

THE CHEVALIER

THEY CALL ME JONES, THE CHEVALIER JOHN PAUL
I'VE SERVED A LIFETIME ON THE OCEAN, UNDER RIGGING, UNDER SAIL
I'VE WON HONOURS, DECORATIONS, SERVING UNDER DIFFERENT FLAGS
FOR A GLASS OR TWO I'D TELL TO YOU A TALE
I COULD TELL TO YOU A DOZEN BONNY TALES

I'VE LATELY COME TO THIS CITY ONCE AGAIN
BUT THIS BLOODY REVOLUTION IT IS CAUSING ME CONCERN
I SEE PEOPLE LOOKING TROUBLED THEY ARE ANXIOUS AND AFRAID
OF THAT HUNGRY MISTRESS MADAME GUILLOTINE
AND I WISH THAT I COULD GO TO SEA AGAIN

THE BATTLES THAT I FOUGHT WERE ALL FOR HONOUR
THE VICTORIES I BROUGHT WERE ALL MY OWN
BUT FORTUNES CHANGE AS QUICKLY AS THE WEATHER
SO HERE I LIE IN IDLENESS, FORGOTTEN AND ALONE

MY MIND RETURNS TO THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN
AND THE TIDE THAT SWEEPS THE SOLWAY RUSHING HEADLONG IN THE DAWN
FOR THE PROMISE OF ANOTHER VOYAGE THIS SALTY DOG WOULD SING
LIKE A WINESKIN THAT'S REPLENISHED ONCE AGAIN
I'D FEEL THE LIFE BLOOD OF THE OCEAN COURSING SWIFT WITHIN MY VEINS

JE SUIS MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER JEAN PAUL
VOUS VOYEZ BIEN ALORS, JE CROIS, QU'UNE FOIS, J'ÉTAIS MATELOT
UN COMMODORE; UN SERVANT; PRÊT À SERVIR SON DRAPEAU
MES AVENTURES JE PEUX LES RACONTER POUR UN VERRE
DE JOLIES HISTOIRES POUR UN PETIT VERRE
AND I WISH THAT I COULD GO TO SEE AGAIN