

Argentine

**It may be grain from the Argentine
CH. Tramping every ocean
Or steam coal from the Rhonda's mines
Or wool in bales, high above the rails
From Sydney town in New South Wales
CH. 'Board the long haul black hulled tramp.**

**In Mobile Bay the holds are filled, CH
With cotton for the Rochdale mills
Or iron ore for Baltimore
Loaded on the Swedish shore. CH**

**They'll carry goods of any sort CH
Any cargo to any port
From Charleston round to Hong Kong
From Murmansk to Chittagong CH.**

**With five hatches, a single screw. CH
A compound engine and a crew
Found by the 'Pool' in Liverpool
Glasgow, Bristol or Hartlepool. CH**

**If the Charter's right then they would take CH
The souls of saints up to Heaven's gate
Or for Old Nic. take firebricks
For the Hobs of Hell cross the River Styx! CH.**

Distressed British Sailor

Struck down by the fever, his ship sailed away.

Ch. Pity this Distressed British Sailor

Left 'on the beach' in Chile with his gear & pay

Ch. Pity this Distressed British Sailor

When the fever left him, he found that he'd been robbed CH

They'd stolen all his money, his watch, and his bag. CH

Penniless & hungry, aid from the Consul sought CH

The Consul wouldn't hear him, said, "I know your sort"

CH

"You've gone & missed your ship, you're stuck here on the shore" CH

'You got drunk on pisco, then rolled by some old whore" CH

"Now it is just your own fault, no help will I give" CH

"It is all the same to me, if you die or you live" CH

Down there in the gutter, without a crust of bread, CH

Like some wounded soldier he was forced to beg. CH

But the good folk fed him, this stranger from the sea CH

Though they'd little for themselves, they lived in poverty.

CH

Then at last there came a sail, one of Leyland's line CH

The Master kindly took him on, on the log he signed. CH

Of the good folk of Chile, and their kindness he would tell

CH

But that British Consul, he'd damn his soul to Hell CH