

JENNY STORM

(Spring Tide Rising 2010)

As Jenny was walking along the sea sands
The larks they sing so clearly –O
There she met a fisherlad, net in his hands
As the tide came flowing in

Oh why are you walking the sands all alone
I'm searching for driftwood to build me a home

For tomorrow I wed a young sailor so gay
His ship lies at anchor out in the bay

Tomorrow we go to the church on the brow
Fisher folk, weavers and plough lads and all

From this jilted fisher lad what would you get?
Two lucky stones and fine earrings of jet

I'll take no stone nor earrings from thee
But the token I gave you give back to me

Your token is safe in Boggle Hole nook
You can find it yourself if you go there and look

But in Boggle Hole lay the lad she should wed
Foul seaweed was tangled about his head

The seaweed was tangled about his head
The lips she once kissed, now with blood they were red

No word did she speak, no tear wet her eye
But her terrible laughter flew to the sky

They buried him by the light of the moon
Took her to the madhouse in Scarborough Town