

The Flandyke Shore

John Wesley Harding

I went unto my love's chamber window
Where I often had been before
Just to let her know unto Flandyke shore
Unto Flandyke shore
Never to return to England no more
Never to return to England no more

I went unto my love's chamber door
Where I never had been before
There I saw a light springing from her clothes
Springing from her clothes
Just as the morning sun when first arose
Just as the morning sun when first arose

As I was walking on the Flandyke shore
Her own dear father I did meet
My daughter she is dead he cried
She is dead he cried
And she's broken her heart all for the love of thee
So I hove a bullet on to fair England's shore
On to fair England's shore
Just where I thought that my own true love did lay