

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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With a Barnacle Under the Binnacle

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cho: With a barnacle under the binnacle

And a bottle of pop on the poop;
And the odor of salmon prevails in the cabin
We sail on our sloppy old sloop.

We've got loads of coffee in the galley
By golly, a big coffee urn
Three times a day the dishes are cleaned by the fishes
That sluice from the stem to the stern.

Our skipper is sturdy and stocky,
Encrusted with the salt of the sea
He causes a rumpus by kicking the compass
And yodeling "Mother Machree"

So it's over the querulous currents
We'll go wherever we're blown
So, in spite of the motion we'll conquer the ocean
In the sloppy little sloop of our own.

note: Heard from Stu Frank. Reportedly collected in Washington state in 1945 as part of the field work for someone else's thesis.

RG