

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!