

## Old Wooden Bars

*Øivind Nefstad*

*Dieser wunderbare Shanty wurde von unserem Freund Øivind Nefstad aus Norwegen geschrieben. Als wir ihn das erste Mal hörten, wussten wir schon, dass er auf unserer nächsten CD einen Ehrenplatz bekommen sollte.*

Stamp your feet boys one more blow  
Round the capstan let it go  
Make your work lads hear a sing  
Give the devil one more swing

*These old wooden bars gotta hold on us  
Never let us go  
These old wooden bars gotta hold on us  
Let us go, let us go, let us go*

Well stamp your feet boys keep up the pace  
Forget the grin on the old man's face  
To hell with the cook boy let him do the walk  
To old Davie Jones for to have a talk

*These old wooden bars...*

Well keep the faith boys walk the ring  
Agony and pain is the sweetest thing  
We won't break down we won't give in  
We'll give the devil one more swing

*These old wooden bars...*

Stamp your feet boys one more blow  
Round the capstan let it go  
Make your work lads hear a sing  
Give the devil one more swing

*These old wooden bars...*

## **The Rosabella**

*trad. arr. A. Köpke*

*Ger Lamerus von dem niederländischen Duo "Drijfhout" von der Insel Vlieland hatte schon vor uns die Idee, "Rosabella" in einer neuen Weise zu singen. Unsere Version ist - sagen wir mal - stark beeinflusst!*

One Monday morning in the month of May,  
One Monday morning in the month of May,  
I thought I heard the old man say,  
The Rosabella will sail today.

And I'm goin' on board the Rosabella,  
I'm goin' on board the Rosabella,  
I'm goin' on board, right down to board  
The saucy Rosabella.

She's a deepwater ship with a deepwater crew  
She's a deepwater ship with a deepwater crew  
You can stick to the coast but we're damned if we do  
On board the Rosabella.

All around Cape Horn in the Month of May,  
All around Cape Horn in the Month of May,  
Around Cape Horn is a bloody long way  
Aboard the Rosabella.

Them Bowery girls they all will grieve  
Them Bowery girls they all will grieve  
They have spent my money and made me leave  
Aboard the Rosabella.

One Monday morning in the month of May  
One Monday morning in the month of May  
I thought I heard the old man say,  
The Rosabella will sail today.

## **Lord Franklin**

*trad. arr. R. Lorenzen*

*Es sollte doch allseits bekannt sein, dass man scheitert, wenn man die Natur herausfordert.*

Homeward bound one night on the deep  
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep  
Dreamed a dream and I thought it true  
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With a hundred seamen he sailed away  
To the frozen ocean in the month of May  
To seek a passage around the pole  
Where we poor seamen do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardships they vainly strove  
Their ships on mountains of ice was drove  
Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe  
Was the only one that ever came through.

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow  
The fate of Franklin no man may know  
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell  
Lord Franklin among his seamen do dwell.

And now my burden it gives me pain  
For the long lost Franklin I did cross the main  
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give  
To say on earth my Lord Franklin do live.

## JOHN RILEY

*Tim O' Brian*

*Tim O' Brian hat mit John Riley ein beeindruckendes Lied über die Tatsache geschrieben, dass Kriege noch niemals ein Problem in dieser Welt gelöst haben! Alea iacta est!*

John Riley came from Galway town in the years of the Irish hunger,  
And he sailed away to America when the country was much younger.  
The place was strange and work was scarce and all he knew was farming,  
So he followed his other Irish friends to a job in the US Army.

*Adventure calls and some men run, and this is their sad story.  
Some get drunk on demon rum and some get drunk on glory.*

They marched down Texas way to the banks of the Rio Grande.  
They built a fort on the banks above to taunt old Santa Anna.  
They were treated bad, paid worse, and then the fighting started.  
The more they fought the less they thought of the damned old US Army.

*Adventure calls...*

When the church bells rang on Sunday morn it set his soul a shiver.  
He saw the señoritas washing their hair on the far side of the river.  
John Riley and two hundred more Irish mercenaries  
Cast their lot, right or not, south of the Rio Grande.

*Adventure calls...*

Now they fought bravely under the flag of the San Patricios,  
Till the Yankees soldiers beat them down at the battle of Churubusco.  
Then fifteen men were whipped like mules  
And on the cheeks were hot iron branded.  
Made to dig the graves of fifty more, who a hanging fate had handed.

