



“The Goat of the sea”

The Great Britain
That comfortless ship
Its passengers bitter
More every trip.

That ship of starvation
With owners so stingy,
A disgrace to the Nation
Both dirty, and dingy.

When the ocean she passes
A bird of ill luck,
With her meals of molasses
And oatmeal and muck.

With her biscuits no butter,
No sugar. Bad tea.
Her passengers mutter,
The Goat of the sea.

How detested our doom,
How accursed our lot
To be forced to crawl home
In an old iron pot.

With her salt junk so stinking
Neck, cheek, ribs and shoulder
The mere sight would sicken
The coarsest beholder.

On the seas foul defeat
Shall envelope her name,
At home she shall meet
With exposure and shame.

Till decrepit and old,
In some dock she shall rot,
And earth not behold
The detested old pot.

May such be her fate,
Till she crumbles out worn
But remembered with hate
Or forgotten with scorn.

Accursed Great Britain
Detested, derided
Her sentence is written
Her fate is decided.

Poet unknown