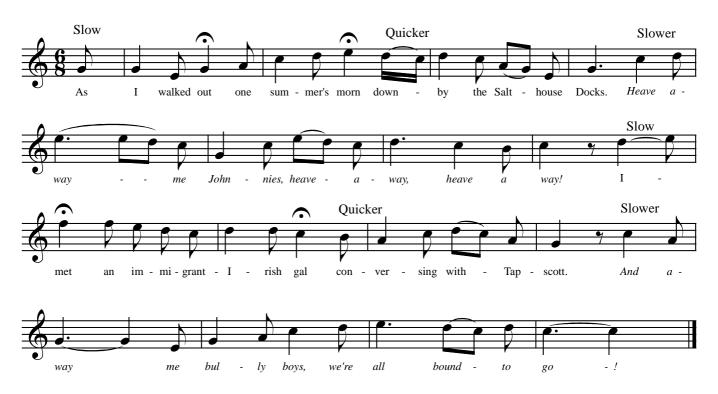
32 Heave Away - Mr Donger



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NB Speed markings and pauses from Hugil, not RVW. See 'Publications and Notes' page for explanation. Tune slightly edited to fit.

1 As I walked out one summer's morn down by the Salthouse

Heave away, me Johnnies, heave away, heave away! I met an imigrant Irish gal conversing with Tapscott. And away me bully boys, we're all bound to go!

2 'Good morning, Mr Tapscott, sir.' 'Good morn, me gal,' 'O, it's have you got a packet-ship all bound for Amerikee?'

'O yes, I've got a packet-ship, I have got one or two. I've got the Jinny Walker and I've got the Kangeroo.

I've got the Jinny Walker and today she does set sail, with five and fifty emigrants and a thousand bags of meal.

The day was fine when we set sail, but night had barely come, when ev'ry lubber never ceased to wish himself at home.

That night as we was sailing through the Channel of a dirty nor-west wind came up and drove us back again. 7 We snugged her down and we laid her to, with reefed main It was no joke I tell you, 'cos our bunks and clothes was wet.

It cleared up fine at break of day, and we set sail once more, and ev'ry son-of-a-gun was glad when we reached Amerikee's shore.

Bad luck to them Irish sailor-boys, bad luck to them I say, for they all got drunk, broke into me bunk, and stole me meal away.

10 Now I'm in Philadelphia and working on the Canal. To go home in one of them packet ships, I'm sure I never will.

But I'll go home in a National Boat that carries steam and with lashings of corned beef every day and none of yer yeller meal.