

GONE ASHORE DAYS

Jon Heslop

Musical score for 'Gone Ashore Days' in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'Fare you well all you first mates and skip-pers, all you I've known for al - ways. From now on it's pipe and slip - pers in the arm - chair of gone a - shore days. The - sea's not an old sail - or lo - ver, she snig - gers at stiff creak - ing bones. She's - look - ing out for an - oth - er and say - ing it's time to go home. But I don't mind that now I'm ach - ing to leave the salt - y old whore. She's had all my time now I'm tak - ing my last steps down the gang - way a - shore.'

*Fare you well all you first mates and skippers
all you I've known for always.
From now on its pipe and slippers
in the armchair of gone ashore days.*

The sea's not an old sailor lover,
she sniggers at stiff creaking bones.
She's looking out for another
and saying it's time to go home.
But I don't mind that now I'm aching
to leave the salty old whore.
She's had all my time, now I'm taking
my last steps down the gangway ashore.

I've seen all the world's wondrous places
in a million sailortown bars,
a thousand pretty girls' faces
I've kissed 'neath the tropical stars
I've drunk drinks I'd not even heard of
with lables in strange foreign tongues
that I understood not a word of
but at least I can say I had fun.

Ev'ry trip that I made was the last one
and each paying off was the end
but each time the sea pulled a fast one
and I found myself back there again.
So I lived the free life of a sailor
and spent all my youth in the sun.
But now the sunshine grows paler
and I know that my sea days are done.

No more ships and no more salt water,
no more middle watches on deck
in some Southern Ocean rip-snorter
I'll go no more risking my neck.
A cottage, a log fire roaring,
a neat little pub down the way.
I'll drink and tell sailorman's stories
and live out my gone ashore days.