

THE BENTLEY

Dm B \flat Dm A

Come ship - mates and lis - ten the sto - ry I'll t - ell a -

Dm B \flat C A

bout a flash pac - ket you all know her well. She

C C A

is a flash - pac - ket a pac - ket of fame! She

Dm Dm A

hails from To - ron - to and Bent - ly's her name. Der - ry

Dm A Dm

down down down der - ry down.

The Bentley (also listed as “The Bentely”)

Music Traditional, Words presumably by Capt. Jeremiah Cavanaugh

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 *Bentley'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 *Bentley* 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,
"Oh, 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;
It gives us the toothache and causes much pain,
And we'll murder the villain when we get back again.

We worked at canaling 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."

The *Bentley* was a slow boxy schooner, designed to be able to carry a large cargo but still fit through the Welland Canal. The song is a parody of another one, about the sleek clipper *Dreadnought*, which was everything the *Benteley* wasn't. It was collected from, and apparently composed by, Capt. Jeremiah Cava-

naugh of Port Dalhousie, who sailed on the *Bentley* in the 1880s. We start in Toronto with a streetcar ride and a drinking binge, sail to Charlotte (near Rochester, N.Y.) and end (after more drinking) a few days later, at Gravelly Bay (Port Colborne, Ont.).