

3 QUODLIBETS FOR A GAGGLE OF GHOULS

II. THE GHOST SHIP

Please report performances (performer, date, venue, location) to mryan@choirworks.com . . .
 . . . this information is essential for my yearly grant applications. Thank you!

Words and Music by
 M. Ryan Taylor

The Captain
 Why did-n't I think? Oh, Why did-n't I fear? What good is the gold with a

The Cabin Boy
 Doomed, we're doomed to roam, we're

The Navigator
 Land must be near, not ve - ry far; Fol - low the moon,

The Cook
 Yo ho ho and a bot - tle of rum! I pil - fer'd a pint but I

The First Mate
 Hoist that sail! Our col - ors un - fur! We'll give 'em ten guns or we're

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curse so drear?

doomed!

nev - er the star.

can't taste none!

not the Black Pearl.

