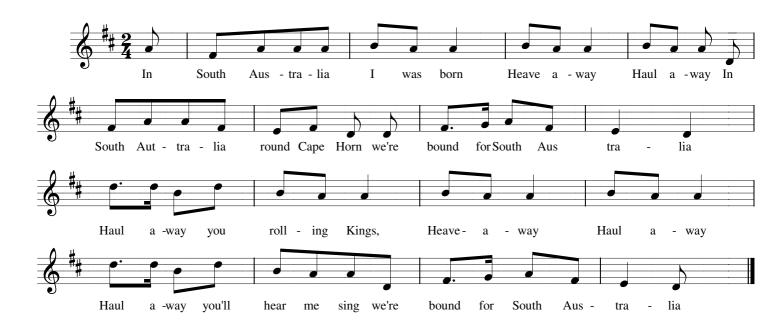
Sea Shanty



(Shantyman) (*Crew*) (Shantyman) (*Crew*)

In South Australia I was born Heave away! Haul Away! In South Australia round Cape Horn We're bound for South Australia

Haul away you rolling kings Heave away! Haul away! Haul away you'll hear me sing, We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair, 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

There's just one thing that grieves my mind, To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

Oh when we wallop around Cape Horn, You'll wish to God you'd not been born

I wish I was in Australia's strand, A glass of whisky in my hand

Port Adelaides's a grand old town, There's plenty girls to go around

South Australia's my native land, Full of fleas and flies and sand

Oh when I first shipped out to sea, My girl said she'd be true to me

But when I next came back from sea, A soldier had her on his knee

A glass of rum in every hand, And a bottle for the shantyman