

British Sailor

My name it is Jack I'm a British sailor
I've sailed Men of War, Privateers and Whalers
The sea may be calm or the ocean may boil
But Jacks more at home than the blokes digging soil

*We sign on at Swansea at Shields and Dundee
Middlesbrough, Liverpool Hull and Whitby
Merchantman, Navy, Fisherman or Whaler
Jackie Tar O the British sailor*

With our red sails all set and our boat running free
There's many a landsman would love to be me
The wind bites our faces, the deck takes the tide
Lads if you would marry may the sea be your bride

I sailed with Vancouver and young Mister Bligh
Three times round the world with James Cook for a guide
It was me faced the Spaniard and gave Drake his smile
I was there at Trafalgar, I fought at the Nile

I worked on the slavers would turn any man
Spent years on the whalers saw China, Japan
Tea clipper, Packet, shallow coast or deep sea
There's no better life for a sailor like me

From Tilbury harbour with the wind on the rise
With our red sails all set and the sea as our prize
Red sails in the sunset red sun in our eyes
As a sailor I'm free as the bird in the skies

But now its containers super-ferries and all
There's tankers so super they're not ships at all
The old days have gone now the memories paler
But we'll not forget Jack aye the British sailor !

