

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Sailing, Sailing

Sailing, Sailing
(Godfrey Marks)

Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free;
A pleasant gale is on our lee,
And now across the ocean clear,
Our gallant bark we'll bravely steer.

cho: But ere we part from England's shore tonight,
A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright:
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the one so true
Who will think of him upon the waters blue.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,

For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again.

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,

For many a stormy wind shall 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 every sail.

The harbor bar we soon shall clear,
Farewell once more to home so dear;
For when the tempest rages loud and long,
That home shall be our guiding star among.

JO
Apr98