

The Yarn Of The nancy Bell - song lyrics

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The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"

'Twas in the good ship "Nancy Bell"
I sail'd for the Indian sea,
And there on the reef we came to grief,
Which has often occured to me, brave boys,
Which has often occured to me.
And pretty nigh all the crew was drown'd-
There was seventy-seven o' soul,
And only ten of the "Nancy's" men
Said " Here!" to the muster-roll, brave boys.

There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the "Nancy" brig.
And the boatswain tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig, brave boys,
And the crew of the captain's gig.
For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink.
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we draw'd a lot, and accordin' we shot
The captain for our meal, brave boys.

The next lot fell to the "Nancy's" mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
then our appetite with the midshipmite.
We seven survivors stayed, brave boys.
We seven survivors stayed.
And then we murdered the bo'sun tight.
And he much resembled a pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig. brave boys.

Then only the cook and me was lift.
And the delicate question, " Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?" arose,
And we argued it out as sich, brave boys,
And we argued it out as sich.
For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me.
But we'd both be blowed, if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see, brave boys.

So we stirred it 'round and 'round,
And sniffed at the foaming froth;
I ups with his heels and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth, brave boys,
In the scum of the boiling broth.
And I ate that cook in a week, or less,
And, as I eating be,
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see, brave boys.

And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have-which is to say, brave boys,
I have-which is to say-
Oh! I am a cook, and a captain bold,

And a mate of the "Nancy " brig.
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig, brave boys.