

The Weavers

"Eddystone Light"

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Me father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light
And corded a mermaid one fine night
From this union there came free
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free
Oh, for the life on the rolling sea

One night, while I was trimming of the glim
Singing a verse from the evening hymn
A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy"
And there was me mother, a-sitting on the buoy
Don't be ridiculous the buoy is a jubilant male
No a buoy, it guides the ships to sail

Tell me what has become of my children of three ?
My mother then she asked of me
One was exhibited as a talking fish
And the other was served on a chafing dish

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free
Oh, for the life on the rolling sea

Then the phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair
I looked again me mother wasn't there
Her voice came echoing out of the night
"Where the devil with the keeper of the Eddystone
Light"

Oh, yo ho ho, the wind blows free
Oh, for the life on the rolling sea

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