

The Captain of the Dredger

Written by Adge Cutler – and on album ‘The Wurzel’s Are Scrumptious’

Ships of the line, they look so fine all right with flags and bunting
But we display the rust and grey like trucks they use for shunting
And other craft both fore and aft fly flags of many nations
But at our mast flies proud and fast last Christmas’ decorations

Chorus

*When they chains go bang and the buckets clang there is no vessel finer
From Bristol Docks to the Mumble Rocks, proud as an ocean liner
For let the farmer till the land and the clerk stick to his ledger
Yo ho ho and the crew down below I’m the captain of the dredger*

We may not be the Queens navy to scour the mighty ocean
We stay instead round Portishead, drink the local potion
But once ashore our ship counts more than any battle cruiser
And at ten past two our gallant crew step smartly down the boozier

There’s many a tale of ships that sail in search of pirates’ treasures
And film stars yachts of twenty knots that tour the world for pleasure
What joy so rare could ere compare or thrill thee to the flannel
As when we budge that Avon sludge and cart it up the channel

The yarns they spin over rum and gin they’re told by jealous boasters
They’re lower than swabs then does our jobs for Tankermen and
coasters

But the Avon mud is in our blood and when we dump the sludge sir
We set our cart to the old black art till it all bobs up again sir

I’m the captain of the dredger
He’s the captain of the dredger!