

SING A SONG O' SHIPWRECK

He lolled on a bollard, a sun-burned son of the sea,
With ear-rings of brass and a jumper of dungaree,
'N' many a queer lash-up have I seen,' says he.

'But the toughest hooray o' the racket,' he says, 'I'll
be sworn,
'N' the roughest traverse I worked since the day I was
born,
Was a packet o' Sailor's Delight as I scoffed in the seas
o' the Horn.

'All day long in the calm she had rolled to the swell,
Rolling through fifty degrees till she clattered her bell;
'N' then came snow, 'n' a squall, 'n' a wind was colder
'n hell.

'It blew like the Bull of Barney, a beast of a breeze,
'N' over the rail come the cold green lollopin' seas,
'N' she went ashore at the dawn on the Ramirez.

'She was settlin' down by the stern when I got to the
deck,
Her waist was a smother o' sea as was up to your neck,
'N' her masts were gone, 'n' her rails, 'n' she was a wreck.