

# When I Sleep

Words & Music Éilís Kennedy

My dearest William I have received your letters  
It fills my heart with joy this news to learn  
Your precious life preserved amid a thousand dangers  
I pray it will be so till you return

Snow bears witness to the depth of winter  
And when I speak , a breath of frost does call  
Your Father took a cold and bides by the fireside  
Our own dear son grows healthy, strong and tall

And when I sleep, I don't realise your absence  
I hear your step and see your cheerful face  
The wind and waves subside  
And all the house is silent  
The day begins and quiet you steal away.

I threw some leaves into the brook this morning  
To see them sail along the silver stream  
I take more notice now of things pertaining  
To water's journey toward the open sea

The barley flourishes, the corn is very large now  
Our sweet sweet son is handsome and he's strong  
I took your overcoat , for to give it airing  
In hope Dear William , that you are homeward bound

# Petticoat Whalers

Words and Music : Eilís Kennedy

Captain Smith on his whaling voyage  
Fair Martha had his heart beguiled  
From every port that he touched in  
He'd send a note, her heart to win

From Oysterponds to the Azores  
From the Cape to Honolulu's shores  
Martha Brown the Captain's wife  
She has embraced seafaring life!

Chorus:

On land men toil from sun to sun  
And woman's work is never done  
Petticoat whalers take a turn  
Upon the ocean blue

From time to time upon the sea  
They'd gam with a ship for company  
They dined aboard the ship "Peru"  
Roast pig, some pie and cheeses too

In raging seas when winds did blow  
In her queasy cabin down below  
Her journal filled each passing day  
A time to write, a time to pray

Chorus

Home at last, from two years voyage  
With Edwin and their dear wee boy  
The cargo of the "Lucy Ann"  
Three thousand barrels of whale oil

Martha Smith Brewer Brown  
She sailed the mighty world around  
On a whaling ship of high renown  
They called the "Lucy Ann"

# Ciúmhais Charraig Aonair

Words : Caoímhín Ó Cinnéide

Music : Shaun Davey Bucks Music Group Limited

Ciúmhais Charraig Aonair faoí chún na dtónn  
Deóraí bocht brónach na mílte crói go fonn  
Tinteáin gheala fágtha go deo faoí bhrón  
I muchóid na maidine monuar na mbog ochón.

Finné ar fheall tú a mheall gach éinne  
Inis an scrios dúinn  
Cé ‘shéid an Lusitania ?

Smaointe na scuainte mar cheo ód chrios  
Scuabtha ag na teólaithe fán doimhin anois.  
Báid chófraí chómhairís’ ar a gconair ón gCóbh  
Danair , Don Juan is flatha sa taistéal dóibh

Sáirséal , San Ruth is fearaibh Tone faoí chéad  
Chonaicí’s na Múraigh ag scriosadh Dhún na Séad  
Finné ar fheall tú a mheall gach éinne  
Inis an scrios dúinn ; Cé ‘shéid an Lusitania ?

*The edge of Fastnet, froth rises from the waves  
Pity the poor eager hearted exiles in their thousands!  
Hearths left forever in sadness  
Soft cries, in the morning melancholy*

*Witness - did you deceive  
You who enticed them all  
Tell us of the wreckage ;who destroyed the Lusitania?*

*Lines of thoughts like fog coming from your ocean belt  
The divers of the deep have swept them away by now  
You counted the coffin ships from Cobh  
The Danes , Don Juan and sovereigns travelled*

*Sarsfield , San Ruth and Tone’s men in their hundreds  
You who saw the Moors at the Sack of Baltimore  
You who were witness and deceived them all  
Tell us of the wreckage? Who destroyed the Lusitania?*

# **Love was True to Me**

John Boyle O'Reilly  
Music : Éilís Kennedy

Love was true to me,  
True and tender  
I who ought to be  
Love's defender  
Let the cold winds blow  
Till they chilled him  
'Shroud him - and I know  
That I killed him.

Years he cried to me  
To be kinder;  
I was blind to see  
And grew blinder.  
Years with soft hands raised  
Fondly reaching,  
Wept and prayed and praised,  
Still beseeching

When he died, I woke,  
God ! how lonely,  
When the grey dawn broke  
On one only.  
Now beside love's grave  
I am kneeling;  
All he sought and gave  
I am feeling

# The Emily Anna (A Greenhand's Tale)

Words and Music : Eilís Kennedy

I left my old farm in Vermont one fall morning  
And made my own way to the Atlantic shore  
A seeking employment the world I would travel  
The call of the whaler I could not ignore

Down on the harbour the streets were a teeming  
With grogshops and parlours and vices galore  
I thought of my parents and surely my promise  
And wisely took refuge in the Mariners Home

Chorus:

Coopering , carpentry, corking and mending  
Blacksmithing , pitching and grinding the wheel  
Making the Scotchman, picking the oakum  
up for adventure abroad on the seas

With a young man named Hammond I soon made acquaintance  
Late home after two years a -hunting the whale  
He quickly appraised me of what I was facing  
Saying the sharks they will bite before e'er you set sail.

