

Dutch Wayfarer Songs

Thanks to Jesper Friis and other Danish Wayfarers
who made the Danish “Wayfarer Sangenbogen”
songbook from which most of the songs in here are copied.

Wayfarer Fanfare

Melody: Ja Da

Wayfarer - Wayfarer,
best dinghy ever seen!
Wayfarer - weather fair,
makes me really feeling keen
on, waking up from your lazzzy sleep
and take you out to joy on a trip.
Wayfarer - Wayfarer,
best dinghy ever seen!

Our passion

Melody: The wild Rover

Refrein: Let's enjoy our passion-----
 Our passion at sea.
 Now come on brave sailors,
 Sail Wayfarer with me.

I've been a wild sailor for many a year.
I've spent all my money on gofast and gear.
I'm trailing my Dinghy for many a mile,
To join all my fellows in sailing a while.

Refrein

While sailing we're shouting and laughing whole time.
We're hiking and tacking and planning quite fine.
And back in the harbour we're thinking with cheer
'How wonderfull life is with plenty of beer.

Refrein.

From first to the last we will now raise our glass,
And then drink a toast to our Wayfarer class.
We will meet again soon ,so don't waste your tears,
And now we will stand up and give us three "cheers".

Refrein.

Wayfarer Pris

Melody: Whisky in the Jar

Kom her nu skal du høre,
om en buttet lille "balje"
med plats, som var den større,
bare køn I hver detalje.

Vor Wayfarer vil vi prise,
en vaskeægte skude.
Erfaren og novice,
se de tumler hendes klude.

kom her noe skal doe heure
em ien boete liele belje
miet plets, sem wer dien steure,
beere keun ie wier detèlje.
Wor Wayfarer wiel wie prieze.

Omkvæd: Hun er smuk, hun er rund, hun er fin (4 klap),
 hun måler femten fot (2 klap)
 alt ka' hun stå imod.
 Hun er vort smykkeskrin.

Hun er hurtigm hun er sikker,
en ganske fyrrig dame.
Mit hjerte bare tikker,
for den bedste sejl-reklame.
 Når vi på havet farer
 og bølgerne er høje.
 Hun alle søer klarer,
 selvom maverne er sløje.

Omkvæd:

Er du en havets vandrør,
med fjerne nye mål.
Der gerne vil se andre
folk og drikke deres skål.
 Og drømmer du om Rorfu,
 eller en af Sydfyns vige
 Hebiskuskransen får du,
 af en dejlig Wayfarer-pige.

Omkvæd:

Men vil du gerne kappes.
på ægte "Way-fair" vis.
Så skøn på at der klappes,
når vi deler ros og ris,
 Vi drages vel I grunden,
 af en dyst med vand og vind.
 Måle vores kunnen,
 med en ven af samme sind.

Omkvæd:

Hvad er det dog der gør det?
De blide sejlerdage.
Folkene I "skrinet",
vender gladere tilbage.
 Vi får endda I tilgift,
 hede sejlerdømme:
 Om solen I det pift,
 der gør vore muskler ømme.

Omkvæd:

Wayfarer Praise (Translated from the Danish text)

Melody: Whisky in the Jar

Come let us sing the praises
of a little tub with sail,
with lots of room for you and me -
shipshape in all detail.

Of the Wayfarer we're singing,
A fair and lusty gal,
seasoned sailors or beginners
want to tame and trim her sail.

Chorus: Trim and curvy, she's the best (clap 4 times)
 She's all of 16 feet (clap twice)
 All my demands she'll meet
 She is my treasure chest

Robust and speedy is she,
indeed, a fiery lassie,
come, launch her at the jetty
set sails and out to sea.

When sailing troubled waters,
as rollers break and pound her,
she'll ride the waves that caught us
though queasy tums abound her!

Chorus

If you find pleasure sailing
and moore to a distant shore,
new friends you'll soon be hailing
and share a drink or more.

And are your dreams on wune-land
or a wind-blown Danish bay,
a Wayfarer maid's flower garland
will adorn you anyway.

Chorus

But if you are keen on racing
in the proper "Way-fair" style
win or lose, you'll find us cheering
when you've sailed the final mile.

What force is it that drives us
to fight the waves and weather?
Testing all our skills and courses
with a crew of friends together.

Chorus

And so with happy mem'ries
of soothing days of sailing
the good crews from the dinhies
come home refreshed, some trailing

In winter we remember
the sunny hours and sea-spray
perfection of the triming,
dreams that never sail away.

