

# A Capital Ship

Words & Music:  
Charles Edward Carryl

C G7 C  
A capital ship for an ocean trip was the *Walloping Window Blind*.  
F D7 G Am D7 G  
No wind that blew dismayed her crew or troubled the captain's mind.  
C F C G7 C G7  
The man at the wheel was made to feel contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow.  
C G7 C  
Tho' it oft appeared when the gale had cleared that he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS:

[n.c.] C F G7 C  
So, blow ye winds, heigh-ho! A-roving I will go!  
C G7 C F C F C G7 C G7  
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so, let the music play-ay-ay.  
C F G7 C  
I'm off for the morning train to cross the raging main.  
C G7 C F C F G7 C  
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove - 10,000 miles away!

The bos'un's mate was very sedate, yet fond of amusement, too.  
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch while the captain tickled the crew.  
The gunner he was apparently mad for he sat on the after ra-ra-rail.  
And fired salutes with the captain's boots in the teeth of a booming gale.

CHORUS:

The captain sat on the commodore's hat and dined in a royal way.  
Off pickles & figs & little roast pigs and gunners bread each day.  
The cook was Dutch and behaved as such for the diet he served the crew-ew-ew.  
Was a couple of tons of hot-cross buns served up with sugar and glue.

CHORUS:

Then we all fell ill as mariners will on a diet that's rough and crude.  
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook in a tub of his gluesome food.  
All nautical pride we cast aside and we ran the vessel asho-o-ore.  
On the Gulliby Isles where the poopoo smiles and the rubbily ubdugs roar.

CHORUS:

Composed of sand was that favored land and trimmed with cinnamon straws.  
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue of the ticke-toe teaser's claws.  
We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge and shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee.  
While the rugabug bats wore waterproof hats as they dipped in the shining sea.

CHORUS:

On rugabug bark from dawn till dark we dined till we all had grown.  
Uncommonly shrunk when a Chinese junk came up from the Terrible Zone.  
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care so we cherrily put to sea-ea-ea.  
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew on the bark of the rubabug tree.

CHORUS:

