

# HÉ, HO DOWN BELOW

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Hear me out you sailor man  
Try to listen if you can  
Have you ever wondered now  
What makes this lady go?

Hé, ho down below  
Dust and coal, dust and coal  
Hé, ho down below  
Our ship has got to go.

Deep down in this old brig's hold  
The poor souls toil in dust and cold  
Working in despair and woe  
Our ship has got to go!

The sun will never reach down here,  
We never taste the sky so clear,  
We never feel the winds that blow,  
Our ship has got to go!

And when the weather's turning bad,  
The first mate rants, and gets so mad  
And we'll be blamed, as sailors know,  
Our ship has got to go!

Though we never glimpse the shore,  
It's better than the life before,  
God let me sail forevermore,  
Our ship has got to go!