

Our Captain cried All Hands (A)

The musical score is written on eight staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Our cap - - - tain called all hands To sail to - - - mor - - - row Leaves ma - ³ny a fair pret - - ty maid In grief and sor - - - row. So dry those moun - - tain _____ tears And leave off weep - - - ing. How hap - - - py we shall be At our next meet - - - ing." The melody is simple and uses a mix of quarter, eighth, and dotted notes. A triplet of eighth notes is used for "ma - ny".

(Version A)

Our captain called all hands
To sail tomorrow
Leaves many a fair pretty maid
In grief and sorrow.
So dry those mountain tears
And leave off weeping.
How happy we shall be
At our next meeting.

How can you go away
Fighting for strangers?
You'd better stay at home
Free from all dangers.
I would roll you in my arms,
My dearest jewel,
So stay at home with me
And don't be cruel.

When I had gold in store
You did write me,
But now I'm low and poor
You seem to slight me;
You courted me for a while
Just to deceive me;
Now my poor heart you have won
You're going to leave me.

She fell upon the ground
Like one that was dying.
This house was full of grief
Sighing and crying.
There is no belief in man,
Not your own brother,
So girls if you must love,
Love one another.

Farewell, my dearest friends,
Father and mother,
I am your only child,
I have no brother.
It's in vain to weep for me
For I am going
Into everlasting joys
Where fountains are flowing.

(Version B)

Our captain calls all hands away tomorrow,
Leaving this poor young girl in grief and sorrow.
Dry up your blinding tears and leave off weeping,
It is in vain to weep for I am going
To find the lad I love that has proved my ruin.

(Version C)

Our captain cried all hands,
And away tomorrow,
Leaving those girls behind
In grief and sorrow.

What makes you go abroad
Fighting for strangers
When you could stop at home
Free from all dangers?

You courted me a while
Just to deceive me;
Now my heart you have gained
You mean to leave me.

Saying, there's no belief in man
Not my own brother.
So girls, if you can love,
Love one another.

When I had gold in store
You did invite me,
Now that I'm low and poor
You seem to slight me.

Drop off your brandy tears
And leave your weeping,
For happy we shall be
At our next meeting.