

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

"Just As The Tide Was A Flowing"

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[music: Traditional/lyric: arranged by 10,000 Maniacs]

On one morning
In the month of May
When all the birds
Were singing

I saw a lovely maiden stray
Across the fields at break of day
She softly sung her roundelay

The tide flows in
The tide flows out
Twice every day returning

Her cheeks were red
Her eyes were brown
Her hair in ringlets hanging down
Upon her face to hide the frown

Just as the tide was a flowing
The tide flows in
The tide flows out
Twice everyday returning

A sailor's wife at home must bide
She halted heavily she sighed
"he parted from poor me , a bride
I'm widowed by the sea" she cried

Just as the tide was a flowing

The tide flows in
The tide flows out
Twice every day returning

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