

# The Good Ship Skyvie

We set sail on the forty-fourth day of the month between  
April and May, to the East-Nor' West we sailed away, a-  
board the good ship Sky-vie. And all the crew to man her sails was a  
Chinese cook with three pig-tails, and a male voice choir from the  
North of Wales, aboard the good ship Sky-vie.

We set sail on the forty-fourth day  
Of the month between April and May:  
To the East-Nor'-West we sailed away,  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
And all the crew to man her sails  
Was a Chinese cook with three pigtails  
And a male voice choir from the North of Wales  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
(chorus)

*Set your compass East-North-West,  
Skipper's in the crow's nest, he knows best,  
Tie a bowline in the bosun's vest  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie*

And on this ship was seven masts,  
That varied in size from small to vast  
So that we could sail either slow or fast  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
And on each mast was seven sails,  
For breezes, blasts, typhoons or gales,  
And a big pair of bellows if all else fails,  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
(chorus)

We shipped nine hundred head of clams  
To an oyster farm in South Japan,  
But we had to feed them all by hand  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
So we shipped eight hundred bushels of wheat  
To give them clams some feed to eat,  
But they'd ate the lot in half a week,  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
(chorus)

Well, then we didn't know what to do,  
They ate the deck and the main mast too,  
All night long it was 'chew, chew, chew'  
Aboard the good ship Skyvie  
For three more days we drifted around,  
There was nothing to hear but that chewing sound,  
Till the hull caved in and we all was drowned.....

(spoken)

**So the song never got finished!**



Don't take this one too seriously – it's probably not based on a real event! We see it as a sort of anti-shanty for when things get a bit too scholarly. Or after the seventh version of 'Blow the man down' in an evening. For anyone who has missed the reference, the ship's name is taken from the good British tradition of *skyving*, defined as 'industriously doing nothing'.