The Man At The Wheel - song lyrics

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THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.
Words and Music by Michael Watson.

Oh, a grim and a silent man is he, as he steers due North or South,
His cold gray eye on the compass fixed, and firmly set his mouth;
A word to him, and it's strange how small, how exceedingly small you'll feel.
For in characters bold, you'll find you're told not to speak to the man at the wheel.
Then merrily, oh! and a yeo heave so! to show that we nautical feel,
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.

Oh, a sad and a dreadful fate is his, who once was blithe and gay,
For his wife, in short, has a tongue so long, like the sea it flows for aye;
You've only to sing of "Home, Sweet Home," to find to your surprise.
That he'll wither you up with a stony stare from his cold and glassy eyes.
Then merrily, oh! And a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel,
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.

He has steered his ship for many a year o'er the deep and briny sea.
With a quip or a crank to his rear or flank, but never a smile smiles he;
And to calm and steady his nerves for home, he is silent when at sea;
So, mariners all, just beware how you fall in the jaw of matrimonee.
Then merrily, oh! and a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel.
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.
Then merrily, oh! And a yeo heave ho! to show that we nautical feel.
And especially so, when we sing, don't ye know, the song of the man at the wheel.