

trad.  
arr. Martin Stöhr

1 C C C C

9 Solo

Yheave ho! My lads, the wind blows free, a plea - sant gale is

C C C C G7 G7

16

on our lee, and soon a - cross the o - cean clear our gal - lant

G7 C C C C B7

23

barque shall brave - ly steer. But e're we part from Eng land shore to night, a

Em D7 G G7 C

30 Solo+T2B1

song will sing for home and beau - ty bright, Then here's to the sai - lor and

G7 C Am Em

36 Solo

here's to the heart - so true who will think of him u - pon the wa - ter's blue

F C Am E G7

T1+2 B1+2 B1 B2

2. The sailor's life is bold and free  
 his home is on the rolling sea  
 and never a heart more true and brave,  
 than he who launches on the waves.  
 As far he speeds in distant climes to roam,  
 with y<sup>h</sup>o and songs  
 he rides the sparkling foam.

3. The tide is flowing with the gale,  
 y<sup>h</sup>eave ho, my lads, set ev<sup>r</sup>y sail,  
 the harbour's bar we soon shall clear,  
 fare well once more to home so dear.  
 For when the tempest rages loud and long,  
 that home shall be our guiding star among.