

Stan Rogers, The Maid On The Shore

There is a young maiden, she lives all a-lone
She lived all a-lone on the shore-o
There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind
But to roam all a-lone on the shore, shore, shore
But to roam all a-lone on the shore

'Twas of the young Captain who sailed the salt sea
Let the wind blow high, blow low
I will die, I will die, the young Captain did cry
If I don't have that maid on the shore, shore, shore ...

I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold
I have lots of costly ware-o
I'll divide, I'll divide, with my jolly ship's crew
If they row me that maid on the shore, shore, shore ...

After much persuasion, they got her aboard
Let the wind blow high, blow low
They replaced her away in his cabin below
Here's adieu to all sorrow and care, care, care ...

They replaced her away in his cabin below
Let the wind blow high, blow low
She's so pretty and neat, she's so sweet and complete
She's sung Captain and sailors to sleep, sleep, sleep ...

Then she robbed him of silver, she robbed him of gold
She robbed him of costly ware-o
Then took his broadsword instead of an oar
And paddled her way to the shore, shore, shore ...

Me men must be crazy, me men must be mad
Me men must be deep in despair-o
For to let you away from my cabin so gay
And to paddle your way to the shore, shore, shore ...

Your men was not crazy, your men was not mad
Your men was not deep in despair-o
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself
I'm a maiden again on the shore, shore, shore ...