

ECCO RESOURCES

Seafarers (trad. arranged Musiko Musika)

- Verse 1* Shanghaied in San Francisco
 We fetched up in Bombay
 They set us afloat on an old lease boat
 That steered like a bale of hay
- Chorus* And away, you Santy!
 My dear Annie!
 Oh, you New York girls
 Can't you dance the polka?
- Verse 2* We sweated in the Tropics
 Where the pitch boiled up on deck
 And we saved our hides, little else besides
 From an ice-cold North Sea wreck
- Verse 3* We've drunk our rum in Portland
 And crashed through the Bering Straits
 And we've toed the mark on a Yankee barque
 With a hard-case Down-east mate
- Verse 4* We know the track to Auckland
 And the light on the Kinsale Head
 And we've crept close-hauled as the leadsman called
 The depth of the channel bed
- Verse 5* And then, paid off in London,
 It's oh! For a spell ashore
 But pretty soon we'll ship on a Southern trip
 And be outward bound once more
- Verse 6* Singing 'Time for us to leave her'
 Singing 'Bound for the Rio Grande'
 But as the tug turns back we'll follow her track
 For a last, long look at the land
- Verse 7* And when the purple disappears
 And only the blue is seen
 They'll send our bones to Davy Jones
 And our souls to Fiddler's Green