

South Australia

#44

In South Australia I was born,
Well, heave away, haul away,
In South Australia round Cape Horn
We're bound for South Australia.

Heave away, you rolling king,
Heave away, haul away,
Heave away, oh hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia.

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

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind,
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind.

O when I sail across the sea,
My girl says she'd be true to me.

I rung her all night, I rung her all day,
I rung her before we sailed away.

I shook her up, I shook her down,
I shook her round and round and round.

Oh, when we wallop 'round Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God you'd ne'er been born.

Wish I was on Australia strand,
With a glass of whiskey in my hand.