

## Hook, Line & Sinker

C-----Bb-----C  
You have heard of the bold *Marco Polo*,  
-----Bb  
And the mighty *Dreadnought*, my good Sir;  
C-----F-----C-----Bb  
Both were fine ships that have long gone to chips –  
-----C-----Bb-----C  
But have you heard of the *Hook, Line, and Sinker*?

Now the *Sinker* was a small cabin cruiser,  
Yet her story earned her some fame;  
Her picture did appear, in the newspapers here –  
As she cruised up and down Coastal Maine.

*Chorus:*

*The "Hook, Line, and Sinker" has sunk, Sir,  
The "Hook, Line, and Sinker" has sunk!  
There in the Bay, she weathers away –  
She soon will be nautical junk!*

Last year, in each port, she'd been welcomed,  
But the parties raised such a fray;  
In a short while the stays grew so vile –  
The harbor masters soon sent her away.

So that fall she'd anchored in a river,  
For the owners it was their last resort;  
As the ports had her banned; she'd no place to land –  
From Quoddy Head to Kennebunkport. (CHO)

Some say the owners planned her demise,  
Thinking in winters rivers froze;  
They do, you know, when it's ten below –  
Her cable severed, she drifted with the floe.

But she didn't stray far up the river,  
'Fore the wind and tide ran her ashore;  
And there she sat, alone on the flats –  
Her decks awash, and her bottom all sore. (CHO)

Her owners were brisk in writing her off;  
They showed her little remorse;  
Filed a claim right away, the very next day –  
To make as much as they could from her loss.

Now this sad tale has no moral nor ending;  
Will the *Hook, Line and Sinker* rise again?  
Or will she sink in the mud, beneath the tide's flood –  
A home where the sandworms do reign? (CHO)