

Good Ship Skyvie

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We set sail on the forty-fourth day
Of the month between April and May:
To the East-North-West we sailed away,
Aboard the good ship Skyvie
And all the crew to man her sails
Was a Chinese cook with three pigtails
And a male voice choir from the North of Wales
Aboard the good ship Skyvie

*Set your compass East-North-West,
Skipper's in the crow's nest, he knows best,
Tie a bowline in the bosun's vest
Aboard the good ship Skyvie*

And on this ship was seven masts,
That varied in size from small to vast
So that we could sail either slow or fast
Aboard the good ship Skyvie

And on each mast was seven sails,
For breezes, blasts, typhoons or gales,
And a big pair of bellows if all else fails,
Aboard the good ship Skyvie

*Set your compass East-North-West,
Skipper's in the crow's nest, he knows best,
Tie a bowline in the bosun's vest
Aboard the good ship Skyvie*

We shipped nine hundred head of clams
To an oyster farm in South Japan,
And we had to feed them all by hand
Aboard the good ship Skyvie

So we shipped eight hundred bushels of wheat
To give them clams some feed to eat,
But they'd ate the lot in half a week,
Aboard the good ship Skyvie

*Set your compass East-North-West,
Skipper's in the crow's nest, he knows best,
Tie a bowline in the bosun's vest
Aboard the good ship Skyvie*

Well, then we didn't know what to do,
They ate the deck and the main mast too,
All night long it was 'chew, chew, chew'
Aboard the good ship Skyvie
For three more days we drifted around,
There was nothing to hear but that chewing sound,
Till the hull caved in and we all was drowned

So the song never got finished!