

Let the Bulgine Run

♩ = 84 Swung quavers

aka *Clear the Track*

Transatlantic sea shanty

Arr. Jake Alexander

jakealexander.org

Duration: ca. 2'30"

Verse

Soprano 1 *solo* *tutti*
Oh, the smart-est pack-et that you can find, Ha - ee, ha - ooh, are you most done?

Soprano 2
Ha - ee, ha - ooh, are you most done?

Alto
Ha - ee, ha - ooh, are you most done?

S1 *solo* (use lower notes if a high E is outside the soloist's range) *tutti*
Is the Ro - sa-lind of the Black-ball line, So clear a-way the track and let the Bul - gine run.

S2
So clear a-way the track and let the Bul - gine run.

A
So clear a-way the track and let the Bul - gine run.

Chorus

S1
To my hi - rig - a - jig in the low back car, Ha - ee, ha - ooh, are you most done?

S2
To my hi - rig - a - jig in the low back car, Ha - ee, ha - ooh, are you most done?

A
To my hi - rig - a - jig in the low back car, Ha - ee, ha - ooh, are you most done?

rit. *A tempo* *x 6*

S1
With E - li - za Lee all on my knee, So clear a-way the track and let the Bul-gine run.

S2 *x 6*
With E - li - za Lee all on my knee, So clear a-way the track and let the Bul-gine run.

A *x 6*
With E - li - za Lee all on my knee, So clear a-way the track and let the Bul-gine run.

Verse 2: Oh the fair Rosalind of the Blackball line... She's never a day behind her time

Verse 3: Oh the winds are foul and the work is hard... From Liverpool docks to the Brooklyn yard

Verse 4: When we've stowed our freight at the West Street Pier... It's home to Liverpool then we'll steer

Verse 5: When we gets back to Liverpool town... I'll stand ye whiskies all around

Verse 6: Oh, heave a pawl, oh, bear a hand... Just one more pull and make her stand

Appendix - Verses 2-6 (Solos)

Please note that these melodies are suggestions only - feel free to extemporise!

Verse 2

(use lower notes if a high E is outside the soloist's range)



Oh the fair Ro-sa-lind of the Black-ball line...



She's ne-ver a day be - hind her time

Verse 3



Oh, the winds are foul and the work is hard...



From Li-ver-pool docks to the Brook-lyn yard

Verse 4



When we've stowed our freight at the West Street Pier...



It's home to Li-ver-pool then we'll steer

Verse 5



When we gets back to Li-ver-pool town...



I'll stand ye whisk-ies all a-round

Verse 6



Oh, heave a pawl, oh, bear a hand...



Just one more pull and make her stand