

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.

Shantyman Crew

G C G D7 G

Got a Tass-ie ship to sail in Blow, my bull -y boys, blow;

Shantyman Crew

G C G D7 G

Went to South-ern O - cean whal -in', Blow, my bull -y boys, blow;

Shantyman

C G D7 G

Struck a berg one night and sunk it, Freez-in' cold but could-n't funk it -

Crew

G C G D7 G D7 G

Blow, blow, blow, blow, Blow, my bull -y boys, blow.

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.