

JUL 18 1919

SAILING ON THE LAND

Words and Music

By

HARVEY ENDERS, U. S. N. R. F.

PUBLISHED BY HARVEY ENDERS, NEW YORK

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Sailing On The Land

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Allegro

1. We've nev - er seen a bat - tle-ship, We've
 2. When war broke out we had a hunch We'd
 3. You've of - ten heard the po - ets tell A -

p *a tempo*

nev - er seen the sea ——— We've nev - er seen the shores of France Nor
 sail the o - cean blue ——— And man a might - y tur - ret gun To
 bout the nav - y bean ——— But I would like to see one eat The

those of I - tal - y; ——— And the on - ly rea - son we can give (We
 sink a Sub. or two ——— But the on - ly guns which we have seen Are
 beans which I have seen ——— Per - haps they're bet - ter out at sea Or

rall. *a tempo*

trust you'll un - der - stand) ——— It's just be - cause we're
 dum - mies on a stand ——— And it's just be - cause we're
 use a dif - ferent brand ——— But they're not like the beans we get

mf *cres*

After every 3rd verse

Sail - ing on the land. Sail - ing on the land. Sail - ing on the, Sail - ing on the,

Sail - ing on the, Sail - ing on the, Sail - ing on the, Sail - ing on the,

mf cres - - - *poco* - - - *a* - - - *poco*

After last verse

Sail - ing on the land!

ff *p a tempo* *in strict time* *ff*

4.
The other day we heard the call,
"All hands swab down the decks!"
Then we were very much perturbed,
And certainly were vexed;
For there really are no decks at all,
They meant the wooden floor,
And that's—the training we get,
Sailing on the shore!

5.
In New York town there is a boat
The Battleship "Recruit;"
It's moored upon a city block
Please tell me how they do it.
Flower beds are on the port,
And grass grows on the lee,
But oh—boy—pipe that crew
The day they go to sea!

6.
The Yeomanets are with us now,
We're glad to see them too;
Believe me, they look nifty in
Their suits of navy blue.
Since we have met these sailoretts,
We think we understand,
Why we—are-satisfied,
Sailing on the land!

7.
In drill you've heard the Bo's'n pipe,
"All hands abandon ship!"
Alarms would ring and whistles blow,
And crew begin to strip,
But the funny part of all this is,
How can there be a wreck,
When our ship—is-a common shack
And the porch is called a deck!

8.
We couldn't tell a flying jib,
From a mains'l or a poop,
For the only jiblets we have seen
Are those put in our soup,
Now don't you really pity us,
You surely understand,
It's just—be-cause we're,
Sailing on the land!

9.
The people who don't know us think
We're sailors of the salt,
But they are very much deceived,
Tho' it is not our fault.
For we would like to do our bit,
And do it cheerfully,
Then we'd—be—happy,
Sailing on the sea!

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