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The Ebeneezer

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I shipped on board of th' Ebeneezer
Every day you "Scrub and grease 'er"
Send us aloft to scrape 'er down
And if we growl they'll knock us down

cho: Oh, git along boys,
Git along, do;
Be handy, boys, be handy.

Our first mates name was Dickie Green, sir,
The dirtiest man you ever seen, sir!
Walking the quarter with a bucko cap,
He thought himself no common chap.
A Boston buck for second greaser,
He used to ship in Limejuice greasers.
The Limejuice greasers got too hot;
He made a jump for Boston dock.
We had no spuds for our dinner,
As sure as I'm a living sinner;
Our bread was tough as any brass
And our meat was as salt as Lot's wife's. . . .

from Shanteymen and Shantyboys, Doerflinger