

# THE BOSUN'S CHAIR

Words & Music by Bob Watson

*Cheery, like a hornpipe*



I left me Ir - ish home one day, for to seek me for - tune in the U S A,  
We sailed from Cork on the mor - ning tide, on an old tramp stea - mer with the rust - y sides,



Sure I had no mon - ey for to pay me fare, so I worked me pas - sage in the bo - sun's chair,  
And the Mate sez "Pad - dy", when he saw me there," bet - ter get ac - quaint - ed with the Bo - sun's chair!



Pad - dy chip, keep chip - ping till the long trip's through, For sure that ham - mer makes an aw - ful clam - our, And the



flakes fly here and the flakes fly there, When you go rust chip - ping in the bo - sun's chair.

- 1a. I left me Irish home one day, for to seek me fortune in the U S A,  
Sure I had no money for to pay me fare, so I worked me passage in the Bosun's Chair.
- 1b. We sailed from Cork on the morning tide, on an old tramp steamer with the rusty sides,  
And the Mate sez "Paddy", when he sees me there, "You'd better get acquainted with the Bosun's Chair!"

**Chorus:** Paddy chip, keep chipping till the long trip's through, For sure that hammer makes an awful clamour,  
And the flakes fly here and the flakes fly there, when you go rust chipping in the Bosun's Chair.

- 2a. From a plank slung down from the starboard rail, he set me a-chipping at the rusty scale,  
And me poor heart sank with the dark despair, when I first clapped eyes upon the Bosun's Chair.
- 2b. Well the plank swung to and the plank swung fro, with me backside soaking from the sea below,  
Of the palpitations sure I had me share, till I got the measure of the Bosun's Chair.

**Chorus:**

- 3a. Each day I'd work until the twilight fell, with me eyes rimmed redder than the pits of hell,  
Sure if Father O'Farrell had seen me there, he'd have sworn that the Devil built the Bosun's Chair!
- 3b. But with each day counted off upon me hand, I was one day closer to the Promised Land,  
As the oxide paint made the grand repair to the plates I'd hammered from the Bosun's Chair.

**Chorus:**

- 4a. So I done me job as best as I could do, soon the old ship was looking just as good as new,  
And the Mate sez "Paddy, sure you've got the flair, for that old rust chipping from the Bosun's Chair!"
- 4b. At length we docked in Baltimore, with a dollar from the Skipper then I stepped ashore,  
"You can ship," sez he, "any time you care, sure there's a welcome waiting in the Bosun's Chair!"

**Chorus:**

- 5a. These days, they say, it's got a lot less hard, now each rust chipper's got the Union card,  
With the mask and the goggles and the gloves to wear, and the safety harness on the Bosun's Chair.
- 5b. When me fortune's made, I'll be dressed in style for me homeward voyage to the Emerald Isle,  
But there's no forgetting how I first left there, with me chipping hammer in the Bosun's Chair.

**Chorus:**