

VibeCamp Shanty Droppers

Songbook for VibeCamp 5, June 2026

Roll the Old Chariot Along	2
Drunken Sailor	3
Haul Away Joe	4
The Wellerman	5
My Son John	6
Santiana	7
Randy Dandy Oh	8
Rolling Down to Old Maui	9
Barrett's Privateers	10
Bully in the Alley	11
Whup Jamboree	12
Go to Sea No More	13
Banks of Newfoundland	14
South Australia	15
Fire Marengo	16
The Bonny Ship the Diamond	17
Bye Bye My Roseanna	18
Roll the Woodpile Down	19
Spanish Ladies	20
Leave Her, Johnny	21
Lemur, Johnny Lemur	22

Roll the Old Chariot Along

TRADITIONAL VERSE:

A drop of Nelsons blood, wouldn't do us any harm,
A drop of Nelsons blood, wouldn't do us any harm,
A drop of Nelsons blood, wouldn't do us any harm,
An we'll all hang on behind

CHORUS:

So we'll roll the old chariot along,
So we'll roll the old chariot along,
So we'll roll the old chariot along,
An we'll all hang on behind!

ADDITIONAL VERSES:

Oh, a plate of Irish stew, wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, a CNC orgy, wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, a night out at VibeCamp, wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, we'd be alright if we make it 'round the horn
Oh, a roll in the clover, wouldn't do us any harm
Oh, a nice watch below, wouldn't do us any harm
If the Devil's in the way, We'll roll right over him!

Drunken Sailor

From Tortuga's port, we put to sea
And sailed for 16 days
In the biggest storm I'd ever seen
We almost lost our way
When a call came from a deckhand
Boys, I think she's going down
But don't you fear
There's enough rum here
To drink until we drown! Ho!

CHORUS:

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? x3
Early in the morning
Hooray, and up she rises x3
Early in the morning

So this deckhand grabbed a barrel
Broke the seal and took a swig
And soon their screams turned into songs
Their panicked work turned into jigs
The first mate bellowed orders
Ever trying to save their skins
"Any drunken wretch the captain catch
He'll beat all limb from limb!" Ho!

CHORUS

Every man continued drinking
All their duties long forgot
They were deaf to every order
'Til they heard a pistol shot
The captain stood on fo'c'sle
n' swung the cat above his head
"Back to yer post or by my ghost
Ye'll wish that ye were dead!" Oh!

CHORUS

Every drunk received a beating
Some of the drunker managed two
The captain kept an eye
Until he'd sobered up his crew
He then retired to quarters
Put the rum upon his shelf
Sat in his seat
Put up his feet
And drank the rest himself!

CHORUS

ALTERNATIVE CHORUS RESPONSES:

Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober,
Shave his belly with a rusty razor,
Throw him in the hold with the captain's daughter

Haul Away Joe

When I was just a little lad, or so me Mammi told me
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
That if I didn't kiss the girls me lips would grow all moldy
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Away! HO! Haul away, we'll haul away together
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Away! HO! Haul away, we'll hope for better weather
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

I used to have an Irish girl but she got rather lazy
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
But now I've got a Bristol girl and she just drives me crazy
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Away! HO! Haul away, we'll haul away together
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Away! HO! Haul away, we'll hope for better weather
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Oh Louis was the king of France before the Revolut-I-on
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Then he got his head chopped off & it spoiled his constitut-I-on
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Away! HO! Haul away, we'll haul away together
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Away! HO! Haul away, we'll hope for better weather
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Ya call yourself a "Second Mate", ya can't ev'n tie a bowline
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
You can't even stand up straight with the package, she's a-rollin'
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Away! HO! Haul away, we'll haul away together
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Away! HO! Haul away, we'll hope for better weather
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Well now can't ya see... the black clouds a-gatherin'
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Well now can't ya see... the storm clouds a-risin'
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

Away! HO! Haul away, we'll haul away together
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe
Away! HO! Haul away, we'll hope for better weather
Away Haul Away, we'll haul away, Joe

The Wellerman

VERSE:

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

CHORUS:

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

VERSE:

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her, a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (Hah!)

