Boston Harbor

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From Boston harbor we set sail
And the wind was blowin' the devil of a gale
With the ring-tail set all about the mizzen peak
And the dolphin striker plowin' up the deep

cho: With a big bow wow, tow row row
Fal dee rall dee di do day.

The up steps the skipper from down below
And he looks aloft, boys, and he looks alow
And he looks alow and he looks aloft
And it's tighten up your ropes, boys, fore and aft.

cho:

Then it's down to his cabin he quickly falls
To his poor old steward then he bawls
"Fix me a glass that will make me cough
'Cause it's better weather here than it is up aloft."

cho:

While it's we poor seamen that are up on the decks
With the blasted rain falling down our necks
And not a drop of grog will he afford
For he damns our eyes with every other word.

cho:

Now there's just one thing we all do crave
That he will find a watery grave
We will heave him down into some dark hole
Where the sharks'll have his body and the Devil have his soul.

cho:

Now the old bugger is dead and gone
And damn his eyes, he's left a son
And if to us he doesn't prove frank
We'll very soon make him walk the plank.