

## Navigator Lady

© Andrew McKay

If you're tired of sailing as an old AB,  
*See the Navigator Lady*

She'll lay it out just like yer ABC,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

So if it's navigation that you want to know,  
If you want to tell your ship which way to go,  
If you want to tell your Cuba from your Callao,  
*See the Navigator Lady*

Oh her Daddy was the skipper of a coastal sloop,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

She learned her trade upon the Old Man's poop,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

She learned about the tides around the coastal beds,  
Learned to test the bottom with the sounding lead,  
She learned to tell her Mousehole from her Mumbles Head,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

With her Navigator's ticket from the Board of Trade,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

She's come aboard as the anchor's weighed,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

With her old brass sextant and a brand new clock,  
To see her on the afterdeck is something of a shock,  
But she'll get you back from Norwich to the old North Dock,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

Now she's on shore and the Old Man's dead,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

She's setting up a school in the parlour instead,  
*She's the Navigator Lady*

She'll teach you lots of things that you might find queer,  
Like how to drink tomato juice instead of beer,  
But to learn to get from Montreal to Mumbles Pier,  
*See the Navigator Lady*

Some say a lady shouldn't be like that,  
*Like the Navigator Lady*

Just walk around town in a flowery hat  
*Not the Navigator Lady*

There's ladies that will help you to spend your pay,  
Ladies that will tell you to go away,  
But to get from Santiago back to Swansea Bay  
*See the Navigator Lady*

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