

# Wareham Whaler's Songbook

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## **Lucky Jim Cooke**

AKA "The Sad Tale of Lucky Jim Cooke". By Les Sullivan.

### **Chorus**

*(They) Bashed me on the head with a lump of lead and dragged me off to sea  
I haven't got an eye, I haven't got a leg and I've a hook where me hand used to be  
I don't know why I find that I am back in the Royal Navy  
They must be short of sailors if they're gathering the likes of me  
They must be short of sailors if they're gathering the likes of me*

I was sitting on the pier as me ship drew near and a voice cried "enemy ho"  
When a big broadside it went a little wide they missed but even so  
Summat hit me in the thigh and I gave a little sigh as me leg disappeared below  
"Vous avez perdue votre jambe" said this man from old Toulon  
It was very nice of him to let me know but they still

### **Chorus**

So I was sitting in the boat it was nice to be afloat but the frigate it was friggin well becalmed  
I was handling the tiller as we towed the ship along sort of nonchalantly trailing me arm  
When me hand was secateured by this great big frigate bird or it could have been a shark from down below  
"You've lost yer right hand Jim" said Harry with a grin  
It was very nice of him to let me know but they still

### **Chorus**

I was looking up at heaven it was off the coast of Devon sort of watching little birdies flying by  
When this great big seagull flew overhead and the blighter went and crapped in me eye  
Now you can't lose your eye from a seagull's crap and this I fully understand  
But I'm telling you, you can, my friend  
If you forget you've got a hook for a hand

### **Chorus**