

# The Shanghaied Dredger

by Edward Hammond (adapted by Jonathan Eberhard)

Upon the far off Eastern Shore an oyster dredger lay  
With the seat worn out of his oilskin pants, his hat had blown away  
His clothes were rather seedy, and the chance he knew was slim  
Of ever reaching Baltimore in the pungy he was in

CHORUS:

Then lay me in the forepeak with my face toward Baltimore  
Saying I'll never get shanghaied again down on the Eastern Shore  
Where they feed you on corn dog and sow belly twice a day  
You're counted a lucky dredger if you ever get your pay

In spirit he could fancy himself in a restaurant again  
Ordering plates of liver for himself and Shorty McLain  
The dredgers stood around him, their eyes could scarcely see  
From drinking five-cent whisky, oh what a glorious spree

CHORUS

Our steward was a colored man and the best cook in the fleet  
At making India rubber bread he never could be beat  
His shadow soup was wonderful and on a Christmas day  
We'd eat dead duck that he picked up a floatin' down the Bay

CHORUS

And oh that Galway skipper, I never will forgive  
He'd holler like a porpoise to throw away the jib  
And early in the morning, he'd swear 'twas for your good  
Wake up me little hearties and saw up all the wood

CHORUS

It was on one chilly evening, after working all the day  
Our captain spied with his telescope the police sloop far away  
With topsails set and sails trimmed aft our gallant pungy flew  
Over to the forbidden ground to catch a jag or two  
But scarce we'd started workin' when the police sloop hove in sight  
Haul down your jib was his command and then began the fight  
The Captain hauled his pistol out as the sloop to round us tried  
But we raised our dredge and made our way out on the foggy tide

CHORUS

CHORUS