

The Endeavour Shanty

What's that ship coming round Cape Horn

Heave away boys Haul away

It's a Whitby cat with its stuns'ls on

Haul away and around Cape Horn

Masters ordered all sails set

Its down with your grog up the riggin' you'll get

There's nothing faster on the sea

We're in full sail and runnin' free

Down passed Tierra Del Fuego

There's wind and rain and ice and snow

And the victuals are enough to make you scream

And your flogged if you don't eat up your greens

Weavel biscuits devils grog

And stuff that tastes like bosuns' dog

Bare foot sailor shinnin' the mast

You're in the eye of the wind and you've got to be fast

Break your back boys heave and pull

James Cook is lord of this Whitby hull

Goodbye Cape Horn my enemy

For now we're bound for the southern sea

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