Across the Line

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I've traded with the Maoris, Brazilians and Chinese.
I've courted half-caste beauties, beneath the Kauri trees.
I've travelled along with a laugh and a song
In the land where they call you mate,
Around the Horn and home again, for that is the sailor's fate.

I've run aground in many a sound without a pilot aboard,
Longboat lowered by lantern light, pushed off and gently oared.
Row-lock creaking, a thumping swell and a wind that'd make you ache.
Who would sail the seven seas and share a sailor's fate?

We've sailed away to Northward, we've sailed away to East,
We've skinned our sail in the teeth of a gale and stood in the calmest seas.
Eastward round by Dusky Sound and Pegasus, through the Strait,
Port Cooper, Ocean, Tom Kain's Bay, for that is the coaster's fate.

Across the line, The Gulf Stream, I've been in Table Bay,
Around the Horn and home again, for that is a sailor's way.

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