

Sailing, Sailing, (Sea Chantey)

Lyrics:

Y'heave ho! My lads, the wind blows free;
a pleasant gale is on our lee,
and soon across the ocean clear
our gallant barque shall bravely steer;
but'ere we part from England's shores tonight
a song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.

Refrain:

Then here's to the sailor and here's to the hearts so true
who will think of him upon the waters blue.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main;
for many a stormy wind will blow'ere Jack comes home again.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main;
for many a stormy wind will blow'ere Jack comes home again.

The sailor's life is bold and free;
his home is on the rolling sea,
and never heart more true or brave
than he who launches on the wave.
Afar he speeds in distant climes to roam;
with jocund song he rides the sparkling foam.

The tide is flowing with the gale;
Y'heave ho! My lads, set ev'ry sail.
The harbour bar we shall soon clear,
farewell once more to home so dear;
for when the tempest rages loud and long,
that home shall be our guiding star among.