

Trade Winds

Text by *John Masefield* (1878-1967) [Br]

Set by *J. Frederick Keel* (1871-1954) [Br], from *Three Salt-Water Ballads*, #2

In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
[ɪn ðʌ 'hɑːbə ɪn ði 'aɪ.lənd ɪn ðʌ 'spæn.ɪʃ siz]

Are the tiny white houses and the orange trees,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, and the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the souging in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

And o' nights there's the fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

