

Every Inch A Sailor - song lyrics

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EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

Words and Music by John Read.

My uncle Jack is what some people call a jolly tar.
And I should think that he was born beneath a lucky star;
If all is true, that he's gone through, a wonder he must be,
He's every inch a sailor, and was born upon the sea;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.

Chorus.

Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.

On a stormy night it's my delight to mix a glass of grog,
And then get Jack to spin a yarn before the burning log;
And after you've been listening to all that he has said,
You feel so frightened that you cannot go alone to bed;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.-Chorus.

One night, said he: While out at sea there came a dreadful gale.
Which washed me overboard and I was swallowed by a whale;
And there I lived for twenty days a wandering about.
Then seized the whale right by the tail and turned him inside out;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-And-twenty years a whaler,
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.-Chorus.

So if you wish to pass a pleasant hour or two away.
Just call and see old uncle Jack, and then I think you'll say:
He's every inch a sailor, and as jolly as can be.
For many years a whaler, quite a hero of the sea;
Jack is every inch a sailor, five-and-twenty years a whaler.
Jack is every inch a sailor, born upon the bright blue sea.-Chorus.