

# Shanty Zangers Ede

## Liedteksten tweede cd *Anchors aweigh*



*augustus 2010*



## Wieringen

Wie wil er mee naar Wieringen varen,  
's Morgens vroeg, al in de dauw.  
Met een mooi meisje van achttien jaren,  
Dat zo graag naar Wieringen wou.

*Schipper ik hoor de haan al kraaien,  
Schipper ik zie de vlaggetjes waaien.  
Stuurman laat je roer maar gaan,  
Dan zullen wij spoedig op Wieringen staan.*

Als wij dan straks op Wieringen komen,  
Zien wij zoveel boeren daar staan.  
Die hebben spek met lepels vol eten,  
Je zou er wel om naar Wieringen gaan.

*Schipper ik hoor de haan al kraaien,  
Schipper ik zie de vlaggetjes waaien.  
Stuurman laat je roer maar gaan,  
Dan zullen wij spoedig op Wieringen staan.*

Straks in de herberg 't Vergulde Poortje,  
Daar verkopen ze brandewijn.  
Een potje vol al om een oortje,  
Suiker en kaneel erbij.

*Schipper ik hoor de haan al kraaien,  
Schipper ik zie de vlaggetjes waaien.  
Stuurman laat je roer maar gaan,  
Dan zullen wij spoedig op Wieringen staan.*

En in de herberg zul je dan slapen,  
Naast een mooie jonge meid.  
Je zult vergeten dat je moet slapen,  
En je krijgt hiervan geen spijt.

*Schipper ik hoor de haan al kraaien,  
Schipper ik zie de vlaggetjes waaien.  
Stuurman laat je roer maar gaan,  
Dan zullen wij spoedig op Wieringen staan.*

*Stuurman laat je roer maar gaan,  
Dan zullen wij spoedig op Wieringen staan.*



## Randy dandy o!

Now we are ready to head for the Horn,  
*Way, hey, roll and go!*  
 Our boots and our cloth's boys are all in the pawn,  
*To me!! Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

*Heave a pawl, o heave away, way, hey, roll and go!*  
*The anchors on board and the cables all stored, to me!!*  
*Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,  
*Way, hey, roll and go!*  
 Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks,  
*To me!! Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

*Heave a pawl, o heave away, way, hey, roll and go!*  
*The anchors on board and the cables all stored, to me!!*  
*Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

Sing goodbye to Sally and goodbye to Sue,  
*Way, hey, roll and go!*  
 For we are the boy-os who can kick 'er all through.  
*To me!! Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

*Heave a pawl, o heave away, way, hey, roll and go!*  
*The anchors on board and the cables all stored, to me!!*  
*Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums,  
*Way, hey, roll and go!*  
 Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs.  
*To me!! Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

*Heave a pawl, o heave away, way, hey, roll and go!*  
*The anchors on board and the cables all stored, to me!!*  
*Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay,  
*Way, hey, roll and go!*  
 Get crackin', m' lads, it's a hell o' a way!  
*To me!! Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*

*Heave a pawl, o heave away, way, hey, roll and go!*  
*The anchors on board and the cables all stored, to me!!*  
*Rollickin' Randy dandy o!*  
*Rollickin' Randy dandy o! To me!!*



## Johnny, Johnny, John

Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, come along (come along!).  
Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, come along.  
Don't stand there like a silly old fool,  
Don't stand there and don't be so cool.  
Don't feel shy of the ladies,  
And the teeth in his mouth went bang-bang!

*Down by the sea,  
Where the watermelons grow.  
Back to my home, I shall not go.  
And shall I dream of love's sweet song.  
Who can be happier than a sailor, tonight.*

Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, was a sailorman.  
He had been around all the day.  
Joking with the ladies, playing hide and seek.  
Happy as the day went bang-a-bang-a-bang.  
Not a penny he had to pay,  
For ay-deedle-dy all the day.

*Down by the sea,  
Where the watermelons grow.  
Back to my home, I shall not go.  
And shall I dream of love's sweet song.  
Who can be happier than a sailor, tonight.*

Oh, Johnny, Johnny, John, take your gun (take your gun!).  
There are monkeys in the garden, playing in the sun.  
Johnny took his gun and the gun was loaded.  
Pulled on the trigger and the gun exploded.  
Ay-deedle bum-bum, ay-deedle bum,  
And he'll never pull the trigger of a gun.

