Sailing To Philadelphia

I am Jeremiah Dixon I am a Geordie boy A glass of wine with you, sir And the ladies I'll enjoy All Durham and Northumberland Is measured up by my own hand It was my fate from birth To make my mark upon the earth...

He calls me Charlie Mason A stargazer am I It seems that I was born To chart the evening sky They'd cut me out for baking bread But I had other dreams instead This baker's boy from the west country Would join the Royal Society...

We are sailing to Philadelphia A world away from the coaly Tyne Sailing to Philadelphia To draw the line The Mason-Dixon line

Now you're a good surveyor, Dixon But I swear you'll make me mad The West will kill us both You gullible Geordie lad You talk of liberty How can America be free A Geordie and a baker's boy In the forest of the Iroquois...

Now hold your head up, Mason See America lies there The morning tide has raised The capes of Delaware Come up and feel the sun A new morning is begun Another day will make it clear Why your stars should guide us here...

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