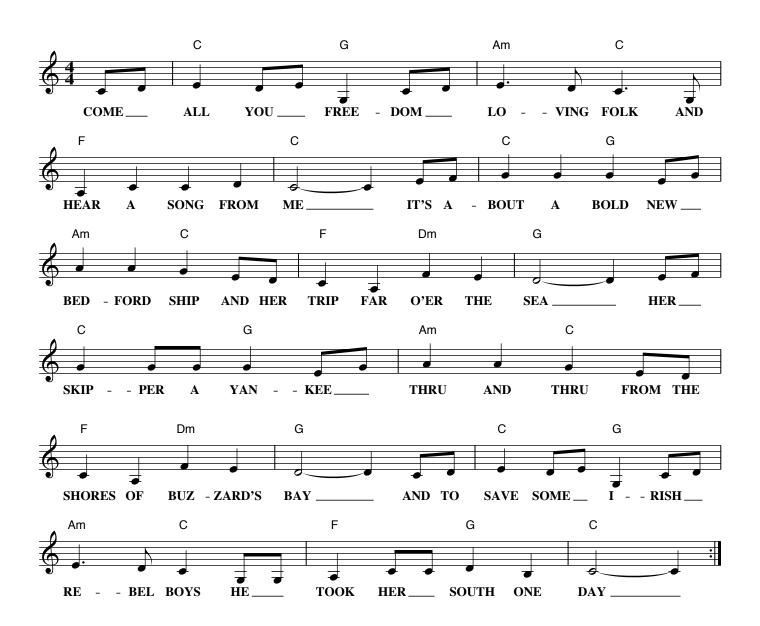
NEW BEDFORD'S BRAVE CATALPA

tune: "Roddy McCorley"
[click on above link for demo sound file]

lyrics © B.Black melody Irish trad



additional verses on next 2 pages

click here for link to "the real story"

NEW BEDFORD'S BOLD CATALPA = = = = = = = = = = =

Tune: "Roddy McCorley" words © Bill Black

- [1] COME ALL YOU FREEDOM-LOVING FOLK / AND HEAR A SONG FROM ME
 IT'S ABOUT A BOLD NEW BEDFORD SHIP / AND HER TRIP FAR O'ER THE SEA
 HER SKIPPER A YANKEE THROUGH AND THROUGH / FROM THE SHORES OF BUZZARDS BAY
 AND TO SAVE SOME IRISH REBEL BOYS / HE TOOK HER SOUTH ONE DAY
- [2] NOW CATALPA WAS A STURDY SHIP / BUT TRIM IN EVERY LINE
 AND JUST THE ONE TO PLAY HER PART / IN THIS PERILOUS DESIGN
 GEORGE ANTHONY WAS THE CAPTAIN'S NAME / AND NEW BEDFORD BOYS HER CREW
 SAID GEORGE TO HIS WIFE "NOW DON'T YOU FRET / IF WE'RE GONE FOR A YEAR OR TWO
- [3] THERE ARE IRISH LADS IN AUSTRALIA / THAT I'VE GOT TO GO AND SEE AND IF THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH DOWN THERE / THEY'LL BE COMING HOME WITH ME OUR GOOD SHIP'S RIGGED AND READY NOW / BUT THIS TIME NOT FOR WHALE WE'LL LEAVE THAT EASY LIFE BEHIND / TO GET PADDY OUT OF JAIL!"
- [4] SO CATALPA'S HEADING EASTWARD NOW / WITH CAPE COD FAR BEHIND WITH THE REASON FOR THEIR JOURNEY / ALWAYS ON THE CAPTAIN'S MIND HE KEEPS HIS BOLD CREW CHEERFUL / AND THEIR SPIRITS NEVER LOW "THE WHALES WE WANT ARE AWAITING US / WE'VE NOT GOT FAR TO GO!"
- (5) AT LONG LAST OFF FREMANTLE'S SHORE / OLD GLORY IS FLYING HIGH NOT FAR INLAND THE PRISON CAMP / WHERE MANY HAD BEEN SENT TO DIE A SIGNAL SENT, THEN ONE RECEIVED / THE CREW GIVE OUT A CHEER "MAKE READY THE BOAT," GEORGE ANTHONY CRIES / "THE TIME IS NEARLY HERE!"
- (6) THE WHALEBOAT'S DOWN AND APPROACHING SHORE / BUT A STORM IS RISING FAST THE PRISONERS' COURAGE STARTS TO FAIL / AS THE MOMENTS HURRY PAST ONE, TWO, THREE TIMES SHE'S BEATEN BACK / TILL AT LAST BY GOD SHE'S THROUGH AND RIDES OUT THE NIGHT IN A HOWLING GALE / LIKE THE DEVIL'S DREAM COME TRUE
- (7) BUT DAYLIGHT'S COMING CLOSER / AND THE STORM IS NEARLY DONE AND THROUGH THE MURK CATALPA'S SEEN / WITH HER SAILS ALL SET TO RUN A POLICE BOAT'S HALF A MILE AWAY / AND ARMED MEN CLEARLY SEEN WITH A REGIMENTAL SERGEANT / SHOUTING ORDERS FROM THE QUEEN
- (8) THE WHALEBOAT'S NEARLY AT THE SHIP / AND THE LAUNCH IS GAINING FAST BUT CATALPA HAS HER ANCHOR UP / ALL SAFE ABOARD AT LAST "HOLD FIRE!" THE BRITISH SERGEANT CRIES / AS CATALPA MAKES HER TURN THE STARS AND STRIPES ON HER AFTERMAST / "NEW BEDFORD" ON HER STERN

- (9) FOUR MONTHS AT SEA, THEN THE GOOD SHIP'S HOME / BOUND UP THROUGH NEW YORK BAY
 THE IRISH BOYS ARE HEROES NOW / AND THE CITY THEIRS TODAY
 AND THE POPULATION THRILLS TO HEAR / THE STORY ONCE AGAIN:
 "WE'D BE PRISONERS STILL IN THAT AWFUL JAIL / WITHOUT THESE GALLANT MEN!
- (10) "ALL THANKS TO YOU, GEORGE ANTHONY / AND YOUR BRAVE NEW BEDFORD CREW AND BLESS YOU, BOLD CATALPA / FOR ALL THAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH! YOU DESERVE THE THANKS OF EVERY MAN / WHO WOULD LEARN WHAT COWARDS LACK MAY GOD AND GOOD SAINT PATRICK / KEEP THE WIND E'ER AT YOUR BACK!"
 [REPEAT LAST LINE]