

Flandyke Shore

Marianne Faithfull

I went unto my own love's chamber window,
Where I had often been before,
Just to let her know love 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 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 need
"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 onto fair England's shore,
Onto fair England's shore,
Just where I thought my own true love did lay.