A Clean Song

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There was a young sailor
Who looked through the glass,
And spied a fair mermaid
With scales on her island

Where seagulls
Fly over their nests
She combed the long hair
That hung over her shoulders

And caused her
To tickle and itch.
The sailor cried out
"There's a beautiful mermaid,"

A-sitting out
There on the rocks,
The crew came around
A-grabbing their glasses

And crowded four deep
To the rail,
All eager to share
In this fine piece of news.

Which the captain soon
Heard from the watch.
He tied down the wheel
And he reached for his crackers

And cheese which
He kept near the door.
In case he might someday
Encounter a mermaid.

He knew he must
Use all his wits
Crying "Throw out a line.
We'll lasso her flippers."

And then we will

Certainly find
If mermaids are better
Before or be brave

My good fellows."
The captain then said.
"With fortune we'll break
Through her mermaiden head-

-ing to starboard
They tacked with dispatch.
And caught that fair mermaid
Just under her elbows

And hustled her
Down below decks,
And each took a turn
At her feminine setting

Her free at the end
Of the farce,
She splashed in the waves,
Falling flat on her after

A while one man
Noticed some scabs,
Soon they broke out with the pox
And the scratching

With fury,
Cursing with spleen,
This song may be dull
But it's certainly clean.

Recorded by Oscar Brand, Bawdy Sea Songs
JY

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