

Jump Little Children, Lockshire Sound

I am a young sailor who travels the sea
My fever for prizes will not let me be
So I cast off the shore like a load off a steed
The circle of the water is all that I need.

Oh, dance all ye, dance all ye, water and foam
My bough is the stage for your magic to roam
And run all ye, run all ye, thunder and rain
My sails hold the scars but do not hold the pain.

I tighten my ropes to the wind that has blowed
Giving the rudder the strength that he's owed
And I travel, no peace, to the land I was born
Hoping I will not receive her forlorn.

I courted a maiden, not one year it's been
She wants to be married, her dowery to spin
"A family of boys and a girl", she would say
"Would satisfy hunger as the youth has delayed."

But the mist of the harbor is solid as stone
"If you don't return from your journeys alone
I'll spend every evening on Lockshire Sound
Gazing for sails that are now homeward bound."

I fear that my absence is longer than said
Been almost a year since I've slept in my bed
But as I am approaching the Lockshire Sound
I hope that my maiden soon will be found.

"Oh excuse me, young lady, do you know of she?
For I was away riding waves of the sea"
"Yes, I do know the lady you speak,
I attended her wedding with flowers last week."

"Oh say it, young lady, you cannot be true
For I have returned as I said I would do"
But time does erode some firmness of soil
A sapling will grow, if not it will toil.

Her hunger for marriage, a family, indeed
Was true to her word, was true to her need
But I was just written in sand for the day
Let Lockshire Sound wash it away.