

## Cruise of the Calabar

trad. arr. © B.Black

♩ = 120

COME ALL YE DRY·LAND SAI·LORS BOLD AND LIS·TEN TO MY SONG THERE ARE  
 ON·LY FOR·TY VER\_\_SES SO IT WON'T DE·TAIN YOU LONG IT'S  
 ALL A·BOUT THE HIS·TO·RY OF A BOLD YOUNG I·RISH TAR WHO  
 DID HIS TIME BE·FORE THE MAST ON BOARD OF THE CAL·A·BAR SO chorus  
 HEAVE A·WAY MY HEAR·TIES\_\_ WE'RE BOUND FOR LANDS A·FAR AS WE  
 SAIL A·WAY FROM JAMES·ES STREET ON BOARD OF THE CAL·A·BAR!

THE CALABAR WAS A MIGHTY SHIP WITH RIVETS FORE AND AFT  
 THE RUDDER STUCK WAY OUT BEHIND, THE WHEEL A GREAT BIG SHAFT  
 WITH HALF A GALE TO SWELL HER SAIL SHE COULD MAKE TWO KNOTS AN HOUR  
 THE SMARTEST CRAFT ON THE GRAND CANAL THO' ONLY ONE HORSE-POWER!

OUR CAPTAIN WAS A STRAPPING YOUTH WHO STOOD ALL OF FIVE FEET TWO  
 HIS HAIR WAS RED, HIS SKIN WAS FAIR, HIS EYES WERE CHINA BLUE  
 HE WON A LEATHER MEDAL FOR HIS SERVICE IN THE WAR  
 AND HIS WIFE WAS PASSENGER, MATE, AND COOK ON BOARD OF THE CALABAR

WE SAILED AWAY WITH A FAVORING BREEZE, THE WEATHER WAS SUBLIME  
 BUT THE CHANNEL WASN'T WIDE ENOUGH FOR TWO SHIPS AT A TIME  
 A COLLISION NEAR RIALTO BRIDGE LEFT THE OTHER CRAFT A WRECK  
 WE ONLY LOST A PADDLE-BOX AND A COUPLE YARDS OF DECK!\_

AS WE HUGGED THE SHORE OF INCHICORE, A VERY DANGEROUS PART  
WE RAN AGROUND ON A LUMP OF COAL NOT MARKED ON ANY CHART  
TO SAVE OURSELVES FROM SINKING AND PRESERVE EACH PRECIOUS LIFE  
WE THREW OUR CARGO OVERBOARD PLUS THE CAPTAIN'S LOVELY WIFE

THEN ALL BECAME CONFUSION WHILE THE STORMY WINDS DID BLOW  
THE BOSUN SLIPPED ON AN ORANGE PEEL AND FELL INTO THE HOLD BELOW  
THE CAPTAIN CRIED "TIS A PIRATE BRIG, AND ON US SHE DO GAIN!  
WHEN NEXT I SAIL FOR CRUMLIN, BOYS, BEJAYZ I'LL GO BY TRAIN!"

SO WE GOT OUR AMMUNITION OUT TO MEET THE AWFUL FOE  
OUR CUTLASSES AND BOARDING PIKES AND GATLING GUNS ALSO  
"PUT ON FULL SPEED!" THE CAPTAIN CRIED "FOR YOU SEE WE'RE SORELY PRESSED!"  
FROM THE BANK REPLIED THE ENGINEER: "SURE THE HORSE IS DOING HIS BEST!"