

OAK

Come cheer up my Lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year.
To honour we call you, as freemen, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Chorus:

Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready, Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away.
If they run, why, we follow and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Chorus:

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten women, children, and beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.