CHORUS

VERSE:

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down below (Huh!)

CHORUS

VERSE:

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The Captain's mind was not on greed
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow (Huh!)

CHORUS

VERSE:

For forty days, or even more
The line went slack, then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go

CHORUS

VERSE:

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his a regular call
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all

CHORUS *(repeat twice)*

My Son John

My son John was tall and slim
And he'd a leg for ev'ry limb.
But now he's got no legs at all
For he ran a race with a cannon ball

REFRAIN:

Timmy roo dun da, fadda riddle da
Whack fo' the riddle Timmy roo dun da

Well were ya drunk or were ya blind
When ya left your two fine legs behind
Or was it sailin' on the sea
Wore your two fine legs right down to the knee

REFRAIN

I was not drunk, I was not blind
When I left my two fine legs behind
Nor was it sailin' on the sea
Wore my two fine legs right down to the knee

REFRAIN

Each foreign war I'll now denounce
'Tween the King of England and the King of France
For I'd rather my legs as they used to be
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy

REFRAIN

I was tall and I was slim
And I'd a leg for ev'ry limb
But now I've got no legs at all
They were both shot away by a cannon ball

REFRAIN

Well, I was tall and I was slim
And I'd a leg for ev'ry limb
But now I've got no legs at all
They done come off on a cannon ball

REFRAIN *(repeat twice)*

Santiana

Oh! Santiana gained a day
Away Santiana!
"Napoleon of the West", they say
Along the plains of Mexico

CHORUS:
Well, heave 'er up and away we'll go
Away Santiana!
Heave 'er up and away we'll go
Along the plains of Mexico

VERSE:
She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew
Away Santiana!
And an old salty yank for a captain too
Along the plains of Mexico

CHORUS

VERSE:
Santiana fought for gold
Away Santiana!
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow
Along the plains of Mexico

CHORUS

VERSE:
T'was on the field of Molly-Del-Ray
Away Santiana!
Well both his legs got blown away
Along the plains of Mexico

CHORUS

VERSE:
It was a fierce and bitter strife
Away Santiana!
The general Taylor took his life
Along the plains of Mexico

CHORUS

VERSE:
Santiana, now we mourn
Away Santiana!
We left him buried off Cape Horn
Along the plains of Mexico

Randy Dandy Oh

Now we are ready to head for the Horn

Way, hay, roll an' go

Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way, hay, roll an' go

The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Man the stout caps'n an' heave with a will

Way, hay, roll an' go

Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way down the hill

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way, hay, roll an' go

The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks

Way, hay, roll an' go

Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way, hay, roll an' go

The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay

Way, hay, roll an' go

Get crackin', m' lads, 'tis a hell o' a way

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way, hay, roll an' go

The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Heave a pawl, o heave away

Way, hay, roll an' go

The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored

To be rollicking randy dandy-O

Rolling Down to Old Maui

(Stan Rogers rendition)

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the day is done
How hard the winds did blow.
'cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
With a good ship, taut and free
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls of Old Maui.

CHORUS:

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain.
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands
We soon shall see again.
Six hellish months have passed away
On the cold Kamchatka Sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground
Rolling down to Old Maui.

CHORUS

Once more we sail with a northerly gale
To-wards our island home
Our mast was sprung
Our whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Our stunsail bones is carried away
What care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound.

CHORUS

How soft the breeze through the island trees,
Now the ice is far astern.
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is a-waiting our return.
Even now their big brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails runnin' 'fore the gales
Rolling down to old Maui

CHORUS *(repeat twice)*

Barrett's Privateers

O the year was Seventeen Seventy-Eight
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
A letter of mark came from the king
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

CHORUS:

God damn them all
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers

O Elcid Barrett cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
She'd list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags

CHORUS

On the King's birthday we put to sea
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
Ninety-one days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

CHORUS

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
When a great big Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

CHORUS

The Yankee lay low down with gold
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
She was broad and fat and loose in stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

CHORUS

Then at length she stood two cables away
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
Our cracked four-pounders made awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in

CHORUS

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main truck carried off both me legs

