

Poem by Bill Adams
From WIND IN THE TOPSAILS, edited by Bill Adams, published by George G. Harrap & Co., London,
UK, © 1931, pp. 76-77.

Adapted by Charlie Ipcar, 3/16/07

Tune: verse after Bill Morrissey's *Snow Outside the Mill*/Chorus: *Liverpool Packet*

Key: F (5/C)

Bound Away-2

Chorus:

G-----C----G-----C

Bound a-way! (bound a-way!)

-----F-----C

Through the ice, sleet and snow

-----F-----C

She's a Liverpool packet,

----G-----G7-C

Oh, Lord, let 'er go!

C-----F-----C

There's a three-skys'l-yarder with her hatches battened down,

----F-----C-----G

The grey skies a-bove her, and the Mersey running brown,

----C-----F-----G-C

She's anchored in the river, the tug's up a-head;

-----F-----G/G7

The chanteyman's singing would waken the dead – (CHO)

Hear the windlass a-clanking as the mate shouts, "Heave away!

Heave a pawl an' lift 'er or they'll be hell to pay!"

"Lower Blue Peter!"; the anchor's off the mud,

There's cheering, there's laughter, and the tide's at full flood. (CHO)

"Loose tops'ls!" he shouts; "Haul away, stamp an' go!"

And we haul away together in the rising sun's glow;

Her lofty spars shine through the smoke blowing past,

"Up aloft!" shouts the skipper, and we race up the masts. (CHO)

We're out on the footropes, we're casting loose sail,

The pilot shakes hands, clammers over the rail;

"Haul in the hawser!" Just see her sails draw;

Her white wake trails behind, she's running from shore! (CHO)

There's a three-skys'l-yarder with her hatches battened down,

The grey skies above her, and the Mersey running brown;

There's a three-skys'l-yarder, with her holds jammed full,

Hear the cheer from the pier for the pride o' Liverpool! (CHO)(2X)

By Bill Adams

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Bound Away

A three-skysail yarder with her hatches battened down,
And the grey sky up above her, and the Mersey's muddy brown
A-rippling at her forefoot. The red stack tug's ahead,
And the chanteyman is singing in a voice to wake the dead.
The windlass pawls are clanking. The mate shouts "Heave away!
Heave a pawl there! Rouse and lift her" Out beyond the bar the spray,
The wheeling gulls, and the cold green water
Are waiting for the coming of the sea's tall daughter.
We've lowered away Blue Peter, and the anchor's off the mud,
And there's cheering, and there's laughter, and the tide is at the flood.
"Heave away there! *Loose those tops'ls!* Stamp and run! "
Bawls the chief mate. Comes a glimmer from the sun,
And her lofty spars are shining through the smoke a-blowing past,
While a little sea apprentice chap is running up each mast.
Now he's out along the footrope, now he's casting loose her sail,
And the pilot shakes the skipper's hand and clambers o'er the rail.
Now we're hauling in the hawser, for her six big tops'ls draw,
And her white wake trails behind her. Ho, we're running from the shore!
A three-skysail yarder with her holds jammed full,
And a cheer from the pierhead for the pride o' Liverpool!