

Great Big Sea, French Shore

When I was a young man just barely fourteen, craving adventure and lore,
I boarded a clipper, me Dad was the skipper, and sailed it along the French Shore yeah,
We sailed all along the French Shore.

What beautiful vessels were sailing back then, all bound for the North Labrador,
And so for that reason they came here that season to sail all along the French Shore, yeah,
To sail all along the French Shore.

On each ship a maiden was hired to cook, a beautiful girl to adore,
So young and cavorting, all ready for courting, while sailing along the French Shore, yeah,
While sailing along the French Shore.

Being too young for courting I soon did decide, to spy on the lovers on shore,
I spied on a couple so loving and supple, while sailing along the French Shore, yeah,
While sailing along the French Shore.

They're actions peculiar appeared to me then, but now they're not funny no more,
They were hugging and kissing, oh what I've been missing,
While sailing along the French Shore, yeah,
While sailing along, sailing along, sailing along the French Shore.

That couple has children now married I know,
You see they're not young anymore,
Still yet they don't know how I witnessed the show that they played
All along the French Shore, yeah,
They played along the French Shore.

That ends the story of my bonnie days, would that I could live them once more,
And this much I know, I'd produce my own show,
And I'd stage it along the French Shore, yeah,
While sailing along, sailing along,
While sailing along, sailing along, while sailing along the French Shore.