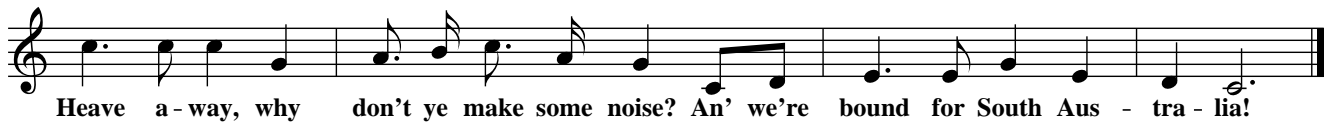
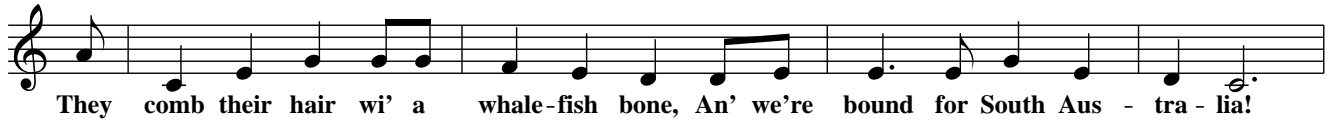


South Australia



Down-east gals ain't got no comb,
(Chorus: Heave away! Heave away!)
They comb their hair wi' a whale-fish bone
(Chorus: Bound for South Australia!)

(Full Chrous: Heave away, me bully, bully boys,
Heave away! Heave away!
Heave away, why don't you make some noise?
An' we're bound for South Australia!)

Yankee gals don't sleep on beds,
They go to sleep on codfish heads.

Cape Cod gals have got big feet,
Codfish rows is nice an' sweet.

Quaker gals don't wear no frills,
They're tight an' skinny as a halibut's gills.

Glou'ster gals make damn fine cooks,
They're good at catching sprats on hooks.

Natucket gals are very fine,
They know how to bait a codfish line.