

"SEAFARERS,"

( Composed by Capt. W.D.Reid in 1932,--the year he died.)

Ref. LP/2F  
Kalamazoo 906002

Shanghaied in San Francisco, I fetched up in Bombay;  
I shipped aboard an old Leith boat, that steered like a stack of hay,  
I've panted in the Tropics when the pitch boiled up on deck,  
And I've saved my hide and little beside, from an ice cold North Sea Wreck

I've drunk my Rum in Portland, I've thrashed up Bering Straits,  
I've toed the mark in a Yankee Barque,  
With a hard case down east mate.  
I knew the streets of Santos, and the loom of the lone Azores;  
And I've found my grub in a salt horse tub,  
Condemned from Navy Stores.

I knew the track to Auckland and the light on Sydney Head,  
And I've crept close hauled while the leadsman called  
The depths of the Channel bed;  
I know the Quays at Glasgow, and the river at Saigon,  
And I drunk my glass with a Chinese Lass,  
In a Sampan at Canton.

They've paid me off in London, when its, Oh! for a spell ashore  
But I ship again for the Southern trip  
In a week or hardly more.  
It's "Good-bye Sal," "Good-bye Sue," it's time to get afloat,  
With an aching head and a straw stuffed bed,  
A knife and an Oilskin Coat.

Sing "Time for us to leave her," sing, "Bound for the Rio Grande,"  
And when the tug turns back, we follow her track,  
For a long last look at land;  
The purple disappears and only the blue is seen,  
That will send our bones to "Davey Jones,"  
And our Souls to "Fiddlers Green."