

A Sailor's Story - song lyrics

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A SAILOR'S STORY.

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Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell

Eight bells had struck and the sea was calm as the face of a sleeping child,
And Jack sat down on a capstan-bar and thought of his boyhood wild;
The waves sang a murmuring lullaby, as the ocean can only do;
The dream of his youth came back again as fresh as the morning dew;
And' the ship she went merrily sailing along.
And from out the forecastle came this song:

CHORUS.

She's a fine old ship, and 'tis Jack's last trip

On the crest of the ocean foam;

I'll sail no more to a foreign shore,

I've a mother I love at home.

As he sang the song every heart was touched, from the cook to the captain grim,
And the passengers from the cabin came to take one look at him
Who thought, in the midst of the pathless deep, of the one who gave him birth;
Not an eye was dry as they heard him sing of his dearest friend on earth;
And the ship she went merrily sailing along.
And from out of the forecastle came this song: -Chorus.

When the watch was chann'd he went down below, with a glad and a joyous heart,
And he pictured a home of happiness, in which his mother took part,
When all at once he heard a shout from full a hundred throats,
And the first to help was Jack, who cried. Let the women have the boat!"
But she ship she went steadily down, down, down-
Jack's never been seen in his native town.

Chorus.

'Twas a fine old ship and 'twas Jack's last trip,

For he sleeps 'neath the ocean foam;

The last words uttered by Jack were,

"I've a mother I love at home."