

Rolling Along

The Longest Johns

It's a long way to Shanghai through the vast China Sea
The topsails are full but we're light on the breeze
With a good clip down-channel, and the passage looks calm
And there's naught like a clipper just rolling along

Rolling along, boys, rolling along
And there's naught like a clipper just rolling along

'Tween the skeleton beach and the Cape of Good Hope
There are sandbars and reefs, boys, they'll give you a grope
To you skippers so daring, don't act too cock-sure
Or your ship may be wrecked and you'll sail her no more

Sail her no more, boys, sail her no more
Or your ship may be wrecked and you'll sail her no more

There's pirates in waiting and storms to be tamed
The shoals all bear names of the ships that they claimed
But under our feet the warm waters that roll
Are blue as cut sapphires and shining like gold

Shining like gold, boys, shining like gold
As blue as cut sapphires and shining like gold

Now our cargo is loaded and we catch the dawn tide
I can bare see the vessels I race for the prize
In the docks back in London they wait for to see
The sails of our clipper and the first stock of tea

The first stock of tea, boys, first stock of tea
For the sails of our clipper and the first stock of tea

Catching the Westerly's haul every hand
Pile on the canvas, drop all she can stand
For hearth and for home I hear calling me on
And there's naught like a clipper just rolling along

Rolling along, boys, rolling along
And there's naught like a clipper just rolling along
Rolling along, boys, rolling along
And there's naught like a clipper just rolling along