

I am a brisk and sprightly lad

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,  
But just come home from sea, sir.  
Of all the lives I ever led,  
A sailor's life for me, sir.

Chorus:

Yeo, yeo, yeo,  
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,  
With a yeo, yeo, yeo!

2. What girl but loves the merry tar,  
We o'er the ocean roam, sir.  
In every clime we find a port,  
In every port a home, sir.

Chorus:

3. But when our country's foes are nigh,  
Each hastens to his guns, sir.  
We make the boasting Frenchman fly,  
And bang the haughty Dons, sir.

Chorus:

4. Our foes reduced, once more on shore,  
And spend our cash with glee, sir.  
And when all's gone we drown our care,  
And out to sea again, sir.

Chorus: