

Stormy Weather Boys

#39

We was laying in Surrey Dock one day
The mate knew that it was time to get under way.

Stormy weather boys, stormy weather boys,
When the wind blows our barge will go.

He's homeward bound but he's out of luck,
'Cause the skipper's half-drunk in 'The Dog and Duck'.

The skipper came aboard with a girl on his arm,
He's going to give up barging and take a farm.

Then the mate ran for'ard and the cook fell in the dock,
And the skipper caught his knackers in the mainsheet block.

The mate's at the wheel and he gybed her twice
'Cause the skipper's got his knackers in a bowl of rice

At last we're off down Lime'ouse Reach,
But the leeboards knocked on Greenwich Beach.

The barge went ashore and scared our whore
She said: "Chuck this, I'm off ashore".

We shoves her off and away we go,
But the skipper's got a barrel of beer below

She fills away and she sails like heck,
But there ain't no bargeman up on deck.

There's a crash and a bump and she's ashore,
The mate says: "Christ, we're on the Nore".

Then up jumps a mermaid covered in mud,
The skipper says: "I think we're on the Whittaker Spit".

Stormy weather boys, stormy weather boys,
When the wind blows our barge will go.

Then up comes another one covered in slime,
We took her down the foc's'le and had a good time.

On the top of the tide the barge did fleet,
When the mate sees a ghost on the tops'l sheet.

So away we go and the ghost did steer,
And the cook drank the dregs of the Old Man's beer.

We lay close-hauled round Orford Ness,
When the wind backed round to the south-sou-west.

We reached our port all safe and sound,
And tied 'er up in Yarmouth Town.

So after all our fears and alarms,
We all ended up in 'The Druid's Arms'.