

Safe Upon the Shore

Great Big Sea

A girl upon the shore did ask a favour of the sea;
"Return my blue eyed sailor boy safely back to me.
Forgive me if I ask too much, I will not ask for more,
but I shall weep until he sleeps safe upon the shore." As though the sea did hear her plea, a vision did appear,
the drifting tip of some wrecked ship came floating ever near.
A figure there did cling to it, approaching more and more,
as if to ride on some strange tide, safe upon the shore. So give a sailor not your heart
lest sorrow you do seek;
let true love not be torn apart
by favours from the sea. My love, she cried as she spied the figure on the spar,
his clean white shirt was drenched and torn, he must have floated far.
She thought with bliss how she would kiss the lips she did adore,
and oh, how sweet to see his feet safe upon the shore. So give a sailor not your heart
lest sorrow you do seek;
let true love not be torn apart
by favours from the sea. As she drew near, she felt the fear that something was astray.
His mouth was slack and his blue eyes stared blindly at the day.
And in a daze, she turned her gaze from the corpse the driftwood bore,
and the cold cold sea pushed ruthlessly, safe upon the shore. So give a sailor not your heart
lest sorrow you do seek;
let true love not be torn apart
by favours from the sea. Now fishermen, they cast their nets like miners pan for gold.
And sailors push off from the docks and pray the gales will hold.
The sea just sits silently, but sometimes, she does more.
And someone weeps as her love sleeps safe upon the shore.

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