

Randy Dandy O

Verse

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way, hay, roll 'n go

Out boots and our clothes boys
are all in the pawn

To be rollicking Randy Dandy O

Chorus

Heave a pawl and heave away

Way, hay, roll 'n go

The anchor's on board
and the cables all stored

To be rollicking Randy Dandy O

Soon we'll be warping her
out through the locks

Where the pretty young girls
all come down in their flocks

Come breast the bars bullies
and heave her away

Soon we'll be rolling her
down through the bay

Heave away, bullies,
ye parish-rigged bums

Take yer hands from yer pockets
and don't suck yer thumbs

Roust 'er up, bullies,
the wind's drawing free
Let's get the gladrags on
and head out to sea

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay
Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way!

South Australia

Verse

In South Australia I was born,

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

Chorus

Haul away you rolling king,

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing,

We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair'

T'was there I met Miss Nancy Blair

There's just one thing that's on my mind

That's leaving Nancy Blair behind

And as we wallop round Cape Horn

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

In South Australia I was born

In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn

Song of the Volga Boatmen

Ey, ukh-nem, Ey, ukh-nem,

Ye-scho Ra-zik, Ye-scho d'raz

Mae pa be-re-zkhu id-yom,

Pe-snyu Sol-ny-shku pa-yom

Ai-da da ai-da, Ai-da da ai-da,

Pe-snyu Sol-ny-shku pa-yom

Leave Her Johnny

1. I thought I heard the old man say
Leave her Johnny leave her
You can go ashore and get your pay
And it's time for us to leave her

Chorus

Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her

2. Well the work is hard and the wages low
I believe it's time for us to go
3. Well the winds blew foul and waves ran high
She shipped in green and none went by
4. I thought I heard the boson say
Just one more pull and then belay

Eliza Lee

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 an' let the bullgine run!

Chorus

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 an' let the bullgine run!
O, we're outward bound for the West Street Pier
With Galway shale and Liverpool beer
Ah, and when we're out in New York Town
We'll dance them Bowery girls around!
Oh! the Margaret Evans of the Blue Star Line
She's never a day behind her time!
O, and when we're back in Liverpool town
We'll stand ya's whiskeys all around!
Oh, one more pull and that will do!
For we're the boys to kick her through!

Nelson's Blood

1. Well a drop of Nelson's blood
wouldn't do us any harm (3)

Chorus

And we'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
We'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind

Verses (repeat three times)

2. Well we'll be all right
if the wind would fill our sails
3. Well we'll be alright
if we make it round the horn
4. Well a drop of a Clancy's Best
wouldn't do us any harm
5. Well we'll be alright
when the skippers in his bed
6. Well a night of shanty singing
wouldn't do us any harm

Mravaljamier

Mra-val-ja-mi-er
Mra-val-ja-mi-er
Ja-mi-er
Mra-val-ja-mi-er

Gmer-tma-i-ne-bos, i-ne-bos
Tkve-ni-si-tso-tskhle

16 Tons

(Oooooooooo)

Now some people say a man's made out of mud
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, skin and bone
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

**You load sixteen tons and what d'ya get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't y'call me 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
Ooooooooooooo**

I was born one mornin' when the Sun didn't shine
I picked up me shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss hollered "well damn my soul"

**You load sixteen tons and what d'ya get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't y'call me 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
Ooooooooooooo**

Now when you see me comin' better step aside
Another man didn't and another man died
I've got a fist of iron and a fist of steel
If the right one don't get yer then the left one will

**You load sixteen tons and what d'ya get
Another day older and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't y'call me 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store
Ooooooooooooo**

Bonnie Boat

(Intro)

Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmmmmmm
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yoooooh
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmmmmmm
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yo-o-oh
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yoooooh
Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Mmm bah, Yo-o-oh

Two Scottish bastards were
leaving from the port today
They were taciturn as ever,
though they never had naught to say
Ask them for a smoke or a joke
and they're bound to say
"Who the fook are you"
as they go on their merry way singin'

(Chorus)

**Sail the bonnie boat, the bonnie boat,
the bloody bonnie, bonnie boat (x 4)**

Two Scottish bastards
and a dignified Englishmen
Three wee willy Welshman
and fourteen pissed Irishmen
Went on a mission of sedition
against the bloody government
Came home in time for tea time
and made a bee line for the bloody Guinness tent

Chorus + Intro

Two Scottish bastards
were leaving from the glen today
Whistling a rendition
of the "Old Road to Mandalay"
So abso-bloody-lutely
and completely pissed were they
They didn't even notice
when the bagpipes began to play
Chorus x 2

Working On the Van

Hey now you better listen to me everyone of you
We got a lotta, lotta, lotta, lotta work to do
Forget about the trips abroad that you had planned
Today were working on the van

