

Sea Shanty Medley

BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE

Oh, say now, this town,
It is no place for me.
Away, Rio!
I'll pack up my bags,
And I'll ship out to sea,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

And it's away, sailors, away!
Away, Rio!
And it's fare you well
My young heart's desire,
We are bound for the Rio Grande.

STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,
One morning last July.
From a bothrin Green came sweet Colleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a charming elf, I shook myself
To be sure I was really there.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
from Galway to Dublin Town,
No maid I've seen like that sweet Colleen,
She's the star of the County Down!

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea.
To me, way hey, blow the man down!
I'll trust that you'll join in the chorus with me,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down.
To me, way hey, blow the man down!
Blow him right back, boys, to Liverpool Town,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

Heel you ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Bring her head round into the weather.
Heel you ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing home to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting by the pierhead,
Gazing seaward from the heather.
Bring her round, boys, then we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

SANTIANA

Santiana gained a day,
Heave away, Santiana.
"Napoleon of the West" they say,
All along the plains of Mexico, wup!

Heave her up, and away we'll go,
Away, Santiana.
Heave her up, and away we'll go,
All along the plains of Mexico.

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THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN
Celtic Folksong
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BLOW THE MAN DOWN
Traditional Sea Shanty
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MINGULAY BOAT SONG
Words and Music by Sir Hugh S. Robertson
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SANTIANA
Traditional
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WELLERMAN
New Zealand Folksong
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LEAVE HER, JOHNNY
Traditional Sea Shanty
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LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL
Irish Sea Shanty
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THE IRISH ROVER
Traditional Irish Folk Song
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TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY
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WELLERMAN

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

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

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

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY

I thought I heard the old man say,
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
Tomorrow you will get your pay
And it's time for us to leave her.

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."

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Oh, the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish that I could remain.
For I know it will be a long, long time
Before I see you again.

So, fare thee well my own true love,
When I return, united we will be.
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.

THE IRISH ROVER

On the fourth of July, eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork.
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the Grand City Hall in New York.

'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft,
Oh, how the wild winds drove her.
She stood several blasts, she had twenty-seven masts,
And they called her the Irish Rover!

10,000 MILES AWAY

Sing ho for a brave and a gallant ship
And a fast and favouring breeze
With a bully crew and a Captain too
To carry me over the seas.

To carry me over the seas, me boys,
to me true love far away.
I'm taking a trip on a government ship
ten thousand miles away.

Then blow, ye winds, high ho,
And a roving I will go.
I'll stay no more on England's shore
To hear sweet music play.
I'm off on the bounding main,
And I won't be back again.
I'm on the move to me own true love
Ten thousand miles away,
I'm on the move to me own true love
Ten thousand miles away.
Hey!