

Upon the old pile driver,  
 In order to try our fate,  
 With Phil. Randalls on the quarter deck  
 To act as our first mate.

Ed. Walker was our conductor,  
 He was an able man,  
 His arm went up, the driver moved,  
 When his orders were in hand.

One day he killed a muckle beast  
 Each hair was like a pin  
 He took him to the Severn bridge  
 And chucked old porkie in.

Our engineer was Oliver Guard,  
 Who nobly filled the bill,  
 The first day he worked so hard  
 That he suddenly got quite ill.

Alexander, the fireman,  
 Was chosen on the spot  
 To fill the place made vacant,  
 And he filled it to the dot.

Our fireman, being promoted,  
 Another had to be found ;  
 John Harkies at last was chosen,  
 As the fittest on the ground.

So stately he moved about,  
 No need there is to be slower,  
 As he chucks the fire and tests the water,  
 And then puts on the blower.

Will Worden was our cabin boy,  
 As sprightly as a kitten,  
 As down the stays and up the sways  
 So nimbly he'd be flitting.

Charlie Carr would go aloft,  
 Just to release the hammer,  
 When things did not work right,  
 He was almost sure to D— her.

Swing your leads and lower your pile  
 Until she strikes the river,  
 Lower your hammer and hit her once,  
 And make the old thing quiver.

Will Maclam was also in the crew  
 As by this time you know it ;  
 When in a humorous state of mind  
 The men call him a poet.