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Banks of Sacramento

Chords: C F C G7 C G7

5 A bull - y ship and a bull - y - crew, Doo - da! Doo - da! A

Ukulele tablature: 0 3 3 0 3 3 | 0 3 0 | 0 2 | 0 2 0

Chords: C F C G7 C

5 bull - y mate and a cap - tain, too, Doo - da! Doo - da - day! Then

Ukulele tablature: 3 3 0 3 3 | 0 3 0 | 2 1 0 2 | 0 0

Chords: F C

9 blow, ye winds, hi - oh, for Cal - i - forn - i - o, there's

Ukulele tablature: 0 0 0 3 | 3 3 | 0 0 3 0 | 3 3

Chords: C F C G7 C

13 plent-y of gold, so I've been told, on the banks of Sac - ra - men - to!

Ukulele tablature: 3 3 3 0 3 | 0 3 0 0 0 | 2 1 0 0 2 | 0

- Oh, heave, my lads, oh heave and sing, oh, heave and make those oak sticks sing.
- Our money gone, we shipped to go, around Cape Horn, through ice and snow.
- Oh, around the Horn with a mainskys'I set around Cape Horn and we're all wringin' wet.
- Around Cape Horn in the month of May, with storm winds blowing every day.
- It was in the year eighteen forty-nine, it was in the year eighteen forty-nine.

Chord diagrams for C, F, and G7.

C: 0 0 0 3

F: 1 2 3 4

G7: 2 3 2 0



Bound for the Rio Grande

1 **F** **C** **F**

Oh, say were you e - ver in Ri - o Grande? Way - o,

0 1 1 1 0 0 0 3 1 3 1 3 0

4 **Bb** **C** **Bb** **F**

Ri - o! Oh, say you were e - ver in Ri - o Grande and we're

5 3 3 5 8 5 8 6 5 1 3 1 0 1 0

7 **C** **F** *Chorus* **C** **F**

bound for the Ri - o Grande. Then a - way, haul a way!

0 1 0 3 1 3 1 1 3 0 3 1 3 1

11 **F** **Bb** **C**

Way - o Ri - o! So fare thee well my

3 3 0 5 3 3 5 8 5 8 6 0

14 **Bb** **F** **C** **F**

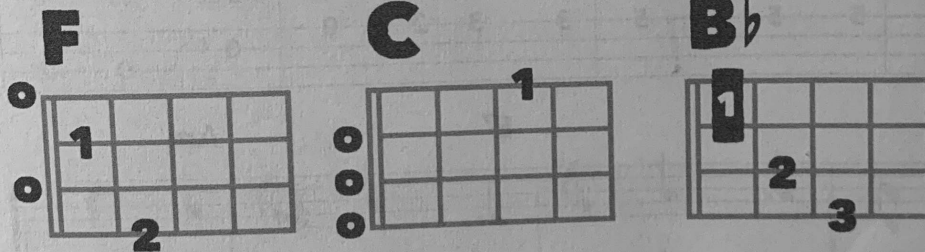
pret - ty young gals and we're bound for the Ri - o Grande!

1 3 1 0 1 3 0 1 0 3 1 3 1



Bound for the Rio Grande

2. So it's pack up your sea-chest an' get underway,
the girls we are leavin' can have our half-pay.
3. Our ship went sailin' over the bar,
we've pointed her bow to the southern stars.
4. You Liverpool judies, we'll have you to know,
we're bound to the south'ard and glad for to go.
5. We're a Liverpool ship & a Liverpool crew,
you can stick to the coast but I'm damned if we do!
6. Goodbye to Ellen & Molly & Sue,
you park lane judies, it's goodbye to you.



Bully in the Alley

chorus: So, help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley...

...*Way, hey, bully in the alley!*

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley...

...*Bully down in shinbone al!*

Repeat chorus

I. Oh, Sally is the girl that I love dearly...

Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly...*chorus*

II. For seven long years I courted Sally...

But all she did was dilly-dally...*chorus*

III. I bought her silks, I bought her laces...

I took her out to all of the places...*chorus*

IV. So, I'll leave Sal and I'll be a sailor...

I'll leave Sal and ship aboard a whaler...*chorus*

V. When I come home, I'll marry Sally...

We'll have kids and count 'em by the tally...*chorus*

Outro: Repeat chorus, ritardando on final line



Ick Heff Mol En Hamburg En Veermaster Sehn.txt

C F C G
Ick heff mol en Hamburg en Veermaster sehn, to my hoo-day, to my hooday,
C F C G C
de Masten so scheev as den Schipper sien Been, to my hooday, hooday ho - ho ho
ho
C C7 F C F C
|: Blow, boys, blow for Californio, there's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
Am Em G C
on the banks of Sacramento. :|

Dat Logis weer vull Wanzen, de Kombues weer full Dreck,
de Beschueten, de leupen von suelven all weg. Blow, boys, blow ...

Dat Soltfleisch weer groen, und de Speck weer vull Maden,
un Koem gev dat blots an Weihnachtsabend .. Blow, boys, blow ...

Und wulln wi mol seiln, ick segg dat ja nur,
denn loep he dree voerut und veer wedder retur ... Blow, boys, blow ...

As dat Schipp, so waer ok de Kaptain,
de Lued fuer dat Schipp waern ok blots schangheit ... Blow, boys, blow ...

=====
English translation from Plattdeutsch:

In Hamburg I have once seen a four-mast ship,
the masts so crooked as the sailor's legs.
The quarters were full of bugs, the galley was full of garbage,
the ship's biscuit walked away all by itself.
The salted meat was green, and the ham full of maggots,
and brandy only available on Christmas evening.
And when you went sailing, I am telling you,
the ship went forward three miles and then back four.
Like the ship, so was the captain, all the same.
And the crew had been kidnapped and forced on board.

John Kanaka

I. I thought I heard the ol' man say, **John Kanaka naka, tura yay!** ^{G7 C}

Today, today, it's a holiday! **John Kanaka naka, tura yay!** ^{G7 C}

chorus: (slower tempo) Tura yay, oh, tura yay, ^{F C}

(regular tempo) **John Kanaka naka, tura yay!** ^{G7 C}

II. We're ^Coutward bound from Frisco Bay...

We're outward bound at the break of day... *chorus*

III. We're ^Coutward bound around Cape Horn...

We're outward bound tomorrow morn... *chorus*

IV. And ^Cwhen you wallop around Cape Horn...

You wish to God that you'd never been born... *chorus*

V. Oh, ^Chaul, oh, haul, oh, haul away...

Oh, haul away and make your pay... *chorus*

Repeat first verse and chorus.

outro: SLOWWWLLLLLY repeat chorus.



from Two Years Before the Mast, by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., 1836

"A considerable trade has been carried on for several years between California and the Sandwich Islands, and most of the vessels are manned with Islanders; who, as they, for the most part, sign no articles, leave whenever they choose, and let themselves out to cure hides at San Diego, and to supply the places of the men of the American vessels while on the coast. In this way, quite a colony of them had become settled at San Diego, as their headquarters.... They spoke a little English, and by a sort of compromise, a mixed language was used on the beach, which could be understood by all. The long name of Sandwich Islanders is dropped, and they are called by the whites, all over the Pacific ocean, "Kanakas," from a word in their own language which they apply to themselves, and to all South Sea Islanders."

