

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Commodore Gale

Commodore Gale

Come boys, and before the old vessel unmoors,  
Let's toss off a can to the doxies on shore;  
'Tis pity to let the good liquor grow stale,  
We'll knock round The Wash then, says Commodore Gale.  
So mix it, and stir it, says Commodore Gale;  
So mix it, and stir it, says Commodore Gale  
'Tis pity to let the good liquor grow stale,  
We'll knock round The Wash then, says Commodore Gale.

Confusion to watching and trudging the deck,  
We can but at worst, have a damnable check;  
Sit still then, and let all the officers rail;  
We'll ride out the breeze, says Commodore Gale.  
So drink and replentish, &c.

The liquor's not theirs, it is very well known,  
We bought it, - and so - d--n, 'tis our own;  
I'll bowze it about, till I spue like a whale;  
Here's to peace, and their downfal, says Commodore Gale.  
Drink, and replentish, &c.

If they were ashore, and to tip me their jaw,  
My truncheon could soon make them stand in more awe,  
I'd thresh 'em as farmers, do corn with a flail,  
Till they cried out peccavi\*, O Commodore Gale.  
I'd thrash 'em and smack 'em, &c.

But thus while he swaggers, and blusters, and roars,  
And brags of his bruising, and toasts all his wh--rs,  
His noddle and stomach, begin both to fail,--  
Here's go and turn in -- says old Commodore Gale.  
Let's knock off and sleep, &c.

Then he staggered to bed, and top heavy with bub,  
He piss'd in his hammock instead of the tub;  
Then dreamt he was swamp't, in a boat under sail,  
And bale her, hoa! bale her, cries Commodore Gale.  
Hoa! scoop her and bale her, &c.

Learn hence when you're drinking, ye bucks of the main,  
To ne'er overballast your stomach or brain:  
So with this good moral we'll stopper the tale,

And drink reformation to Commodore Gale.

Sing drink remember, &c.

\* peccavi, - Latin: I have sinned, or, confession of guilt.

The song "Commodore Gale," which obviously isn't Irish, is from a rare songbook without music, <<The Charms of Chearfulness>>, London, 1781.

Granuaile. (Gr ine Mhael, Gr innu Mhaol,

Granny Wale, = Grace O'Malley)

Tune - Granny wale. (Granuaile)

see GRNWALE.not

WBO

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