Saxon, Sailing To America

Excitement in the air There's a journey to prepare They check the food and water's all on board

They're waiting for the tide
The sails are open wide
They're sailing to a better place to dwell

They're sailing to America (*) Fly the banners high They're sailing to America Set the rigging high

The quayside's full of friends A farewell in their hands No-one knows if they will reach the shore

As Plymouth slips away They'll not be back again They're sailing off towards the promised land

(Repeat *)

They're sailing to America Fly the banners high

The Mayflower's on her way Set sail for many days The lookout searching for the distant shore

Anchored in the surf Their journey's at an end The pilgrims set their feet on virgin land

(Repeat *)