

PELORUS JACK

Words & Music by Bob Watson

Narrative - Steady in Three; Not too Fast

Verse

1a Now the Cook Strait you'd call it a tur - bul - ent
1b If you're head - ed for French Pass by Ad - m'ral - ty

1a place, Where the tides of two o - ceans meet up face to face, And the
1b Bay, then you'd need a good pi - lot to show you the way, And the

1a wa - ters run wild in the shor - tage of space, Through the reefs and the
1b best of them all, so there's ma - ny still say, Was a dol - phin called

1a rocks round the back; ----- If you're
1b Pel - or - ous Jack.----- Tell me

Where has he gone to, old Pel - or - us Jack, With the foam on his

fins and the spray on his back, Once they'd fol - low the dor - sal all

shi - ny and black Of the pi - lot of Marl - bor - ough Sounds. -----



Now the Cook Strait you'd call it a turbulent place,
Where the tides of two oceans meet up face to face,
And the waters run wild in the shortage of space,
Through the rocks and the reefs round the back.
If you're headed for French Pass through Admiralty Bay,
You'd need a good pilot to show you the way,
And the best of them all, so there's many still say
Was a dolphin called Pelorus Jack.

Chorus: Tell me where has he gone to, old Pelorus Jack,
With the foam on his fins and the spray on his back;
Once they'd follow the dorsal all shiny and black
Of the pilot of Marlborough Sounds.

It was just off Cape Francis this dolphin would cruise,
He'd a liking for steamships with loud noisy screws,
Then he'd tip 'em his flipper and guide 'em safe through
All the perils laid hid in their track;
Every channel he knew, every shallow and reef,
And the depth of each keel and the clearance beneath,
Then the word got around not a ship came to grief
If they followed old Pelorus Jack.

Chorus

Pretty soon that old dolphin was well known to fame,
With his picture on postcards, the tourists all came;
And it's many's the noggin got raised in his name,
When the boys gathered round for the crack.
As the *Penguin* passed by him in nineteen-0- four,
Some fool fired a gun and they made a new law;
Then the *Penguin* got wrecked on the Marlborough shore,
When she sailed without Pelorus Jack.

Chorus

Came the year nineteen twelve when he vanished from view:
Was he harpooned or stranded? Well nobody knew,
Or he maybe got old like the rest of us do,
Still of theories you'll find there's no lack;
By the harbour of Heaven, some say there's a strait
That leads to the quay by the old Pearly Gates;
Where a welcome committee is laid there in wait –
St Peter and Pelorus Jack.

Last Chorus: **Maybe that's where** he's gone to, Old Pelorus Jack

E-mail:watson.bob@tiscali.co.uk mp3's available (this or any other song) if of interest.