



# Boston Harbour

From Boston harbor we set sail  
And the wind was blowin' a devil of a gale  
With the ring-tail set all abaft the mizzen peak  
And the dolphin striker plowin' up the deep

*With a big bow wow, tow row row  
Fal dee rall dee ri do day.*

Up steps the captain from down below  
And he looks aloft, boys, he looks alow  
And he looks alow and he looks up aloft  
And it's coil up your ropes, boys, fore and aft.

Then it's down to his cabin he quickly falls  
And to his steward he loudly bawls  
Saying bring me a glass that will make me cough  
For it's better weather here than it is up aloft.

While it's we poor sailors up on deck  
With the wind and rain blowing down our necks  
And not a drop of grog will he afford  
But he damns our eyes with every other word.

Now there's just one thing we all crave  
That he will meet with a watery grave  
We'll heave him down into some dark hole  
Where the sharks'll have his body  
*and the Devil have his soul*

*With a big bow wow, tow row row  
Fal dee rall dee ri do day.*