

# Ranzo



Ooh! Poor ol' Reuben Ranzo,  
(Chorus: Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)  
Ooh! Poor ol' Reuben Ranzo,  
(Chorus: Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!)

O Ranzo wuz no sailor,  
He wuz a New York tailor.

Though Ranzo wuz no sailor,  
He shipped aboard a whaler.

Ranzo couldn't steer 'er,  
Did ye ever hear anything queerer.

The mate he wuz a dandy,  
Far too fond of brandy.

They put him holystonin',  
And cared not for his groanin'.

They said he wuz a lubber,  
And made him eat whale-blubber.

He washed once in a fortnight,  
He said it was his birthright.

They took him to the gangway,  
An' gave him lashin's twenty.

They gave him lashes thirty,  
Because he wuz so dirty.

The Capten gave him thirty,  
His daughter begged for mercy.

She gave him cake an' water,  
An' a bit more than she outer.

She taught him navigation,  
An' gave him eddication.

Ranzo is now a skipper,  
Of a Yankee whaler.

He married the Ol' Man's daughter,  
An' still sails on blue water.

He's known wherever them whalefish blow,  
As the toughest bastard on the go.