

The Rumjacks

"The Black Matilda"

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By the windy shores o Canada bay I broke my fast for
Lucia's day,
A beguiling figure she blew my way & rattled me rovin'
heart,
The snipers crack, the metronome of pricy heels on
polished stone,
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 harrin',
The likes o' men who've lost the lamp, the rudderless
and bewildered,
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 Matilda.

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
Andalusia,
The poets and the Sages tried to warn us down the
ages,
Their blood drips from the pages where they tell o' the
Black Matilda.

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 disenchanting man, they'll bury me as a
pauper,
For men have drowned & men have swung, the brig at
Iron Cove were hung,
Wi' a garland of the old, the young, all battered &

unfamiliar,
Theres no poetry theres no tune, no point in howlin' at
the moon,
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
killed 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 Matilda.

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!

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