Chorus

I am Sailing

Solo: I am sailing, I am sailing
home again, cross the sea
I am sailing, stormy waters,
to be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying
like a bird, cross the sky
I am flying, hazard high clouds
to be near you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
through the dark night, far away
I am dying, forever crying
to be with you, who can say.

Chorus: Can you hear me, can you hear me
through the dark night, far away
I am dying, forever crying
to be with you, who can say.

We are sailing, we are sailing
home again, cross the sea
we are sailing, stormy waters
to be near you, to be free.

Oh lord to be near you, to be free
Oh lord to be near you, to be free
Oh lord to be near you, to be free
Oh lord

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
early in the morning

Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
early in the morning

:Put him in the longboat till he's sober:

:Pull out the plug and wet him all over:

:Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him:

:Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin':

:That's what we do with a drunken sailor:

Mellem Esbjerg og Fanø

(Danish traditional)

Der var en skipper, :og han hed Lass, ja: (3x)

(Der war in skipper, :òh hen hè Les, jà:)

Han sejled rund en smadderkass', ja,

(Hen seile roen in smèderkès, jà)

imellem Esbjerg og Fanø

(ih-mèllèm Esberg òh Fèneu)

Og stormen sused og gjord' halløj,

(òh stoormen soese òh gjør(d) hàloi)

og bølgen stod som en kæmpehøj;

(òh beulgen stò som in keempehoi)

nej, det var sandelig ingen spøg,

(nei, diet wer sendelie iengen spoi)

imellem Esbjerg og fanø

(ih-mèllèm Esberg òh Fèneu)

Og Lass han leved :af baskuld kuns, ja: (3x)

(òh Les hen lève :ef bekskoeld koens jà:)

han skylded' ned med en kaffepunch, ja,

(hen skuule nie mie een kèffepoensj, jà)

imellem Esbjerg og Fanø.

(ih-mèllèm Esberg òh Fèneu)

Og sturmen sused....

En dag da Lass :havde stødt fra land, ja: (3x)

(En dee dè Les :hèwe steut frè lènd, jà:)

han havde glemt at få proviand, ja

(Hen hèwe glemt èt fò proviand, jà)

imellem esbjerg og fanø.

(ih-mèllèm Esberg òh Fèneu)

Og sturmen sused....

Og Lass han sejled :i dage tre, ja: (3x)

(Oh Les hen seile : ie dèg(k)e trai. jà)

men han fik aldrig mere land at se, nej,

(Mien hen fik eldrig mere lènd et sai, nei)

imellem Esbjerg og Fanø

(ih-mèllèm Esberg òh Fèneu)

Og sturmen sused....

Hvergang en skipper :han går til bunds, ja: (3x)

(Wiergang ien skieper :hen gòr tiel boends, jà:)

ham hilser Lass med en kaffepunch, ja,

(Hem hielser Les mie kèffepoensj, jà)

imellem Esbjerg og Fanø

(ih-mèllèm Esberg òh Fèneu)

Og sturmen sused....

Sloop John B

(Words & Music: Trad. - Arr. Brian Wilson)

**We come on the sloop John B,
my grandfather and me.
Around Nassau town we do roam.
Drinkin' all night.
Got into a fight.
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.**

**Chorus:
So hoist up the John B's sails.
See how the mainsail sets.
Call for the captain ashore, let me go home.
Let me go home.
I wanna go home.
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna to go home.**

**First mate, he got drunk.
Broke in the captain's trunk.
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone,
why don't you leave me alone?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna to go home.**

Chorus

**The poor cook he caught the fits.
Throw away all of my grits.
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home.
Why don't they let me go home?
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.**

Chorus

de Zuiderzee Ballade

Opa kijk, ik vond op zolder, een foto van een oude boot.
Is dat nog van voor de polder, van die oude vissersvloot?
Jochie, dat is 'n gelukkie, Ik was dat prentje jaren kwijt,
'k heb nou weer 'n heel klein stukkie van die goeie ouwe tijd.

Daar is het water, daar is de haven
waar j-altijd horen kon, we gaan aan boord.
De voerman laat er nou paarden draven
en aan de horizon leit Emmeloord.
Eens ging de zee hier te keer, maar die tijd komt niet weer,
Zuiderzee heet nou IJselmeer.
Een tractor gaat er, nou greppels graven
k-zie tot de horizon geen schepen meer.

Kijk, die jongeman ben ikke,
ja, ikke was de kapitein.
Hiero en die grote dikke, ja, dat moet malle Japie zijn.

Opa en die blonde jongen, vooraan bij de fokkeschoot?
...Opa, zeg nou wat.....die jonge is je ome die is dood.

