

Dover Lights (P. Simmonds)

Waiting for morning on the ferry boat deck 5 miles out of Calais
Tired and cold and wet to the skin watching the waves and the spray
Ten years have gone by like the roll of the tide since I signed for the merchant marine

Now all I want is dry land and a home in a country that I've rarely seen

Home, hurry home
To valleys green
And cliffs so tall and so white
Home, hurry home
I can see the lights of Dover through the night

Teachers of England instructed me well, strength comes from iron and fire
Freedom was won from the barrel of a gun, law comes from palace and spire
I carried the wealth of this land `cross the sea till the ships and the cargoes grew slack
Now many Jack Tar is washed up in a bar and many ships will never come back

The ship's bar is closed, there's a gang of fifteen talking of flags and of blood
Drunken with fighting the face of John Bull stands for violence, England and God
Did I dream of a homeland so distantly remembered Of warmth, work, welfare, peace
for all?