

## The Captain of the Dredger

*Written by Adge Cutler of The Wurzels – and on their album ‘The Wurzels 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!*