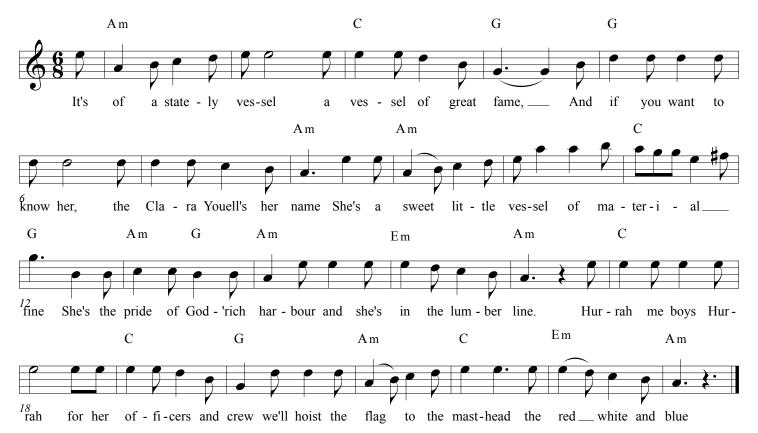
The Clara Youell #1

Words traditional via Henry "Beachie" McIvor Melody adapted from "The Bigler's Cruise" Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



She's sailed by a gentleman
One who can justly claim
The respect of all his sailors
Walter Colwell is his name
He comes down to the dock
We all think he is prime
He says, "My boys the times are good,
Now we're in the lumber line".

Chorus:

Now Walter he's our captain
Her honour he'll maintain
And among the Clara Youell's sailors
He bear s and excellent name
He's a hale and hearty sailor
And he always feels inclined
To treat his men with fairness
When in the lumber line

Chorus:

And Jimmy he's our mate A sailor of renown He knows all about the lakes And the girls in every town He's a hard-hearted driver And he always feels inclined To drill us poor sailors When in the lumber line

Chorus:

Our stewardess is Mary
A cook beyond compare
She's the pride of the galley
By her we all do swear
She's the best of all stewards
Her meals you'll always find
Are the best that are a-goin'
When in the lumber line

Chorus:

The Clara Youell #2

Words traditional via Henry "Beachie" McIvor Alternate tune cobbled together by Ian Bell I think it may have been originally sung to the tune of "The Bigler's Crew".



She's sailed by a gentleman
One who can justly claim
The respect of all his sailors
Walter Colwell is his name
He comes down to the dock
We all think he is prime
He says, "My boys the times are good,
Now we're in the lumber line".

Chorus:

Now Walter he's our captain
Her honour he'll maintain
And among the Clara Youell's sailors
He bear s and excellent name
He's a hale and hearty sailor
And he always feels inclined
To treat his men with fairness
When in the lumber line

Chorus:

And Jimmy he's our mate A sailor of renown He knows all about the lakes And the girls in every town He's a hard-hearted driver And he always feels inclined To drill us poor sailors When in the lumber line

Chorus:

Our stewardess is Mary
A cook beyond compare
She's the pride of the galley
By her we all do swear
She's the best of all stewards
Her meals you'll always find
Are the best that are a-goin'
When in the lumber line

Chorus: