



## Sailorman's Port in a Storm

(All Hands to the Pumps)

*Chorus:*

*All hands to the pump, (WELL THEN, TELL US A STORY)*

*All hands to the pump, (WELL THEN, SING US A SONG)*

*All hands to the pump and I'll sing of the girls,  
THEY'RE A SAILORMAN'S PORT IN A STORM.*

Now I've been in trouble the most of me life,  
And I've been a philanderer since I was born ,  
Before I had curls I found out that the girls,  
WERE A SAILORMAN'S PORT IN A STORM.

*Chorus*

When cruising the dockside in search of some comfort,  
They know all the best ways to keep a 'tar' warm,  
Free girls or hired, they all make you tired,  
THEY'RE A SAILORMAN'S PORT IN A STORM.

*Chorus*

Through lonely night watches you're dreaming of girls,  
Whether beating up-channel or rounding The Horn,  
Married or single, they make your heart tingle,  
THEY'RE A SAILORMAN'S PORT IN A STORM.

*Chorus*

There's big girls and small girls, there's short girls and tall girls,  
There's girls of all sizes, all shapes and all forms,  
There's black girls and white girls, there's dim girls and bright girls,  
THEY'RE A SAILORMAN'S PORT IN A STORM.

*Chorus*