

The Bay Of Sulva

The Dreadnoughts

Plucked from the finest of hamlets and dales
From Sydney and Bristol and Yorkshire we hail
Riding the finest of summertime gales
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

And it's away, Suvla Bay
Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay
Fare thee well my pretty young maids
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

Our wake it is bursting right over the pier
The engines do carry this bold chevalier
To face the brave Abdul Abulbul Amir
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

And it's away, Suvla Bay
Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay
Fare thee well my pretty young maids
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

And it's haul 'er straight over and hard to the right
The waters are clear and the sand it is white
Old Mr. Stopford will set us alight
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

And it's away, Suvla Bay
Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay
Fare thee well my pretty young maids
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

Well the wind it is fair and the stars have aligned
We'll sell our salt cod for sweet olives and wine
And string up the Kaiser by Thanksgiving time
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla

And it's away, Suvla Bay
Haulin' away to the Suvla Bay
Fare thee well my pretty young maids
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla
We're bound for the Bay of Suvla