CHORUS

Now here I lay in my twenty-third year
(How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now)
It's been six years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

CHORUS

Bully in the Alley

(Kimber's Men rendition)

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

Now Sally is a girl in Shinbone Alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Sally is a girl in Shinbone Alley
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

I found myself down on the quay, oh
Way hey, bully in the alley
I found myself with time so free, oh
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

I waltzed up to the Angel Inn, oh
Way hey, bully in the alley
Kicked on the door, and I walked right in, oh
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

Walked up to the barroom counter
Way hey, bully in the alley
There I met with Greasy Annie
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

Greasy Annie's a slimy whore, oh
Way hey, bully in the alley
Every shellback's knocked on her door, oh
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

I bought her rum and I bought her gin, oh
Way hey, bully in the alley
Bought her wine, both white and red, oh
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

When I'd spent off all me tin, oh
Way hey, bully in the alley
Up to bed we then did creep, oh
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS

We rough-and-tumbled all night long, oh
Way hey, bully in the alley
Dawn did break, and the cock did crow, oh
Bully down in Shinbone Al

CHORUS *(repeat twice)*

Whup Jamboree

(The Dreadnots rendition)

The pilot, he looks out ahead
With hands on the cane, heavin' on the lead
And the old man roars to wake the dead
"Come and get your oats, my son"

CHORUS:

Whup! Jamboree, Whup! Jamboree
Oh ya long-tailed black mare comin' up behind
Whup! Jamboree, Whup! Jamboree
A-come and get your oats my son

Oh, now we pass them Lizard lights
And the stars, me boys, we will heave in sight
And soon we're abreast of the Isle of Wight
Come and get your oats my son

CHORUS

And now we get to the Blackwall docks
And them pretty young girls comin' down in flocks
With their short-legged drawers and long-tailed frocks
Come and get your oats, my son

CHORUS

And now the bar-ship is in sight
We're picking on down to the old Rock Light
Gonna get the ol' stick taped tonight
Come and get your oats, my son

CHORUS

Well, then we'll walk down Limelight way
And with all the girls will spend our pay
We'll not see more 'til another day
Come and get your oats, my son

CHORUS

And soon we'll see old Holyhead
No more salt beef, no more bread
I catch my Jenny and it's off to bed
Come and get your oats, my son

CHORUS *(repeat twice)*

Go to Sea No More

(The Exmouth Shanty Men rendition)

When I returned to Liverpool, I went upon the spree
With no money to last, I spent it fast, got drunk as drunk could be
But before me money was all spent, on liquor and the whores
I made up me mind that I was inclined to go to sea no more

No more, no more, to go to sea no more
I made up me mind that I was inclined to go to sea no more

As I was walking down the street I met with Angeline
She said come home with me, me boy, we'll have a cracking time
But when I awoke it was no joke, I found I was all alone
Me hat, me boots and me money too and me whole ruddy gear was gone

Was gone, was gone, and me whole ruddy gear was gone
Me hat, me boots and me money too and me whole ruddy gear was gone

As I was rollin' down the street, I met with Rapper Brown
I asked if he would take me in, he looked at me with a frown
Says he, "Last time you was paid off, with me you chalked no score
But I'll take your advance and I'll give you a chance to go to sea once more"

Once more, once more, to go to sea once more
But I'll take your advance and I'll give you a chance to go to sea once more

He shipped me aboard of a whalin' ship bound for them Arctic seas
Where the cold winds blow and there's ice and snow, Jamaica rum would freeze
And worse to bear I'd no hard-weather gear, for I'd lost all me dunnage ashore
'Twas then that I wished that I was dead, and I'd go to sea no more

No more, no more, I'd go to sea no more
'Twas then that I wished that I was dead, and I'd go to sea no more

Some days we're catchin' whales, me boys, some days we're catchin' none
With a twenty-foot oar stuck in your hand you row the whole day long
And when the shades of night come on, and you rest on your weary oar
Oh, your back's so weak you could never seek a berth at sea no more

No more, no more, a berth at sea no more!
Oh, your back's so weak you could never seek a berth at sea no more

Come all you bold sea-faring men, and listen to my song
When you go big boatin', boys, I'd have you not go wrong
You take my tip when you come off a ship and don't go sleepin' with no whore
Get married instead and spend all night in bed and go to sea no more!

