

The Mermaid

'Twas Friday Morn When we set sail,
and our ship wasn't far from the land.
When our captain spied a pretty mermaid,
with a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS: Oh, the ocean waves may roll
and the stormy winds may blow
But we poor sailors go skipping to the top
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below
While the landlubbers lie down below, below.

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
and a fine old man was he.
"This fishy mermaid has warned us of our doom,
we shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship
and a well spoken man was he.
"I've married me a wife in old Salem Town,
and tonight a widow she'll be."

Chorus

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
and a red hot cook was he.
"I care more for my pots and my pans,
than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spoke the figurehead of our gallant ship
and a well carved figure was she.
"I'd rather be a figurehead of this gallant ship
than a log at the bottom of the sea."

Chorus

Then up spoke the cabin boy of our gallant ship
and a dirty little rat was he.
"There's nary a soul in old salem town,
who gives a lick 'bout me."

Chorus

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
Then three times around went she.
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
and she sank to the bottom of the sea.