

MOLLYMAUK

#24

Bob Watson

Oh the Southern Ocean is a lonely place
Where the storms are many and the shelter's scarce
Down upon the Southern Ocean sailing
Down below Cape Horn

On the restless waters and the troublin' sky
There'll you see that Mollymauk wheel and fly

Won't you ride the wind and go, white seabird
Ride the wind and go, Mollymauk *Rit. and Stop.*
Down upon the Southern Ocean sailing
Down below Cape Horn

| See the Mollymauk ridin' on his wide white wings
| And Lord, what a lonesome song he sings
|

| And he's got no compass and he's got no gear
| And there's none can tell you how the Mollymauks steer

| He's the ghost of a sailor man, so I've heard say
| Whose body sank and his soul flew away
|

| And he's got no haven and he's got no home
| Bound forevermore to wheel and roam

| When I get too weary for to sail no more
| Let my bones sink better far away from shore
|

| You can cast me loose and leave me driftin' free
| And I'll keep that big bird company