

A Sea Chanty

Fare Thee Well

Fare thee well, fare thee well my own true love,
For tomorrow we must depart.

“Oh no good sir, please don’t go
For you know it will break my heart!”

Oh yes! fair maid you know we must go
To that land and that is far o’re the sea.

The blustering foam will soon bring us home
I know you will be waiting for me!

“I fear for the storms that will rock your ship
For I know that she is not well found!”

Our ship is the best so we all must confess,
The fairest and fastest by far.

We’ll soon meet again so please do refrain
From crying and carrying on so.

On the wings of the morn by the tide we’ll be born
Towards the rocks and the sands of the coast,

Of the land they call France, but we know as Brest.
We have charts and a crew of the best.

As the sun sinks low and the sails seem to glow
Our thoughts turn to home I know.

I will be thinking of you in the twinkling of stars
So fare thee well and we’ll soon meet again.