

A SHANTY SONGBOOK

Compiled by Tony O'Neill

From The Enterprize Shanty Band

For the Seaworks Festival June 18 2022

Presented by the Victorian Folk Music Club

INDEX

- 1 Leave her Johnny, Leave Her
- 2 Randy Dandy Oh!
- 3 Haul Away Joe
- 4 Haul on the Bowline
- 5 Paddy Lay Back
- 6 Barrett's Privateers
- 7 Strike the Bell Second Mate
- 8 A Drop Of Nelson's Blood
- 9 Rolling Down to Old Maui
- 10 Towrope Girls
- 11 Fathom the Bowl
- 12 Mingulay Boat Song
- 13 Whip Jamboree
- 14 The Catalpa

1. Leave her, Johnny, leave her

1. Well I thought I heard the old man say,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
It's a long hard pull to the next pay day
And it's time for us to leave her.

Chor. Leave her, Johnny, leave her!
Ooh, leave her, Johnny, leave her!
For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow,
And it's time for us to leave her!

2. And the captain was bad but the mate was worse,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her,
He could blow you down with a spike and a curse
And it's time for us to leave her.

3. Oh the wind was foul and the sea ran high,
Leave her Johnny leave her
She shipped it green and none went by.
And its time for us to leave her

4. And the rats are all gone and we the crew,
Leave her Johnny leave her
Well, it's time, by Christ, that we went too.
And its time for us to leave her

5. And a dollar a day is a Jack Shite's pay
When it's pump all night and it's work all day
It was pump or drown, the old man said,
Or else, by Christ, we'll all be dead

Chorus (twice)

2. Randy Dandy Oh

1. Now we are ready to head for the Horn,
Way, ay, roll an' go!
Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn,
Timme rollickin' randy dandy O!

Ch. *Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,*
Way, ay, roll an' go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
Timme rollickin' randy dandy O!

2. Soon we'll be warping her out through the locks,
Way, ay, roll an' go!
Where the pretty young gals all come down in their flocks,
Timme rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Way, ay, roll an' go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
Timme rollickin' randy dandy O!

3. Come breast the bars, bullies, an' heave her away,
Soon we'll be rollin' her 'way down the Bay,

4. Sing goodbye to Sally an' goodbye to Sue,
For we are the boy-os who can kick 'er through.

5. Oh, man the stout caps'n an' heave with a will,
Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way down the hill.

6. Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums,
Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs.

7. Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawin' free,
Let's get the glad-rags on an' drive 'er to sea.

8. We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay,
Get crackin', m' lads, 'tis a hell o' a way!

3. Haul Away, Joe!

1. When I was just a little lad
And so my mother told me,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
That if I did not kiss the girls
My lips would grow all mouldy,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

Chorus

**Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.**

2. King Louis was the King of France
Before the Revolution,
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
King Louis got his head cut off
Which spoiled his constitution.
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

3. Oh the cook is in the galley
Making duff so handy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
And the captain's in his cabin
Drinkin' wine and brandy
Way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe.

4. Haul away the bowline
The Yankee ship's a rollin',
Way haul away! We'll away! Haul away, Joe!
Once I had a Yankee girl,
And she was such a daisy

5. Way haul away! We'll haul away, Joe!
Once I had an Irish girl,
And she was fat and lazy,
Way haul away! We'll haul away, Joe!
Then I had an English girl,
And she was tall and crazy

4. Haul on the bowline

- 1.** Haul on the bowline, homeward we are going
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 2.** Haul on the bowline, before she start a-rolling
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 3.** Haul on the bowline, the Captain is a-growling
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 4.** Haul on the bowline, so early in the morning
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 5.** Haul on the bowline, to Bristol we are going
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 6.** Haul on the bowline, Kitty is my darling
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 7.** Haul on the bowline, Kitty comes from Liverpool
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
- 8.** Haul on the bowline, It's far cry to pay day
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

Short-drag shanty. This may be one of the oldest around: the bowline was a line used to pull the weather edge of a square sail as far out to windward as possible when reaching. It was largely obsoleted by the introduction of staysails in the early eighteenth century.

