

This Was The Happiest Period In His Life. ...

Fairport Convention

A's for the anchor that lies at our bow
B's for the bowsprit and the jibs all lie low
C's for the capstan we all run around
D's for the davits to lower the boat down
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong

E's for the ensign that at our mast flew
F's for the forecastle where lives our crew
G's for the galley where the salt junk smells strong
And H for the halyards we hoist with a song
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong

I's for the eyebolts, no good for the feet
J's for the jibs, boys, stand by the lee sheet
K's for the knighthead where our petty officer stands
L's for the leeside, hard found by new hands
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong

M's for the mainmast, it's stout and it's strong
N's for the needle that never points wrong
O's for the oars of our old jolly boats
And P's for the pinnace which lively do float
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong

Q's for the quarterdeck where our officer stands
R's for the rudder that keeps the ship in command
S is for the stunsells that drive her along
And T's for the topsail, to get there takes long
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong

U's for the uniform, mostly worn aft
V's for the vang running from the main gaff
W's for water, we're on a pint and a pound
And X marks the spot where old Stormies had drowned
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong

Y's for the yardarm, needs a good sailor man
Z is for Zoe, and I'm her fancy man
Z's also for zero in the cold winter time

And now we have brought all the letters in rhyme
Merrily, merrily
So merry sail we, no mortal on earth like a sailor at sea
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong
...

John Lee, your headache's growing, the cold wind's blowing
But the sea's without a ripple
John Lee, your forehead's damp, your muscles cramp
And the sea can't use a cripple
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee

John Lee's been made a freeman, his heart's a seaman
But his flesh won't make a sailor
Working in a big hotel, waiting for the bell
That's ringing for his labour
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee

John Lee, your chances are good, you better touch wood
We think things must get better
John Lee, you've a friend so true, she wants to help you
Miss Keyes has sent a letter
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee

"Dear John, come and work at The Glen, just write me when
And I'll send someone to meet you"
John's gone to where he started from, he's not worked long, just beginning to
belong
"It hasn't been a very good day, the missus wants to halve my pay
Close the door and douse the light, it's quiet at night when he's tucked in
tight
Sometimes I feel, when they're all in bed, it's almost like the whole world's
dead
So I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to keep"
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your fate again
Oh, John Lee