

Yes, there was Captain Redling, whose direction was sure to inspire,
 As I saw him from a distance, leading his robust choir.
 But as my raft got closer, my fears came back once more,
 As I heard their voices pealing louder than ever before,
 "One stroke more, One stroke more, give me faith for one stroke more!"
 But alas, I thought, perhaps we still won't end in failure,
 As up ahead who do I see but courageous Captain Taylor,
 He's not steering his ship, he assigned his wife that task,
 He's the morale officer---in sunshine he basks---
 Playing his harp to motivate the crew,
 No, I must have been mistaken, it looks like a canoe.
 Suddenly, in disgust, he rebuked the loyal crew,
 "Yu can't sing for beans," he said, "no, not one of you!
 For there's no one here who really knows his part,
 You all must be backsliders, a condition of the heart..
 No, I wouldn't give a sixpence for the lot of you;
 Jump overboard and I'll get myself a whole new crew.
 You fancy I should jump, too, --Ah, what a foolish notion!
 A captain never leaves his ship--the first law of the ocean!"
 Now it looks like Captain Baker's raft is swiftly zooming by,
 Yes, there's a real model crew, I heard somebody cry,
 Muscle-toned and healthy from all their physical training,
 He has them doing jumping jacks even though it's raining.
 And as his first mate questions all this fine activity,
 And wonders if the captain has lost his sanity,
 He implores "This exercise could turn the ship around!"
 And Captain Baker says, "Just find those hens and chicks, you clown."
 Or we will never start again this game of volleyball,
 So get to it, mate, and, yes, that will be all.>"
 Now as the thunder roared, who next should I behold
 But Captain Detweiler, donned in uniform of gold,
 Symbolic of his mission on the rough and stormy sea,
 And he shouted, "Let me take this opportunity.
 To encourage your stewardship; you heard the ministry,
 To put it in plain English, I mean to say the fee,
 And I don't want to hear that old song of yesterday,
 The one that says I owed a debt I really couldn't pay'
 For, according to the Detweiler Revised Translation,
 Reckoning Day is today; I'll see you at my pay station,
 Or else, to put it crystal clear, you'll soon be on a ship,
 Off to someplace who knows where so you'd better take a tip
 Unless you want to board the Majestic Queen Mary,
 Which Captain Ford has on a rock, docked so steadfastly.
 The rock that's near the roughest part of this waterfall,
 Where a ship's not likely to get under way at all,
 At least not any time in this poor century,
 But maybe you don't care bout this possibility;
 In that case you may soon become a fastly "fading fossil,"
 So measure the repercussions; for they could be colossal.
 But then I saw Captain Batts, rowing upstream,
 With loudspeaker in hand, and looking awfully mean,