Old Moke Pickin' on the Banjo

Old Moke Pickin' on the Banjo

He-bang, she-bang, daddy shot a bear
Shot it in the stern, me boys, and never turned a hair
    We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo
    Oh, the old moke pickin' on the banjo.

cho: Hooraw! What the hell's the row?
    We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo
    We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo
    Oh, the old moke pickin' on the banjo!

Pat, get back, take in yer slack. Heave away, me boys;
Heave away, me bully boys, why don't ye make some noise?
    We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo etc.

Roll her, boys, bowl her, boys, give 'er flamin' gip,
Drag thc anchor off the mud, an' let the barstard rip !
    We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo etc.

Rock-a-block, chock-a-block, heave the caps'n round,
Fish the flamin' anchor up, for we are outward bound.

Out chocks, two blocks, heave away or bust,
Bend yer backs, me bully boys, kick up some flamin' dust.

Whisky-O, johnny-O, the mudhook is in sight,
'Tis a hell-of-a-way to the gals that wait, an' the ol' Nantucket
    Light;

From Shanties from the Seven Seas, Hugill
Recorded (on cassette) by the Morgans.