

The heart of a sailor

Stephen Adams (1844-1913)

1. Now who's the man for a lass to wed, To be true and nev-er fail her? You may
2. Then he has to be so oft at sea, Which saves a deal of both-er, For
3. So lass-es all, when he comes to you And de- clares his a- do - ra- tion, Your

trust to me, for I've sail'd the sea, There's none like an hon-est sai-lor! For his
hus - bands and wives don't al - ways a-gree, As they should with one an - oth-er. And
love con - fess, and an - swer "yes" With - out an - y hes - i - ta- tion. For

thoughts are free as the wind or sea, And he's got such a dash of the bri - ny, His
if he flirts with one or two In the ports of ev - 'ry na - tion, You can
he's the man for a las - sie's hand, To be true and nev - er fail her, And of

heart is light and his laugh so bright, He makes life all sun - shi-
all do the same without an - y blame, Which is surely a con - so - la-
all the hus-bands in the land There's none like a true born sai-

ny.
tion. He may sail in a smack or a man - o' - war, Or a - board of an Arc - tic
lor.

wha - ler, But it's all the same, If Jack's his name, And he's got the heart of a

sai - lor. got the hearth of a sai - lor.