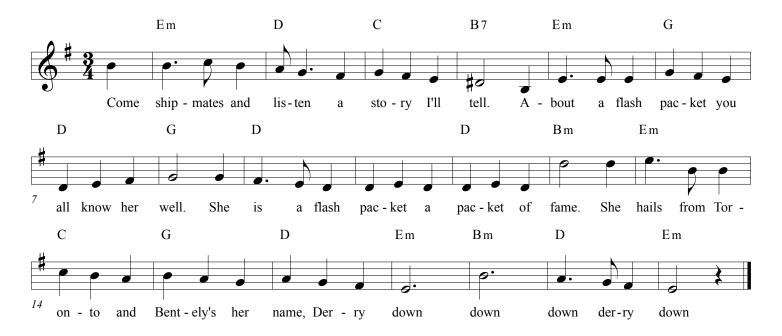
## The Schooner Bentely

Capt. Jeremiah Cavanaugh Via Ian Bell



Come shipmates and listen a story I'll tell About a flash packet you all know her well She is a flash packet a packet of fame She hails from Toronto and Benteley's her name Derry Down Down, Down Derry Down

The shape of this packet now to you I'll tell She was built by the yard and cut off by the mile Round stem and bluff forward, no deadrise at all And she's owned in Toronto by Alderman Hall

I shipped on this packet at the Northern dock And I caught the streetcar from Church Street to Brock And on my way down I steered straight for the ship With a satchel in one hand, in the other a grip

But on my way down I got blind blazing drunk I dropped my old satchel and busted my trunk I tripped and I tumbled and down I did fall And I cursed the old sidewalk the Benteley and all

At last to the ship I chanced for to stray And the captain came forward saying get under way We're bound out to Charlotte, going there to load coal And down the rough lake the old Benteley did roll I was tired I was hungry, by gawd I was sick Of hearing the bilge pumps go clackety-click My bones they were sore from lying in my bunk And the rotten old bedclothes was nothing but junk

At last we left Charlotte for the Welland Canal Forget that last trip, I know I never shall And on the port bow, Port Dalhousie did loom All hands gathered forward to top the jib boom

We towed into the harbour, our jib boom topped high And all of the people they started to cry O where did you get her, where does she come from? And where in the devil does that raft belong?

There lives in Toronto an ugly old thief He's called Burke the butcher and sells the tough beef I gives us the toothache and causes much pain And we'll murder the villain when we get back again

We worked at canalling the entire night And in order to work boys we had to keep tight Until the next morning when the Captain did say At last we've arrived in Gravelly Bay