

# Stormy Weather Boys

We were laying in Surrey Dock one day.  
The mate knew it was time to get under way.  
**Stormy weather, boys, stormy weather, boys,  
When the wind blows our barge will go.**

He was homeward bound but he was out of luck  
'Cos the skipper's half drunk in the Dog and Duck

Then the skipper came aboard with a girl on his arm  
He's going to give up barging and take a farm.

Then the mate ran forrard and the cook fell in the dock  
And the skipper caught his fingers in the mainsheet block

At last we're off down Limehouse Reach,  
When our leeboards knocked on Greenwich Beach

We shoved her off and away we go,  
But the skipper's got a barrel of beer below.

She fills away and she sails like heck  
But there ain't no bargemen up on deck.

There's a crash and a bump and she's ashore  
The mate says: "Christ, we're on the Nore."

Then up comes a mermaid covered in mud  
We took her down the focsle and gave her a scrub.

On the top of the tide the barge did fleet,  
When the mate sees a ghost on the tops'l sheet

So away we go and the ghost did steer,  
And the cook drank the dregs of the old man's beer.

We made it slow round Orford Ness,  
When the wind backed round to the south sou'west

We reached our port all safe and sound  
And tied her up in Yarmouth Town.

So after all our fears and alarms  
We all ended up in the Druid's Arms.

*Note: This may be the only song peculiar to the spritsail  
bargemen of England's east coast)*