A Capital Ship

Words & Music:
Charles Edward Carryl

C                                      G7               C
A capital ship for an ocean trip was the Walloping Window Blind.

F         D7      G                  Am           D7        G
No wind that blew dismayed her crew or troubled the captain's mind.

C                                    F      C      G7  C   G7
The man at the wheel was made to feel contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow.

C                                                  G7
Tho' it oft appeared when the gale had cleared that he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS:
[n.c.]
C  F     G7     C
So, blow ye winds, heigh-ho!  A-roving I will go!
C            G7   C  F   C                F   C
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so, let the music play-ay-ay.
C                            F          G7    C
I'm off for the morning train to cross the raging main.
C             G7   C      F   C            F    G7      C
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove – 10,000 miles away!

The bos'un's mate was very sedate, yet fond of amusement, too.
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch while the captain tickled the crew.
The gunner he was apparently mad for he sat on the after ra-ra-rail.
And fired salutes with the captain's boots in the teeth of a booming gale.

CHORUS:

The captain sat on the commodore's hat and dined in a royal way.
Off pickles & figs & little roast pigs and gunners bread each day.
The cook was Dutch and behaved as such for the diet he served the crew-ew-ew.
Was a couple of tons of hot-cross buns served up with sugar and glue.

CHORUS:

Then we all fell ill as mariners will on a diet that's rough and crude.
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook in a tub of his gruesome food.
All nautical pride we cast aside and we ran the vessel asho-o-ore.
On the Gulliby Isles where the poopoo smiles and the rubbily ubdugs roar.

CHORUS:

Composed of sand was that favored land and trimmed with cinnamon straws.
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue of the ticke-toe teaser's claws.
We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge and shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee.
While the rugabug bats wore waterproof hats as they dipped in the shining sea.

CHORUS:

On rugabug bark from dawn till dark we dined till we all had grown.
Uncommonly shrunk when a Chinese junk came up from the Torrible Zone.
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care so we cherrily put to sea-ea-ea.
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew on the bark of the rubabug tree.

CHORUS: