

Unknown

"Solar"

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LURE OF THE SEA

When I was young and thought about my life
I wondered what the times they owed to me
My mother's love showed me what I would learn
Take no more than what my merit earned

In my town, the choices they were three
The oystering, the farming, and the sea
The land, for me, spoke of hardship and strife
And so I chose the bold seafaring life

Oh the lure, the lure allure allure
The lure and the calling of the sea
Well would I be one the shoreline with thee
Tending o' me own chandlery

I went to sea with silver pieces three
They slipped into the water from my hands
The mate, he said, "Make your mark upon the bow
And we'll fetch them out when we return to land"

I studied hard, the captain taught me well
No need to seek attractions on the shoreline
The hours were long and the work it was hard
But I was captain by the age of twenty-one

Storms, disease, and many lives were lost
Our anchor touched at many points of calling
Some tides ran smooth and high was the cost
But five and thirty years were worth it all

Now as I look back and think of many friends
How was it I escaped from Neptune's graveyard?
When beacon's glow I could no longer sight
Was then I quit the bold seafaring life

by Jim Albertson assembled from the journals of
Captain Alonzo
Bacon and set to the Broom of the Cowdenknowes

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