

THE CIRCUMNAVIGATORS' SONG



We're the Circumnavigators; And we know our way around,
Raise your glass to bold Magellan, He was first to call the turn.
Here's health to all good fellows, Be their gods just what they please,



We have box'd the whole earth's compass And are back here safe and sound.
The great Father of our Order, We embalm in Mem'ry's urn.
Buddha, Jupiter or Wotan, Turk, Parsee or Chinese.



We're the Circumnavigators, Hale and hearty, full of rum,
We care not for wealth or station, Nor for rank, nor birth, or state,
So they pass our Board of Censors, And that they be true and straight,



You can join this magic circle, When you do as we have done.
But if you would join our circle, You must Circumnavigate.
They can be, like us, immortals, If they Circumnavigate.

