

A capital ship

Nonsense Song
from an Old English Ditty



A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip was the Wal-lop-ing Win -
dow Blind! No wind that blew dis-mayed her crew, or trou-bled
the cap-tain's mind. The man at the wheel was made to feel con-
tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it oft-en ap-peared,
when the gale had cleared, that he'd been in his bunk be - low.

Chorus
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-o! A - rov-ing I will go! I'll
stay no more on Eng-land's shore, so let the mu-sic play-ay-ay!
I'm off on the morn-ing train, I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm
off to my love with a box-ing glove. Ten thou-sand miles a - way!

- 2 The bo' swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
in the teeth of the booming gale! (CHORUS)
- 3 The captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew,
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue. (CHORUS)
- 4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea. (CHORUS)
- 5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Terribly Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care;
So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree. (CHORUS)

A capital ship

Nonsense Song
Ditty

1
A capital ship for an ocean trip
was the Walloping Window Blind!
No wind that blew
dismayed her crew,
or troubled the captain's mind;
the man at the wheel was made
to feel contempt for the wildest blow,
tho' it often appeared,
when the gale had cleared,
that he'd been in his bunk below.

Chorus

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-o!
A-roving¹ I will go!
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
so let the music play!
I'm off on the morning train,
I'll cross the raging main!
I'm off to my love
with a boxing glove,
ten thousand miles away!

2
The bo' (at) swain's mate
was very sedate,
yet fond of amusement too;
he played hop-scotch
with the starboard watch,
while the captain he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had
was apparently mad,
for he sat on the after rail,
and fired salutes
with the captain's boots
in the teeth of the booming gale!

Nonsens-Lied
Liedchen

Ein großartiges Schiff für eine Seefahrt
war die *Riesige Jalousie!*
Kein Wind, der blies,
entmutigte die Besatzung
oder bekümmerte den Sinn des Kapitäns.
Dem Steuermann hatte man beigebracht,
Verachtung zu fühlen für den wildesten Sturm,
obgleich es oft ersichtlich wurde,
wenn der Sturm sich gelegt hatte,
dass er unten in seiner Koje gewesen war.

Refrain

Nun blast ihr Winde, heiß!
Umherziehen will ich!
Ich bleibe nicht länger an Englands Küste,
also lasst die Musik aufspielen!
Ich fahre ab mit dem Frühzug,
ich werde die tosende See überqueren!
Ich fahre zu meiner Liebsten
mit einem Boxhandschuh,
zehntausend Meilen weit fort!

Der Bootsmannsmaat
war sehr ruhig,
liebte aber auch das Vergnügen.
Er spielte *Himmel-und-Hölle*
mit der Steuerbordwache,
während der Kapitän die Besatzung kitzelte!
Und der Kanonier, den wir hatten,
war offensichtlich verrückt,
denn er saß achtern auf der Reling
und feuerte Salutschüsse
mit des Kapitäns Stiefeln
in den wütenden Sturm hinein
(*wörtl.* in die Zähne des brausenden Sturmes!)

3

The captain sat
on the commodore's hat,
and dined in a royal way,
off toasted pigs
and pickles and figs
and gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch,
and behaved as such,
for the diet he gave the crew,
was a number of tons of hot-cross buns

served up with sugar and glue.

4

All nautical pride we laid aside,
and we ran the vessel ashore
on the Gulliby² Isles,
where the Poopoo³ smiles,
and the rubbly⁴ Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge
of a sandy ledge
and shot at the whistling bee;
and the cinnamon bats
wore waterproof hats
as they dipped in the shiny sea.

5

On Rugbug⁵ bark,
from morn till dark,
we dined till we all
had grown uncommonly shrunk;
when a Chinese junk
came up from the Terribly Zone⁶.
She was chubby and square,
but we didn't much care;
so we cheerily put to sea.
And we left all the crew
of the junk
to chew on the bark
of the Rugbug tree.

