Quay Cur

The Fiery Furnaces

I had a locket, a little silver charm,
Given to me so to keep me out of harm.
Canvasing the quayside trying to earn my keep,
A killick tore it off my neck and threw it in the deep.
And now I'll never, never, never feel like I am safe again
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Up to the quarentine, late night aboard,
Try to raise our fees but we get what they afford.
Busy work below deck according to form;
Waiting for the clear to leave but then comes up a storm.
We hid beneath the barrels of blubber hoping that the rain had passed
But when the wind kept up the rats cut down the rigging off the mast
And then the rust chewed through the anchor chain and out to sea we're cast.
The clouds dried and cracked
It was calm in fact
The ship had been towed,
By sea Dyaks towed
So we're sold Kolaba
'n sent -- I let out a sob, a
cry oh no it's disaster -- T-Ranter Bay Madacascar.
Great gulps of Greek fire get us in;
Sling sticks at the stockade Fort Dauphin;
A guardsman gave a griffin said grease my duke:
Down by the chimney and out through the fluke.
A looby, a lordant, a lagerhead, lozel,
a lungio lathback made me a proposal:
Straight sail, top mast, astrolabe prospected
down in his dry dock erected infected;
Mocked up with silk strings and taffeta tricked
with nails out of driftwood already iron sicked:
now spy out the glass at whatever missteps me
and the press gang warrant's signed Sir Edward Pepsi.
Course it wasn't long till I caught the croup,
Dawding on the drizzy deck of my majesty's sloop.
If only the hlmsman would turn from his whip staff
With my azimuth compass I'd go by the hectograph
Up to the whaling fleet in Gilbert sound
Then back in the hull when we come around

With 100 seals and 2 polar bears
Nearly in the harbor without any cares,
But then:
A looby, a lordant, a lagerhead, lozel,
a lungio lathback made me a proposal:
Straight sail, top mast, astrolabe prospected
down in his dry dock erected infected;
Mocked up with silk strings and taffeta tricked
with nails out of driftwood already iron sicked:
now spy out the glass at whatever missteps me
and the press gang warrant's signed Sir Edward Pepsi.
Half hour sandglass
Seven saker round shot
Ice for the moonshine
And chichsaneg.
Canyglow, canyglow, canyglow don't say nugo
Tie tight my sugnacoon
In comes the tucktodo
Aba in aob aginyoh.
Look awennye
Get out my sawygmeg
Yliaout, yliaout
Weave us on shore
Unuiche quoysah
Maconmeg
And I gave a sasobneg.
Canyglow, canyglow, canyglow don't say nugo
Tie tight my sugnacoon
In comes the tucktodo
Aba in aob aginyoh.
And now we live by muskles, water weeds with small relief in store
And all the sick men in the Galean were then put upon the shore
And on the 22nd we didn't see our general any more.
Down came our trestle-trees, no pitch tar or nails;
Fore shrouds break no rope we trust;
Only shift of sails.
Drink my Rosa Solis; struck suddenly ahull
Yield ourselves we spoomed, my sinews stiff,
My eyes were dull.
And now I'll never, never, never feel like I am safe again
And now I'll never, never, never feel like I am safe again
And now I'll never, never, never feel like I am safe again.
And as we pass the equinoctial only 5 of us could stand
And while the capsten without sheets or tacks by all of us was manned
And on the 11th day of June ran in at Barehaven to land.

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