

Son, oh son of Mine

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*What did you see when the sailors came,
Son, oh son of mine?*

*What did you see when the sailors came,
Long before your time?*

A belaying pin and a press-gang crew,
A little lieutenant in a coat of blue
Who said "I've got a berth for you
In a Man-of-War so fine"

*What did you see when the sailors came,
Son, oh son of mine?*

*What did you see when the sailors came,
Long before your time?*

A grubby ship with tattered sails,
Dodging the tides and hiding from gales,
And a little lieutenant who told tall tales
Of a Man-of-War so fine

A dirty hold where the bilges run
A grating locked across the sun
To keep us below until we'd come
To our Man-of-War so fine

Crashing gales and stinging sleet,
The undersides of the bosun's feet
And a little lieutenant as white as a sheet
Not a Man-of-War so fine

A little lieutenant with his hat awry
Scrambling ashore to keep his coat dry
Leaving us locked in the hold to die
There's your man-of-War so fine

*What did you see when the sailors came,
Son, oh son of mine?*

*What did you see when the sailors came,
Long before your time?*

A pleasant cove and a ring of stones
Our families talking in solemn tones
And a pit in the earth full of young men's bones
That's your man-of-War so fine!