

Nancy Lee

für Stedinger Shantychor

Trad. Shanty

Arr. Martin Lugenbiehl

Vorsänger

Chor

Vorsänger

Tenor

1. Of all the wives I e-versaw, ye ho, ye ho lads ho, ye ho lads ho, there's Then
2. The boats-wain pipes the watch be low, It's
3. The har-bour's past, the bree-zesblow, It's

Choir

5

T.

none like Nan-cy Lee I know ye ho, ye ho lads ho, ye ho. See A But
here's a health be-fore we go
long ere we come back you know

Choir

9

T.

there she stands and waves her hands a-bove the quay, and
long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea, and
true and bright from morn till night my wife will be, my

11

T.

e-ve-ry day when I'm a-way she'll pray for me and
keep ou-r bomes from Da-fy Jones where e-ver we be and
hom- so neat and snug and sweet for Jack at sea and

13

T.

whis-pers low when temp-est blow for Jack at sea, ye ho lads ho, ye ho. The
may you meet a mate as seet as Nan-cy Lee,
Nan-cy's face to bless the place and wel-come me,

Choir

17

T.
 8

sai - lors wife the sai - lors star shall be, ye ho we go a - cross the sea, the

Choir

21

T.
 8

sai - lors wife the sai - lors star shall be, the sai - lors wife his star shall be.

Choir

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
 There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
 See, there she stands an' waves her hands upon the quay,
 An' ev'ry day when I'm away she'll watch for me,
 An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!

Chorus.

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
 Yeo ho! we go across the sea;
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
 The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
 'Tis long ere we come back I know,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
 But true an' bright from morn till night my home will be,
 An' all so neat, an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea.
 An' Nancy's face to bless the place an' welcome me,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!-Chorus.

The bo's'n pipes the watch below,
 Yeo ho! lads ho! yco ho! yeo ho!
 Then here's a health afore we go,
 Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
 A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea,
 An' keep our bones from Davy Jones where'er we be,
 An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee,
 Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!-Chorus.