

Great Big Sea

"Barque In the Harbor"

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From a barque in the harbour I went roaming on shore,
And stepped into a pub where I was oft' times before,
And as I was sitting and enjoying my glass,
Who chanced to walk in but a young Spanish lass...

She sat down beside me and kept squeezing my hand,
Sayin' "Sir, you're a stranger not long to this land,
Will you roam, Jolly Sailor, would you roam along with
me,
to some lonesome spot where nobody can see..."

Chorus:

"Don't you leave me Jolly Sailor," were the words she
did cry,
Waving and weeping and wiping her eyes,
"When you reach home in your own Newfoundland,
Think of the young Spaniard who kept squeezing your
hand..."

I quickly consented with her for roam,
She lived by herself in a neat little home,
She was brisk, plump and jolly and her age scarce 19,
And the name of that maiden I think was Irene....

One fine summer's morning, our ship she set sail,
And down by the seashore lovely Irene, she came,
Waving her pocket handkerchief and wiping her eyes,
"Don't leave Jolly Sailor," were the words she did cry...

Chorus

"I'll bid you farewell, love, on a fine summer's breeze,
But love don't forget me when your crossing the sea,
And when you are married and enjoying your bride,
Think on the young maiden who lay by your side..."

Chorus

