

THE CAPTAIN'S WHISKERS

by Kenneth Blain (1947)

It was Christmas day last Easter,
On a Friday night in June,
I shall not forget that day until I die.

We were in the Bay of Biscay
Just a mile from Barking Creek,
When the Captain hung his whiskers out to dry.

He was known as Mad Carew,
And he lived on Irish stew,
And the space around his tongue was always dry,
He would drink for hours you bet,
And to save them getting wet,
We used to hang his whiskers out to dry.

He was only ninety-four,
Maybe less or maybe more.
And he grew a beard to save his buying a tie.
But one night the silly goop,
Let his beard dip in the soup,
So we had to hang his whiskers out to dry.

He was gentle as a child,
That's except when he was wild,
And he was always wild 'tween you and I.
And as he'd got a sloping jib,
He used to dribble down his bib,
So we had to hang his whiskers out to dry.

His beard was flaming red,
He was born with it he said.
When his mother used to shave him he would cry.
So they let it grow apace,
And when they washed his face,
They used to hang his whiskers out to dry.

Once he spoke about his ma,
Who lived out in Zanzibar,
And the poor old fool just started out to cry.
And he cried about his mummy,
Till the tears ran down his waistcoat,
So we had to hang his whiskers out to dry.

Then one day he caught a chill, He was very, very ill,
And he died and went to glory in the sky,
Now after show'rs blown to and fro,
Hanging on a bright rainbow,
I can see his whiskers hanging out to dry.