5. Paddy, Lay Back

Lyrics from *Shanties from the Seven Seas*

1. 'Twas a cold an' dreary mornin' in December, (*December*)
Me money it was well and truly spent (*spent, spent*),
Where the hell it went to Lord I can't remember (*remember*),
So down to the shippin' office then I went, (*went, went*),

2. That day there wuz a great demand for sailors (*for sailors*),
For the Colonies and for 'Frisco and for France (*France, France*),
So I shipped aboard a Limey barque the Hotspur (*the Hotspur*),
An' got paralytic drunk on my advance (*'vance, 'vance*),

Chorus

Paddy lay back, Take in yer slack
Take a turn around the capstan-heave a pawl - heave a pawl!
And about ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy)!
For we're bound for Valaparaiser 'round the Horn!

3. Now some of our fellers had bin drinkin', (*drinkin'*),
An' I meself wuz heavy on the booze; (*booze, booze*)
An' I wuz on me ol' sea-chest a-thinkin' (*a-thinkin'*)
I'd turn into me bunk an' have a snooze. (*snooze. snooze.*)

4. I woke up in the mornin' sick an' soore, (*sore, sore*),
n' knew I wuz outward bound again; (*gen, gen*)
When I heard a voice a-bawlin' at the door, (*at the door*)
'Lay aft, men, pay attention to yer names!' (*names, names*)

Chorus

5. 'Twas on the quarterdeck where first I saw 'em, (*saw 'em*)
Such an ugly bunch I'd niver seen afore; (*fore, fore*)
There wuz a bum an' stiff from every single quarter, (*quarter*),
An' it made me poor ol' heart feel sick an' sore. (*sore, sore*)

6. There wuz Spaniards an' Dutchmen an' Rooshians, (*Rooshians*)
An' Jolly Jacques jist acrosst from France; (*France France*)
An' most o' 'em couldn't speak a word of English, (*of English*)
But answered to the name of 'Month's Advance'. (*vance, vance*)

7. I wisht that I wuz in the ('Jolly Sailor'(*Jolly Sailor*'),
Along with Irish Kate a-drinkin' beer; (*beer; beer;*)
An' then I thought what jolly chaps were sailors, (*sailors*)
An' with me flipper I wiped away a tear. (*tear tear*)

Chorus

8. Although me poor ol' head wuz all a-jumpin'(*a-jumpin'*)
We had to loose her rags the followin' morn; (*morn, morn*)
I dreamt the boardin'-master I wuz thumpin', (*thumpin'*)
When I found out he'd sent me around the (*Horn., Horn.*)

9. I swore I would become a beachie-comber, (*beachie-comber*)
An' niver go to sea no ruddy more; (*more, more*)
For niver did I want to be a roamer , (*a roamer*)
I'd shanghai the boardin'-master an' stay ashore. (*shore, shore*)

10. But when we got to bully ol' Vallaparaizer, (*Vallaparaizer,*)
In the Bay we dropped our mud hook far from shore; (*shore, shore*)
The ol' Man he refused ter let us raise 'er, (*raise 'er*)
An' he stopped the boardin'-masters comin' aboard. (*board, board*)

Chorus

11. I quickly made me mind up that I'd jump 'er, (*jump 'er*)
I'd leave the beggar an' git a job ashore; (*shore, shore*)
I swum across the Bay an' went an' left 'er, (*left 'er*)
An' in the English Bar I found a whore. (*Haw, haw*)

12. But Jimmy the Wop he knew a thing or two, sir, (*two, sir*)
An' soon he'd shipped me outward bound again; (*gen, gen*)
On a Limey to the Chinchas for guano, (*guano*)
An' soon was I a-roarin' this refrain. (*frain, frain*)

13. So there wuz I once more again at sea, boys, (*sea, boys*)
The same ol' ruddy business over again; (*gen, gen*)
Oh, stamp the caps'n round an' make (*some noise, boys*),
An' sing again this dear ol' sweet refrain. (*frain, frain*)

Chorus

Alternative Verses:

Paddy, lay back (Paddy, lay back)!
Take in yer slack (take in yer slack)!
Take a turn around the capstan - heave a pawl - heave a pawl!
(And)'Bout ship, stations, boys, be handy (be handy)!
Raise tacks, (an) sheets, an' (up the)mains'l haul!