*Adventure calls...*

Now, John Riley stands and drinks alone at a bar in Vera Cruz.  
He wonders if it matters much if you win or if you lose.  
"I'm a man who can't go home, a vagabond", says he.  
"A victim of some wanderlust and divided loyalty."

*Adventure calls...*

## **Sea Fever**

*John Masefield*

*Das Gedicht "Sea Fever" stand 1975 in unserem Englisch-Lehrbuch. Zwei Freunde und ich studierten eine selbstgemachte Song-Version des Gedichts ein und trugen es dann vor der ganzen Klasse mit großem Erfolg vor. Ich kann mich nicht genau erinnern, wie der Song ging, aber jetzt, 40 Jahre später hat mich das schöne Gedicht zu dem Lied "Sailing Home" inspiriert. Ein Song für alle, die von Abenteuern und schweren Stürmen auf See träumen.*

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

## **Sailing Home**

*Andreas Köpke*

Spit against the wind while everybody else  
Is putting in a reef or heading home.  
You're so proud that your wooden leg is made,  
Is made of oak all on your own.

*Tonight we're sailing to India  
Tonight we're sailing to France  
Tonight we're sailing to Canada  
Tonight we're all sailing home*

You never stepped on board a ship like her,  
You never climbed a mast so tall.  
Her tops'll stand a blow of eight or more,  
See the people cheer when she's outward bound.

*Tonight...*

You'll haul away you'll walk the capstan 'round,  
You'll make her sail, you'll make her go!  
A tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
Is all you ask, it's written down!

*Tonight...*

Spit against the wind while everybody else  
Is putting in a reef or heading home  
You're so proud that your wooden leg is made,  
Is made of oak all on your own

*Tonight...*

## **Sammy's Bar**

*Cyril Tawney*

*Auch auf dieser CD durfte ein Song von Cyril Tawney nicht fehlen. Hier geht es um die Trauer über seine verlorene Liebe.  
"We don't need a Yankee car"!*

I went down to Sammy's Bar  
*Hey, the last boat's a-leaving*  
By the shore at Pieta  
*Call away the di-so*

And my real love, she was there  
There was sand all in her hair

How did sand get in your hair  
Darling Johnny put it there

He's a better man by far  
Johnny's got a Yankee car

Johnny tried a hairpin bend  
For my love, it was the end

Going back to Sammy's Bar  
I don't need no Yankee car

## **NO HOPERS, JOKERS & ROGUES**

Rupert Christie, Tom Gilbert

Auf der CD der Band "Fishermen's Friend" aus Port Isaac, Cornwall fanden wir diesen mitreißenden Song. Die Lebensfreude und der schöne Humor hatten es uns sofort angetan.

*Come, all you no hoppers, you jokers and rogues  
we're on the road to nowhere, let's find out where it goes  
It might be a ladder to the stars, who knows  
Come, all you no hoppers, you jokers and rogues.*

Leave all your furrows in the fields where they lie  
Your factories and offices; kiss them all goodbye  
Have a little faith in the dream maker in the sky  
There's glory in believing him and it's all in the beholder's eye.

*Come, all you no hoppers...*

Turn off your engines and slow down your wheels  
Suddenly your master plan loses its appeal  
Everybody knows that this reality's not real  
So raise a glass to all things past and celebrate how good it feels.

*Come, all you no hoppers...*

Awash on the sea of our own vanity  
We should rejoice in our individuality  
Though it's gale force, let's steer a course for sanity

*Come, all you no hoppers...*

## **Four Days**

Andreas Köpke

*"Four Days" beschreibt eine Flucht über das Mittelmeer in letzter Zeit. Der Erzähler verliert nach der vier Tage dauernden Überfahrt auf einem elenden Seelenverkäufer seine gesamte Familie, als das rostige Wrack kurz vor der rettenden Küste kentert...*

One night in September, as black as ink  
We set off to find new homes, across the sea  
No captain, no sailors, rusting steel  
And we in blood and dirt all trying, to cross the sea

*How can four days bring such a change?  
Will I ever be the same again?*

Run, run for your live, run from your home!  
We ran from everything we love, where can we go?  
No move, you stay, stay where you are  
or we will die when we capsize and the ship goes down

*How can four days...*

Close to the shore we hit the ground.  
A cry of a hundred voices rose, as the ship keeled o'er  
And buried beneath its rust and steel  
so many hearts and souls and friends and my family

*How can four days...*

## **Bound for Greenland**

*trad. arr. Erik Frotscher*

*hier wird mal eben, in typisch verklärter Weise, ein halbes Jahr Walfangreise nach Grönland in wenigen Minuten abgehandelt.  
Es war wieder so schön...*

A blowing breeze came from the south, all sails they seemed asleep  
Three cheers more and we left the shore and we floated upon the deep.  
We leave our sweethearts and our wives, all weeping on the pier.  
Cheer up my dear we'll soon return it's only half a year.

