

BIG BOW WOW

**FROM YARMOUTH HARBOUR WE SET SAIL,
THE WIND WAS BLOWIN' THE DEVIL OF A GALE;
ALL OUR RING TAILS SET AND OUR BAFFLIN' WAS IN PEAK,
AND OUR DOLPHIN STRIKER IS A-PLOUGHIN' UP THE DEEP.**

***WITH A BIG BOW WOW,
TOW ROW ROW,
FOL DEE ROL DEE RIDE ALL DAY!***

**OUR CAPTAIN COMES UP FROM DOWN BELOW,
HE LOOKS ALOFT AND HE LOOKS ALOW;
HE LOOKS ALOW AND HE LOOKS ALOFT,
SAYIN' "COIL THOSE ROPES, BOYS, FORE AND AFT!"**

**THEN BACK TO HIS CABIN HE QUICKLY CRAWLS,
UNTO HIS STEWARD HE LOUDLY CALLS -
"GO BRING ME A GLASS THAT WILL MAKE ME COUGH,
FOR IT'S BETTER WEATHER HERE THAN IT IS UP ALOFT!"**

**IT'S WE POOR SAILORS STANDIN' ON THE DECK,
WITH THE BLASTED RAIN POURIN' DOWN OUR NECKS;
NOT A DROP OF GROG WILL HE TO US AFFORD,
BUT HE DAMNS OUR EYES WITH EVERY OTHER WORD!**

**NOW THERE'S ONE THING WE SAILORS CRAVE,
FOR HIM TO FIND A WATERY GRAVE;
WE'LL SHOVE HIM DOWN IN A DARK DEEP HOLE,
WHERE THE SHARKS WILL HAVE HIS BODY
AND THE DEVIL TAKE HIS SOUL!**