

Big Steamers

The Jolly Rogers

Oh where are you going to all you big steamers
With England's own coal, Up and down the salt seas
We're going to fetch you your bread and your butter
Your beef pork and mutton eggs apples and cheese

And where will you fetch it from all you big steamers
And where shall I write you when you are away
We fetch it from Melbourne Quebec and Vancouver
Address us at *Halbard*, Hong Kong, and Bombay

And if anything happens to all you big steamers
and suppose you are reked up and down the salt seas
then you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea

Then ill pray for fine weather for all you big steamers
For little blue billows and breezes so soft
Oh billows and breezes don't bother big steamers
For iron below and still ringing aloft

Then ill build a new lighthouse for all you big steamers
With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through
oh the channel's as bright as a ballroom already
and pilots are thicker than *Pilcherds at new*

Then what can I do for you all you big steamers
Oh what can I do for your comfort and gold
Send out your big warships to watch your big waters
That no one may stop us from bringing your food

For the bread that you eat and the biscuits, you nibble
the sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve
they are brought to you daily by all us big steamers
and if anyone hinders our coming, you will starve

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