America (my Country, 'Tis of Thee)

Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo hoe! Yeo ho! There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow, Yeo ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!

See there she stands an' waves her hand up on the quay, An' ev'ry day when I'm a way she'll watch for me, An' whis per low when temp ests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo ho! lads!

The sail lor's wife the sail or's star shall be Yeo ho! we go a cross the sea; The sail or's wife the sail or's star shall be, The sail or's wife his star shall be.