rises  
Early in the morning**

