

**Sara Brightman****"A Salty Dog"**

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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 seas so blue  
No mortal place at all

We fired the gun  
And burned the mat  
And rowed from ship to shore  
The captain cried  
We sailors wept  
Our tears were full of joy  
Now many moons  
And many Junes  
Have passed since we made land  
A salty dog  
This seaman's log  
Your witness, my own hand