Der Kapitän saß
auf dem Hut des Flottenadmirals
und verspeiste königlich
geröstete Schweine
und Eingemachtes und Feigen
und Kommissbrot jeden Tag.
Und der Koch war Holländer
und benahm sich entsprechend,
denn das Essen, das er der Besatzung vorsetzte,
bestand aus einigen Tonnen Rosinenbrötchen
(*Brötchen mit eingeritztem Kreuz für die Fastenzeit*)
serviert mit Zucker und Leim.

Allen Seemannsdünkel legten wir beiseite,
und wir ließen das Schiff auf den Strand auflaufen
der Gulliby-Inseln,
wo der Poopoo lächelt
und die rubbligen Ubdugs brüllen.
Und wir saßen auf der Kante
eines sandigen Riffs
und schossen auf die pfeifende Biene.
Und die Zimt fledermäuse
trugen wasserdichte Hüte
als sie tauchten in die schimmernde See.

Von der Rugbug-Rinde,
von morgens bis abends,
aßen wir, bis wir alle
ungewöhnlich geschrumpft waren;
als eine chinesische Dschunke
heraufkam von der Terribly Zone.
Sie war plump und vierschrötig,
aber das machte uns nicht viel aus.
So stachen wir fröhlich in See.
Und wir ließen zurück die ganze Besatzung
der Dschunke,
um zu kauen an der Rinde
des Rugbug-Baumes.

¹ Vorsilbe ‚a‘ deutet ein Dabeisein bei einer Handlung an, z. B. *a-hunting*, *a-running* usw.

² vgl. *gullible* ‚leichtgläubig, einfältig‘

³ *to poohpooh* ‚etwas lächerlich machen‘

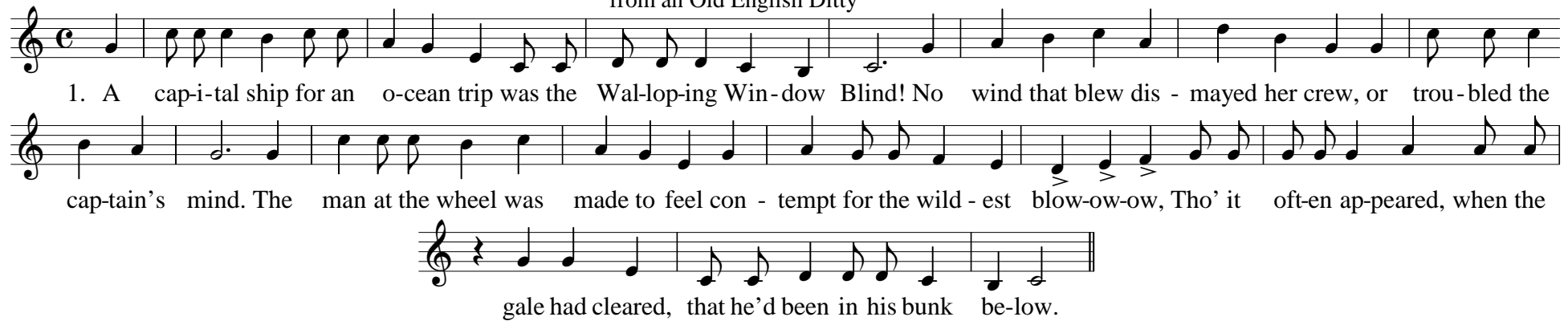
⁴ vgl. *rubble* ‚Bruchsteine, Schrott‘

⁵ *Sung as a bug in a rug* ‚geborgen wie eine Wanze im Teppich‘ - wenn es einem gut geht

⁶ (Zusammensetzung von *Torrid Zone* = heißeste Zone der Erde und *terribly* = schrecklich)

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CHORUS



Then blow, ye winds, heigh - o! A - rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on Eng-land's shore, so let the mu-sic play-ay-ay!

8 Then blow, ye winds, heigh - o! A - rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on Eng-land's shore, so let the mu-sic play-ay-ay!



I'm off on the morn-ing train, I'll cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove. Ten thou-sand miles a - way!

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