Nickel Creek, Moonfleet Beach

Moonfleet Beach is a terror of the sea and most deadly when a southwestern gale wakes the anger of the wave from its own easy sleep and I'm the only man who's made it out alive to tell the tale

I was an orphan boy of 15 years old when Elsevere took me to his home I still wonder if he knew as he kept me from the cold that later saving my life he would forfeit his own

when the people of Moonfleet are safe in their beds they hear the sounds of a struggle against the sea for the rhythm of the wave is steady in their heads they thank god they're not fighting for their lives on Moonfleet Beach

Elsevere was like a good father to me we got closer and closer each day but soon time struck cold and we had nothing for our bread and meat so we left our home, condemned our home and find ourselves a way

with nowhere else to turn we joined with a contraband and listened on the deck with the crew to the captain as he said "we'll need every last man to do their best, now raise the sails we have a dangerous job to do"

we had a smooth trip there
oh lord and it left the peer
but Elsevere lay heavy on the rail
he said "son look yonder there!
our doom is surely near
can't ya feel it hear it blow a strong southwestern gale"

we were blown to the dreaded beach a rope of strong within our reach from the people that had gathered from the town Elsevere grabbed it in his hand and started making for the land but he looked and saw that I was almost drowned he left the rope to rescue me they pulled me out of the dreadful sea I looked for Elsevere but he couldn't be found

when the storms blow hard i lie awake at night and think about the one father ive known he saved my soul by giving up his life just like him who died to give us soul eternal hope

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