From: Boiled in the Bag

I sailed on a Yankee Clipper Ship
With a hey, and a ho, together
To the Barbery Coast we took a trip
And isn't it awful weather?
With many a close shave we sailed wide
We trimmed and set our sails beside
Oh, our success looked cut and dried
With a hey, and a ho, and a wash and go
As we combed the Spanish Mane

There was Pig-a-tail Pete and Razor Rough
With a hey, and a ho, my wee friends
There was young Al Opecia and old Dan Druff
And anything for the weekend?
Our brave hands from none would cringe
We teased the Dutch and the Celtic Fringe
And the King of Spain, his beard we singed:

Now the captain's name was Cut-throat Tarquin
Hey, and a ho, blue bonnets
And we would have dyed any color for him
And would you like something on it?
The ugliest customer brought no fear
From female cabin-boy to old Bluebeard
Until we met with a bald privateer:

Ahoy he cried, you livery lot
With a hey, and a ho, brown trousers
An appointment now with me you've got
And I'm ready for to do you now sir
We lowered our cutters and raised a froth
His crew we cut with blades aloft
And that bald privateer, we polished him off:

Now the 'Cut Above' is our Brigantine
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey now
She's the finest ship of the whole Hair Line

And be sure and have a nice day now
With magazines of the highest grade
Without a fear we'll ply our trade
Until the final parting's made:

(Doug R. kindly pointed me in the direction of the above)