

Gertrude Lawrence, My Ship

My ship has sails that are made of silk,
The decks are trimmed with gold;
And of jam and spice
There's a paradise in the hold.

My ship's aglow with a million pearls,
And rubies fill each bin;
The sun sits high
In a sapphire sky
When my ship comes in.

I can wait the years
Till it appears
One fine day one spring.
But the pearls and such,
They won't mean much
If there's missing just one thing:

I do not care if that day arrives
That dream need never be
If the ship I sing
Doesn't also bring
My own true love to me
My own true love to me.