

The Mate's Yarn

I.

We was just a poor mine-sweepin' trawler,
Wiv' a 'ole in 'er bows plugged up rough,
We'd been sweepin' fur thirty-six hours,
When the skipper said, "Stop, that's enough,"
So we headed 'er nose away 'omeward
Dog tired, but I guess all serene
When lo! there appeared very near us
What we thought was a 'un submarine.

II.

She came nearer an' hoisted 'er colors
'Twas our own Union Jack to be sure
An' 'er cap'n yelled out to our skipper
"I'll board ye'r in a minute or more."
So 'e comes 'an 'e says to the skipper
"I've met with a breakdown that's bad
You must tow me to Jellicoe's flagship,
I've a message fur which 'e'll be glad."

III.

"Ter the devil wiv Jellicoe's flagship,
I'm fed up an' tired like hell
We've bin workin' fur thirty six hours
Without 'ardly five minutes spell."
Then the submarine skipper was sorry,
Says 'e, "yer's a 'undred quid."
"And over ye'r gold," said our skipper,
"An then I will do as ye bid."

IV.

Then the skipper said, "God bless my kiddies,"
Shot 'is fist in the naval man's eye
"God curse ye, de'ye think I don't twig ye,
You swine of a dam German spy,
I'm only an ole fishin' sailor,
But you've got that there flag upside down,
An' 'e shot 'im right over the bridge rail
Sayin' "the place fur such swine is ter drown."

V.

Bang—Bang—came a gun from the U boat
An' shouts "Gott Straffe England" as well
But the answer they got from the skipper
Was the short an' concise "Go to hell,"
We were sinkin', 'tis the last I remember,
I don't know if the skipper pulled through
Yes, Cap'n John Dale was a Briton
An' 'twas just what a Briton would do.