

SAILORS OF THE SEVEN SEAS



As fast as the light, defying the seven seas

With its big canons and its great sailors

Never steal, betray, run away nor hide

That is the spirit of the Golden Hinde.

Welcome on Francis Drake's ship

The great pride of England

No time no place for any wimp

All together, hand in hand.

What shall we do with the drunken sailors

Or those who act like plebeian robbers

For they are far beyond cruel

Upon them punishment shall fall.

Camille Moutel

Land the ho, matey!

Leave your diggings,

Climb fast on the riggings.

The sky is becoming shady.

The captain and his valiant crew

Away from the ocean let the ship berth.

And they step far away from death

As they breathe the early dew.

A sailor just drops the anchor

And he can now get back to his bride

Before setting sail once more

On board the Golden Hinde.

Alice Lagrange