

Honour and Praise

Fairport Convention

On a fine summer's morning as we lay at the quay
The holds were filled high with the treasures of the sea
So that they could be transported by men such as we
To homeland and for Queen

When the loading was done, we hoisted full sail
Prayed for good winds to guide us and deliverance from gales
And the thoughts of the crew turned to home and strong ale
As we cast off the ropes and set sail

Fight for honour and for praise
Sailed the sea throughout the days
In cold ground I'll never lay
I'd rather die on the ocean

Thirty days out to sea and the weather was fine
The wind that we'd prayed for and making good time
The honour of first home was soon to be mine
To homeland and to Queen

But the night became stormy and the wind changed our course
A gale was a-blowing and the wind gathered force
And I wondered if ever we'd reach our home port
Or if we'd all be lost in the storm

Fight for honour and for praise
Sailed the sea throughout the days
In cold ground I'll never lay
I'd rather die on the ocean

Well, the waves washed the deck, in the wind we were locked
I fought with the wheel to stay clear of the rocks
But the fighting is in vain, in the storm we were lost
And our prayers blew away on the wind

Well, I coughed and I choked and I tasted the sea
I looked over the sands, there was no one but me
And I knew that the might of the sea had finished me
And I wished that I'd drowned in the storm

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Sailed the sea throughout the days
In cold ground I'll never lay
I'd rather die on the ocean

And I've lived with the thought for the rest of m' days
That I'd given the lives of the crew just to pay
In search of the garlands of honour and praise
And I wish that I'd drowned in the storm

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