Leave Her Johnny

C
Oh the times was hard and the wages low

G
Leave her Johnny leave her

F
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow

C
And it's time for us to leave her

[Chorus]

G
Leave her Johnny leave her

F
Oh leave her Johnny leave her

C
For the voyage is done and the winds do blow

C
And it's time for us to leave her

C
I thought I heard the Old Man say

G
Leave her Johnny leave her

F
You can go ashore and take your pay

C
And it's time for us to leave her

[Chorus]

G
Leave her Johnny leave her

F
Oh leave her Johnny leave her

C
For the voyage is done and the winds do blow

C
And it's time for us to leave her

C
Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long

G
Leave her Johnny leave her

F
The winds was bad and the gales was strong

C
And it's time for us to leave her

F C F C
 For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

C C G C
 And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim
 G C
 Leave her Johnny leave her

F C
 And heave the hungry packet in
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

[Chorus]

G C
 Leave her Johnny leave her
 F C
 Oh leave her Johnny leave her
 F C F C
 For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

C C G C
 Oh leave her Johnny leave her with a grin
 G C
 Leave her Johnny leave her
 F C
 For there's many a worser we've sailed in
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

[Chorus]

G C
 Leave her Johnny leave her
 F C
 Oh leave her Johnny leave her
 F C F C
 For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

C C G C
 And now it's time to say goodbye
 G C
 Leave her Johnny leave her
 F C
 For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

G C
 Leave her Johnny leave her
 F C
 Oh leave her Johnny leave her
 F C F C
 For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
 C G C
 And it's time for us to leave her

simple
chords

Oh, Shenandoah



I. Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

II. Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter.

Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

III. Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away, you rolling river.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.

Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

IV. Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, you rolling river.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you.

Away, I'm bound away, cross the wide Missouri.

capo I

Pay Me My Money Down

I. I thought I heard the captain say,

Pay me my money down!

Tomorrow is our sailing day,

Pay me my money down!



Chorus: Oh, pay me, pay me, pay me my money

down! Pay me or go to jail, pay me my

money down!

II. Soon as the boat had cleared the bar...

The captain knocked me down with a spar... (chorus)

III. If I'd been a rich man's son...

I'd sit on the river and watch it run... (chorus)

IV. I wish that I was Mr. Gates...

They'd haul my money in, in crates... (chorus)

V. Well, forty nights, nights at sea...

Captain worked every dollar out of me... (chorus)

Roll the Old Chariot Along

I. Oh, we'd be alright if the wind was in our sails! Oh, we'd
 be alright if the wind was in our sails! Oh, we'd be alright if
 the wind was in our sails!

And we'll all hang on behind!

chorus {
 And we'll ro-o-oll, the old, chariot along!
 We'll ro-o-oll, the old, chariot along!
 We'll ro-o-oll, the old, chariot along!
 And we'll all hang on behind!



Verses 3 times
 each: Dm, C, Dm
 then up

II. Oh, we'd be alright if we make it 'round the horn!

III. Well, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm!

IV. Oh, a nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm!

V. Well, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm!

VI. And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm!

VII. Well, a night on the town wouldn't do us any harm!

VIII. And another pint of ale wouldn't do us any harm!

IX. Oh, a long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm!

X. And a(n) ukulele jam wouldn't do us any harm!

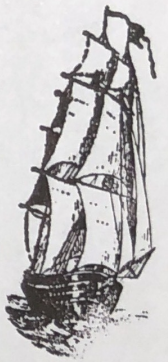
3 times then up

Sailor's Hornpipe

I. Oh, a sailor's life is a life for me. How I love to
sail on the bounding sea. And I never, never ever do
a thing about the weather, for the weather never ever
does a thing for me.

II. Oh, a sailor's life is a life for me. How I love to
sail on the bounding sea. If you want to sail a ship
like mine and be a sailor all the time, then learn to
do The Sailor's Hornpipe just like me.

