

The Decemberists

"The Island: Come & See/the Landlord's Daughter/you'll Not Feel The Drowning"

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[Come and See]

There's an island hidden in the sound
Lapping currents lay your boat to ground
Affix your barb and bayonet
The curlews carve their Arabesques
And sorrow fills the silence all around
Come and see

There's a harbor lost within the reeds
A jetty caught in over-hanging trees
Among the bones of cormorants
No boot-mark here nor finger prints
The rivers roll down to a soundless sea
Come and see
Come and see

The tides all come and go
Witnessed by no waking eye
The willows mark the wind
And all we know for sure
Amidst this fading light
We'll not go home again
Come and see
Come and see

In the lowlands, nestled in the heat
A briar-cradle rocks its babe to sleep
Its contents watched by Sycorax and patagon in
parallax
A foretold rumbling sounds below the deep
Come and see
Come and see

The tides all come and go
Witnessed by no waking eye
The willows mark the wind
And all we know for sure
Amidst this fading light
We'll not go home again

Come and see
Come and see

[The Landlord's Daughter]

As I was a-ramble down by the water
I spied in sable the landlord's daughter

Produced my pistol, then my saber
Said, "Make no whistle or thou will be murdered!"

She cursed, she shivered, she cried for mercy,
"My gold and silver if thou will release me!"

"I'll take no gold miss, I'll take no silver.
But I'll take those sweet lips, and thou will deliver!"

[You'll Not Feel the Drowning]

I will dress your eyelids
W' dimes upon your eyes
Lay you close to water
Green your grave will rise

Go to sleep now, little ugly
Go to sleep now, you little fool
Forty winking in the belfry
You'll not feel the drowning
You'll not feel the drowning

Forget you once had sweethearts
They've forgotten you
Think you not on parents
They've forgotten too

Go to sleep now, little ugly
Go to sleep now, you little fool
Forty winking in the belfry
You'll not feel the drowning
You'll not feel the drowning

Go to sleep now, little ugly
Go to sleep now, you little fool
Forty winking in the belfry
You'll not feel the drowning
You'll not feel the drowning

Hear you now the captain
Heave his sorrow'd cry
The weight upon your eyelids
Is dimes laid on your eyes

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