



The Eddystone Light

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there came three,
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me.

Chorus:

*Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free:
oh, for a life on the rolling sea.*

One night while I was a-trimmin' of the glim
A-singin' a verse from the evening hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother a-sittin' on a buoy.

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"
My mother then she asked of me
"One was exhibited as a talking fish
And the other was served in a chafing dish."

Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair;
I looked again, and my mother wasn't there.
A voice come a-echoing out through the night:
"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"