Alternative final line of chorus:

For we're bound for Valaparaiser 'round the Horn!

I knew that in me box I had a bottle,
By the boardin'-master 'twas put there;
An' I wanted something for to wet me throttle,
Somethin' for to drive away dull care.

So down upon me knees I went like thunder,
Put me hand into the bottom o' the box,
An' what wuz me great surprise an' wonder,
Found only a bottle o' medicine for the pox.

6. Barrett's Privateers

1. Oh, the year was 1778, how I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
A letter of marque come from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,
God damn them all!

Chorus

**I was told we'd sail the seas for american gold
We'd fire no gun - shed no tear
Well I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's privateers.**

2. Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
Would make up for him the antelope's crew
God damn them all!

Chorus

3. Now the antelope she was a sickening sight,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the shakes and the jags
God damn them all!

Chorus

4. On the king's birthday we sailed away,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
We were 97 days to Montego Bay
We were Pumping like madmen all the way
God damn them all!

Chorus

5. On the 98th day we sailed again,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
With big fat american hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders made to fight
God damn them all!

Chorus

6. That yankee, she lay low down with gold,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
She was big and fat and loose in the stays
And to catch her took us three whole days
God damn them all!

Chorus

7. Will at last we stood two cables away,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the yank stove us in
God damn them all!

Chorus

8. Now the antelope shook and she pitched on her side,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the main trunk carried off both me legs
God damn them all!

Chorus

9. So here I lay in my 23rd year,
How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
Well it's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday
God damn them all!

Chorus

7. Strike The Bell, Second Mate

1. Up on the poop deck walking about
There is the second mate so steady and so stout
What he's a-thinking he doesn't know himself
But we wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

**Chor. *Strike the bell, second mate, let us go below
Look well to windward, you can see it's going to blow
Look at the glass, you can see that it's fell
And we wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell***

2. Down on the main deck working the pumps
There is the larboard watch, they're longing for their bunks
Look out to windward, you can see a great swell
And they're wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

3. Forward in the fo'c'sle keeping sharp lookout
There stands Johnny now, he's waiting for the shout
"Lights burning bright, sir, everything is well"
And he's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

4. Aft at the wheelhouse old Anderson stands
Grasping the helm with his frostbitten hands
Looking at the compass though the course is clear as hell
And he's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell

5. Aft on the quarterdeck our gallant captain stands
He's looking out to windward with a spyglass in his hand
What he's thinking we know very well
He's thinking more of shortening sail than striking the bell
Chorus X 2

8. A Drop Of Nelson's Blood

1. And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

*And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along.
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind!*

2. And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

3. And a good run ashore wouldn't do us any harm
And a good run ashore wouldn't do us any harm
And a good run ashore wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

4. And a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
And a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
And a roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

5. And a pint from the landlord wouldn't do us any harm
And a pint from the landlord wouldn't do us any harm
And a pint from the landlord wouldn't do us any harm
And we'll all hang on behind.

9. Rollin' Down to Old Maui

1. It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done
How hard the winds do blow
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Sound
With a good ship taut and free
And we don't give a damn when we drink our rum, With the girls of Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic Ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

2. Once more we sail with a Northerly gale
Through the ice, and wind, and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands
We soon shall see again
Six hellish months have passed away
On the cold Kamchatka sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic ground, Rolling down to Old Maui

3. Once more we sail the Northerly gale
Towards our Island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done
And we ain't got far to roam
Our stans'l booms is carried away
What care we for that sound
A living gale after us, Thank God we're homeward bound

4. How soft the breeze through the island trees
Now the ice is far astern
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is awaiting our return
Even now their big, brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails running 'fore the gales, Rolling down to Old Maui

10. Towrope Girls

Words: C. Fox-Smith. Music: Traditional.

