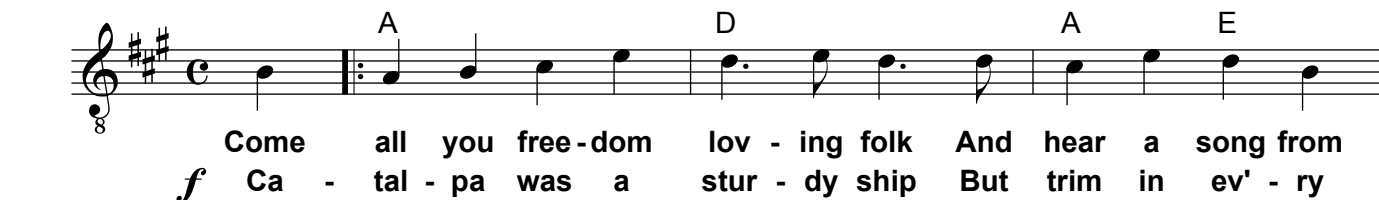


NEW BEDFORD'S BRAVE CATALPA


The TRUE STORY of a GREAT SHIP and HER CREW

B. Black

mm = 120

8 
Come all you free-dom lov - ing folk And hear a song from
f Ca - tal - pa was a stur - dy ship But trim in ev' - ry

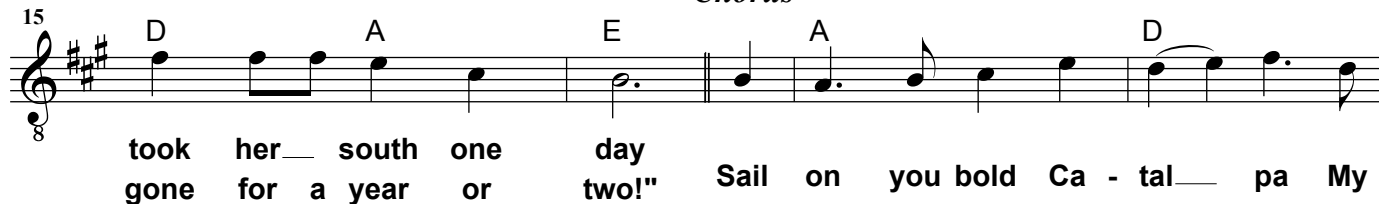
4 8 
me line It's a - bout a bold New Bed - ford ship And her
line And just the one to play her part In this

7 8 
trip far o'er the sea Her skip - per a Yan - kee
per - i - lous de - sign George An - tho - ny was the

10 8 
through and through From the shores of fair Buz-zards
cap - tain's name New Bed - ford men her

12 8 
Bay But to help some I - rish re - bel boys He
crew Says George to his wife "Now don't you fret If we're

Chorus

15 8 
took her south one day gone for a year or two!" Sail on you bold Ca - tal - pa My

Coda after last chorus

19 8 
brave New Bed-ford girl! My brave New Bed-ford girl!

additional verses on page 2

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(3)

"There's some Irish lads in Australia I've got to go and see
And if they've had enough down there they'll be welcome to come 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)

Catalpa's heading eastwards now, Nantucket far behind
And the reason for their journey is on every crewman's mind
But the Captain's always cheerful, and his spirits never low
"Sail on, my boys, for freedom - we've not much more to go!"

(5)

At long last off Fremantle's shore Old Glory's flying high
Not far inland the prison camp where so many wait to die
A signal sent, then one received - the crew give out a cheer
"Make ready the boat," the Captain 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 now, and the storm is nearly done
And through the murk Catalpa's seen, sails ready for a run
A police boat's half a mile away, and armed men clearly seen
With a sergeant of the Redcoats shouting orders from the Queen

(8)

The whaleboat's nearly alongside now 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)

A long nine months, then the good ship's home, bound up through New York Bay
The Irish boys are all 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!"