

# The Maid On The Shore

Stan Rogers

There is a young maiden, she lives all a-lone  
She lived all a-lone on the shore-o  
There's nothing she can find to comfort her mind  
But to roam all a-lone on the shore, shore, shore  
But to roam all a-lone on the shore  
'Twas of the young Captain who sailed the salt sea  
Let the wind blow high, blow low  
I will die, I will die, the young Captain did cry  
If I don't have that maid on the shore, shore, shore ...  
I have lots of silver, I have lots of gold  
I have lots of costly ware-o  
I'll divide, I'll divide, with my jolly ship's cress  
If they row me that maid on the shore, shore, shore ...  
After much persuasion, they got her aboard  
Let the wind blow high, blow low  
They replaced her away in his cabin below  
Here's adieu to all sorrow and care, care, care ...  
They replaced her away in his cabin below  
Let the wind blow high, blow low  
She's so pretty and neat, she's so sweet and complete  
She's sung Captain and sailors to sleep, sleep, sleep ...  
Then she robbed him of silver, she robbed him of gold  
She robbed him of costly ware-o  
Then took his broadsword instead of an oar  
And paddled her way to the shore, shore, shore ...  
Me men must be crazy, me men must be mad  
Me men must be deep in despair-o  
For to let you away from my cabin so gay  
And to paddle your way to the shore, shore, shore ...  
Your men was not crazy, your men was not mad  
Your men was not deep in despair-o  
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself  
I'm a maiden again on the shore, shore, shore