

Rocks of Merasheen

Great Big Sea

The fondest wish I ever had since the day that I was weaned,
Is to go back and walk again on the rocks of Merasheen;
I still recall the sad farewell I bid her on that day,
When all upon a whaling ship I went to earn my pay; On the hard rocks, the rocky rocks, the rocks of
Merasheen. From out of Rose au Rue we sailed to hunt the big fish down.
We sailed upon the ocean 'til we sailed the world around.
With girls in every port of call, I did go well astray,
Forsaking her I left behind back in Placentia Bay; On the hard rocks, the rocky rocks, the rocks of
Merasheen. Now in my old and aching age, I think of her once more,
Of how she fared while waitin' for my knock upon her door;
What fate was hers I do not know, but in my sleep I've seen
Her walkin' on the cliffs upon the rocks of Merasheen; On the hard rocks, the rocky rocks, the rocks of
Merasheen,
On the hard rocks, the dirty rocks, the rocks of Merasheen.

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