



Sailing to Philadelphia

I am Jeremiah Dixon - I am a Geordie Boy

Glass of wine with you sir and the ladies I'll enjoy

All Durham and Northumberland - is measured up by my own hand

it was fate from birth - to make my mark upon the earth

He calls me Charlie Mason - a stargazer am I

it seems that I was born to chart the evening sky

They'd cut me out for baking bread - by I had other dreams instead

this baker's boy from the west country - would join the royal society

chorus

we are sailing to Philadelphia

A world away from the coal-y Tyne

Sailing to Philadelphia

To draw the line - the Mason Dixon line

Now you're a good surveyor Dixon

But I'll swear you'll make me mad

The West will kill us both you gullible Geordie lad

You talk of liberty - how can America be free?

A Geordie and a baker's boy - in the forests of the Iroquois

Now hold your head up Mason, see America lies there

the morning tide has raised, the Capes of Delaware

Come up and feel the sun, a new morning is begun

another day will make it clear, why your stars should guide us here

chorus