

The Calibar

#57

Come all ye dry land sail-y-ars and listen to my song
It's only forty verses and I won't detain you's long
It's all about the adventures of this old Lisburn tar
Who sailed as man before the mast on the good ship Calibar

Now the Calibar was a spanking craft, pitch bottomed for and aft
Her helm, it stuck out far behind and her wheel was a great big shaft
With half a gale to fill her sail, she'd do a knot per hour
She's the fastest craft on the Lagan Canal and she's only one horse-power

Now, the captain was a strapping lad and he stood just four foot two
His eyes was red and his nose was green and his cheeks was a prussian blue
He wore a leather medal that he won in the Crimea War
And the captain's wife was the passenger cook on the good ship Calibar

Now, the captain says to me "Me lad, look here, me lad" says he
"Would you's like to be a sail-y-ar and sail the raging sea?
Would you's like to be a sail-y-ar on foreign seas to roll
For we're under orders from Portadown with a half a ton of coal"

It was early next morning, the weather, it being sublime
When passing under the old Queen's Bridge, we heard the Albert's chime
When going along the gaswork straits, a very dangerous part
We ran ahole on a lump of coal that wasn't marked down on the chart

Then all became cunfuse-i-en and the stormy winds did blow
The bos'n slipped on an orange peel, fell into the hold below
"Put on more speed", the captain cried "for we are sorely pressed"
But the engineer from the bank replied "The horse is doing his best"

Then we all fell into the water and we all let out a roar

[COLLA VOCE] There was a farmer standing there (and he threw us the end of his galluses) and he pulled us all ashore

No more I'll be a sail-y-ar or sail the raging main

And the next time I go to Portadown, I'll go by the bloody train