1. There's a ship in the Tropics a'foaming along,
With every stitch drawing, the wind blowing strong,
The white caps around her, all breaking in spray,
For the girls have got hold of her tow-rope today,

Chorus:

**An' it's: Haul away girls, steady and true,
Polly and Dolly and sally and Sue,
Mothers and sisters, sweethearts and all,
Haul away, all the way, haul away, haul.**

2. She's logging sixteen as she speeds from the South,
A wind in her royals, a bone in her mouth,
With a wake like a millrace she speeds on her way,
For the girls have got hold of her tow-rope today.

3. Of cargoes and charters we've had our full share,
Of grain and of lumber, enough and to spare,
Of nitrates at Taltal and rice for Bombay.
And the girls have got hold of our tow-rope today.

4. The Old Man he stood on the poop at high-noon,
He paced fore-and-aft and he whistled a tune,
Then he put by his sextant and this he did say:
"The girls have got hold of our tow-rope today."

5. She has dipped her yards under, hove-to off The Horn,
In the fog and the floes she has drifted forlorn,
Becalmed in The Doldrums a week long she lay,
But the girls have got hold of her tow-rope today.

6. Hear the good Trade Wind a-singing aloud,
A "homeward bound" shanty in sheet and in shroud,
Hear how he whistles in halliard and stay,
"The girls have got hold of our tow-rope today."

7. And it's: "Ho!"; for the chops of The Channel, at last,
The cheer that goes up when the tug-hawser's passed,
The Mate's: "That'll do!"; and fourteen month's pay,
For the girls have got hold of the tow-rope today.

11. Fathom The Bowl

**I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl**

1. Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to my song
And we'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

2. From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

3. My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease
She does as she likes and she says as she please
My wife, she's a devil, she's black as the coal
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

4. My father he do lie in the depths of the sea
With no stone at his head but what matters for he
Let the sharks have his body, the lord have his soul
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl

12. Mingulay Boat Song

Chorus

**Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, into the weather,
Heave her ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay**

1. What care we though, white the Minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys; every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Chorus

2. Wives are waiting, by the pier head,
Or looking seaward, from the heather;
Heave her round, boys, then you'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus

3. Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
They'll return, though, when the sun sets
They'll return to Mingulay.

Chorus

13. Whip Jamboree

1. And now my lads be of good cheer
For the Irish Coast will soon draw near
And we'll set a course for the old Cape Clear
Oh Jenny get your oatcakes done

**Ch. Whip Jamboree Whip Jamboree
Oh you pig-tailed sailor hanging down behind
Whip Jamboree Whip Jamboree
Oh Jenny get your oatcakes done**

2. And now Cape Clear it is in sight
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night
And we'll steer a course for the old Rock Light
Oh Jenny get your oatcakes done

Chorus

3. And now my lads we're off Holyhead
No more salt beef or weevily bread
One man in the chains for to heave the lead
Oh Jenny get your oatcakes done

Chorus

4. And now my lads we're off Fort Perch Rock
All hammocks lashed and sea-chests locked
And we'll haul her into the Waterloo Dock
Oh Jenny get your oatcakes done

Chorus

14. The Catalpa

1. A noble whale ship and commander
Called the Catalpa, they say
She sailed into Western Australia
And took six poor Fenians away

Chorus

**So come all you screws, warders and jailers
Remember Perth regatta day
Take care of the rest of your Fenians
Or the Yankees will steal them away**

2. For seven long years they had served here
And seven long more had to stay,
For defending their country
Old Ireland, For that they were banished away.

3. You kept them in Western Australia
Till their hair it began to turn grey
When a Yank from the States of America
Came out here and stole them away

4. Now all the Perth boats were a-racing
And making short tacks for the spot
But the Yank she tacked into Fremantle
And took the best prize of the lot.

5. The Georgette armed with bold warriors
Went out the poor Yanks to arrest
But she hoisted her star-spangled banner
Saying you'll not board me I guess

6. So remember those six Fenians colonial
And sing o'er these few verses with skill
And remember the Yankee that stole them
And the home that they left on the hill.

