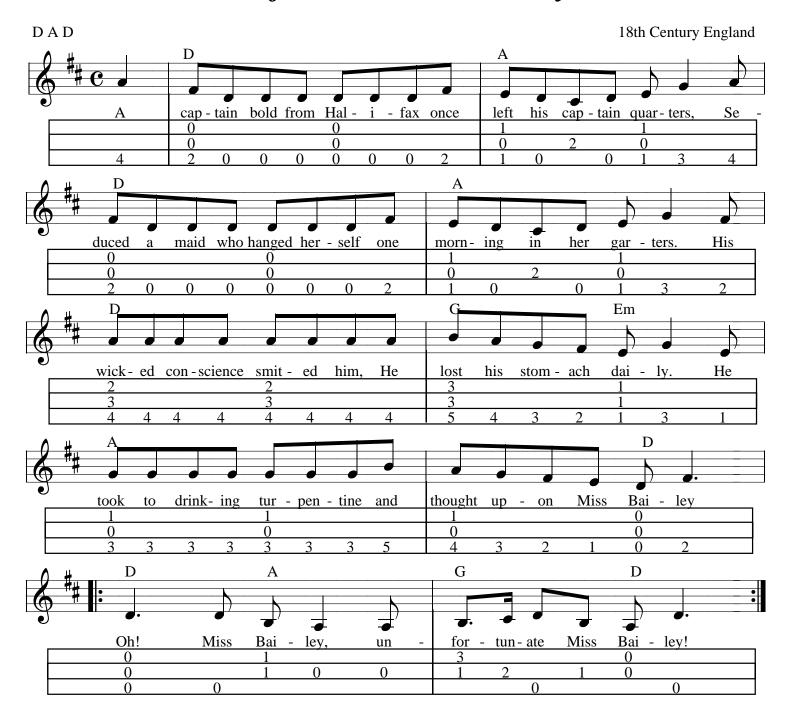
Unfortunate Miss Bailey



One night while sleeping on his ship
The captain heard a banging
He left his bed and went on deck
And saw Miss Bailey hanging.
His timepiece stopped at midnight
And his candle burned quite palely
And from the mast, a ghost stepped down,
Behold! It was Miss Bailey
Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey

Away, Miss Bailey, he implored You don't affright me, really Dear Captain Smith, the ghost replied You've used me ungenteely The coroner was hard on me, Because I acted fraily The parson would not bury me, Though I'm a dead Miss Bailey Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey You won't believe me when I say,
The captain got soft-hearted
He gave the ghost a five-pound note
With which she then departed,
'Twill bribe the sexton for my grave,
and so I leave you gaily
Oh, bless you, wicked Captain Smith
For rescuing Miss Bailey.
Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!