

Captain Seaweed

To our lonely windswept island
in the middle of Bass Strait.
Land of fishermen and farmers
came an unexpected fate.
To the storm tossed shores around us
rich in rocks and life marine
thus and new but older fossil
did arrive upon the scene.
Looking somewhat truly weathered
like the old man of the sea.
Captain Seaweed, Marcus Temple
Mick he's known to you and me.

Born in Tassie, but we'll say not
how the years have long since gone.
Enough to say, Mick can't remember
just what day his birthday's on.
Tis suspected by those who knew him
that he wasn't born of man.
He was spawned from Neptune's Kingdom
according to the sea lords plan.
Of his past we will not bore you
to the present we'll give air.
For the tales that we could tell you
certainly will curl your hair.

On the island after seaweed
starting small to harvest same.

In an old tin shed he laboured
till Jim Luck gave up the game.
And since then we know the story
when the tartan came to town,
not forgetting dear old Webster,
heavens, never do them down.
We have seen such great expansion
bigger factory did progress.
Still Mick's workshop stayed as ever,
dirty, muddled, bloody mess.

Never mind his mess and muddle
out of it and from thin air,
a Heath Robinson contraption
anything he could repair.
When the new mill was expected
through the floor we dug down deep.
Covered over with boards and plankings
for good safety rules to keep.
But it was not for our workers
that we did this safety feat.
Just in case in midnight stumblings,
Mick fell down the hole to sleep.

Came the day they fixed a siren
giving warning through the night,
that the burners had malfunctioned.
Someone rush to put them right,
onto the site came Captain Seaweed,
with his caravan and jeep.

There to nurse the nightly siren,
it never woke him from his sleep.
Many nights the siren whistled
Many nights was Marcus tight.
Then he couldn't quite remember
what he'd checked and was it right.

When his boat came over from Tassie
he was Captain, Frank his man.
Bloody rough and wet the weather
couldn't even hold a can.
Suddenly and without warning
daylight went and it was night.
Not a bloody light between them,
Grassy Harbour couldn't sight.
Christ, said Frank, where is the Harbour?
Not a thing in view - too dark.
Where the bloody hell dear Captain
is this vessel going to park?

Then there was the day's adventure
Mick climbed on the company bike.
Revved it up and sped six inches,
straight into a pile of pipe.
What a site to see his person
all upended in a mess.
Marcus Temple, please remember
Shank's pony suits you best.
Brian Bell with good great gusto
went with Mick, Kiln No. 1 to light.

Both were puzzled when no heat came
nought was wrong and all seemed right.

Scratching heads and looking puzzled
from the next kiln came a shout.

Some silly bugger's lit the wrong one
before we toast God - put it out!!

In their haste and great bemusement
they had left kiln No. 1 unfired.

In kiln No. 2 there were three workmen
who were looking very fried.

If you see Mick in the township
looking clean and spruce and neat,
it's a bet that Betty's coming
and it's her he's going to meet.

Now and then she comes to visit
not for just his charm alone.

Sorts him out and clears the rubbish
he collects around his home.

To the bottom club he wanders
often walks though he could ride.

Someone else will drive him homewards
when too much he has imbibed.

When from grog he's under the influence
we will always wax the same.

He has just one recitation
if's the poem of such name.

There's a motto in his lifestyle

which relates to evil drink.
Seems to me a little Irish,
here it is, see what you think.
Marcus Temple won't drink whisky
not unless he's eaten first.
If he's eaten can't drink beer
he must finish with a thirst.
Beer and whisky are his tipples
much preferred to food and meat.
So to get the fullest load on,
you will seldom see him eat.

Mick's retired from working living
so he thought to cart some kelp.
So with Ike he started to harvest
now we hear his cry for help.
Tho he can work as hard as ever,
and a heavy load can cop.
Ike the worker keeps on going,
never will the bugger stop.
Poor old Mick his bones are aching,
from Ike's non-stop rattle pace.
To keep you up with such a demon,
your black coffee you should lace.

As the old man of the island,
as the old man of the sea.
Keep your head above the water,
that's the way your life should be.
Marcus Temple here's the record
of a small part of your years.

Raise your glasses - CAPTAIN SEAWEED
for Neptune's son - 2 rousing cheers.

Here's a maxim to remember
from us to you - see what you think.

Never touch a drop of water
It will spoil the bloody drink!!!