

The Heart of a Sailor

STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

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 firts 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 - ny. He may
 all do the same without an - y blame, Which is surely a con - so - la - tion. He may
 all the hus - bands in the land There's none like a true born sai - lor. He may

sail in a smack or a man - o' - war, Or a - board of an Arc - tic 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 heart of a sai - lor.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS

Lively

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod - y
 2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y Com-in' frae the town, If a bod - y
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
 greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,
 where's his name, I din - na choose to tell. Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.