

Assisted Passage

Words and music by Harry Robertson, a Scottish-born, Australian seaman, engineer, folk-singer, songwriter, poet and activist.

Verse

Don't take a trip like me, me boys, don't sail a - cross the sea,
To Bot - any Bay I'm head - ed and I'm bound in mis - er - y.

Chorus

Oh the whal - ing barque is rol - ling bad it makes our ir - ons clang,
As we pitch a - cross the o - cean for to join the pris - on gang.

'Twas on a cold and moonlit night the frost lay all around,
His lordship's keepers beat me 'til I fell upon the ground.

They took the rabbit I had caught to feed me child at home,
For fourteen years the judge he said my sins I must atone.

They took me from the dungeon on to a whaling barque,
And with rats and roaches now I sail and savage bureaucrats.

Oh Mother England's clever and her business methods stark,
For the ships that take the convicts out will bring the whale oil back.