

## Moonfleet Bay

Chris de Burgh

Alas poor John, he was a prisoner,  
Fortune's fool for many a day,  
Blinded by that cursed diamond,  
With his freedom, he must pay;

And so it was for faithful Elzevir,  
Cast in chains for ten long years,  
With never a word of blame or anger,  
Just for John, t'was only tears;

Oh oh oh, only tears,  
Oh oh oh...

Blow, wind blow,  
And send them home again,  
Set the sails for England's way,  
Many a heart is grieving for them,  
Bring them back to Moonfleet Bay;

And as for Grace,  
She'd still be waiting,  
Waiting for her only love,  
Every night a candle burning at her window,  
Should he come;

Oh oh oh, should he come,  
Oh oh oh...

Blow, wind blow,  
And send them home again,  
Set the sails for England's way,  
Many a heart is grieving for them,  
Bring them back to Moonfleet Bay;

Blow, wind blow,  
And send them home again,  
Set the sails for England's way,  
Many a heart is grieving for them,  
Bring them back to Moonfleet Bay;

Many a heart is grieving for them,  
Bring them back to Moonfleet Bay!