

The Fireship

GD7
 As I strolled out one evening upon a night's career,
GD7
 I spied a lofty fireship and after her I steered;
G
 I hoisted up my sig-a-nals which she did quickly view,
D7GE7A7
 And when I had my bunting up, she immediately hove
D7
 to ... o ... o ...

Chorus:

G
 She had a dark and a roving eye,
A7D7
 And her hair hung down in ring-a-lets,
GC
 She was a nice girl, a decent girl,
GD7G
 But one of the rakish kind.

 Oh, sir, you must excuse me for being out so late,
 For if my parents knew of it, then sad would be my fate,
 My father he's a minister, a true and honest man,
 My mother is a Methodist, and I do the best I can.

 I took her to a tavern and I treated her to wine,
 Little did I think that she was of the rakish kind;
 I handled her, I dandled her, and found to my surprise,
 She was nothing but a fireship rigged up in a disguise.