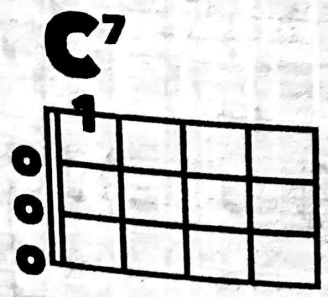
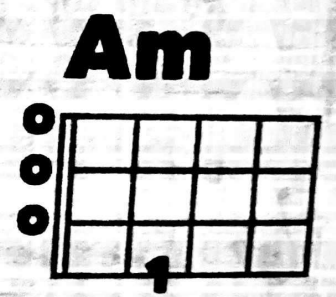
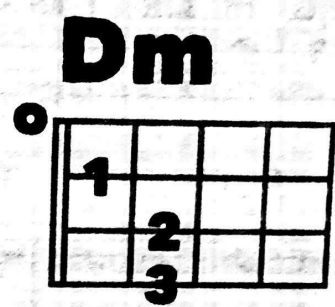
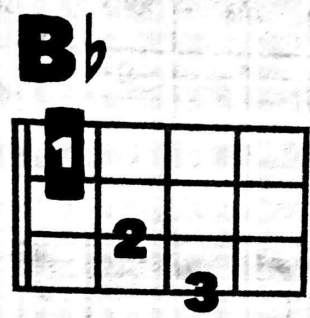
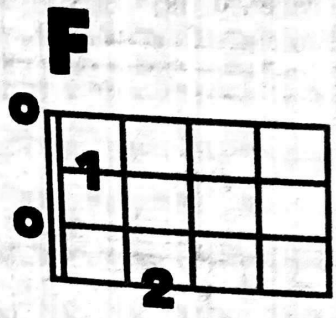
III. And I love the wind a'blowin' as we leave the
quay, 'til we round the jetty and we let the sail blow
free. 'Cause I always had the notion for a life upon
the ocean. Dance the Hornpipe to the motion of the
rolling sea.



Shenandoah

2. Oh Shenandoah,
I love your daughter,
away, you rolling river.
For her I'd cross,
your roaming waters,
away, I'm bound away,
'cross the wide Missouri.

3. 'Tis seven years,
since last I've seen you,
away, you rolling river.
'Tis seven years,
since last I've seen you,
away, we're bound away,
'cross the wide Missouri.





Shenandoah

F

Oh Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you. A -

0 1 1 1 1 3 0 3 3 0 0 8 7

Bb **F** **Bb**

way you rol - ling riv - er, oh Shen - an - doah,

5 5 8 5 8 5 8 8 3 5 5 5

F **C7** **F** **F** **Dm**

I long to see you. A - way, I'm bound a -

5 0 3 0 3 1 1 3 0 0 1 0 5

Am **F** **Bb** **C7** **F**

way a cross the wide Mis - sour - i.

3 3 1 0 0 0 0 3 3 1 1



The coast of High Barbaree

Am E7 Am

There were two lof - ty ships from old Eng - land came,

0 0 0 0 2 3 5 3 2 3 2 0

5 E7 F E7

high! Blow low! And so sailed we, on

0 0 0 7 7 0 0 2 3 5 7 7 3

9 Am G F E7

was the Prince o' Lu - ther an' the oth - er Prince 'o Wales, all a

7 7 3 7 5 5 2 5 3 3 2 0 0 2

13 Am E7 Am

cruis - in' down the coasts of the High Barb - a - ree!

0 0 3 2 0 0 3 0 0 4 0



The coast of High Barbaree

2. „Look ahead, look astern,
look a-weather and a-lee,
blow high, blow low,
and so say we;
„Aloft there at the masthead
Just see what you can see,
cruising down along the coast
of the High Barbaree.
3. „There's nought upon the stern,
there's nought upon the lee,
blow high, blow low, and so say we;
„But there's a lofty ship to windward
And she's sailing fast and free,
cruising down along the coast
of the High Barbaree.
4. „O hail her! O hail her!“
Our gallant Captain cried,
blow high, blow low,
and so say we;
„Are you a man-o-war
or a privateer?“ said he,
cruising down along the coast
of the High Barbaree.
5. „O I am not a man-o-war
nor privateer," said he;
Blow high, blow low,
and so say we;
„But I'm a salt-sea pirate
whose a-looking for his fee,"
cruising down along the coast
of the High Barbaree.
6. O 'twas broadside to broadside
a long time lay we,
blow high, blow low,
and so say we;
Until we shot her masts away
and blew them in the sea,
cruising down along the coast
of the High Barbaree.

