

Chip worked as a boatwright
As his father and his gran
Working in a boat yard
Building on the River Thames
One day Chip was hard at work
The Devil appeared from Hell
He held a roll of copper
And a bucket full of nails
The devil said unto Chip
Take these nail and copper roll
But you also have to take this rat
And I will take your soul
Chip despised the rat
The rat squealed and hissed
But the bucket o' nails and copper
Were too much to resist
Chip went straight to work
He'd get rid of the rat
And there would no be a problem
With his death after the fact
But the devil rat wouldn't die
No matter how hard he tried
The rat attacked the boatwright
And he bit him in the eye
It seemed as if the river rats
Fell under Satan's spell
They followed Chip around
And made his life a living hell
He slowly lost his mind
He lost his family
He lost his job
And had to join the King's Navy
A lemon grows a pip
A yard will build a ship
As Satan is my master
I will get you a Chip
The rats chased Chip
Up the gangplank of the ship
They bit him and tortured him
Until he finally flipped
He sniveled to the captain
To turn around the rig
The captain spied his madness
And chucked him into the brig
Now the devil rat had his man
He knew just what to do
He'd command the rats
And through the planks they'd chew
The water rushed in
The ship went down
She was smashed upon the rocks
On which the rats danced around