*Down by the sea,  
Where the watermelons grow.  
Back to my home, I shall not go.  
And shall I dream of love's sweet song.  
Who can be happier than a sailor, tonight.*

*Down by the sea,  
Where the watermelons grow.  
Back to my home, I shall not go.  
And shall I dream of love's sweet song.  
Who can be happier than a sailor, tonight.*



## Am Golf von Biskaya

Am Golf von Biskaya, ein Mägdelein stand.  
Ein junger Matrose hält sie bei der Hand.  
Sie klagt ihm ihr Schicksal, ihr Herz war so schwer.  
Sie hat keine Heimat, kein Mütterlein mehr.

*Fahr mich in die Ferne, mein blonder Matrose,  
Bei dir möcht' ich sein, auch im Wellengetöse.  
Wir gehören zusammen, wie der Wind und das Meer,  
Von dir mich zu trennen, ach, das fällt mir so schwer.  
Wir gehören zusammen, wie der Wind und das Meer,  
Von dir mich zu trennen, ach, das fällt mir so schwer.*

Der Vater, die Brüder, auf kämpfendem Schiff,  
Zerschellten im Sturme, am felsigen Riff.  
Vor Gram starb darüber, mein lieb' Mütterlein.  
Nun steh auf der Welt ich, verlassen, allein.

*Fahr mich in die Ferne, mein blonder Matrose,  
Bei dir möcht' ich sein, auch im Wellengetöse.  
Wir gehören zusammen, wie der Wind und das Meer,  
Von dir mich zu trennen, ach, das fällt mir so schwer.  
Wir gehören zusammen, wie der Wind und das Meer,  
Von dir mich zu trennen, ach, das fällt mir so schwer.*



## Aloha Oe

Als een zeeman weer de zee op gaat,  
En een meisje eenzaam achterlaat,  
Omdat hij toch altijd varen moet,  
roept hij nog vanaf de schuit een laatste groet.

*Aloha hé, ik ga naar zee.  
Mijn schat, ik moet je gaan verlaten.  
Aloha hé, ik ga naar zee,  
Maar neem je in gedachten met me mee.*

Op Hawaï, dat mooie palmenland,  
Is zo vaak een zeemanshart gestrand.  
Maar al heeft zij hem nog zo bekoord,  
Als zijn schip vertrekt dan is hij weer aan boord.

*Aloha hé, ik ga naar zee.  
Mijn schat, ik moet je gaan verlaten.  
Aloha hé, ik ga naar zee,  
Maar neem je in gedachten met me mee.*

*Maar neem je in gedachten met me mee.*



## Goodbye Johnny

It was twenty years ago today, I grass my mother's hand.  
She kissed and blessed her only son, gone to a foreign land.  
The neighbours took me from her breast, and told that I must go.  
If I could hear my mother's voice, her words were faint and low.

*Goodbye Johnny dear, when you're far away,  
Don't forget your dear old mother, far across the sea.  
Write a letter now an then, and sent her if you can,  
And don't forget for anyone, you are an Irishman.*

It's farewell to the town of Galway,  
Dawn tomorrow more and more.  
Goodbye Barbara, what's even the matter  
I am bound for a foreign shore.

*Goodbye Johnny dear, when you're far away,  
Don't forget your dear old mother, far across the sea.  
Write a letter now an then, and sent her if you can,  
And don't forget for anyone, you are an Irishman.*

Oh my Mother, my darling mother,  
Shall I ever see you more.  
My heart greaves me, for I must leaving,  
I am bound for a foreign shore.

*Goodbye Johnny dear, when you're far away,  
Don't forget your dear old mother, far across the sea.  
Write a letter now an then, and sent her if you can,  
And don't forget for anyone, you are an Irishman.*

It's farewell to the town of Galway,  
Dawn tomorrow more and more.  
Goodbye Barbara, what's even the matter  
I am bound for a foreign shore.

*It's farewell to the town of Galway,  
Dawn tomorrow more and more.  
Goodbye Barbara, what's even the matter  
I am bound for a foreign shore.*



## Oh California

I come from Salem City with my washbowl on my knee,  
I'm going to California the gold dust for to see.  
It's rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot, I froze to death, oh brothers don't you cry.

*Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.  
Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.*

I jumped aboard the Liza ship and traveled on the sea,  
And every time I thought of home I wished it wasn't me.  
The vessel reared like any horse, that had of oats and wealth,  
I found it wouldn't throw me so, I thought I'd throw myself.

*Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.  
Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.*

I thought of all the pleasant times, we've had together here,  
I thought I ought to cry a bit, but couldn't shed a tear.  
The pilot's bread was in my mouth, the gold dust in my eye,  
And thought I'm going far away, dear brothers, don't you cry.

*Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.  
Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.*

And when I get to Frisco, boys, then I'll look around,  
And when I see the gold lumps there, I'll pick'm off the ground.  
I'll scrape the mountains clean, me boys, I'll drain the rivers dry,  
A pocket full of rocks bring home, so brothers, don't you cry.

*Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.  
Oh California, that's the place for me,  
Well I'm off for San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.*



## The twenty fourth of February

On the twenty fourth of February the weather being clear,  
We spied sev'n sail of Turkish men o' war, belonging to Algier.

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

Pull down your colours, you English dogs, pull 'em down do not refuse,  
Pull down your colours, you English dogs or your precious lives you'll lose.

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

Our captain being a valiant man and well-bespoken he:  
"It never shall be said that we died like dogs, so we'll fight 'em manfully."

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

The first that came to our ship's side, it was the Pink so clear,  
Commanded by the big Bashaw and belonging to Algier.

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

And the next that came to our ship's side, it was the Rose and Crown,  
But we fired into her a good broadside and we quickly sent her down.

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

Now two we took and two we sunk and the rest they run away,  
And one we brought to old England's shore, just to show we'd won the day.

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

If anyone should than enquire to know our captain's name,  
Captain Mansfield was our chief commander, from Bristol town he came.

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*

*With my right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol, right fol-lea-ther-ol day,  
Roddle diddle di, roddle diddle day, a right fol-leather-ol day.*



## The ballad of captain Kidd

My name is captain Kidd, *as I sailed, as I sailed*  
 Oh, my name is captain Kidd, *as I sailed*  
 My name is captain Kidd, God's laws I did forbid  
 And so wickedly I did, *as I sailed, as I sailed*

My parents taught me well, *as I sailed, as I sailed*  
 Oh, my parents taught me well, *as I sailed*  
 My parents taught me well, to shun the gates of hell  
 But against them I rebelled, *as I sailed, as I sailed*

I murdered William Moore, *as I sailed, as I sailed*  
 I murdered William Moore, *as I sailed*  
 I murdered William Moore, and I left him in his gore  
 Not many leagues from shore, *as I sailed, as I sailed*

And being cruel still, *as I sailed, as I sailed*  
 And being cruel still, *as I sailed*  
 And being cruel still, my gunner I did kill  
 And his precious blood did spill, *as I sailed, as I sailed*

I'd ninety bars of gold, *as I sailed, as I sailed*  
 I'd ninety bars of gold, *as I sailed*  
 I'd ninety bars of gold, and dollars manifold  
 With riches uncontrolled, *as I sailed, as I sailed*

I spied three ships from France, *as I sailed, as I sailed*  
 I spied three ships from France, *as I sailed*  
 I spied three ships from France, to them I did advance  
 And I took them all by chance, *as I sailed, as I sailed*

To the execution dock, *I must go, I must go*  
 To the execution dock, *I must go*  
 To the execution dock, lay my head upon the block  
 And I must bear the shock, *and must die, and must die*

Farewell the raging main, *I must die, I must die*  
 Farewell the raging main, *I must die*  
 Farewell the raging main, to Turkey, France and Spain  
 I shall never see you again, *I must die, I must die*

Take a warning now by me, *I must die, I must die*  
 Take a warning now by me, *I must die*  
 Take a warning now by me, and shun bad company  
 Let you come to hell with me, *I must die, I must die*

*I must die, I must die!*



## Mull of Kintyre

*Mull of Kintyre*  
*Oh mist rolling in from the sea*  
*My desire is always to be here*  
*Oh Mull of Kintyre*

Far have I travelled and much have I seen  
Dark distant mountains with valleys of green  
Past painted deserts, the sunset's on fire  
As he carries me home to the Mull of Kintyre

*Mull of Kintyre*  
*Oh mist rolling in from the sea*  
*My desire is always to be here*  
*Oh Mull of Kintyre*

Sweep through the heather, like deer in the glen  
Carry me back to the days I knew then  
Nights when we sang like a heavenly choir  
Of the life and the times of the Mull of Kintyre

*Mull of Kintyre*  
*Oh mist rolling in from the sea*  
*My desire is always to be here*  
*Oh Mull of Kintyre*

Smiles in the sunshine and tears in the rain  
Still take me back where my memories remain  
Flickering embers grow higher and high  
As they carry me back to the Mull of Kintyre

*Mull of Kintyre*  
*Oh mist rolling in from the sea*  
*My desire is always to be here*  
*Oh Mull of Kintyre*



## Wir lagen vor Madagaskar

Wir lagen vor Madagaskar,  
Und hatten die Pest an Bord.  
In den Kesseln, da faulte das Wasser,  
Und täglich ging einer über Bord.

