

A HANDSOME SAILOR LAD

HE WAS A HANDSOME SAILOR LAD, THE FAIREST I HAD SEEN

I WAS A HAND-MAID AT THE INN JUST ONLY SEVENTEEN

HE SAILED UPON THE HEAVENS WAKE BOUND OUT FROM NEWPORT TOWN

HE HAD ONE MORE NIGHT TO DRINK HIS MONEY DOWN

OH HIS EYES THEY SHONE LIKE SILVER HIS HAIR THE SHADE OF SAND

THE LIES HE TOLD BOUT THE BAND OF GOLD THAT GLITTERED ON HIS HAND

STILL I HAD NO EYES FOR TRUTH OR LIES, SO POTENT WERE HIS CHARMS

AS HE ROCKED ME LIKE THE OCEAN IN HIS ARMS

FROM THE HIGHEST POINT OF LAND I WATCHED,

THE HIGHEST POINT OF SEA

DRAWN TO THE HORIZON AND SLIP AWAY FROM ME

MAY THE WINDS THAT STRAIN THE BILLOWS

AND SWELL THE HEARTS OF MEN BRING BACK MY HANDSOME SAILOR LAD AGAIN.

THEN SAD NEWS THIS MORNING AS WORD SPREAD THROUGH THE TOWN

THAT THE HEAVENS WAKE HAS STRUCK A REEF AND EVERY MAN HAS DROWNED

OH THE WILL OF THE ATLANTIC HAS CLAIMED AN AWFUL TOLL

SHE'S TAKEN BOTH HIS BODY AND MY SOUL

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SEA

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MAY THE WINDS THAT STRAIN THE BILLOWS

AND SWELL THE HEARTS OF MEN BRING BACK MY HANDSOME SAILOR LAD AGAIN.

OH I'VE HEARD THE WIDOWS TALKING

THE OLD ONES OFT HAVE SAID THAT ON

JUDGMENT DAY THE SEA WILL FIND AND OFFER UP HER DEAD

IF SHE GIVES A DROP OF WATER FOR EVERY TEAR SHE BORE

SHE WOULD BE A MIGHTY DESERT SHORE TO SHORE

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