

A British Tar

A British tar is a soaring soul,
as free as a mountain bird.

His energetic fist
should be ready to resist
a dictatorial word.

His nose should pant
and his lip should curl,
his cheeks should flame
and his brow should furl,
his bosom should heave
and his heart should glow,
and his fist be ever ready
for a knock-down blow.

We Sail the Ocean Blue

We sail the ocean blue,
and our saucy ship's a beauty.
We are sober men and true
and attentive to our duty.

When the balls whistle free
o'er the bright blue sea,
we stand to our guns all day.

When at anchor we ride
on the Portsmouth tide,
we've plenty of time for play.

Ahoy! Ahoy!
The balls whistle free
Ahoy! Ahoy!
O'er the bright blue sea.
We stand to our guns,
to our guns all day.

We sail the ocean blue,
and our saucy ship's a beauty.
We are sober men and true
and attentive to our duty.

Our saucy ship's a beauty,
we're attentive to our duty.
We're sober men and true,
we sail the ocean blue.

Never Mind the Why and Wherefore

Never mind the why and wherefore,
love can level ranks, and therefore
though his Lordship's station's mighty,
though stupendous be his brain,
though her tastes are mean and flighty
and her fortune poor and plain.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
rend the air with warbling wild,
for the union of his Lordship
with a humble captain's child!

For a humble captain's daughter,
For a gallant captain's daughter.
And a Lord who rules the water,
And a tar who ploughs the water!

Let the air with joy be laden,
Ring the merry bells on board-ship
For the union of a maiden,
For her union with his Lordship,

Rend with songs the air above,
For the man who owns her love,
Rend with songs the air above
for the man who owns her love!

I am the Captain of the Pinafore

I am the Captain of the Pinafore.

And a right good captain, too!

You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

*We're very, very good,
and, be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.*

Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef and steer,
or ship a selvagee;

I am never known to quail
at the fury of a gale
and I'm never, never sick at sea.

What, never?

No, never!

What, never?

Well, hardly ever!

He's hardly ever sick at sea!

Then give three cheers
and one cheer more
For the hardy captain of the Pinafore!

Then give three cheers
and one cheer more for
the Captain of the Pinafore!

A British Tar 2

For a British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird.
His energetic fist
should be ready to resist
a dictatorial word.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
his brow with scorn be wrung.
He never should bow down
to the domineering frown
or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His nose should pant,
and his lip should curl,
his cheeks should flame,
and his brow should furl.
His bosom should heave
and his heart should glow
and his fist be ever ready
for a knock-down blow.

His foot should stamp
and his throat should growl,
his hair should twirl
and his face should scowl.

His eyes should flash
and his breast protrude and this
should be his customary attitude.

His eyes should flash
and his breast protrude,
his eyes should flash,
yes, his eyes should flash.

His foot should stamp and
his throat, his throat should growl.
His hair should twirl
and his face should scowl.
His eye should flash,
his breast protrude and this
should be his customary

cus-tom-ar-y at-ti-tude!