

The Dreadnought



There's a saucy wild packet,
and a packet of fame;
She belongs to New York,
and the Dreadnought's her name;
She is bound to the westward
where the stormy winds blow;
Bound away in the Dreadnought,
to the west'ard we'll go.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down

The time of her sailing
is now drawing nigh;
Farewell, pretty May,
I must bid you good-bye;
Farewell to old England
and all there we hold dear,
Bound away in the Dreadnought,
to the west'ard we'll steer.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down

Oh, the Dreadnought's a-bowlin'
down the wild Irish Sea,
Where the passengers are merry,
their hearts full of glee,
While her sailors like lions
walk the decks to and fro,
She's the Liverpool packet,
Oh, Lord, let her go!

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down

Oh, the Dreadnought's a-sailing
the atlantic so wide,
While the dark, heavy seas
roll along her black sides,
With her sails neatly spread,
and the Red Cross to show,
She's the Liverpool packet,
oh Lord, let her go!

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down

Here's a health to the Dreadnought,
and to all her brave crew.
Here's a health to her captain
and officers too.
Talk about your flash packets,
Swallow Tail and Black Ball,
But the Dreadnought's the clipper
to beat one and all.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down