In 't diepe water, ver van de haven,
in die novembarnacht, voor twintig jaar.
Door 't brakke water is hij begraven,
maar als ik nog even wacht, zien wij elkaar.

Toen ging de zee zo tekeer, in een razend verweer,
ongestraft slaat niemand haar neer.
Nu jaren later, hier paarden draven
zie ik de hand en macht, van onze Heer.

Waar is het water, waar is de haven
waar j-altijd horen kon, we gaan aan boord.
De voerman laat er z'n nou paarden draven
en aan de horizon leit Emmeloord.

Eens ging de zee hier te keer, maar die tijd komt niet weer,
't water leit nou achter de dijk.
Waar eens de golven, het land bedolven
golft nou een halmenzee, de oogst is rijp.

Het Kleine Cafe aan de Haven

(vader abraham)

De avondzon valt over straten en pleinen
De gouden zon zakt in de stad
En mensen die moe in hun huizen verdwijnen
Ze hebben de dag weer gehad
De neonreclame die knipoogt langs ramen
Het motregent zachtjes op straat
De stad lijkt gestorven, toch klinkt er muziek
Uit een deur die nog wijd open staat

Refrein:

*Daar in dat kleine cafe; aan de haven
Daar zijn de mensen gelijk en tevrede
Daar in dat kleine cafe; aan de haven
Daar telt je geld of wie je bent niet meer mee*

De toog is van koper toch ligt er geen looper
De voetbalclub hangt aan de muur
De trekkast die maakt meer lawaai dan de jukebox
Een pilsje dat is er niet duur
Een mens is daar mens, rijk of arm, 't is daar warm
Geen messjeu of madam, maar W.C.
Maar 't glas is gespoeld in het helderste water
Ja, 't is daar een heel goed cafe

Refrein

De wereldproblemen die zijn tussen twee
Glazen bier opgelost voor altijd
Op de rand van een bierviltje staat daar je rekening
Of je staat in het krijt
Het enige wat je aan eten kunt krijgen
Dat is daar een hard gekookt ei
De mensen die zijn daar gelukkig gewoon
Ja, de mensen die zijn daar nog blij

Refrein (2x)

The Unofficial Australian National Anthem

"Waltzing Matilda"

A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah-tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong:
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Up rode a squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred;
Down came the troopers, one, two, three:
"Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Who's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong;
"You'll never catch me alive!" said he;
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

**The wild rover
(Irish traditional)**

I've been a Wild Rover for many's the year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the Wild Rover no more.

And it's no, nay, never
No nay never no more
Will I play the Wild Rover
No never, no more.

I went in to an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay"
Such a custom as you're I can have any day!"

And it's no, nay, never
No nay never no more
Will I play the Wild Rover
No never, no more.

Then I took from my pockets ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said "I have whiskeys and wines of the best,
And the words that I told you were only in jest!"

And it's no, nay, never
No nay never no more
Will I play the Wild Rover
No never, no more.

I'll go home to my parents confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And when they caress me as oft' times before
Then I never will play the Wild Rover no more.

And it's no, nay, never
No nay never no more
Will I play the Wild Rover
No never, no more.

I've been a Wild Rover for manies the year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the Wild Rover no more.

And it's no, nay, never
No nay never no more
Will I play the Wild Rover
No never, no more.

Swiebertje

refrein:

**Daar komt Swiebertje
Rare Swiebertje
Onze Swieber met zijn ingedeukte hoed
Daar komt Swiebertje
Rare Swiebertje
Onze Swieber die steeds malle dingen doet**

**Hij leidt een vrolijk leven
Hij luistert nooit naar raad
Om zijn brutale grappen
Maakt Bromsnor zich vaak kwaad**

refrein

**Ik hou van lekker eten
Dus ga ik vaak naar Saar
Kom ik daar op visite
Nou dan staat de taart al klaar**

refrein

**Ik hou van lekker slapen
Liefst in een berg hooi
Daar lig je lekker warm in
Daar droom ik lekker mooi**

refrein

**Ik hou veel van m'n vrijheid
Die raak ik nooit meer kwijt
Maar 1 man die bedreigt me
't Is Bromsnor zo gezeid**

refrein

**Hij leidt een vrolijk leven
Hij luistert nooit naar raad
Om zijn brutale grappen
Maakt Bromsnor zich vaak kwaad**

**Daar komt Swiebertje
Rare Swiebertje
Onze Swieber met zijn uitgestreken snoet
Daar komt Swiebertje
Rare Swiebertje
Onze Swieber die steeds malle dingen doet**

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