*Ahoi, Kameraden, ahoi, ahoi,  
Leb' wohl, kleines Mädels, leb' wohl, leb' wohl.  
Ja wenn das Schifferklavier an Bord ertönt,  
Ja da sind die Matrosen so still, (ja so still),  
Weil ein jeder nach seiner Heimat sich sehnt,  
Die er gerne einmal wiedersehen will.  
Ahoi, Kameraden, ahoi, ahoi,  
Leb' wohl, kleines Mädels, leb' wohl, leb' wohl.*

Wir lagen schon vierzehn Tage,  
Kein Wind durch die Segeln uns pfiff.  
Der Durst war die größte Plage,  
Da liefen wir auf ein Riff.

*Ahoi, Kameraden, ahoi, ahoi,  
Leb' wohl, kleines Mädels, leb' wohl, leb' wohl.  
Ja wenn das Schifferklavier an Bord ertönt,  
Ja da sind die Matrosen so still, (ja so still),  
Weil ein jeder nach seiner Heimat sich sehnt,  
Die er gerne einmal wiedersehen will.  
Ahoi, Kameraden, ahoi, ahoi,  
Leb' wohl, kleines Mädels, leb' wohl, leb' wohl.*

Der lange Hein war der erste,  
Er soff von dem faulen Naß.  
Die Pest gab ihm das Letzte,  
Und wir ihm ein Seemannsgrab.

*Ahoi, Kameraden, ahoi, ahoi,  
Leb' wohl, kleines Mädels, leb' wohl, leb' wohl.  
Ja wenn das Schifferklavier an Bord ertönt,  
Ja da sind die Matrosen so still, (ja so still),  
Weil ein jeder nach seiner Heimat sich sehnt,  
Die er gerne einmal wiedersehen will.  
Ahoi, Kameraden, ahoi, ahoi,  
Leb' wohl, kleines Mädels, leb' wohl, leb' wohl.*



## The drummer and the cook

Oh there was a little drummer and he loved a one-eyed cook  
And he loved her, oh he loved her though she had a cock-eyed look.

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*

When this couple went a-courtin' for to walk along the shore,  
Sez the drummer to the cookie: "You're the girl that I adore."

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*

When this couple went a-courtin' for to walk along the pier,  
Sez the cookie to the drummer: "An' I love you too my dear."

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*

Sez the drummer to the cookie: "Ain't the weather fine today?"  
Sez the cookie to the drummer: "Is that all ye got to say?"

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*

Sez the drummer to the cookie: "Will I buy the weddin' ring?"  
Sez the cookie: "Now you're talkin'. That would be the very thing."

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*

Sez the drummer to the cookie: "Will ye name the weddin' day?"  
Sez the cookie: "We'll be married in the merry month o' May."

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*

When they went to church to say "I will" the drummer got a nark,  
For her one eye gliffed the Parson, and the other killed the Clerk.

*With her one eye in the pot and the other up the chimney  
With a bow-wow-wow, Fal-lal the dow-a-diddy, Bow-wow-wow.*



## Als ik op zee was

Jij wou een zeeman en ik werd een zeeman  
 Al hield ik nou niet van de zee.  
 Jij wou me sterk zien en hard aan het werk zien  
 In armoede had jij geen idee.  
 Jij wilde weelde, wist ik dat je speelde  
 met mij en m'n liefde voor jou.  
 Jij wilde sparen, dus ik moest gaan varen.  
 Dat deed ik alleen maar voor jou.

*Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de zwier  
 Als ik op zee was, dan had jij plezier  
 Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de drank  
 Verbraste mijn spaargeld, dat stond op de bank*

Jij schreef me brieven, bijzondere lieve  
 Met: "Jongen, hou vol, doe je best".  
 Ik werkte bezeten, geen tijd om te eten  
 Wist ik dat ik zwaar werd gefleest.  
 Ik dacht steeds aan later daarginds op het water  
 Ik droomde van jou in mijn huis.  
 En mijn beloning: geen vrouw en geen woning  
 Want jij was geen avond meer thuis.

*Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de zwier  
 Als ik op zee was, dan had jij plezier  
 Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de drank  
 Verbraste mijn spaargeld, dat stond op de bank*

Eens toen ik thuis kwam en vlug naar ons huis kwam  
 Het schip was die keer iets te vroeg  
 Vond ik m'n boekje 't lag leeg in een hoekje  
 En jij zat vanouds in de kroeg.  
 Jij keek al glazig, beneveld en wazig  
 Je schommelde vreemd op je kruk.  
 Je noemde me Henkie maar ik heet toch Arie.  
 En toen was mijn droomwereld stuk.

*Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de zwier  
 Als ik op zee was, dan had jij plezier  
 Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de drank  
 Verbraste mijn spaargeld, dat stond op de bank*

*Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de zwier  
 Als ik op zee was, dan had jij plezier  
 Als ik op zee was, ging jij aan de drank  
 Verbraste mijn spaargeld, dat stond op de bank*



## Five o'clock in the morning

*It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready, we're sailing away  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready to sail*

We rise in the morning, sail out on the tide  
Silent we slip from the quay.  
With the gulls overhead and the seals alongside  
Proudly we set out to sea.

*It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready, we're sailing away  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready to sail*

We'll fish in the Minches, fair the weather or foul  
Living our lives on the sea.  
It's hard and it's tough and the pay's not enough  
What other life can there be?

*It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready, we're sailing away  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready to sail*

A fisherman's life is to work day and night  
And grab an hour's sleep in  
Between casting the nets and hauling them in  
Sometimes not a fish to be seen.

*It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready, we're sailing away  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready to sail*

We'll be cold, tired and hungry and drenched to the skin  
When we sail back to Stornoway town.  
With our catch safely landed we'll have a good dram  
In The Clachan, The Lewis or The Crown.

*It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready, we're sailing away  
It's five o'clock in the morning  
Time to get ready to sail*



## Rolling down to old Mauhie

Wir fahren oben in das Articmeer,  
 Auf Walfang vor unser Crew,  
 Die Kälte plagte uns doch oft so sehr,  
 Nun geht's nach Süden immer zu.  
 Alle Kwal und vorbei adee,  
 Sieben Monate auf See.  
 Es liegt hinter uns schon die Arcticsee.  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.

*Rolling down to old Mauhie,  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.  
 With the old pretty sails, pretty boat we'd to gate.  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.*

Der Nordsee kreist uns weg mit voller Kraft,  
 Das kost ja mich schon den Weg.  
 Auch Mäd'el bringt uns von dem Kurs nicht ab,  
 Vorbei die grosse Lorenzsee.  
 Alles Eis und auch Schnee am Deck,  
 Spühlt die warme See bald weg.  
 Alles liegt hinter uns gutes Schiff und See.  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.

*Rolling down to old Mauhie,  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.  
 With the old pretty sails, pretty boat we'd to gate.  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.*

Mit guter Fahrt kehren wir nun Heim,  
 Mit Wind und Wellen voran.  
 Wir möchten bald bei uns'ren Mädchen sein,  
 Das wünschen wir uns aller Mann.  
 Ohne Frau'n über rauhe See,  
 Hinter uns liegt Eis und Schnee.  
 Bald lachen und trinken wir wie noch nie,  
 Mit den Girls von old Mauhie.

*Rolling down to old Mauhie,  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.  
 With the old pretty sails, pretty boat we'd to gate.  
 Rolling down to old Mauhie.*



## **Zeeman kom weer naar huis** **(Sierra Madre)**

Als de morgenzon de haven langzaam verlicht  
Staat een vrouw op de kade, haar blik op de zee gericht.  
En je ziet hoe ze urenlang naar de horizon staart  
In de hoop dat ze straks het schip van haar man ontwaart.

*Zeeman, zeeman kom weer naar huis*  
*Zeeman, hier is toch je thuis – ooh – ooh*  
*Zeeman, zeeman kom weer naar huis*  
*Zeeman, hier is toch je thuis.*

Als de avond valt en het werk aan boord is gedaan  
Zie je daar in het avondrood een zeeman staan  
En hij staart over het water en denkt aan z'n vrouw en z'n kind  
In gedachten hoort hij hun stemmen in de wind.

*Zeeman, zeeman kom weer naar huis*  
*Zeeman, hier is toch je thuis – ooh – ooh*  
*Zeeman, zeeman kom weer naar huis*  
*Zeeman, hier is toch je thuis.*

*Ooh – ooh*  
*Zeeman, zeeman kom weer naar huis*  
*Zeeman, hier is toch je thuis – ooh – ooh*  
*Zeeman, zeeman kom weer naar huis*  
*Zeeman, hier is toch je thuis.*



## **Anchors Aweigh**

Anchors aweigh, my boys  
Anchors aweigh!  
Farewell to college joys,  
we sail at break of day-day-day-day!  
Through our last night ashore  
Drink to the foam!  
Until we meet once more,  
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home!

Anchors aweigh, my boys  
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