

# The Walloping Window Blind

Natalie Merchant

A capital ship for an ocean trip  
Was the Walloping Window Blind.  
No gale that blew dismayed her crew  
Or troubled the captain's mind. The man at the wheel was taught to feel  
Contempt for the wildest blow.  
And it often appeared when the weather had cleared  
That he'd been in his bunk below. The boatswain's mate was very sedate,  
Yet fond of amusement too;  
And he played hopscotch with the starboard watch  
While the captain tickled the crew. And the gunner we had was apparently mad  
For he stood on the cannon's tail,  
And fired salutes in the captain's boots  
In the teeth of a booming gale. The captain sat in a commodore's hat  
And dined in a royal way  
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs  
And gummery bread each day. But the rest of us ate from an odious plate  
For the food that was given the crew  
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns  
Chopped up with sugar and glue. We all felt ill as mariners will  
On a diet that's cheap and rude,  
And the poop deck shook when we dipped the cook  
In a tub of his gruesome food. Then nautical pride we laid aside,  
And we cast the vessel ashore  
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles  
And the Anagzanders roar. Composed of sand was that favored land  
And trimmed in cinnamon straws;  
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue  
Of the Tickletoeteasers claws. We climbed to the edge of a sandy ledge  
And soared with the whistling bee,  
And we only stopped at four o'clock  
For a pot of cinnamon tea. From dawn to dark, on rubagub bark  
We fed, till we all had grown  
Uncommonly thin. Then a boat blew in  
On a wind from the torriby zone. She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care,  
And we cheerily put to sea.  
We plotted a course for the Land of Blue Horse,  
Due west 'cross the Peppermint Sea.

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