

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 scare 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 hankerchief 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
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