

Harriet Lane

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Listen, you landsmen, I'll sing you a song,
How they feeds us at sea when we're out there so long,
The Board of Trade tells 'em the least we can get,
They could give us more, but they never has yet.

*Harriet Lane, oh Harriet Lane,
I'm telling you clear, and I'm telling you plain,
A blessing to sailors is Harriet Lane!*

Biscuits like roof-tiles we gets every day,
They're baked out of sawdust and bulked out with clay,
You can smash 'em or hash 'em, or throw 'em away,
But with Harriet Lane you get meat every day!

(Chorus)

Wet hash for breakfast, it works very well,
Slips down a treat if you don't mind the smell,
But oatmeal with treacle that tastes just like tar,
Goes over the side, it's a breakfast too far.

(Chorus)

Dry hash for breakfast, that isn't so good,
Tastes like it's made out of chippings of wood,
But pea-soup is fine, it'll warm you right through,
And if anything breaks, you can use it as glue.

(Chorus)

The beef they gives us is leathery hard,
The pork they gives us is mostly sour lard,
As a slurry with curry they calls it a treat,
But with Harriet Lane you gets close to real meat.

(Chorus)

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