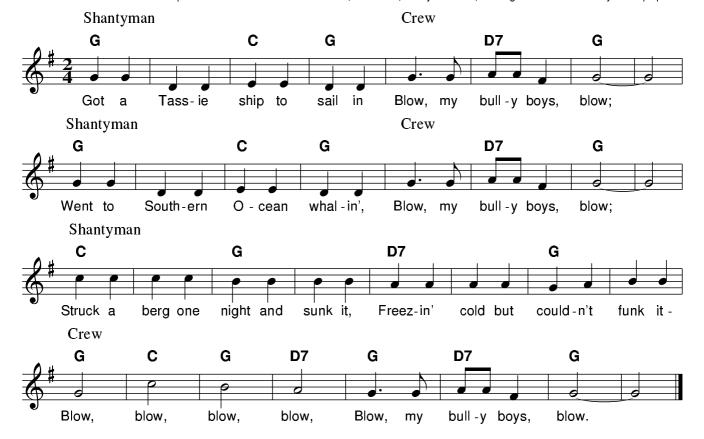
## **Tassie Whaler**

Words of a longer poem by EJ Brady abbreviated and set to music by Robyn and Graham Jenkin. Edwin James Brady (1869 1952) was a minor Australian poet. He worked as a wharf clerk, a farmer, and journalist, editing both rural and city newspapers.



Saw a right whale busy spoutin'

– Blow, my bully boys, blow;
'There she blows!' the look–out shoutin'

– Blow, my bully boys, blow;
'Lower away!' and off we goes, mate,
Sticks a harpoon in her nose, mate

– Blow, blow, blow, blow,

Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Up she comes, and right beside us

– Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Goes about; – now woe betide us!

– Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Turned her tail – gee–whoop – and thrashed us,
Into fifty pieces smashed us

– Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Missed the coxswain as we wallowed – Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Angry whale poor chap had swallowed – Blow, my bully boys, blow.
Second boat, she saw her spout then, Killed the whale and cut him out men – Blow, blow, blow, blow, Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Tassie packet's down the river

– Blow, my bully boys, blow;
Fifteen hundred bales to give her

– Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Wey-hey! Wey-ho!
Fill her up and let her go

– Blow, blow, blow, blow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.