

1. I heard, I heard the old man say,
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e. □
 Today, today is a holiday,
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

2. We'll work tomorrow, but no work today,
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e. □
 Oh we'll work tomorrow, but no work today,
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

Tulai-e, oh tulai-e, □
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e. □

□
 3. We're outward bound for 'Frisco bay,
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e. □
 We're bound away at the break of day.
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

4. We're bound away around Cape Horn, □
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.
 We wish to God we'd never been born.
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

□
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

□ 5. Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away,
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.
 And haul away and make your pay.
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

□
Tulai-e, oh tulai-e,
John Kanaka-naka tulai-e.

(A halyard shanty)

Hugill, Stan, 1994, *Shanties from the Seven Seas*, says:

I learnt it from that wonderful shantyman, Harding of Barbadoes. He sang it with many falsetto yelps and hitches almost impossible to imitate. ...

The chorus is of Polynesian origin and I would say the words **Tu-lai-e** were Samoan.

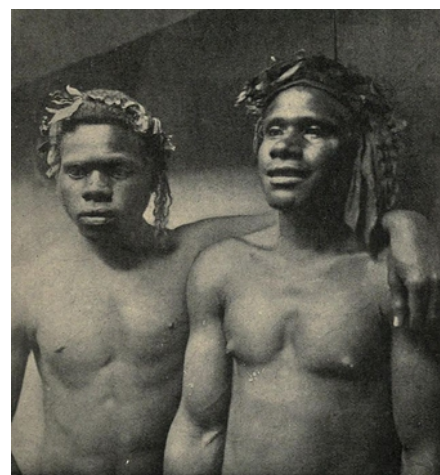
John Kanaka is a sailor from the South Sea Islands.

Dana, Richard Henry Jr, 1840, *Two Years Before the Mast*:

A considerable trade has been carried on for several years between California and the Sandwich Islands, and most of the vessels are manned with Islanders; who, as they, for the most part sign no articles, leave whenever they choose and let themselves out to cure hides at San Diego, and to supply the places of the men of the American vessels while on the coast. In this way, quite a colony of them had become settled at San Diego, as their headquarters. ...

During the four months I lived here, I got well acquainted with all of them, and took the greatest pains to become familiar with their language, habits, and characters. Their language, I could only learn, orally, for they had not any books among them, though many of them had been taught to read and write by the missionaries at home. They spoke a little English, and by a sort of compromise, a mixed language was used on the beach, which could be understood by all. The long name of Sandwich Islanders is dropped, and they are called by the whites, all over the Pacific ocean, "**Kanákas**," from a word in their own language which they apply to themselves, and to all South Sea Islanders, in distinction from whites, whom they call "Haole."

This name, "**Kanaka**," they answer to both collectively and individually. Their proper names in their own language being difficult to pronounce and remember, they are called by any names which the captains or crews may choose to give them. Some are called after the vessel they are in; others by common names, as Jack, Tom, Bill.... But by whatever names they might be called, they were the most interesting, intelligent, and kind-hearted people that I ever fell in with. I felt a positive attachment for almost all of them; and many of them I have a feeling for, which would lead me to go a great way for the mere pleasure of seeing them,



Loyalty Islanders employed as sailors on the New Caledonian coast (photo, before 1906); from [Wikimedia](#) which gives the source as **Clement Lindley Wragge (1906) *The Romance of the South Seas***, Chatto & Windus (via Wikimedia)