

Leave her, Johnny, leave her,

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.

Chorus:

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!

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.

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

And a dollar a day is a Jack Shite's pay

Leave her Johnny Leave her

When it's pump all night and it's work all day

And its time for us to leave her

It was pump or drown, the old man said,

Leave her Johnny leave her

Or else, by Christ, we'll all be dead.

And its time for us to leave her

Chorus:

Oh I thought I heard the Old Man say

Leave her, Johnny, leave her

You may go ashore and collect your pay

And it's time for us to leave her.

(ChorusTwice)

Strike the Bell, Second Mate

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.

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

Mingulay Boat Song

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

**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**

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

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

Chorus

Rollin' Down to Old Maui

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

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

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
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

Towrope Girls

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

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: (After every verse)

**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.**

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.

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 out tow-rope today.

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."

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.

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."

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.

Fathom The Bowl

- Trad

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

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

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

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

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

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Chorus X 2

Randy Dandy Oh

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!

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!

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!

Come breast the bars, bullies, an' heave her away,

Soon we'll be rollin' her 'way down the Bay,

Sing goodbye to Sally an' goodbye to Sue,

For we are the boy-os who can kick 'er through.

Oh, man the stout caps'n an' heave with a will,

Soon we'll be drivin' her 'way down the hill.

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums,

Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs.

Roust 'er up, bullies, the wind's drawin' free,

Let's get the glad-rags on an' drive 'er to sea.

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay,

Get crackin', m' lads, 'tis a hell o' a way!

The Catalpa

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.

The Catalpa - Lyrics

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**

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.

Chorus

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

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**

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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!"

Chorus

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