

# Barque in the Harbour

## Great Big Sea

From a barque in the harbor I went roaming on shore  
And stepped into a pub where I was oft times before  
And as I was sitting and enjoying my glass  
Who chanced to walk in but a young Spanish lass  
She sat down beside me and kept squeezing my hand  
Saying, "Sir you're a stranger not long to this land  
Will you roam, Johnny Sailor, would you roam along with me  
To some lonesome spot where nobody can see?"  
"Don't you leave me Johnny Sailor," were the words she did cry  
Waving and weeping and wiping her eyes  
When you reach home in your own Newfoundland  
Think of the young Spaniard who kept squeezing your hand  
I quickly consented with her for to roam  
She lived by herself in a neat little home  
She was brisk, plump and jolly and her age scarce nineteen  
And the name of that maiden I think was Irene  
One fine summer's morning our ship, she set sail  
And down by the seashore lovely Irene she came  
Waving her pocket handkerchief and wiping her eyes  
"Don't leave me Johnny Sailor," were the words she did cry  
"Don't you leave me Johnny Sailor," were the words she did cry  
Waving and weeping and wiping her eyes  
When you reach home in your own Newfoundland  
Think of the young Spaniard who kept squeezing your hand  
I'll give you farewell love on a fine summer's breeze  
But love don't forget me when you're crossing the sea  
And when you are married and enjoying your bride  
Think on the young maiden who lay by your side  
"Don't you leave me Johnny Sailor," were the words she did cry  
Waving and weeping and wiping her eyes  
When you reach home in your own Newfoundland  
Think of the young Spaniard who kept squeezing your hand  
Think of the young Spaniard who kept squeezing your hand

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