

CHORUS.

Heave at the windlass! yeo heave ho!
Up with the anchor! away we go!
The wind's at our back, boys,—let it blow,—
Hurrah for the life of a Sailor!

YEO—HO!

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III.

Now we hadn't got far away from land
(Heave at the windlass, heave ho! cheerily)
When a Mermaid rose with a glass in her hand,
And our ship hove to for to hail her.
Says she, 'Each wessel that looks on me,
Man-o'-war, merchantman, or whaler,
Must sink right down to the bottom of the sea,
Where the dog-fish flies and the sea-snakes flee,
Unless a Wirgin on board there be
To plead for the life of a Sailor!'

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Hurrah for the life of a Sailor!

YEO—HO!

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IV.

Then up jumped Sue with the breeches on!
(Heave at the windlass, heave ho! cheerily)
'You nasty hussy!' says she, 'begone!'
And the Mermaid's cheeks grew paler!
'There's a gel aboard and her name is Sue!
A Wirgin, the daughter of a tailor,
Who's more than a match for the likes of *you!*'
At this the Mermaid looked werry blue,

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And then, with a splash of her tail, withdrew,
While Sue she embraced her Sailor! 55

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The wind's at our back, boys,—let it blow,—
Hurrah for the life of a Sailor!
YEO—HO! 60

(From *The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan*.
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