It was Friday morn when we sat sail And we were not far from the land When our captain he spied a mermaid so fair With a comb and a glass in her hand Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship And a fine old man was he "This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom We shall sink to the bottom of the sea" Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship And a brave young lad was he Saying "I have a sweetheart in Brooklyn by the sea And tonight she'll be weeping for me" Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship And a fine spoken man was he Saying "I have a wife in Salem by the sea And tonight she'll be weeping for me" Three times round spun our gallant ship And three times round spun she Three times round spun our gallant ship And she sank to the bottom of the sea And the ocean waves do roll And the stormy winds do blow And we poor sailors are skipping at the top While the land-lubbers lie down below, below, below While the land-lubbers lie down below