



Reuben Ranzo

Well, poor old Reuben Ranzo,

Ranzo, boys, Ranzo

Oh, poor old Reuben Ranzo,

Ranzo, me boys, Ranzo

Ranzo was no sailor

So he shipped aboard a whaler

And because he was no beauty

He could not do his duty

And because he was so dirty

They gave him five and thirty

And the captain's daughter Suzy

She begged her dad for mercy

And she give him wine and water

And a bit more than she ought to

And she gave him education,

And taught him navigation.

Now he's got his first mate papers

He's a terror to the whalers

He's down to where them whale-fish blow

He's the hardest master on the go

So hurray for Reubren Ranzo

Hurray for Reubren Ranzo