We boarded the bark called Emily Anna  
Her Captain and crew numbered sixteen and more  
Bound for the Cape and the fabled Marquesas  
They called "Greasy Voyage!" as we hauled off from shore

Chorus

Weeks turned to months on our watery prison  
With triumphs and trials follow terror and glee  
Twenty weeks out we had two hundred barrels  
We lost poor young Jackson in fearful high seas

Four years have passed and our bark she hies homeward  
Adieu to the hardtack the lobscouse and crew  
To the ocean's glass -calm to her mountainous fury  
No man is her master , above or below  
Chorus

## Franklin's Crew

While homeward bound across the deep  
Snug in my hammock I fell asleep  
I dreamt these lines , which I think are true  
Concerning Franklin and his brave crew

And as we neared old England's shore  
I saw a lady in deep deplore  
She wept aloud and seemed to say  
Alas , my Franklin is long away

It's a long time now since those ships of fame  
Bore my long - lost husband across the main  
And a hundred seamen with courage stout  
To find the Northwestern passage out

To seek a passage by the North Pole  
Where storms do rage and wild waters roll  
'Tis more than mortal men can do  
With heart undaunted and courage true

They sailed east and they sailed west  
'long Greenland's coast which they knew the best  
Through cruel dangers they vainly strove  
And on the ice their ships were drove

Oh Captain Osborne of Scarbury town  
Granville and Perry of great renown  
And Captain Ross and many more  
Have since been cruising on the Arctic shore

In Baffin's Bay where the right whale blows  
The fate of Franklin no man may know  
Ten Thousand pounds would I freely give  
To know that on earth my Franklin lives

## A Sailor's Trade

A sailor's trade is a roving life  
It's robbed me of my heart's delight  
Leaving me behind to weep and mourn  
I never know when he will return

That short blue jacket he used to wear  
His rosy cheeks and his coal black hair  
His lips as smooth as the velvet fine  
The thousand times he has kissed mine

Come father build me a little boat  
That o'er the ocean I may surely float  
And every ship that we pass by  
There I'll enquire for my sailor boy

She had not sailed long upon the sea  
When a king's ship, she chanced to see  
You sailors all please tell me true  
Does my young William sail among your crew

Oh no fair maid he's not here  
For he's been drown'd we gravely fear  
On yon green isle as we passed by  
There we laid eyes on your sailor boy

She wrung her hands and she tore her hair  
In all her grief and deep despair  
And her little boat to the shore did run  
How can I live now, my William's gone

Come all ye women that dress in white  
Come all ye men that take delight  
Come haul your colours at half-mast high  
And help me weep for my sailor boy

# The Catalpa Rescue, 1876

Words: Eilís Kennedy

Air : Traditional

Three men scoured the moorings in the port of New Bedford  
In search of a whaler for a clandestine cause  
In far off Australia there six Fenians languished  
To grant them their freedom from servitude's jaws.  
A three-masted barque was the whaler "Catalpa"  
Her tidy length had crossed oceans vast  
The men went on board to test out her mettle  
In planking and rigging in bowsprit and mast

No whale would compare to the enemy's challenge  
Her captain and crew would risk scaffold and more  
But "Catalpa" was coppered, she was manned and ready  
For a mission more daring than ever before  
A letter was smuggled from Fremantle Prison  
Devoy, in the New World, read its sanguine plea:  
"Please do not forsake us, your own Fenian brothers  
In this living tomb, we are friendless indeed"

It was late in the Spring that they sighted Australia  
The whaling was over, but the danger began  
Breslin sent word to the prisoners waiting  
"Let no man's heart fail, this will ne'er come again!"  
Each man on the shore played his part with courage  
There were two waiting wagons and the plan they knew well  
But the British Georgette, she loomed as she lay to  
Her twelve-pounder cannon could doom them to hell

The captain and oarsmen were anxious and ready  
When the men were delivered in shade of gumtrees  
Courage and madness in a race back to safety  
While the enemy gunship gathered her speed  
"Pull away" called the captain in gathering darkness  
As he guided the whaleboat from Rockingham beach  
Oh, treacherous waves would not scupper his mission  
To deliver six men from tyranny's reach

"Heave to!" shouted Grady the naval commander  
"You shall not board us" Were Anthony's words  
"This is my whaler and the flag of my country  
And it's there we are bound with all free men aboard!"  
Harrington, Hasset, Darragh and Hogan

Wilson and Cranston completed the crew  
From ten years in chains to the whaler's safe harbour  
And ten thousand miles to their freedom anew.

## Row On

Clouds are upon the summer sky  
There's thunder in the wind  
Row on row on and homeward hie  
Nor give one look behind

Bear where thou go'est the words of love  
Say all that love can say  
Changeless affections strength to prove  
But speed upon the way

Row on , row on another day  
May shine with brighter light  
Ply, ply the oars and pull away  
There's dawn beyond the night

Like yonder river would I glide  
To where my heart would be  
My bark would soon outsail the tide  
That hurries to the sea

But yet a star shines constant still  
Through yonder cloudy sky  
And hope as bright my bosom fills  
From faith that cannot die

Row on row on, God speed the way  
Thou cannot linger here  
Storms hang about the closing day  
Tomorrow may be clear