

The Shanghaied Dredger

Out on the far-off Eastern shore an oyster dredger lay
With the seat tore out of his oilskin pants, his hat had blown away
His clothes were rather seedy and his chance he knew was slim
Of ever reaching Baltimore in the pungy he was in

But in spirit he could fancy himself in a restaurant again
Ordering plates of liver for himself and Shorty MacLaine
The dredgers all around him stood, their eyes could scarcely see
From drinking five-cent whiskey, oh what a glorious spree!

Then lay me in the forepeak with my face towards Baltimore
Praying I never get shanghaied again down on the Eastern shore
Where they feed you on corn dogs and sour bellies twice a day
And you're counted a lucky dredger if you ever get your pay

Our steward he was an African, the best cook in the fleet
At making India rubber bread, he never could be beat
His shadow soup was excellent and on a Christmas day
We'd eat dead duck that he'd picked up while sailing down the bay

And oh, that Galway skipper, I never shall forgive
He'd halloo like a porpoise to throw away the jib
On Sundays while at rest he'd swear, "I'm only for your good,
So come up, me little hearties, and saw up all the wood!"

It was on a chilly evening after working all the day
The captain saw through his telescope the police sloop far away
With sails trimmed aft and topsails set our gallant pungy flew
Over to the forbidden ground to catch a jag or two

But it was scarce we started working when the police sloop hove in sight
"Haul down your jib!" was his command and then began the fight
Our captain hauled his pistol while the sloop to round us tried
But we raised our dredge and made away upon the foggy tide

words: Edward Hammond; tune: "The Irish Exile" (trad.)

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by Kallet, Epstein and Cicone

Overall Music OM-3

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