

Allan Taylor

"Our Captain Cried All Hands"

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Our captain cried "All hands away tomorrow"
Leaving our girls behind in grief and sorrow
What makes us go abroad, fighting for strangers
When we could stay at home, and free from dangers?

I'd roll you in my arms, my dearest jewel
So stay at home with me and don't be cruel
She fell down on the floor like one who's dying
This house was filled with grief, sighin' and cryin'

You courted me a while just to deceive me
Now that you've gained my heart, you mean to leave
me
For there's no trust in men, not my own brother
So girls if you should love, love one each other

The drums are beating loud, the pipes are playin'
I must be on my way, no longer stayin'
Dry off your briny tears and leave off weepin'
And happy we will be at our last meeting

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