No more, no more, to go to sea no more!
Get married instead and have all nights in bed and go to sea no more!

Banks of Newfoundland

(The cold-passage ballad variant)

We bully boys of Liverpool
And I'll have you to beware,
When you sail on them packet ships,
No dungaree jackets wear;
But have a big monkey jacket
All ready to your hand,
**For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the Banks of Newfoundland.**

CHORUS:

**We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
With holy stone and sand,
For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the Banks of Newfoundland.**

We had Jack Lynch from Ballynahinch,
Mike Murphy and some more,
And I tell you by's, they suffered like hell
On the way to Baltimore;
They pawned their gear in Liverpool
And they sailed as they did stand,
**But there blows some cold nor'westers
On the Banks of Newfoundland.**

CHORUS

Now the mate he stood on the fo'c'sle head
And loudly he did roar,
"Now rattle her in me lucky lads,
You're bound for America's shore;
Come wipe the blood off that dead man's face
And haul or you'll be damned,"
**But there blows some cold nor'westers
On the Banks of Newfoundland.**

CHORUS

So now it's reef and reef, me boys,
With the canvas frozen hard,
And this mountain pass every mother's son
On a ninety foot topsail yard;
Never mind about boots and oilskins
But holler or you'll be damned
**But there blows some cold nor'westers
On the Banks of Newfoundland.**

CHORUS

So now we're off the Hook, me boys,
And the land is white with snow,
And soon we'll see the pay table
And we'll spend the whole night below;
And on the docks, come down in flocks,
Those pretty girls will say,
"Ah, it's snugger with me than on the sea,
On the Banks of Newfoundland."

CHORUS

South Australia

(The Longest Johns rendition)

In South Australia I was born
Heave away! Haul away!
In South Australia, round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS:

Haul away, you rolling kings
Heave away! Haul away!
Haul away, oh hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia

VERSE:

As I walked out one morning fair
Heave away! Haul away!
It's there I met Miss Nancy Blair
We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

VERSE:

I shook her up, I shook her down
Heave away! Haul away!
I shook her round and round the town
We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

VERSE:

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
Heave away! Haul away!
To leave young Nancy Blair behind
We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

VERSE:

I'm Bristol born and Bristol bred
Heave away! Haul away!
I'm thick in the arm and thick in the head
We're bound for South Australia

CHORUS

Fire Marengo

(The Exmouth Shanty Men rendition)

Lift him up and carry him along,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
Send him down where he belongs,
Fire Marengo, fire away.

Stow him down in the hold below,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
One more turn and then we'll go
Fire Marengo, fire away.

Ease him down and let him lay,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
One more turn and then we're away
Fire Marengo, fire away.

When I gets back to Liverpool town,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
I'll pass a line to little Sally Brown
Fire Marengo, fire away.

I'll haul her high, I'll haul her low,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
I'll bust her blocks and make her go
Fire Marengo, fire away.

Sally, she's a pretty little craft,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
Sharp to the fore with a rounded aft
Fire Marengo, fire away.

Screw the cotton, screw it down
Fire Marengo, fire away,
Let's get the hell from Mobile town
Fire Marengo, fire away.

Lift him up and carry him along,
Fire Marengo, fire away,
Send him down where he belongs,
Fire Marengo, fire away.

The Bonny Ship the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship, my lads, for the Davis Strait she's bound,
And the quay it is all garnished with bonny lasses 'round;
Captain Thompson gives the order to sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets, my lads, no darkness dims the sky,

CHORUS:

**So it's cheer up my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bonny ship, the Diamond, goes a-fishing for the whale.**

Along the quay at Peterhead, the lasses stand aroon,
Wi' their shawls all pulled around them and the saut tears runnin' doon;
Don't you weep, my bonny lass, though you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice before we change our mind.

