

Our Gallant Ship

Now, up spoke the *Captain* of our gallant ship
And a goodly speaking *Captain* was he.
“For I have a wife in *Fishguard* town,
And this night she’ll be weeping for me, for me, for me,
This night she’ll be weeping for me.”

**And the stormy wind do blow, blow, blow,
In the winter we’ll have snow, snow, snow,
And our gallant ship’s lying down to the breeze,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below below,
And the land lubbers lying down below.**

Then up spoke the *Mate* of our gallant ship
And a goodly speaking *Mate* was he.
“For I have a wife in *Pembroke* town,
And this night she’ll be weeping for me, for me, for me,
This night she’ll be weeping for me.”

And up spoke the *Bosun* of our gallant ship
And a goodly speaking *Bosun* was he.
“For I have a wife in *Milford* town,
And this night she’ll be weeping for me, for me, for me,
This night she’ll be weeping for me.”

(Final verse)

Then up spoke the *Cook* of our gallant ship,
And a badly speaking *cook* was he,
He didn’t give a damn for the kettle or the pan,
If they sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
If they sank to the bottom of the sea.

Collected from William Howell, Fishguard, Pembrokeshire – recorded by Seamus Ennis for BBC Archives in early 1950s