

Sarah Brightman, A Salty Dog

All hands on deck
We've run afloat
I heard the captain cry
Explore the ship
Replace the cook
Let no one leave alive
Across the straits
Around the horn
How far can sailors fly
A twisted path
Our tortured course
And no one left alive

We sailed for parts
Unknown to man
Where ships come home to die
No lofty peak
Nor fortress hold
Could match our captain's eye

Upon the seventh sea sick day
We made our port of call
A sand so white
And seas so blue
No mortal place at all

We fired the gun
And burned the mast
And rowed from ship to shore
The captain cried
We sailors wept
Our tears were tears of joy
How many moons
And many Junes
Have passed since we made land
A salty dog
The seaman's log
Your witness, my own hand