

## Bumboats

G-----C  
Now I've had a whirl at games of chance  
-----G-----D7-----G  
    From Bombay 'round to Cork,  
-----  
I've seen the ways of high finance  
-----D  
    In cut-throat old New York;  
-G-----  
I know the way a bargain's made  
-----D  
    In Con-ti-nent-al marts,  
-----G-----C  
Where crafty merchants ply their trade  
-----G-----D7-----G  
    And practice cunning arts;  
-----C  
But when I call them back to mind,  
----G-----D7-----G  
    I make a solemn vow –  
-----  
There's only one of all their kind  
-----D  
    Could sell me something now;  
-----G-----  
There's only one that ever can  
-----D  
    Bring pleasant thoughts to me –  
----G-----C  
And that's the little bumboatman,  
-----G-----D7----G  
    Who paddles out to sea:  
-----C-----G  
With his: "*Gotta nice ripa ba-nan,*  
-----D-----D7-----G  
    *You buy da beeg orange? He sweet!*  
C-----G-----  
*Gotta cigarette; lika da fan?*  
-----D-----D7-----G  
    *You lika da fine par-a-keet?"*

Now as we watched them rowing out,  
    At first they looked like specks,  
Just creeping down the bay,  
    'Bout the time we'd swabbed the decks,  
They'd be hovering 'round like gulls –  
    A-waiting the mess call hail,  
We'd break for mess, and in the lulls  
    We'd gather 'long the rail;  
They'd shout:(CHO)

And on the wonders in each boat  
    We'd feast our hungry eyes,  
As their little craft would float,  
    We'd bargain for a prize;  
Coral, shells, and blow-fish dried,  
    Fruit, and Guava jell,  
Nuts, and gum, and dried snake hide,  
    Lace, and tortoise shell –  
And their: (CHO)

If there's reward for toil and strife,  
    When comes the final test:  
For cheering up a sailor's life,  
    The Bumboatman's the best;  
And when he gets to St. Peter's Gate,  
    That realm beyond the sky,  
They'll wave him through with no delay  
    When they hear his cry:  
*"Gotta nice ripa banan,*  
    *You buy da beeg orange? He sweet!*  
*Gotta cigarette; lika da fan?*  
    *You lika da fine parakeet?" (2X)*

## Bumboats

I've had a whirl at games of chance  
From Bombay 'round to Cork,  
I've sensed the ways of high finance  
In little old New York;  
I know the way a bargain's made  
In Continental marts,  
When crafty merchants vie for trade  
And practice cunning arts;  
But when I call them back to mind,  
I make a solemn vow --  
There's only one of all their kind  
Could sell me something now;  
There's only one that ever can  
Bring pleasant thoughts to me --  
And that's the little bumboatman,  
Who paddles out to sea:  
With his: "*Gotta nice ripa banan,*  
*You buy da beeg orange? He sweet!*  
*Gotta cigarett; lika da fan?*  
*You lika da fine parakeet?"*

O, how we watched them coming out,  
At first they looked like specks,  
Just creeping down the bay, and 'bout  
The time we'd scrubbed down decks,  
They'd be a-hovering 'round like gulls --  
Just waiting for "mess gear,"  
The band would play, and in the lulls  
We'd call the bumboats near,  
And on the wonders in each boat  
We'd feast our hungry eyes,

And as the little craft would float,  
We'd bargain for a prize;  
Coral, shells, and blow-fish, dried,  
And fruit, and Guava jell,  
And nuts, and gum, and dried snake hide  
And lace, and tortoise shell --  
Then 'twas "*Gotta nice ripa banan,*  
*You buy da beeg orange? He sweet!*  
*Gotta cigarett; lika da fan?*  
*You lika da fine parakeet?"*

No, you may have your gilded shops,  
Their tinsel and their glare;  
The scent of sandalwood, and hops,  
And incense burning there;  
Your money-changers, lottery sharks,  
And sleek rug merchant's guise;  
Your hounding guides around the parks  
And curb stock broker's lies --  
The bumboatmen are not the breed  
That squat in Europe's mart,  
They barter for their daily need --  
Deceit is not their art.  
If there's reward for toil and strife,  
When comes the final summing,  
In cheering up a sailor's life --  
Bumboaters have it coming;  
With their: "*Gotta nice ripa banan,*  
*You buy da beeg orange? He sweet!*  
*Gotta cigarett; lika da fan?*  
*You lika da fine parakeet?"*