

CRUISIN' 'ROUND YARMOUTH

#40

While cruisin' round Yarmouth one day for a spree
I met a fair damsel, the wind blowing free.

“I'm a fast-going clipper, my kind sir,” said she.

“I'm ready for cargo, my hold it is free.”

Singing fal de ral laddie, right fal de ral dey,
Fal de ral laddie, right fal de ral dey.

What country she came from I could not tell which,
But by her appearance I thought she was Dutch.
Her flag wore rich colours, her masthead was low,
She was round at the quarter and bluff at the bow.

I gave her the rope and I took her in tow,
From yardarm to yardarm, a-towing we go.
We towed on together till we came to the Head,
We both towed together through Trafalgary Bay.

We towed till we came to the House of Expire,
We gave her old horse with plenty of ire.
I lift up her hatches, found plenty of room,
And into her cabin, I stuck my jib-boom.

She took me upstairs and her topsails she lowered,
In her neat little parlour she soon had me moored.
She laid in her foresails, her staysails an' all,
With her lily-white hand on my reef-tackle fall.

I said, "Pretty fair maid, it's time to give o'er,
Betwixt wind and water you've ran me ashore.
My shot locker's empty and powder's all spent,
I can't fire a shot for it's choked at the vent."

Here's luck to the gal with the black curly locks.
Here's luck to the gal who ran Jack on the rocks,
Here's luck to the doctor who eased all his pain.
He's squared his mainyards; he's a-cruisin' again.

Singing fal de ral laddie, right fal de ral dey,
Fal de ral laddie, right fal de ral dey.