*Again for Greenland we are bound to leave you all behind  
Again for Greenland we are bound*

In tarry dress we'll reach Dromness, we'll soon shall go on shore;  
When water's less or the landsman's scarce, we soon shall takes in more.  
And now we safely reach the ice and soon shall crowns all sail  
With the boat well manned with a strong hand, for to pursue the whale.

*Again for Greenland...*

Till dark and dreary grows the night and stars begin to burn,  
With the valiant crew and hearts all true, for the ship we'll do return.  
And now we passed the Orkney Isles, the pilot boat draws near  
We see our sweethearts and our wives, all waiting on the pier.

*Again for Greenland...*

Now in harbor safely moored, we soon shall go on shore  
With plenty o' brass and a bonny lass we make the taverns roar  
To Greenland's frost we'll drink a toast, to it we hold most dear,  
We'll cross the main to it again and we'll take a trip next year

*Again for Greenland...*

## **Downtown Sally**

Andreas Köpke

*"Downtown Sally" ist inspiriert durch den Workout-Song "Bring Sally up", der z.B. bei Youtube zu finden ist. Er eignet sich offenbar besonders für Liegestütze... wer den ganzen Song durchtrainiert, ist echt fit!  
Ich hörte den einigermaßen eintönigen Song an Deck während einer schönen Überfahrt nach Schweden. Die Kids hatten das Smartphone mit dem Song voll aufgedreht und ertüchtigten sich mit besagten Leibesübungen.  
Ich schrieb den dadurch inspirierten Shanty "Downtown Sally" gleich darauf in etwa einer halben Stunde fertig. Die schöne Sally in unserem Shanty kommt ganz ohne Liegestütze aus...*

Bring Sally up, bring Sally down  
the sweetest thing in the whole of downtown  
Bring Sally up, bring Sally down  
She could have another but she stays downtown

I've got a girl called long tall Sally,  
She's the highest number all down our alley

Sally's got a sister, she's a nine feet tall,  
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall

Sally's got my ring, she belongs to me  
I love to be under the apple tree

I wish I could shimmy like my sister Kate,  
But you can't beat Sally, cause Sally can skate

my gal Sal' she's doing so well  
She's got a tattoo and you don't know where!

Bring Sally up, bring Sally down  
She's the sweetest thing in the whole of downtown  
Bring Sally up, bring Sally down  
She could have another but she stays downtown

Bring Sally up, bring Sally down  
Bring Sally up, bring Sally down  
Bring Sally up, bring Sally down

She's the the queen of downtown  
But she needs no crown  
Bring Sally up

## Harbour Lights

Andreas Köpke

*"Harbour Lights" entstand als Geschenk zur Hochzeit von Kerstin und Roland vor etwa 10 Jahren. Die Komposition musste zwei wichtige Voraussetzungen erfüllen: Kerstin mag "schräge" Rhythmen, daher der 5/4 Takt und für Roland musste ein Text her, der zwar seine Lust auf das Segeln mit kleinen Booten behandelt, aber auch die Sehnsucht nach gemütlicher Zweisamkeit mit seiner Liebsten zum Ausdruck bringt...*

Nothing like a day out on the bay sail out  
With the breeze on the beam  
Coming home when the day falls I'll be  
Heading for a pair of lights

*Harbour lights reach me harbour lights lead me guide my way back home  
Harbour lights reach me harbour lights lead me guide my way back home*

Nothing like a sun dance on a reach or run dance  
Harbour lights far behind  
All the day out there Planking the waters  
Sun's still high and warm

*Harbour lights...*

Sailing the deep for a day a week makes me  
Long to be by her side  
Nothing like returning home and see my girl  
My brightest of harbour lights

*Harbour lights...*

Nothing like a day out on the bay, sail out  
With the breeze on the beam  
Here comes the gybe to round the buoy like  
A hare in the field back home

*Harbour lights...*