

The Great Crocodile

As I walked out one eve - ning down by the rol - ling o - cean, It was
there that I saw some - thing move like the whole world in mo - tion. When
I drew up long side of him it was a croc - o - dile And from the
tip of his nose to the end of his tail was four - teen thou - sand miles.

Chorus
Right - fall - all - fill - i - lur - i - dall, right whack fill - i - lur - i - day
Right - fall - all - all - till eet - le - all - ta dall, Right whack fill - i - lur - i - day.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The first five staves correspond to the verses of the song, and the sixth staff is the chorus. The lyrics are written below the notes. There is a triplet of eighth notes in the third staff, marked with a '3' above it.

This crocodile, you plainly see, was not of the common race,
I had to climb the highest tree to look into his face.
Perhaps some will my story doubt and think I tell a lie,
But his under jaw was on the ground and the other reached the sky.

(Chorus)

There came a storm, a wretched storm, a storm right from the south,
I lost my grip upon the tree and fell into his mouth,
He thought to shut his jaws on me, thinking I was victim,
But I slipped down his throat, don't you see, and that's the way I tricked him.

(Chorus)

I travelled on six months or more till I came to his maw,
It's there I found provision plenty, and plenty of grog in store,
It's there I found provision plenty, of grog I was unstinted,
And there I stayed six months or more most very well contented.

(Chorus)

This crocodile being very old, at length one day he died.
He was ten months a-getting cold, he was so long and wide,
He must have been full ten miles thick or somewhere thereabout,
For I was sixteen years and a half a-cutting my way out.

(Chorus)

Oh, now I'm on dry land again I think no more I'll roam,
My ship was lost that way before and now I'll stay at home.
If those who so my story doubt should chance to cross the Nile,
It's there they'll find the skeleton of this great crocodile.

(Chorus)

Note: This song was sung by my father and he must have heard it somewhere while on shore leave while on a voyage at sea. He used to describe to us children how the man sang it and tried to put in some of the gestures he used.

He used to put his wrists together and hold his hands so as to imitate the opening of the crocodile's jaws, and as he sang, "He thought to shut his jaws on me," he would bring his palms together. Then when he sang the words "But I slipped down his throat, don't you see," he would sing it in a sly, confidential manner, as though sharing a joke with his audience.

At these little entertainments given for sailors the chief entertainment was the singing of songs. The singers would try to act their songs as well as to sing them, to make them as interesting as possible.