



MOLLY MAUK

Now the southern ocean is a lonely place
The storms are many and the shelter's scarce
Down upon the southern ocean sailing, Down below Cape Horn
Over troubled waters and the restless skies
You'll see those mollymauks rise and dive
Down upon the southern ocean sailing, Down below Cape Horn

Won't you ride the wind and go, white seabird
Ride the wind and go, mollymauk
Down upon the southern ocean sailing
Down below Cape Horn

Now the mollymauk glides on them great, white wings
And lord, what a lonesome song he sings
Down upon the southern ocean sailing, Down below Cape Horn
He's got no compass and he's got no gear
And nobody knows where the mollymauk steers
Down upon the southern ocean sailing, Down below Cape Horn

Ch

He's the ghost of a sailor, or so I've heard say
His body had sank and his soul flew away
Down upon the southern ocean sailing, Down below Cape Horn
He's got no haven and he's got no home
Bound evermore to wheel and roam
Down upon the southern ocean sailing, Down below Cape Horn

Ch

When I gets too old and I sail no more
Set me adrift far away from shore
Down upon the southern ocean, sailing, Down below Cape Horn
You can cast me loose and set me free
I'll keep that big bird company
Down upon the southern ocean, sailing, Down below Cape Horn

Ch x 2