

Andy M. Stewart, I'd Cross The Wild Atlantic

Ah me, I must mourn my true love evermore
Though coldly forsaken, it's you adore
And if you'd return then I'd make you my bride
Or I'd cross the wild Atlantic to be by your side

On the morning we parted, how sad the farewell
Our words, they were few, but our thoughts none could tell
And when lost to my vision far over the brine
I drank your success in a goblet of wine

Three times have I crossed to the ship as she lay
Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay
And my crew are the bravest ever handled an oar
And not by the tempest, they laugh at its roar

No ballroom can tempt me nor raise my despair
For there none in the dance that with you can compare
And to watch the young lovers as they swing 'round the floor
Brings tears to these eyes that may see you no more

And in beauty there's none with this lady could buy
She's as pure as the stars and the blue of the sky
She's as fair as a lily and as sweet as a rose
And there's nothing can tempt me, her name to disclose

No drink will I take for to lighten my heart
But the wildest adventures I'll take for my part
No women on earth will I have for a bride
'Til I cross the wild Atlantic to be your side

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Or I'll cross the wild Atlantic to be by your side