

## **The Town Pants "The Mermaid"**

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It was Friday morn, when we set sail  
And we were not far from the land.  
When our Captain he spied, a mermaid so fair  
With a comb and glass in her hand.

And the ocean waves do roll  
And the stormy winds do blow  
And we poor sailors, are skippin at the top  
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below  
While the landlubbers lie down below

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship  
And a fine old man was he  
This fishy mermaid has warned my of our doom  
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea

Then up spoke the mate of our gallant ship  
And a fine strappin lad was he  
He said I's a wife in Brooklyn by the sea  
And tonight she a widow will be

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship  
And a crazy old butcher was he  
He says I care much more for my pots and my pans  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea

Then three times around spun our gallant ship  
And three times around spun she  
Three times around spun our gallant ship  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea

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