

**When you're tramping around, taking in the slack  
A'bawling out the chorus to 'Paddy lay back'  
When your arms are aching & your back is sore  
As the Mate he shouts "Heave! You sons of whores!"  
Or on ev'ry watch, you hear the cry  
"Hands to the pumps lads! And pump her dry"  
It's then you think how it could have been  
If only you'd gone & served in steam.**

**CH**

**For there's no more hauling on the lee fore brace  
With white water surging round your waist  
No more short'ning canvas in a Cape Horn gale  
So cheer for steam and to Hell with sail!  
You'd be warm a'shovelling in the coal  
Down in the stoke-hold, way down below  
You're black with dust. But it's not as hard  
As reefing, up on the tops'l yard.  
Or you're becalmed, drifting too & froe  
And you whistle for a wind, but the wind won't blow  
It's then you think how it could have been  
If only you'd gone & served in steam.  
You've been crimped, so you know your fate.  
It's a 'Down East' Master & a buckoo Mate  
For when you wake you're on your way  
On a 'three skys'l yarder' bound for Frisco bay.  
He's a saint ashore, but a Devil at sea  
That Master makes life Purgatory  
It's then you think how it could have been  
If only you'd gone & served in steam.  
The wind is foul, you can't tack or veer  
And you see your death a'drawing near  
For you're in the surf, & the breaker's roar  
As you take the ground on the lee shore**

**But a compound engine your life would save--  
Now it ends, beneath those crashing waves.  
It's then you think how it could have been  
If only you'd gone & served in steam.  
Ron**