

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Sims's Flotilla

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On April sixth in 'seventeen  
Our war-like ire arose,  
A fighting man is what we need  
So Admiral Sims was chose,  
He came into the British Isles  
And viewed the "Sub" campaign,  
Just send my old torpedo boats  
Right back to me again.

cho: You can talk about your battleships  
Cruisers, scouts and all,  
You can talk about the Fritzies  
Who ran cruising for a fall;  
You can take in all your Coast Guard,  
It's home they have to be,  
But Sims's Flotilla is the terror of the sea!

Joe Taussig brought the first bunch  
Across from the U.S.A.  
To uphold President Wilson's words  
And make the U-boats pay.  
When asked about his readiness  
To take his turn at sea,  
He told Vice-Admiral Bayly  
He's as ready as could be.

Along came the second crowd  
All full of pep and vim  
Anxious to take their chances  
But not to take a swim;  
They started out at thirty  
And zig-zagged as was led,  
Behind the flagship Rowan  
All the way to Kinsale Head.

A Jupiter, chuck full of stores,  
Was sent away to France,  
The Walke and Sterett went along,  
To spoil old Fritz's chance;  
Upon completion of this trip,  
They joined, all full of vim,

The mighty bunch of fighting craft,  
Commanded by Bill Sims.

The next ones to join the force,  
Came with the old Neptune,  
The Perkins and the Jarvis too,  
Said it was none too soon.  
The other ships may be all right,  
For frolic or for fun,  
But it takes us to brave the seas,  
And battle with the "Hun."

A mother ship was needed here,  
In fact we wanted two,  
The Melville was the first to come,  
The Dixie followed through.  
To make repairs, and give us grub,  
In fact they're very nice,  
But the only thing they cannot do,  
Is give us lots of ice.

The Benham tried to make the dock,  
At Haulbowline one day,  
In fact I think upon the bridge,  
Was Jesse Bishop Gay.  
From stem to stern she scraped along,  
And cleared the whole port side,  
But he who saw it understood,  
It was only the damned tide.

We sail the seas and drop the cans,  
To keep old Fritz down,  
We ram and shoot and camouflage,  
To get the dirty hound.  
When he floods his ballast tanks,  
To get him safely home,  
He hears these words come roaring down,  
Into his microphone -

From The Book of Navy Songs, USNA

Note: Vice-Admiral Sims commanded U.S. anti-submarine forces.

This was a song of the Torpedo-boat destroyers (ibid) RG