

The Blue Peter

Words C Fox Smith, Music Joy Rennie

Last night when I left her, my true love was weeping
For sorrow at parting but parting must be,
What use for her tears and what use to be keeping
A lad by the fireside that follows the sea?

*Farewell and adieu to ye, still we'll be true to ye,
Still we'll remember wherever we be,
Hope we'll be meetin' ye, hope you will greetin' be
Some day your sailor, come home from the sea!*

For the cold day's a-breaking, the town hardly waking,
The moon like a ghost in the pale morning sky,
And the Blue Peter's blowing, to tell ye we're going,
And the gulls in the river all calling goodbye!

Chorus

The last hawser's cast and the tug whistle's blowing,
The shore growing dim in the mist and the rain:
And wide, very wide, is the world where we're going
And long, very long, 'til ye see us again!

Chorus

Hong Kong and Vancouver, Callao and Suva,
The Cape and Kowloon, it's a very far cry
From the slow river creeping by houses all sleeping,
And the gulls in the wake of us calling goodbye!

Chorus

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Chorus