

## Harum Procol

### "A Salty Dog"

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"A Salty Dog" by Procol Harum

lyrics by Keith Reid

"All hands on deck! We've run afloat!"

I heard the captain cry

"Explore the ship! Replace the cook!

Let no one leave alive!"

Across the straits, around the horn

How far can sailors fly?

A twisted path, our tortured course

And no one left alive

We sailed for parts unknown to man

Where ships come home to die

No lofty peak, nor fortress bold

Could match our captain's eye

Upon the seventh sea-sick day

We made our port of call

A sand so white, and sea so blue

No mortal place at all

We fired the guns and burned the mast

And rowed from ship to shore

The captain cried, we sailors wept

Our tears were tears of joy  
Now many moons and many Junes  
Have passed since we made land  
Salty Dog, the seaman's log  
Your witness in my own hand

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