

Saxon, Sailing To America

Excitement in the air
There's a journey to prepare
They check the food and water's all on board

They're waiting for the tide
The sails are open wide
They're sailing to a better place to dwell

They're sailing to America (*)
Fly the banners high
They're sailing to America
Set the rigging high

The quayside's full of friends
A farewell in their hands
No-one knows if they will reach the shore

As Plymouth slips away
They'll not be back again
They're sailing off towards the promised land

(Repeat *)

They're sailing to America
Fly the banners high

The Mayflower's on her way
Set sail for many days
The lookout searching for the distant shore

Anchored in the surf
Their journey's at an end
The pilgrims set their feet on virgin land

(Repeat *)