

Cap'n Goldsack

By William Sharp

Down in the yellow bay where the scows are sleeping,
Where among the dead men the sharks flit to and fro—
There Cap'n Goldsack goes, creeping, creeping, creeping,
Looking for his treasure down below!

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—

Yo! ho!

Down among the tangleweed where the dead are leaking
With the ebb an' flow o' water through their ribs an' hollow bones,
Isaac Goldsack stoops alow, seeking, seeking, seeking.

What's he seeking there amidst a lot o' dead men's bones?

Yeo, Yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Seeking, seeking, seeking down below—

Yo! ho!

Twice a hundred year an' more are gone acrost the bay,
Down acrost the yellow bay where the dead are sleeping:
But Cap'n Goldsack gropes an' gropes from year-long day to day—
Cap'n Goldsack gropes below, creeping, creeping, creeping

Yeo, Yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—

Yo! ho!