

THE BARQUE IN THE HARBOUR

The barque in the harbour, I kept roaming on shore,
I went into a ale house where I never been before;
It was there I sat drinking and enjoying my glass,
When who should pass by me but a young Spanish lass.

Oh she came and sat by me, she kept squeezing my hand,
Saying, "Young man, by your features, you are not from this land,"
Saying, "If you will come with me I will roam along with you
To some lonely valley where there's no one can see."

With her I gave consent, I went roaming along

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She was tall fair and handsome, and her gae scarce sixteen,
And the name of that Spaniard, I think, twas Eileen.

It was early the next morning our good ship sat sail,
It was down by the sea-side lovely Eileen did stray,
With her pocket hand-crechief she kept drying her eyes -
"Don't you leave me jolly sailor," was the words she replied.

Oh I will bid you adieu, love, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ on a fine summer's breeze,
Don't forget me, jolly sailor, when you're crossing the seas,
And when you'll reach port safe in your own Newfoundland,
Think on that young Spaniard who kept squeezing your hand.
Oh when you are married and enjoying your bride,
Think on that young Spaniard who sat down by your side.