

The Black Matilda

The Rumjacks

By the windy shores o Canada bay I broke my fast for Lucia's da
Y,
A beguiling figure she blew my way & rattled me rovin' heart,
The snipers crack, the metronome of pricy heels on polished sto
ne,
That I were soon to call my own by way o' the ancient art.
I were cozened by a whiff-o-the-
whim that scours the Costa harryin',
The likes o' men who've lost the lamp, the rudderless and bewil
dered,
The sands below are littered wi' bones o' those who've taken a
belly o' stones,
And turned their backs on wives & homes to follow the black Mat
ilda.
Ho-ro m'lovelies cross yer hearts & hope to die,
If e'er ye're drawn beneath a murky fathom of her eye,
Ho-ro my lovelies kiss yer arse a fond goodbye,
Ye'll never again be able to lift yer head so bloody high.
For even the boys of Inverary know, from Tortuga to Jericho,
She took three hundred souls below off the deck o' the Andalusi
a,
The poets and the Sages tried to warn us down the ages,
Their blood drips from the pages where they tell o' the Black M
atilda.
She pursed her lips & spun a tune as fine as any silk cocoon,
That's ever left McEacherns loom & held me there in a tawper,
A bastard I was born y'ken? I lived as tho' I'd never end,
I'll die a disenchanted man, they'll bury me as a pauper,
For men have drowned & men have swung, the brig at Iron Cove we
re hung,
Wi' a garland of the old, the young, all battered & unfamiliar,
Theres no poetry theres no tune, no point in howlin' at the moo
n,
A caution to ye very soon ye'll waltz yer Black Matilda.
By the windy shores O' Canada bay I blew my friggin brains away
,
Its not as tho' i'm proud to say, its not as tho I coulda kille
d her,
I'm off to Hells begotten shores where men like me have sailed
before,
And they shall sail forever more in the name o' the Black Matil
da.
Ho-Ro m'lovelies cross yer hearts & hope to die,
Its enough to make ye cry, enough to make ye cry!
Ho-Ro m'lovelies kiss yer arse a fond goodbye,
Its enough to make ye cry, enough to make ye DIE!..