

# Wooden Walls & Iron Men

## The Prize

Yonder ships a privateer,  
With men and guns a plenty.  
What say you my brave men-  
Shall we take this enemy?  
Reduce all sail! Run out the guns!  
Put one across her bow!  
Yonder ship will be our prize,  
Before the quarter hour.

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## Battle Fatigue

I take a breath and look around me,  
I'm grateful to be alive.  
The guns, they're all silent now,  
But, the smoke still burns my eyes.  
There's a heaviness within me,  
It takes a heavy toll.  
It burns like rum going down,  
To an empty, aching soul.

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## The Fireship

`Hit were like a roaring inferno-  
The fires `o `ell so bright.  
Flames leaping upwards,  
Like fireworks in the night.  
`Hit started on the main deck,  
Quick like it climbed the mast.  
The sails be ablaze now,  
The flame `as spread so fast.  
`Hits set a course for the flagship  
Less some `ow it's turned.  
The only choice Jack tar `as  
Is jump ship or burn.

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## Duty

They sanded down the decks; The  
guns were all run out.  
"Let's give them what for lads!"  
They heard the Cap'n shout. The  
talk of duty and honour,  
Meant little to the crew. They  
fought for their mates,  
And perhaps a prize or two.

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## The Watch (HMS SeaWolf)

The officer of the deck,  
Peered thru a blinding snow.  
They'd just turned the glass,  
Half an hour left to go.  
Then the rattle of muskets,  
Shouts- Then something explodes.  
Turning to the mid he cursed.  
Just our luck don't ya know.

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## Grog

I stands here confused, Me heads  
in a fog. Can't finds me ship, Damn  
that ole grog. Me eyes be awash,  
Me timbers not steady. I tries to  
walk down, This heaving old Jetty.  
There be a boatman, He'll carry me  
out;  
For a shilling or two, The larcenous  
old lout!

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## The Battle Won

The man listened quietly  
To their captain speak.  
It had been a hard voyage  
The mission now complete. Gone  
were some mates Cut  
down by the guns.  
A savage battle fought  
Outnumbered still they won. We're  
headed for home lads The butcher's  
bill I fear. A double tot for every  
man  
The crew gave a cheer.

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## An Ole Salt

I'm writing you this letter,  
There's things I gotta say.  
The innocent boy that sailed away,  
Returns a worldly man today.  
It was a mighty warship,  
On her rolls I signed my name.  
After thirty years at sea,  
It's saltwater that fills my veins.  
I fought the wind -n- weather;  
I battled a raging sea.  
Round after round I fired the big guns,  
As men died around me.  
I tasted wine in many a port.  
Read letters 'till my heart yearned.  
Many's the night I smoked my pipe,  
While sitting on the stern.  
They tell me now I must retire;  
My able days are done.  
And what the sea took away,  
The sea now returns.

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## Newgate Jig

The pirate eyed the crowd outside  
They came to see him hang.  
He'd once struck fear in many a man  
By the mention of his name.  
Many a captain lost his ship  
Their life blood to his blade.  
Many a young girl he had kissed  
Till that dreadful day.  
Better he'd been struck down  
Now resigned to his fate.  
It was like a circus outside  
In the yard of Newgate.

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## A Sailor's Lot

Got on a ship in Portsmouth  
Headed for the Caribee  
My life forever changed  
Since the press gang caught me  
The fury of battle  
Is like thunder in my head  
I hear the wounded crying  
And I see the silent dead  
And when I hear a bosun's pipe  
I want to run and hide  
But damned if I know where to go  
I just want to stay alive  
Now it's been five long years  
Since this war has begun  
The politicians sit at home  
While I sit behind this gun

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## The Fallen Midshipman

So many fallen comrades ... now line the deck  
A once proud ship ... now a floating wreck  
The ship's men will put her ... back to rights  
The chore I face ... will take all night.  
Another shrouded soul ... goes over the side  
And I feel guilty ... cause I'm alive  
It's the hardest letter ... I've ever had to write  
A battle won ... but what the price  
To say he did his duty ... sounds so trite  
When telling her ... of his sacrifice  
I'm sending her ... a lock of his golden hair  
It's not much ... but it shows I care.

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## The Forgotten Salt

I walked out of Whitehall,  
Had my orders in my  
hand.  
I saw this ragged shell,  
That once had been a man.  
He leaned against the  
building, A timber for a leg.  
He once sailed with  
Nelson, Now he had to  
beg.  
Forgotten the days of  
glory, Long cast over the  
side.  
Our country now shuns them, Men  
crippled, and those who  
died.  
I fished out a guinea,  
He deserved so much more.  
He said, "Thank you kindly Cap'n, Lost  
me leg at Trafalgar.  
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## The American Privateer

It was seventeen seventy six  
The war had just begun  
The British had the Navy  
With the biggest gun  
But the British merchantmen  
Sailed the seas in fear  
Would their ship be raided by  
The American Privateer  
Now the privateer's been taken  
No more convoys will she raid  
Her captain wounded and weary  
Offers up his bloody blade  
But the British captain  
Declines and tells him no  
How can I take the blade  
Of such a gallant foe

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## Men Who Sail the Sea

You laugh, you drink, you dance,  
You men who sail the sea.  
For tomorrow who's to know,  
What might assail upon thee.  
Be it gale or sword or cannon,  
-A sinking ship it be.  
So live life heartily,  
You men who sail the sea.

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## The Gun Captain

The Cap'n yells- "Fire!"  
The guns leap as one. Round after  
round,  
We worked 'um 'till we's numb. I smells  
the stench 'o powder, I's blinded by the  
smoke.

It hurts me chest to breathe, It makes  
me cough and choke. I felt the ship  
shudder,

They's scored another hit.

A gun be overturned;  
The main mast is split. Broadside after  
broadside, That last 'un were the  
worse. I see the chaplain praying,  
I 'urd the bosun curse.

I steals a look about me,  
So many mates lay dead.

The thunder from the  
guns, Echoes thru me  
head.

I 'ear the word, "cease fire." Yonder  
ship 'as struck.

I give a sigh and wipes me face, A  
victory cheer goes up.  
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## Final Victory

The mighty ship entered port,  
Her yards set cockbill.  
A loyal crew mourned the death,  
Their brave captain killed.  
The battle had been fought and won.  
They fired the last broadside.  
As enemy colors floated down,  
The good captain died.

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