

An Ocean Tramp

G----- D-G
To-morrow and to-morrow,
C-----Em--C ----- D
Oh, the slashing of the foam, along the furrow!
C-----Em ---C-----G
We'll spring off from the quay, when the tide has ceased to flow.

Am-----Em
East, West, North and South we're going, boys,
G-----D
Out where the salt winds are blowing, boys,
Am-----Em-----C-----G
Along the ocean highways, where the little traders go.

Am-----Em----G-----D
I have rocked in Pacific harbors, I have fought the polar seas
Am----- Em----- C----- G
I have bowed to Northern tempests, I have laughed to the South Sea breeze
Am-----Em-----G-----D
I have driven far to the Northward, through tempest, strain and toil,
Am-----Em----C-----G
To trade with fur-clad people for their sealskins and their oil.

Tomorrow and tomorrow,
Oh, the slashing of the foam, along the furrow!
We'll spring off from the quay, when the tide has ceased to flow.

I have lain by the plague-swept city where the ceaseless death-knell toll'd
When the sailors died up forward, and cargo rotted in the hold;
I have sought the palm-fringed inlets where the liners come naught nigh,
Trailing smoke from my funnel over endless sky.
Am-----Em-----G-----D
And ever I am tramping, tramping, o'er the wide world main,
Am-----Em-----C-----G
Ever out of the harbor to seek new ports again.

Oh, the shallow roads of Durban, and Riga's fortress strong,
The guarded bay at Capetown, and the island of Hong Kong,
Manila's princely harbor, and the heights of Montreal,
Lagos and sweltering Aden, I've known them one and all.

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Along the ocean highways, where the little traders go.