


Shantyman

Bob Watson.

Arranged Martin Jones by permission of the composer.

SM 


Now mo - dern ships car - ry migh - ty fun - ny gear, —
Slick new fit-tings is — all — you'll — sight —

S. 
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —


A. 
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —


T. 
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —

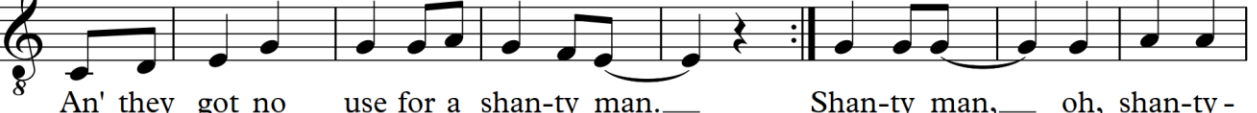
B. 
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —
And a - way, get a - way, you — shan - ty - man. —

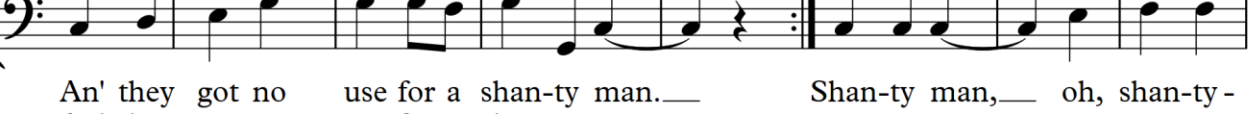
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SM 

Ain't seen a ha - lyard in ma - ny's a year, —
All ve - ry cle - ver, but it just — ain't right; —

S. 
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. — Shan-ty man, — oh, shan-ty -
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. —

A. 
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. — Shan-ty man, — oh, shan-ty -
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. —

T. 
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. — Shan-ty man, — oh, shan-ty -
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. —

B. 
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. — Shan-ty man, — oh, shan-ty -
An' they got no use for a shan-ty man. —

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S. man, Who's got a berth for a shan - ty man?— Oh! Sing us a song of a

A. man, Who's got a berth for a shan - ty man?— Oh! Sing us a song of a

T. man, Who's got a berth for a shan - ty man?— Oh! Sing us a song of a

B. man, Who's got a berth for a shan - ty man?— Oh! Sing us a song of a

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S. world gone wrong,— When they got no use for a shan - ty- man.—

A. world gone wrong, When they got no use for a shan - ty- man.—

T. world gone wrong, When they got no use for a shan - ty- man.—

B. world gone wrong,— When they got no use for a shan - ty- man.—

Now modern ships carry mighty funny gear,
Ain't seen a halyard in many's a year,
Slick new fittings is all you'll sight,
All very clever, but it just ain't right;

Now dials and buttons is all they'll need
And yer real live sailor he's a vanishing breed
It's pushing on the buttons and pulling on the levers
And they got no use for horny-handed heavers.

Old-time ways are forgotten and gone,
And nobody listens to a shantyman's song.
Things no longer like they used to be;
It's the knacker's yard for the likes of me.

Cargo comes stowed in a polythene pack
All raised and lowered by a dry bollocks jack;
Floating computer dressed like a ship,
Skippered and crewed by a micro chip.

Ships'll soon be sailing by remote control
An' that'll be pleasing to the owners' souls;
They'll send their ships from dock to dock,
Safe and sound in an office block.

New-fangled gear's no use to you
When you're off Cape Horn with your fuses blew;
Then's the time for to rue the day
You sent your shantyman away.

Listen at night and you might hear
A ghostly sound on the quiet air;
Is it a voice from the distant past,
Or just the wind a-whistling round the radar mast?