Oh- wo-wo Oh Oh Wo
B-b-wo Wo Wo Wo (etc)

Well pick up your feet
We've got a deadline to meet
I'm gonna see you make it on time
Don't relax
I want elbows and backs
I want to see everybody from behind

(Chorus)

'Cause we're working on the van,
working on the caravan
We gotta make it expand,
that's why we're working on the van

To-ow-wo Tow Tow Tow
T-t-tow Tow Tow Tow (etc)

So I'm jackin' it up and I'm tyin' bits down
I'm towin' this monster over all kinds of ground
I put a spare on the left, it takes me all night
I want to burn it but it wouldn't be right

'Cos I'm drivin' with my van, drivin' with my van
Gonna bandage my hand, after drivin' with my van

Ow-ow-ow Ow! Ow Ow!
Ow-ow-ow Ow Ow! Ow (etc)

Well my wife and daughter, they use all water
And there's always something down the toilet line
Cost of petrol's so high can't afford to buy
Essentials like beer and wine

So I drive all day, there's nowhere to stay
But I'm just biding my time
'Cause the quarantine and the border, you see
They're both gonna open on time

Yah I'm gonna sell the van, gonna sell the caravan
Just as fast as I can, yeah I'm gonna sell the van
No more working on the van, not working on the van
I'll fly to Afghanistan instead of working on the van

Sloop John B The Beach Boys

We come on the Sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

Chorus

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I want to go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come
and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone,
(yeah yeah)
Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home

Chorus

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he
ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus

The Auld Triangle

A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing
In my prison cell
**And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

To begin the morning
The screw was bawling
"Get up ya bowsie
and clean up your cell!"
**And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

Now the screw was peeping
As the lag lay sleeping
Dreaming about his girl Sal
**And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

In the female prison
There are seventy five women
And there with them
I'd like to dwell
**Then that auld triangle
Could go jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
All along the banks of the Royal Canal**

The Greenland Whale Fisheries

In eighteen hundred and thirty-six
On June the thirteenth day
Our gallant ship, her anchor weighed...
**And for Greenland bore away, brave boys
And for Greenland bore away**

The lookout up in the cross brace
A spyglass in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale
There's a bloody great whale...
**And she blows at every span, brave boys
And she blows at every span**

The captain stood on the quarter deck
A fine wee man was he
Overhaul, overhaul!
Let your davit tackles fall...
**And launch your boats to sea, brave boys
And launch your boats to sea**

The harpoon struck and the line ran out
But the whale gave a flurry with her tail
Our boat capsized and we lost four men...
**And we never catched that whale, brave boys
And we never catched that whale**

The losing of those four fine men
It grieved the captain sore
But the losing of that bloody great whale...
**Well it grieved him ten times more brave boys
Well it grieved him ten times more**

Now Greenland is a terrible place,
It's a place that's never green
Where there's ice and snow,
and the whalefishes blow...
**And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen**

Rise

[Eddie Vedder]

Guitar Intro

Such is the way of the world
You can never know
Just where to put all your faith
And how will it grow?

Gonna rise up
Burning black holes in dark
memories
Gonna rise up
Turning mistakes into gold

Guitar

Such is the passage of time
Too fast to fold
Suddenly swallowed by signs
Low and behold

Gonna rise up
Find my direction magnetically
Gonna rise up
Throw down my ace in the hole

The Wild Mountain Thyme

O the summer time is comin'
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie go?

Chorus:

**And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie go?**

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And round it I will pile
All the wild flowers o' the mountain
Will ye go Lassie go?

(chorus)

I will range through the wilds
And the deep glen sae dreamy
And return wi' their spoils
Tae the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go Lassie go?

(chorus)

If my true love she is gone
Then I'll surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go Lassie go?

Repeat (chorus)

ShedSong Mosman Park Sheet 7

Love! I call your name © Jack Josephowitz arr Kavisha

Am F C G Am

lead melody
ALTO

Love! Amore
Love! Amore
love I call your name
io chiam' il tuo bel nome

C G Dm G C

And in your Joy I will re-main I call your name
nel-la tua gio-ia resterò - o bella - more

Soprano harmonies

Love amore Love amore
love I call your name
io chiam' il tuo bel nome

And in your joy I will re-main I call your name
nel-la tua gio-ia res-terò - o bella - more

Tenor harmonies

Love! Amore Love! Amore
love I call your name
io chiam' il tuo bel nome

and in your joy I will re-main I call your name.



nella tua gioia resterò Or bell' a more.....

Love I Call Your Name

Amore, Amore

io chaim' il tuo bel nome

Nel-la tua gio-ia re-stero

O bell' amore

Love! Love!

