On Stranger Tides

Hans Zimmer

Upon one summer's morning, I carelessly did stray, Down by the Walls of Wapping, Where I met a sailor gay, Conversing with a young lass, Who seem'd to be in pain, Saying, William, when you go, I fear you will ne'er return again. My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold, There is nothing can console me But my jolly sailor bold. His hair it hangs in ringlets, His eyes as black as cole, May happiness attend him wherever he M may go, From Tower Hill to Blackwall, I will wander, weep and moan, All for my jolly sailor, Until he sails home. My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold, There is nothing can console me But my jolly sailor bold. My father is a merchantâ€" The truth I now will tell, And in great London City In opulence doth dwell, His fortune doth exceed â, \$\mathbf{x}300, 000 gold, And he frowns upon his daughter, Who loves a sailor bold. A fig for his riches, Jis merchandize, and gold, True love is grafted in my heart; Give me my sailor bold: My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold, There is nothing can console me

But my jolly sailor bold. Should he return in poverty, From o'er the ocean far, To my tender bosom, I'll press my jolly tar. My sailor is as smiling As the pleasant month of May, And often we have wandered through Ratcliffe Highway, Many a pretty blooming Young girl we did behold Reclining on the bosom Of her jolly sailor bold. My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold, There is nothing can console me But my jolly sailor bold. My name it is Maria, A merchant's daughter fair, And I have left my parents And three thousand pounds a year, Come all you pretty fair maids, Whoever you may be Who love a jolly sailor That ploughs the raging sea, While up aloft, in storm, From me his absence mourn, And firmly pray, arrive the day, he's never more to roam. My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold, There is nothing can console me But my jolly sailor bold. My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold, There is nothing can console me But my jolly sailor bold.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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