

## George Vancouver

An Englishman and true, in Norfolk I was born  
And I was raised up tenderly and true in Kings Lynn town  
I've sailed the seven oceans, a captain bold, that's me  
And my name is George Vancouver, on many's the stormy sea  
On board 'Discovery'.

Mariners all, raise your glasses free  
Remember George Vancouver  
On many's the stormy sea  
On board 'Discovery'

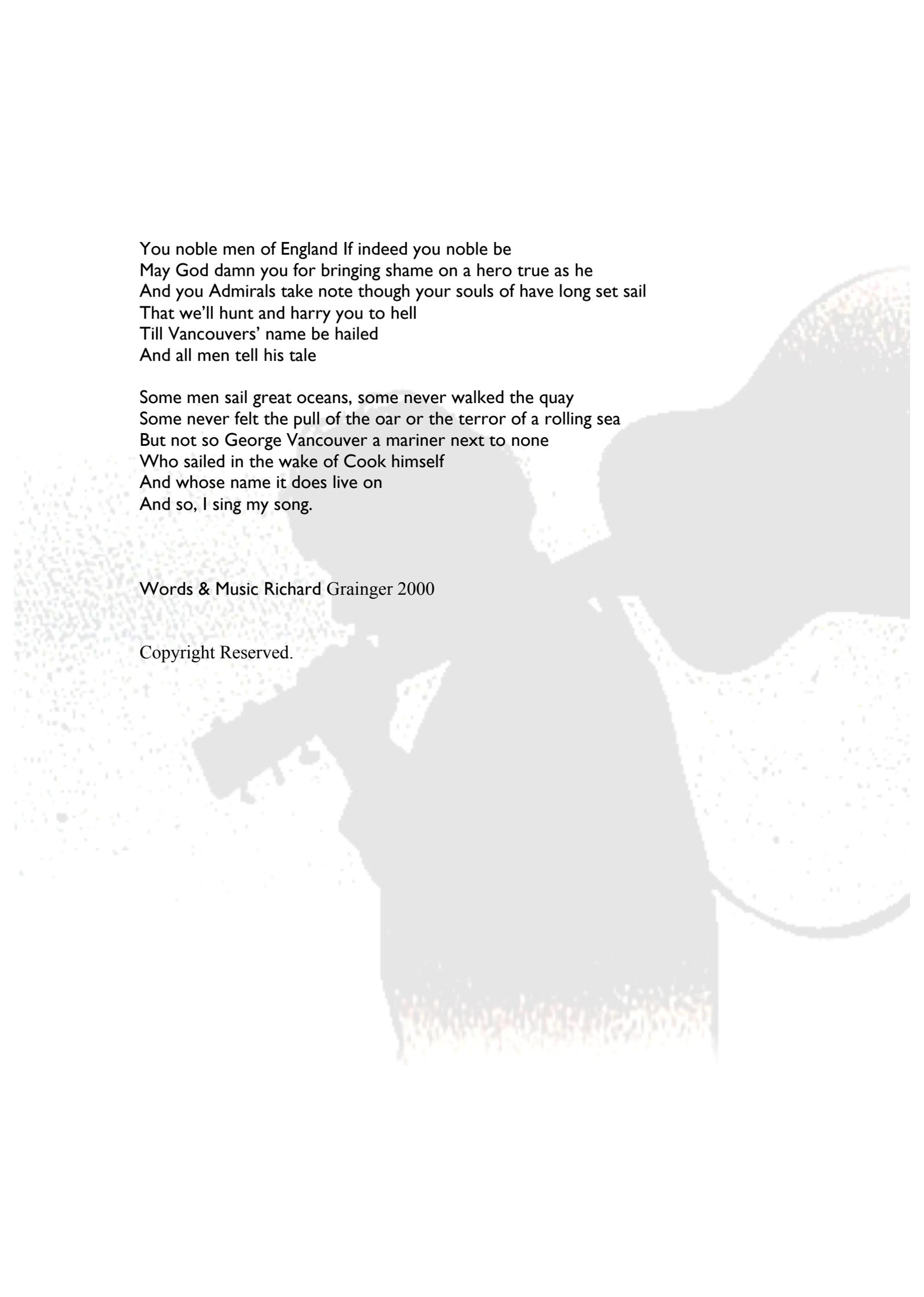
In my tender eleventh year my loving mother died  
Three long years were to pass me boys till fortune on me smiled  
For I was bound to sea a midshipman's berth I took  
In the good ship 'Resolution'  
Commanded by James Cook  
And landsmen I forsook

By nineteen I'd come home I'd sailed the world twice round  
I'd sailed through hell and paradise but in my dreams no rest I found  
For I witnessed the murder of Cook our hero bold  
John Williamson could have saved his life  
If my stories ever told  
Then will the truth unfold

The ocean rolled beneath us and so the time did pass  
I fought like fire for my country boys till I won command at last  
My ship 'Discovery' made sail without delay  
To chart Pacific waters west of Amerikay  
And so, we made our way

It was a hard, old time we had, five years on stormy seas  
And all the time by sickness boys my life just ebbed from me  
But my charts were unsurpassed, no voyage time so long  
We mapped pacific north-west shores and took them for the crown  
Faraway the death bell sounds

Got home to find no welcome no honour for my crew  
I was treated like some pirate me boys, but the truth they'll not subdue  
A wreck 'Discovery' lay and my crew were all dispersed  
And I was left to wait for pay from His Majesty's Service  
For the sake of Thomas Pitt



You noble men of England If indeed you noble be  
May God damn you for bringing shame on a hero true as he  
And you Admirals take note though your souls of have long set sail  
That we'll hunt and harry you to hell  
Till Vancouvers' name be hailed  
And all men tell his tale

Some men sail great oceans, some never walked the quay  
Some never felt the pull of the oar or the terror of a rolling sea  
But not so George Vancouver a mariner next to none  
Who sailed in the wake of Cook himself  
And whose name it does live on  
And so, I sing my song.

Words & Music Richard Grainger 2000

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