

# LIKE A SAILOR TO THE SEA

*Jon Heslop*

Out up - on the grey Ay-lan - tic, full of grey and ghist - ly waves. We are here to hunt the foe - men, send them down to

8 deep dark graves. How we heave in win - ter weath - er, how we pitch and how we roll! How I wish that I was else - where,

15 safe and warm with you at home.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Like a Sailor to the Sea' by Jon Heslop. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff covers measures 1-7, the second staff covers measures 8-14, and the third staff covers measures 15-21. The lyrics are: 'Out up - on the grey Ay-lan - tic, full of grey and ghist - ly waves. We are here to hunt the foe - men, send them down to deep dark graves. How we heave in win - ter weath - er, how we pitch and how we roll! How I wish that I was else - where, safe and warm with you at home.'

Out upon the grey Atlantic, full of grey and ghastly waves.  
We are here to hunt the fomen, send them down to deep dark graves.  
How we heave in winter weather, how we pitch and how we roll!  
How I wish that I was elsewhere, warm and safe with you at home.

Out upon the grey Atlantic, ships of ours and ships of theirs.  
Orders come from concrete bunkers ordering the world's affairs.  
And if we should meet a U-Boat, win or lose it's all the same.  
Them or us, it makes no odds to sailors wounded, sailors slain.

Out and back from the Atlantic, merchantmen with food and guns.  
They our charges, we the sheepdog, same old sheep on the same old run.  
Same old ships that bring the bullets, same old ships that bring you bread.  
How I wish that I was with them going home to you instead.

Somewhere on the grey Atlantic, permanently wet and cold,  
shivering in restless slumber boys are quickly growing old.  
How we long for news of England, how we long to know the truth.  
How we wish when this is over we'll get back our stolen youth.

Here upon the grey Atlantic hear the klaxon's urgent noise  
scrambling to Action Stations, call "All Hands", us green faced boys.  
How I wish that I could show you, how I wish that you could see  
how they'd send your boy to battle, like a sailor to the sea.