

The Dreadnought

There is a flash packet, flash packet of fame,
She hails from New York and the Dreadnought's her name;
She's bound to the westward where the stormy winds blow,
Bound away in the Dreadnought, to the westward we'll go.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Now the Dreadnought she lies in the river Mersey,
Awaiting the tugboat to take her to sea;
Out around the Rock Light where the salt tides do flow,
Bound away to the westward, in the Dreadnought we'll go.

Now the Dreadnought's a-howling' down the wild Irish Sea,
Her passengers merry, with hearts full of glee,
Her sailors like lions walk the decks to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go!

Now the Dreadnought's a-sailin' the Atlantic so wide,
Where the high roaring seas roll along her black sides,
With her sails tautly set for the red cross to show,
She's the Liverpool packet, O Lord, let her go!

Now a health to the Dreadnought, and all her brave crew,
To bold captain Samuels, his officers, too,
Talk about your flash packets, Swallowtail and Black Ball,
The Dreadnought's the flyer that outsails them all.