

By Harry

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The *Harry* she sailed out of Swansea with a cargo of coal for Brazil,
At the dawn of the day, we floated away, somehow we're floating still
The skipper was fair, but a driver, the weather fair drove us along;
We made Pennbucky Bay in 38 days, and that's where the whole thing went wrong.

Yellowjack raged round the harbour, the locals had sickened or fled,
We unshipped our coal, swept out the hold, then loaded with sugar instead.
The day we sailed from Pennbucky, ol' Yellowjack signed on the crew,
Which settled the fate of the cook and the mate, the rest of us nearly died too.

*By Harry! By Harry! We're still floating, by Harry!
Though we're down by the head, and the bo'sun's half-dead,
We're still floating, by Harry!*

We arrived at the Delaware River, with the yellow flag nailed to the mast;
After three weeks or more, they let us ashore, we got rid of that sugar at last.
Then we sailed on down to Georgia, and began to load raw turpentine:
We tied up at the quay at a quarter past three, the hurricane hit us at nine.

The *Harry* was thrown on the jetty, the timbers crashed into her side,
We stood on the mound with the waters all round, and thought that the *Harry* had died.
Next morning to our amazement, the sun got up early to shine;
The jetty was smashed, the dock-cranes were trash, but the *Harry* was floating and fine.

(Chorus)

We had to move out of the fo'c'sle, heads splitting and eyes going blind,
We set up an awning, cursing and yawning from fumes of the raw turpentine
The taste of it got in the water, the tang of it got in the tack
We were dizzy and faint, we were dreaming of paint, as we started the long voyage back

We were nine days out in the Atlantic, when a fresh hurricane caught us cold,
It swept off the helmsman, crippled the bo'sun, smashed open the hatches and holds.
We were broached, beam-ended and helpless, the fishes were ready to dine
What buoyed up our boat, and kept us afloat was those barrels of raw turpentine

(Chorus)

There was Davies and Upton and Mitchell, three sailor lads just turned sixteen,
Showed courage and fight, three days and two nights, the best that I've ever seen
Three days for the storm to settle, a day to bring her around,
Two days thereabouts to pump the holds out, thank God the old *Harry* was sound.

We bent on all sails we could muster, crammed on all speed we could stand,
And what could be finer, we overtook liners as we pointed her bows for the Strand
So drink a good health to the *Harry*, the schooner that wouldn't go down,
We're soaked through with brine, and raw turpentine, we've made it to old Swansea town.

(Chorus)