

## WHITE SQUALL

<sup>C</sup>  
Now it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
But watch the deadly waters glide, as we roll north to the Soo  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
And wonder when they'll turn again, and pitch us to the rail  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
And whirl off one more youngster in the gale

The kid was so damned eager, it was all so big and new  
You never had to tell him twice, or find him work to do  
And evenings on the mess deck, he was always first to sing  
<sup>C</sup>  
And show us pictures of the girl he'd wed in spring

<sup>G</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
But I told that kid a hundred times, don't take the larks for granted  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
They'll go from calm to a hundred knots, so fast they seem en-chanted  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
But to-night some red-eyed Wiarion girl, lies staring at the wall  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And her lover's gone in-to a white squall

Now it's a thing that us old-timers know, in a sultry summer calm  
There comes a blow from nowhere, and it goes off like a bomb  
And a sixteen thousand tonner can be thrown upon her beam  
While the gale takes all before it with a scream

The kid was on the hatches, lying staring at the sky  
From where I stood, I swear I could, see tears fall from his eye  
So I hadn't the heart to tell him, that he should be on a line  
Even on a night so warm and fine

When it struck, he sat up with a start, I roared to him: Get down  
But for all that he could hear, I might as well not made a sound  
So I clung there to the stanchions and I felt my face grow pale  
As he crawled hand-over-hand along the rail

Now I could feel her heeling over with the fury of the blow  
And I watched the rail go under then, so terrible and slow  
Then like some great dog she shook herself and roared upright a-gain  
While overside I heard him call my name

So it's just my luck to have the watch, with nothing left to do  
But watch the deadly waters glide, as we roll north to the Soo  
And wonder when they'll turn again, and pitch us to the rail  
And whirl off one more youngster in the gale

And I tell these kids a hundred times, don't take the lakes for granted  
They'll go from calm to a hundred knots, so fast they seem en-chanted  
But to-night some red-eyed Wiarton girl, lies staring at the wall  
And her lover's gone into a white squall