

sailing

(Y')heave ho my lads, the wind blows free,
 a pleasant gale is on our lee,
 and soon across the ocean clear.
 Our gallant bark shall bravely steer,
 but ere we part from freedom's shore tonight,
 a song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.

refrein: Then here's to the sailor,
 and here's to the soldier too
 Hearts will beat for him upon the waters blue.
 Sailing, sailing over the bounding main, }
 for many a stormy wind shall blow, } 2x
 ere Jack comes home again.

The sailors 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 jovial song he rides the sparkling foam.

refrein

The tide is flowing with the gale,
 (y')heave ho my lads set every sail.
 The harbour bar we soon shall clear.
 Farewell once more to home so dear,
 for when the tempest rages wide and far,
 that home shall be the sailor's guiding star.

refrein

herhalen: for many a stormy wind shall blow,
 ere Jack comes home again.