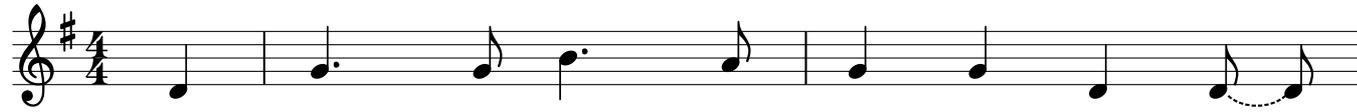


Boston - Shanty

Arr. O'Beirne 2013

Voice



From Bos - ton har - bour we set sail, when
Up comes the skipper from down be - low, And
Then to his cab'n he quick - ly crawls, And
We poor - sial - ors on the deck, With the
Now the old beg - gar's dead and gone, Darn
And one thing which we have to crave, Is

Vo.



it was blow - ing a de - vil of a gale. With our
he looks a - and he looks a - low. And he
un - to his ard he loud - ly bawls. Go
blast - ed rain all a - pour - in' down our necks. Not a
to his eyes he's left a son. And
that he may have a wat'ry grave. So we'll

Vo.



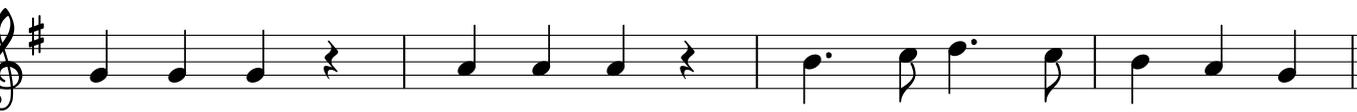
ring - tail set all a - baft the miz - zen peak, And our
looks a - low and he looks a loft, and it's
mix me a glass that will make me cough, For it's
drop of grog would he us af - ford. But he
if to us he doesn't prove frank, We'll
heave him down in - to some dark hole, Where the

Vo.



Rule Bri - tan - nia plough - ing up the deep. With a
coil up your ropes there fore and aft.
better wea - ther here than it is up a - loft.
damned our eyes at ev - ry - oth - er word.
very soon make him walk the plank.
sharks'll have his body and the de - vil have his soul.

Vo.



big Bow - wow! Tow - row - row! Fal de ral de ri do day!