

Walk Her Away

(chorus) So, heave her up and walk her a-way, stamp her me bull-ies
round, we are warp- ing her out of the old North Dock, and she's
sail- ing a- way from town. She's sail- ing a- way with a
bul- ly, bul- ly crew, the fin- est that sailed the sea, and we're
warp- ing her out of the old North Dock, we're the
crew of the dock- side quay.

(chorus)
So, heave her up and walk her away,
Stamp her, me bullies, round,
We are warping her out of the old North Dock
And she's sailing away from town.

She's sailing away with a bully, bully crew,
The finest that sailed the sea,
And we're warping her out of the old North Dock,
We're the crew of the dockside quay.
(chorus)

Here's old blind Jenks, he's the leader of our crew,
His lights went out long ago,
But he can tell by the sounds in the timber and the
rope
How well the work do go.
(chorus)

Here's old Molly Grey from the stone-crushing crew,
With her pipe and her old green shawl,
She is grasping at the timber with her copper-stained
hands
As we heave from pawl to pawl.
(chorus)

Here's Banjo Dan with the strings upon his back,
He sailed the sea long ago,
He can sing you a song of the girl he left behind
In the port of Callao.
(chorus)

Here's young Alice Lee, she lives behind the quay,
Where her father runs the bar,
She's winking at a sailor boy up upon the deck
As she heaves at the old wooden spar.
(chorus)

For she's sailing away to the far southern seas,
Where the waves roll high and cold,
She will turn our coal into the finest copper ore
Then we'll turn all her copper into gold.
(chorus)



Before the coming of steam tugs, ships were warped in and out with dockside capstans, worked by whoever was around at the time. This was possibly the only time men and women would work, and sing shanties, together. Everyone in a port town ultimately depends on successful shipping. In Swansea, copper ore was unloaded on the quayside, crushed and sorted for ticketing by the foundry masters. Everything would get covered in green dust.