

Chip worked as a boatwright  
As his father and his gran  
Working in a boat yard  
Building on the River Thames  
One day Chip was hard at work  
The Devil appeared from Hell  
He held a roll of copper  
And a bucket full of nails  
The devil said unto Chip  
Take these nail and copper roll  
But you also have to take this rat  
And I will take your soul  
Chip despised the rat  
The rat squealed and hissed  
But the bucket o' nails and copper  
Were too much to resist  
Chip went straight to work  
He'd get rid of the rat  
And there would no be a problem  
With his death after the fact  
But the devil rat wouldn't die  
No matter how hard he tried  
The rat attacked the boatwright  
And he bit him in the eye  
It seemed as if the river rats  
Fell under Satan's spell  
They followed Chip around  
And made his life a living hell  
He slowly lost his mind  
He lost his family  
He lost his job  
And had to join the King's Navy  
A lemon grows a pip  
A yard will build a ship  
As Satan is my master  
I will get you a Chip  
The rats chased Chip  
Up the gangplank of the ship  
They bit him and tortured him  
Until he finally flipped  
He sniveled to the captain  
To turn around the rig  
The captain spied his madness  
And chucked him into the brig  
Now the devil rat had his man  
He knew just what to do  
He'd command the rats  
And through the planks they'd chew  
The water rushed in  
The ship went down  
She was smashed upon the rocks  
On which the rats danced around