

The Mariner's Children

"Coal"

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Tell my mother that I love her
But I must be on my way
Took a few things from the cupboard
That I promise to replace
Left some money on the table
Be wise and spend it well
For the harvest hasn't yielded
And there's nothing left to sell

Take the children to the schoolhouse
Don't let them stay up late
Kiss them goodnight and make sure
There's food upon their plates
Feed them properly, feed them healthily
There's apples on the trees
Tell them regularly that I love them
Don't let them forget me

There's no more coal for
The fire my love
But I'll gladly burn myself

There's nothing left for
To try my love
So bottoms up dear
Here's to your health

There's a bucket in the stable
In case you need it for the well
And a rifle in the cradle
In case the neighbours come to wish us well
I'll try to be back soon
Before the rains set in
But who knows what my fortune
Will hold
What it'll bring

There's no more coal for
The fire my love
But I'll gladly burn myself
There's nothing left for

To try my love
So bottoms up dear
Here's to your health

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