

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Friggin in the Riggin

Friggin in the Riggin

Friggin in the riggin,
Friggin in the riggin,
Friggin in the riggin,
There's nothing else to do.

Twass back in `69,
We left the Black Ball Line,
The crew did cry as we went by,
For we'd left our mates behind.

Twass back in `63,
When the captain he went to sea,
Born of a whore, was cast ashore,
A son of the beach was he.

A cook whose name was Davey,
Was cashiered from the Navy,
He dipped the bread inside the head,
And served it up as gravy.

The bosun's mate was Andy
A Portsmouth man and randy,
He used to cool his favorite tool
In a glass of the skipper's brandy.

The cabin boy was chipper,
A nasty little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

JY