CHORUS

Here's a health to the Resolution, likewise the Eliza Swan,
Here's a health to the Battler of Montrose and the Diamond, ship of fame;
We wear the trouser o' the white and the jackets o' the blue,
When we return to Peterhead, we'll hae sweethearts anoo,

CHORUS

It'll be bricht both day and nicht when the Greenland lads come hame,
Wi' a ship that's fu' of oil, my lads, and money to our name;
We'll make the cradles for to rock and the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing "Hushabye, my dear"

CHORUS

Bye Bye My Roseanna

(Traditional capstan shanty)

The boats are sailing round the bay,
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
All loaded down with fishermen,
I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS:

Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye
Bye-bye, my Roseanna
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye
I won't be home tomorrow

A dollar a day is a fisherman's pay
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
It's easy come, easy go away
I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

We're leaving port at break of day
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
We're sailing out across the bay
I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

Around the horn we must go
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
The gales are strong and the winds do blow
I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

Roseanne, my Roseanne
Bye-bye, my Roseanna.
I'm going away but not to stay
I won't be home tomorrow.

CHORUS

Roll the Woodpile Down

(The Exmouth Shanty Men rendition)

Oh, way down south where the cocks do crow
Way down in Florida
Them gals they dance to the old banjo.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

CHORUS:

Rollin'! Rollin'! Rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown girl o' mine's down the Georgia Line
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

When I was a young man in me prime
Way down in Florida
I'd chase them pretty gals two at a time.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

CHORUS

Oh rouse and bust 'er is the cry
Way down in Florida
A shellback's wage is never high.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

CHORUS

We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low
Way down in Florida
We'll heave him up and away we'll go.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

O Curly goes on the old ran-tan
Way down in Florida
O Curly's just a down-east man.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

CHORUS

O one more heave and that will do
Way down in Florida
We're the bullies for to kick 'er through.
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

CHORUS

Spanish Ladies

(The Longest Johns rendition)

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, to you ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope very soon we shall see you again.

CHORUS:

**We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas;
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England:
From Ushant to Scilly it's thirty-five leagues.**

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'-west, boys,
We hove our ship to, our soundings to see;
We rounded and sounded, got forty-five fathoms,
Then we squared our main yard and up channel steered we.

CHORUS

The next land we made t'was called the Deadman,
Next Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portland the Wight;
Then we sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness,
'Til we came abreast of the South Foreland light.

CHORUS

Then the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
All in the Downs that night for to lie;
Then it's stand by your stoppers, steer clear your shank-painters,
Haul up your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
And let every man drink up a full glass;
We'll drink and be merry and drown melancholy,
Singing here's a good health to each true-hearted lass!

CHORUS

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

CHORUS:

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

VERSE:

Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
She shipped it green and none went by
And it's time for us to leave her

CHORUS

VERSE:

I hate to sail on this rotten tub
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
No grog allowed and rotten grub
And it's time for us to leave her

CHORUS

VERSE:

We swear by rote for want of more
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her!"
But now we're through so we'll go on shore
And it's time for us to leave her

CHORUS

Lemur, Johnny Lemur

(a Vibe Camp variant of "Leave Her, Johnny")

Well I thought I heard Mike Curzi say,
"Lemur, Johnny Lemur"
When the awkward folk can't look away,
Then it's time for us to lemur.

CHORUS:

Lemur, Johnny Lemur!
Oh, lemur, Johnny, lemur
When the convo's great but we just can't vibe,
Then it's time for us to lemur.

VERSE:

Oh their eyes grow wide when 'ere they see,
Lemur, Johnny Lemur,
A niche microcelebrity,
Then it's time for us to lemur.

CHORUS

VERSE:

When a lonely lemur hears the call,
Lemur, Johnny Lemur,
Of a teahouse that serves one and all,
We're inviting in the lemur.

CHORUS

VERSE:

Now look who has been woven in,
Lemur, Johnny Lemur,
A lurker has become a friend,
We've invited in the lemur.

FINAL CHORUS:

Lemur, Johnny Lemur!
Oh, lemur, Johnny, lemur
Now the convo's great 'cause we all can vibe,
We've invited in the lemur.