

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Good Ship Venus

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Aboard the good ship Venus,
You really should have seen us,
With a figurehead of a whore in bed,
And a mast of a phallic genus

The captain of the lugger,
Was known as a filthy bugger,
Declared unfit to shovel grit,
From one ship to another.

The cabin boys name was Chipper,
A Randy little nipper,
He made a pass with a broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

The first mate's name was Morgan,
By gosh, he was a gorgon,
From half past eight he played till late,
Upon the captain's organ

The captain's wife was Charlotte,
Born and bred a harlot,
Her thighs at night were lily white,
By morning they were scarlet.

The captain's daughter, Mabel,
Though young, was fresh and able,
To fornicate with the second mate,
Upon the chartroom table.

The captain's younger daughter,
Was washed into the water,
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We turned that poor thing over,
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Teneriff to Dover.

And when we reached our station,
Through skillful navigation,

The ship got sunk, in a wave of spunk,
From too much fornication.

Recorded by Oscar Brand, Bawdy Sea Songs
JY