

## **Podesta**

There was a ship, an ocean "rip"  
That sailed the Turkish main,  
Her hull was old, and if she rolled,  
She'd ne'er come up again.

From far Port Said her way she plied,  
to Alexandria's quays,  
And there she lay full many a day,  
Loading and ill at ease.

We went aboard that awful fraud,  
That now is known to fame.  
She now is banned from transport, and  
Podesta is her name.

She sailed by day, by night she lay -  
Her engines needed rest.  
But nothing quelled, the Squadron swelled  
With manly war like zest.

They would not shirk to quell the Turk,  
When they should come to land;  
Meanwhile they drink and glasses clink  
In no unsteady hand.