

# The Swallow

## The Divine Comedy

A big tin box of books and writing paper  
(A small aneroid barometer)  
And other things that need to be kept dry  
(Like nightclothes)  
I won it as a prize at school  
(Three biscuit tins with bread and tea and...)  
Salt and bread, lots and lots of eggs  
(Separately wrapped for fear of smashing)

A frying pan, a saucepan, and a kettle  
(Lots of plates and spoons and forks and...)  
Two ground sheets with tents wrapped up inside  
(A seedcake)  
A long coil of stout grass rope  
(Two sacks stuffed with blankets and rye)  
Tins of corned beef, tins of sardines  
I think we have all that we need

Swallow  
I don't know what I would do  
Without you  
There's barely a day that goes by  
I don't picture you in my mind  
And smile  
Swallow

Swallow  
I almost think you're alive  
Sometimes  
When I am lost and confused  
You seem to know what to do  
Don't you?  
Swallow

Hoist up the mainsail  
Haul in the anchor  
Make fast the halyard  
Let go the painter

It's time we put to sea  
And set The Swallow free

Farewell, and adieu to you  
Fair Spanish ladies  
Adieu, and farewell to you  
Ladies of Spain  
For we're under orders to  
Sail to Old England  
And we'll never see all you  
Ladies again

We'll rant and we'll roar just like  
True British sailors  
We'll range and we'll row over  
All the saltseas  
Until we strike soundings for  
The English Channel

From Ushant to Scilly 'tis  
Thirty-five Leagues

Swallow  
The wind blows fair in the East  
Feel the breeze  
Show them that you're the best boat  
Ever to be set afloat  
Show them  
Swallow

Swallow  
We'll follow you to the end  
Of the world  
And now that the wind's in your sails  
We know that you'll never fail  
Let's go  
Swallow

Hoist up the mainsail  
Haul in the anchor  
Make fast the halyard  
Let go the painter

It's time to put to sea  
And set The Swallow free