

Mister Captain, Stop The Ship - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Mister Captain, Stop the Ship.

Copyright. 1891, by Spaulding & Gray.

Words by W. A. Archbold. Music by Felix McGlennon.

On a trip across the ocean I to New York came last year,
But the ocean's misty motion set me feeling very queer;
When I saw my elder sisters lying groaning side by side,
I clutched the captain by the whiskers and I, trembling, cried:

Chorus.

"Mister Captain, stop the ship. I want to get out and walk;
I feel so flipperty flopperty-flip that I'll never see New York.
Mister Captain, stop the ship, I'm sick of the raging main;
Hi! hi! send me a cub to take me home again."

When I said, "Good Mister Captain, tell me when's the next car home,"
He laughed and shook his head and said, "No cars upon the foam.
You will have to go to New York, dear, before you're home again;
You must cheer up," he murmured, but I cried with might and main:-Chorus.

Once I said when tempest blew hard, "I'll die if it keeps like this."
"Not at all," replied the steward; "try some good old whiskey, Miss."
Nevermore upon the ocean shall I trust myself again,
Or ever give the ocean's motion chance to cause me pain.- Chorus.