

Robert Buchanan (1841-1901)

8 *The Mermaid*

(Windlass Song.)

I.

I'll tell you, mates, how she came to sea!  
*(Heave at the windlass! heave ho! cheerily)*  
She loved *me*, and I loved *she*,  
For she was the gel for a Sailor!  
She hailed from Wapping, her name was Sue, 5  
And she was the daughter of a tailor,—  
We parted at last, but without ado  
She bought both jacket and breeches blue,  
And aboard she came for to join our crew  
And live the life of a Sailor! 10

CHORUS.

*Heave at the windlass! yeo heave ho!*  
*Up with the anchor! away we go!*  
*The wind's off the shore, boys,—let it blow,—*  
*Hurrah for the life of a Sailor!*  
YEO—HO! 15

II.

Our Captain he eyed her from stem to stern  
*(Heave at the windlass! heave ho! cheerily)*  
But nought of her secret could he discern,  
For his savage jib couldn't quail her.  
But when she went for'ard among the res 20  
Her heart began for to fail her,  
So she took me aside and the truth confess'd,  
With her face a-blushing on this 'ere breast,  
And I stared and stared, and says I, 'T'm blest!  
My Sue turn'd into a Sailor! 25

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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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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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

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! 60

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