

Tall Ships

Show Of Hands

Give us a wreck or two, good Lord;
Winter along this coast is hard.
Grey frost creeps like mortal sin,
No food in the larder, no bread in the bin.

One rich wreck is all we pray,
Busted abroad at break of day
Broken and splintered upon the reef,
Bread and wine to calm our grief.

Lord of rocks and tide and sky,
Heed our call, hark to our cry!
Bread by the bag, beef by the cask,
Food for poor hearts is all we ask.

On the skyline the tall ships sail by,
Bound for London, their decks piled high;
Fruits of warmer lands,
Passing through our hands,
So we look for the storm in the sky.

Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu, you ladies of Spain;
We've received orders for to sail back to England,
We hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea.
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scily is thirty five leagues.

We hove our ship to with the wind from the west, boys
Hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
Thirty five fathoms, and a white sandy bottom,
We squared our main yard and the channel did make.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt sea.
Til we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scily is thirty five leagues.

Oh, the fishermen rise with the sun,
And they work 'til the day's nearly done,
Hauling empty nets,
While the cold sun sets,
And the winter is barely begun.
There's a lighthouse a mile from the shore,
That the storm-weary sailors search for,
When the wind and rain
Bring their gales again,
It won't shine for them anymore.

On the skyline the tall ships sail by,
Bound for London, their decks piled high;
Fruits of warmer lands,
Passing through our hands,
So we look for a storm in the sky.

Sweet thoughts of home came to me today,
Far too long now I've been away,
I'll stay away no longer,
Come homeward winds, blow stronger.
Stronger