

The Last Windjammer Boy

(Tune Arthur MacBride)

One evening of late I strolled by the quay
Where I met an old shell-back and he told to me
Of when he was a young lad and first went to sea
And here is the story he told me

He said when I was a nipper I joined the Garth Line
On a four masted barque I served out my time
On a voyage to Australia racing for grain
We left these cold shores in the morning

Our Captain was Thompson the best you could find
A wily old sea dog, ferocious yet kind
He'd never shipped steam in the whole of his life
For windbags were his only calling

And as for the boys who made up the crew
A finer young bunch had never worn blue
They could sing up a loft with a hullabaloo
And every one joined in the chorus

We left the brown Humber as the sun it did rise
To the girls on the quay we sang our goodbyes
And every lad wiped the tears from his eyes
As we headed away that cold dawning
For over a week the weather was poor

Our progress was slow which made us all sore
But soon we were rolling as the wind it did roar
And we made twelve good knots in the morning

We reached Cape Verde on Armistice day
And we paid our respects in the usual way
And to break the silence we all gathered round
As a passenger he took our photos

Far off in the distance a steamer we spied
And we were o'ertaking her which filled us with pride
To think this old lady had such a fine stride
and the red duster fluttering behind her

But woe to that faulty Admiralty chart

For the steamer was fast, her position not marked
She was only a hulk , battered and dark
And we were all doomed without warning

And when the cry came "there's breakers ahead"
We knew that her fate and her future was dead
Her plates ripped away as she ht the sea bed
And her masts and her spars fell asunder

The life boat was lowered without much delay
And the crew of the Garthpool for the shore pulled away
Leaving her sadly to rot and decay
As she lay in her grave in the shallows

But the songs that we sang on deck and above
Were collected by Stan, 'twas a labour of love
To honour the sailors who'd got their reward
On the barques and the schooners before us

And now it's more than a life time ago
The last of the windjammers got under tow
With a crew of fine fellows all raring to go
For to race for the grain that cold morning

One evening of late I passed some time
With a salty old shell back, a good friend of mine
He told me the story of the last the line
And he taught me songs sung aboard her.

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CHORDS IN G

G C G
One evening of late as I strolled by the quay
C G C G
Where I met an old shell-back and he told to me,
G C G C G
Of when he was a young lad and first went to sea
C G D
And here is the story he told me

G C G
He said when I was a nipper I joined the Garth Line

C G C
On a four masted barque I served out my time
 G C G
On a voyage to Australia racing for grain
 D G

We left these cold shores in the morning

Cheers

Sean L.