

Jill Anderson

"The Woman And The Sea"

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On the storm torn shoreline
A woman is standing
The spray strung like jewels in her hair
And the sea tore the rocks of that desolate landing
As if fate had known she stood there

She has come down to condemn that wild ocean
For the murderous loss of her man
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

Oh white were the wave caps
And wild was their pardon
So fierce is the waring of love
But she prayed to the gods of both men and of
saviours
not to cast their cruel nets o'er her love

She has come down to condemn that wild ocean
For the murderous loss of her man
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

There's a school on the hill

Where the sons of dead fathers
Are lead towards tempest and gate
Where their god given wings are clipped close to their
bodies
And their eyes are bound round with ship sails

She has come down to condemn that wild ocean
For the murderous loss of her man
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

Now what leads man to a life filled with danger
Where seas and islands are one
When meat is his master and poverty's no stranger
And there's no other work to be done

And she has come down to condemn that wild ocean

For the murderous loss of her man
His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning
And it's feared she's gone down with all hands

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