7. And now they're safe in America,
And there will be able to cry
"Hoist up the green flag and the shamrock
Hurrah for old Ireland we'll die!"

The story of the Catalpa is rich in history. The song was written to celebrate the escape of six Fenian prisoners from Fremantle Gaol. The full story is well documented by Richard FitzSimons in his book, "The Catalpa Rescue". The following snippets can be found in Wikipedia and give a good sense of the drama surrounding the escape.

The Catalpa rescue involved the escape, on 17–19 April 1876, of six Irish Fenian prisoners from the then British penal colony of Western Australia. They were sent on the convict ship Hougoumont, arriving at Fremantle on 9 January 1868, at the Convict Establishment (now Fremantle Prison) In 1869, pardons had been issued to many of the imprisoned Fenians. Another round of pardons were issued in 1871, after which only a small group of "military" Fenians remained in Western Australia's penal system. In 1874 one of them managed to smuggle out a letter to America where it came into the hands of John Boyle O'Reilly, who had escaped earlier. He mounted a rescue operation involving the purchase of the merchant bark Catalpa.

It dropped anchor in international waters off Rockingham and dispatched a whaleboat to shore. At 8:30 am, six Fenians who were working in work parties outside the prison walls, Thomas Darragh, Martin Hogan, Michael Harrington, Thomas Hassett, Robert Cranston and James Wilson, all successfully absconded and made it back to America.

A Fenian co conspirator, Devoy had received a smuggled letter from imprisoned Fenian James Wilson, who was among those the British had not released.

“Dear Friend, remember this is a voice from the tomb. For is not this a living tomb? In the tomb it is only a man’s body that is good for worms, but in the living tomb the canker worm of care enters the very soul. Think that we have been nearly nine years in this living tomb since our first arrest and that it is impossible for mind or body to withstand the continual strain that is upon them. One or the other must give way. It is in this sad strait that I now, in the name of my comrades and myself, ask you to aid us in the manner pointed out... We ask you to aid us with your tongue and pen, with your brain and intellect, with your ability and influence, and God will bless your efforts, and we will repay you with all the gratitude of our natures... our faith in you is unbound. We think if you forsake us, then we are friendless indeed.”
James Wilson

A Fenian Memory. Southern Cross March 1903

The most interesting and most thrilling pages in Western Australian history of the early days, are those which detail the exciting adventures of some of the Fenian political prisoners, who had escaped from the old Penal Settlement. The most interesting among these was the rescue of six Fenians by an American whaling ship the Catalpa, which took place some forty years ago. The day of the rescue from the prison was the day of the Perth Regatta, at that time one of the most important local events of the year. The strength of the gaol staff was weakened by the number of warders who were on leave at the Regatta, and seizing the opportunity, the Americans rescued their men. Driving some distance down the coast where the ship's boats lay, they were rowed out to the vessel, which was anchored out at sea, and immediately set sail. The officials at Fremantle quickly fitted up a launch called the " Georgette" with guns and manned with soldiers, gave chase.

Upon coming within speaking distance the captain of the American ship was ordered to hand over the prisoners, who could be seen on deck bared to the waist and armed with cutlasses. The American refused, and upon the Georgettes" commander threatening to fire, he hoisted the United States ensign, and defied them, as they were now on the high seas, and outside of British territory.

To fire would mean a breach of international maritime law, and the commander and crew of the Yankee ship being ready to fight the Georgette" returned for further orders. The chase was abandoned and the Fenians were carried to New York, and their landing there was the occasion of a great public demonstration. The ship which had been rigged out for the purpose by American sympathisers was presented to the successful skipper.

The escapees were never re-captured. Although so many years have elapsed, the memory of the occurrence is kept green to the present day by a collection of lines, called a song, which were composed by a poetic-genius who lived here at the time. When first introduced it was known to almost every living person in Western Australia, although it is said, that like many of the old but meritorious Irish songs has never been printed, but simply handed down by word of mouth. The song is sung here at almost every Irish gathering, and is popular I think chiefly because it has "plenty of chorus." It has however seemed as a kind of link with the past, and may be of interest to your readers.