

The Dreadnought

The Dreadnoughts

Oh, 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 west,
Where the stormy winds blow.
All away to the westward,
In the Dreadnought we'll go.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

With the gale at her back,
What a sight does she make.
Our skippers are merry
With the west in her wake.
Her sailors like lions
On the decks to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet.
Oh, Lord let her go!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Now the Dreadnought's a-sailing
The Atlantic so wide.
While the high roaring seas
Move along her black sides.
With her sails tight as wires
And the Black Flag to show.
All away to the Dreadnought,
To the westward we'll go.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Here's a health to the Dreadnought
And all her brave crew.
To bold captain
(whee!)
And his officers too.
Talk about your flash packets
Swallowtail, Black Ball.
The Dreadnought's the flyer
That out sails them all!
Derry down, down, down derry down.