Love I call your name

And in your joy I will remain

I call your name

Anderson's Coast - John Warner

Now Bass Strait roars like some giant mill race
And where are you, my Annie
But the same moon shines on this barren place
As once did shine on my Annie's face

CHORUS

**But Annie dear, don't wait for me
I fear I'll not return again to thee
There's naught to do but endure my fate
And watch the moon, the lonely moon
Light the breakers out on wild Bass Strait**

We stole a ship and all her gear
And where are you, my Annie
And from Van Diemen's north did steer
'Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here

CHORUS

And to our west Port Melbourne lies
And where are you, my Annie
Through swamps infested
with snakes and flies
The man who walks there surely dies

We hail no ships, though the time it drags
And where are you, my Annie
For our chain gang walk
and our government rags
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags

CHORUS

We fled the lash and the chafing chain
And where are you, my Annie
We fled hard labour and brutal pain
And here we are and here remain

CHORUS

Mingulay Boat Song

Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys
Swing her head round, and all together
Heel ya ho, boys; let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we now white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Swing her head round ev'ry inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Swing her head round, and all together
Heel ya ho, boys; let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting by the quayside
They've been waiting since break of day-o
Swing her head round and we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Swing her head round, and all together
Heel ya ho, boys; let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

When the wind is wild with shouting
And the waves mount ever higher
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward
To see us home, boys, to Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Swing her head round, and all together
Heel ya ho, boys; let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

ShedSong Mosman Park Sheet 10

AT THE SHED Jim Lightfoot

Verse 1

We're your partner away from home
So you never need to feel alone
The shed is here for one and all
We're a community of likeminded souls

Verse 2

We're here for each other,
we're here for you
It makes no odds what
you can and cannot do
Learn new skills
from those who know how
There's no better time
to start than now

Chorus

**So - cut some steel, drill a hole
Weld a joint, turn a bowl
Dock some wood, sand it down
v1 Chat with a mate or stand around
v2 Agree with a mate or stand your ground
Bang a nail, turn a screw
Be part of everything we do
Use your hands or use your head
Just come and join us at the shed**

Verse 3

Music, photo's, cars, boats and bees
All the dust will prob'ly make you sneeze
Smoko's at ten, tall stories then
There are plenty of laughs
at the Shed

Verse 4

Try your hand at almost anything
A couple of the blokes can even sing
So if you bang your thumb
in B flat you should hum
'Cos we like to get a tune up at the shed

Chorus

Verse 5

We've got Doctors, Judges,
Farmers and a Priest
Pilots, Tradies, Civil Engineers
Accountants by the score,
a Banker and many more
We've even got a Sailor at the Shed

Verse 6 - spoken

You know we'd like your company –
just as you are
You can work on your bike (*ring ring*)
You can work on your car (*toot toot*)
So much you can do here,
it's like a family outing (*minus the kids*)
You can even join the choir - and -
PRACTICE YOUR SHOUTING

Ending

Mozzy Park Shed, Mozzy Park Shed
Help is on hand is what I said
Mozzy Park Shed, Mozzy Park Shed -
It's too late to join.....
When you're dead!

And When they Dance Roy Abbott

I play in a band, I've played all around,
From Perth in the west to old Melbourne Town,
But one thing delights me each time I look down
It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

Chorus

And when they dance
their dresses spin round,
They travel so light that they
scarce touch the ground,
And the smiles on their faces
would win any crowd
The lasses who dance 'til the morning.

I've played for the gentry I've played for them all,
From the old bush hut to the debutante's ball,
But one thing unites them the great and the small
It's the lasses who dance 'til the morning.

Chorus

And when the dance ends and they all
leave the floor
Their legs are so weary tired and sore
But who are the ones that keep yellin' for more?
It's the lasses who dance till the morning.

Chorus

So, long may I travel and far may I roam
Around this big country we call our home
Playing for people that I'll never know
And the lasses who dance till the morning.

Chorus

Catalpa Brendan Woods

A noble whale ship and commander
Called the Catalpa, they say
Came out to Western Australia
And took six poor Fenians away

Chorus

**So come all you screw warders and jailers
Remember Perth regatta day
Take care of the rest of your Fenians
Or the Yankees will steal them away**

Seven long years had they served here
And seven long more had to stay
For defending their country Old Ireland
For that they were banished away

You kept them in Western Australia
Till their hair began to turn grey
When a Yank from the States of America
Came out here and stole them away

Chorus

Now all the Perth boats were a-racing
And making short tacks for the spot
But the Yankee she tacked into Fremantle
And took the best prize of the lot

The Georgette armed with bold warriors
Went out the poor Yanks to arrest
But she hoisted her star-spangled banner
Saying you'll not board me I guess

Chorus

So remember those six Fenians colonial
And sing o'er these few verses with skill
And remember the Yankee that stole them
And the home that they left on the hill

Now they've landed safe in America
And there will be able to cry
Hoist up the green flag and shamrock
Hurrah for old Ireland we'll die

Chorus