

## **Here's a Health to the Company**

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme  
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine  
Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain  
For we may or might never all meet here again

*Chorus:*

*Here's a health to the company and one to my lass  
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass  
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain  
For we may or might never all meet here again*

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well  
For her style and her beauty sure none can excel  
There's a smile on her countenance as she sits on my knee  
There is no man in this wide world as happy as me

Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock  
I wish her safe landing without any shock  
And if ever I should meet you by land or by sea  
I will always remember your kindness to me

## **John Kanaka**

I heard, I heard the old man say

*John Kanaka-naka tu-lai-ay!*

Today, today is a holiday

*John Kanaka-naka tu-lai-ay!*

*Tu-lai-ay, Oh! tu-lai-ay!*

*John Kanaka-naka tu-lai-ay!*

We'll work tomorrow but no work today,

For today, today is a holiday

We're outward bound from London town,

Where all the girlies they come down

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay,

We're bound away at the break of day

We're bound away around Cape Horn,

Where we'll wish to God we'd never been born!

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away,

Oh haul away and make your pay

*Tu-lai-ay, Oh! Tu-lai ay!*

*John Kanaka-naka tu-lai-ay!*

## Saucy Sailor

Come my own one, come my fair one,  
Come now unto me,  
Could you fancy a poor sailor lad  
Who has just come from sea.

You are ragged love, you are dirty love,  
And your clothes smell much of tar,  
So be gone you saucy sailor lad,  
So be gone you Jack Tar.

If I am ragged love and I am dirty love,  
And my clothes smell much of tar,  
I have silver in my pocket love  
And gold in great store.

And then when she heard him say so  
On her bended knees she fell,  
I will marry my dear Henry  
For I love a sailor lad so well.

Do you think that I am foolish love,  
Do you think that I am mad,  
For to wed with a poor country girl  
Where no fortune's to be had?

I will cross the briny ocean,  
I will whistle and sing,  
And since you have refused the offer love  
Some other girl shall wear the ring.

I am frolicsome, I am easy,  
Good tempered and free,  
And I don't give a single pin my boys  
What the world thinks of me.

No I don't give a single pin my boys  
What the world thinks of me.

## Spanish Ladies

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,  
For we're under orders for to sail for old England,  
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

*Chorus:*

*We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors,  
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,  
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England,  
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty five leagues.*

We hove our ship to, with the wind from south west boys,  
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take,  
'Twas forty five fathoms with a white sandy bottom,  
So we squared our main yard and up channel did make.

The first land we sighted was call'd the Deadman,  
Next Ram Head off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight,  
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairly and Dover  
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

The signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,  
And all in the Downs that night for to lie,  
Then stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank painters,  
Haul up your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly.

Now let every man drink off his full bumper,  
And let every man drink off his full bowl,  
We'll sing and be jolly and drown melancholy,  
And here's to the health of each true hearted soul.

(Earliest text found in the log book of the Nellie, 1769)