

# Nearing The Harbor - song lyrics

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NEARING THE HARBOR

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Oh, sailors, come with me,  
The harbor lights I see,  
Yeo ho, yeo ho!  
To the harbor lights;  
Nearing the harbor and home,  
Nearing the haven of rest;  
Nearing the smiles of a sweet sailor's lass,  
Where gladness and joy are expressed.

Refrain,  
Nearing the harbor and home,  
Nearing the haven of rest;  
Nearing the smiles of a sweet sailor's lass,  
Where gladness and joy are expressed.  
Never again shall we part.  
Never from her will I roam;  
Steering to-night toward the star of my heart,  
Nearing the harbor and home.

Never again shall we part,  
Never from her will I roam;  
Steering to-night towards the star of my heart,  
Nearing the harbor and home.  
My mother kissed my boyish lips,  
My father loved me true;  
But my heart anchored with the ships  
That sailed the billows blue.-Refrain.

I left my home to cross the foam,  
And see lands strange and new;  
I left a little maid in tears  
When I bade them adieu.  
Yeo ho! to the harbor lights,  
She's waiting there to-night!  
Oh, faithful one so true,  
I'm coming back to you.-Refrain.

The Harp Without the Crown.

The Yankee loves the stars and stripes,  
And Orangemen the blue,  
And why not we our emblem show  
As other nations do?  
Or must we alter through the dread  
Of any bigot's frown,  
The sign for which our fathers died,  
The harp without the crown?

Oh! many a warlike hero  
Beneath its shadow died;  
Of poets, bards and sages,  
It always was the pride.  
To please a few officials  
Must me now pull it down,  
The emblem of a thousand years,  
The harp without the crown?

Let Fenians rage, and crafty spies  
Against their objects plan,  
Each link they gain-in rapture prize  
To sell their fellow man.  
Convict, imprison if you will,  
And rebel cruisers drown,

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But yet we'll show our emblem still,  
The harp without the crown.

The world may change, and Mr. Black  
May wear an altered mien,  
I feel convinced he will not turn  
To any shade of green.  
He can't be white, but yet thro' time,  
Perhaps he'll turn brown;  
'Tis naught to us, we still will love  
The harp without the crown