

# Victoria's History in Songs and Sea Shanties Tour

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## *Songs of the Dominion Boys in BC*

Come boys let's sing a song for the day it won't be long  
When united to our country we will be  
Then the maple leaf entwined  
And the beaver too combined  
With old England's flag shall float upon the sea

### **Chorus:**

Tramp, tramp, tramp the new dominion  
Now is knocking at the door  
So good-bye dear Uncle Sam  
As we do not care a clam  
For your greenbacks or your bunkum anymore

With your Alabama claims  
And your other little games  
You thought old John would gladly let us go  
And although Bright may be your friend  
That's a game that has an end  
When you trod upon the British lion's toe     **Chorus**

Then boys fill a bowl  
And let each jolly soul  
Labor as he never dared to do before  
And here's to thee Sir John  
Whom we go our pile upon  
And the Conjuraton knocking at the door     **Chorus**

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## *Far From Home*

Where mighty waters foam and boil  
And rushing torrents roar,  
In Fraser River's northern soil  
Lies hid the golden ore

### ***Chorus***

*Far from home, far from home  
On Fraser River's shore  
We labour hard, so does our bard  
To dig the golden ore*

Far, far from home we miners roam,  
We feel its joys no more.  
These we have sold for yellow gold  
On Fraser River's shore **Chorus**

In cabins rude, our daily food  
Is quickly counted o'er  
Beans, bread, salt meat is all we eat  
And the cold earth is our floor. **Chorus**

Lonely our lives-no mothers no wives.  
Or sisters' love runs o'er  
When home we come at set of sun  
To greet us at the door. **Chorus**

At night we smoke, then crack a joke,  
Try cards 'til found a bore.  
Our goodnight said, we go to bed  
To dream of home once more **Chorus**

With luck at last, our hardships past.  
We'll head for home once more.  
And greet the sight with wild delight  
Of California's shore **Chorus**

And once on shore, we never more  
Will roam through all our lives.  
At home we'll find, just to our mind,  
And call our sweethearts wives **Chorus**

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## *The Dredger*

Victoria town is nearly caved,  
Because the bottom won't fall out  
Says Joe D.P. to Amie de C.,  
And if there's any tin to spare,

Lots scarcely worth a pin there,  
And let big ships come in there.  
"Let's tot the public ledger,  
I'll go and buy a dredger.

"Oh the dredger, the pretty little dredger!  
A trip to Europe's just the thing'  
I'll go and buy a dredger."

The dredger came in course of time,  
But when at length the thing arrived,  
And Joe D.P. and Amie de C.  
Thinking how they made the natives stare,

Victorians thought an age it was'  
Oh murder! All the rage it was!  
Most jollily did snicker,  
A-working of their digger.

Oh, the dredger, the pretty little dredger!  
Allotting rock and swamp is small  
To building of a dredger.

Such hammering and screwing,  
At length they got the thing to work,  
J.D. sat on the safety valve,  
With rattling chains and hissing steam

Such polishing and oiling,  
And set the kettle boiling.  
D.C. released the wheels,  
They scared the crabs and eels!

But the dredger, the dirty little dredger  
The Devil the stone it would bring up  
Victoria's useless dredger!

The Governor can't tell what to do  
Asks the wisdom of his councillors,  
As the things no use to anyone,  
But if he asks me, I'll tell him how

With this pretty plaything;  
As to making it a pay thing.  
He can neither sell nor pledge her,  
To occupy the dredger

Oh, that dredger, that dirty little dredger!  
I've struck a job that exactly suits  
Victoria's useless dredger

Not a storing ship, as some propose,  
Nor a Lunatic Asylum  
Nor exhibit her from port to port,  
Far better, send her to Mud Bay

For Capital Petitions,  
for Victoria's politicians,  
Just like the Bantrie rams, Sir;  
And set her digging clams, Sir!

Oh this dredger! That great big useless dredger!  
That's a job exactly suits  
Victoria's useless dredger

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### *Canning Salmon*

**Chorus**      High is the smell, low is the pay  
Long are the hours – why do we stay?  
Somewhere outside a whole summer slips away  
While we're stuck in here canning salmon.

The guys on the dock laze around, race the fork-lift,  
And sass the floor lady till it's time for their tea,  
Then they sit at the table by the window that opens  
And they get paid a buck more an hour than me. **Chorus**

The machinery's so loud that we say we've gone 'can-deaf',  
Our shift is long over, before we can hear  
But they keep the noise level just under the limit  
So they won't have to buy us the right safety gear. **Chorus**

First we can springs, so heavy our arms ache,  
Then we do sockeye, which we pack with ease  
Then we do pinks that are mashed up and rotten  
So they're packed up in pound cans and sent overseas. **Chorus**

Last night we were waiting for a boat on the Fraser  
So they kept us on line, just standing around,  
But we didn't know that outside on the river  
The boat had flipped over, and two men had drowned. **Chorus**

## Blow the Man Down

As I was a-walking on down Broughton Street  
I went into Speedie's me shipmates to meet

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

Well the crowd was all there, pretty tough-looking crew

To have our pea soup and salt horse for to chew,

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

Well the Old Man is tough and a hard looking guy  
To get more than your whack there is no use to try,

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

Well the duff is like rubber and heavy as lead  
With roaches in plenty for raisins instead

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

Well the cook is a soaker who loves a good booze  
Twixt him and the steward there's little to choose

*To me way, heigh blow the man down  
Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

And talk of the Bo'sun he's tougher than tough  
In handling poor sailors he's much more than rough,

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

Supercargo is stingy with stores he is mean  
On robbing poor sailors he's awfully keen,

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

I don't like to sail in this rotten old tub  
With no grog allowed and the poorest of grub,

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

When we get to port I am leaving the sea  
I'll get work on land and a farmer I'll be

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

And now I have come to the end of me lay  
For the topsail's aloft and the Mate said, "Belay!"

*To me way, heigh blow the man down*  
*Gi'me some time to blow the man down*

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## *Chief Douglas' Daughter*

A traveler bound across the Sound  
And Eagles three I'll give to thee  
"Now who be ye would cross the flood  
"Hush, man I'm Secretary Good

"Three days ago I asked her hand  
And should he find me where I stand,  
Out spake the hardy boatman then  
It is not for your Eagles bright

"And by my word, the bonny bird  
So though the waves are raging white,  
The chieftain after dinner sat,  
"But where's my Alice? Where's my pet?

He to his castle window hied,  
And in a schooner, bobbing round,  
"What ho my gallant Drake!" cried he,  
Your sire of old explored yon coast

"Now haste, love haste!" The lady cried  
Gat married on the other side  
And, by the rood, my sight is good,  
I'm sure I see the odious Drake

The night fell dark; the lovers' barque  
The land was made, the J.P. paid,  
And in the morn, the gallant Drake,  
Espied the lovers in the bay,

Quick alongside impetuously  
"Come back!" said he; "I shan't" said she  
"Ah! Is it so?" cried Drake; "Alas!  
Since Jonathan has tied you fast,

"Come back!- It is your sire's command,  
And since you've been united here,  
Back then they came and in the church,  
The pair were wed-went home to bed,

Cries, "Boatman do not tarry!"  
To row us o'er the ferry  
This wild and stormy water?"  
And this the Douglas's daughter."

The chieftain bade me dry up  
He'd bung my other eye up!"  
"Come on my buck, I'm ready!  
But for your plucky lady"

Shall now find Fortune's frowns end;  
I'll row you to Port Townsend!"  
Sipping his rum and water;  
My daughter! Oh my daughter!"

He gazed out over the trellis  
Espied he daughter Alice  
"Quick to my house restore her,  
Go catch me yon Explorer!"

"Oh Charlie deal, I'd rather  
Then taken back to father!  
Yon sternmost schooner, stuck in,  
I hope he'll get a duckling."

By Cupid's aid befriended,  
And all their troubles ended.  
While brailing up his spanker,  
Quite cosily at anchor.

He boarded in a passion,  
"We're married Yankee fashion."  
None destiny can master;  
John Bull must tie you faster."

Though all your plans you've blighted,  
You'll there be re-united."  
(Both pa and ma consenting)  
And Drake was left lamenting.

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## *When the Lusitania Went Down*

*(1915) (Charles McCaroon and Nat Vincent)*

The nation is sad as can be,  
A message came over the sea.  
A thousand or more, who sailed from our shore,  
Have gone to eternity.

The Statue of Liberty high,  
Must now have a tear in her eye.  
I think it's a shame; no one is to blame,  
But all we can do is just sigh.

Some of us lost a true sweetheart,  
Some of us lost a dear dad,  
Some lost their mothers, sisters and brothers  
Some lost the best friends they had.

It's time they were stopping this warfare,  
If women and children must cry.

*New melody for:*

Many brave hearts went to sleep in the deep, When the Lusitania went down.

Oh, listen to all these good deeds.  
When we feel like crossing the sea,  
American ships that sail from our slips,  
Are safer for you and me.

A Yankee can go anywhere  
As long as Old Glory is there.  
Although they were warned, the warning they scorned,  
And now we must cry in despair.

Some of us lost a true sweetheart,  
Some of us lost a dear dad,  
Some lost their mothers, sisters and brothers  
Some lost the best friends they had.

It's time they were stopping this warfare,  
If women and children must cry.

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## *Teaming up the Cariboo Road*

(1880's)

Here comes Henry Currie, he's always in a hurry,

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

He makes his horses go, through the dust and through the snow

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

You should see him sprintin' to the ball at Clinton

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

He makes the ladies prance, just like his horses dance

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

### **Chorus**

When you hear that whip a'poppin you can bet he's got a load

When you hear that sweet voice singing stand up rowdy on the Cariboo road.

The driver's on the deck with a rag around his neck

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

While the swamper in the stable, makes sure the teams are able.

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

When the roads are in a mire, then the freighters earn their hire

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

but they can beat the weather when they all pull together

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

### **Chorus**

In a wink and a shake, we'll be up in William's lake

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

And we'll sure be feelin' swell once we get to Quesnel

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

No more muck , no more dirt and I can finally change my shirt

*Teaming up the Cariboo road.*

And the horses they can rest , cause they've sure done their best,

*Teaming up the Cariboo road*

### **Chorus**

YIP!