Sailors' Boarding House

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cho: Nobody knows what the sailors eat
Pass no remarks about the meat.
Eat your pie and shut your mouth
In the hungry starving boarding house.

In the boarding house across the street
That is where old sailors eat
Noon and night with a terrible crash
They make short work of old Mother Head's hash.

Old Seth Loaner sleeps in the attic
Snores all night with a hell of a racket
Gave old Mother Head the run
Chased him out with a Gatling gun.

One of the sailors ran away
Got half drunk and he could not stay
Chased him down the Portland road
Hard to get away with the board he owed.

Collected by Fowkes in Nova Scotia