

South Coast

The Kingston Trio

South Coast, the wild coast, is lonely.
You may win at the game at Jolon,
But the lion still rules the barranca,
And a man there is always alone.

My name is Juan Hano de Castro.
My father was a Spanish grandee
But I won my wife in a card game,
To hell with the lords o'er the sea.
I picked up the ace. I had won her!
My heart, which was down at my feet
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry -
Like a warm summers' day, she was sweet.

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Her arms had to tighten around me
As we rode up the hills from the South
Not a word did I hear from her that day -
Or a kiss from her pretty red mouth.
We came to my cabin at twilight.
The stars twinkled out on the coast
She soon loved the valley, the orchard -
But I knew that she loved me the most.

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Then I got hurt in a landslide
With crushed hip and twice-broken bone
She saddled our pony like lightning -
Rode off in the night, all alone.
The lion screamed in the barranca
The pony fell back on the slide
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight.
My heart died that night with my bride.

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