

THE CHEVALIER

ALAN REID

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 LIFEBLOOD 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 SEA AGAIN