

Leave the Sea Johnny

Unless you leave the sea Johnny, unless you leave the ships
You'll come no more a courting, for I'll not have your lips
No, I'll not have your kisses, and I'll not be your bride
And I'll not walk with you Johnny, at the turning of the tide

My father was a seafarer, the same Johnny, as you
He lies down in the deep salt sea, along of all his crew
And would you have me wake at dawn, without you by my side,
With you upon the restless waves, at the turning of the tide?

Ah well I know you seafarers, the way that you will roam
With your laughter and your singing out upon the white sea foam
And how would I be knowing who it was you lay beside?
I'd as soon the fishes claimed you at the turning of the tide

So when you learn to plough Johnny, and how to reap a field
As soon you plant an apple tree, the sooner I shall yield
Choose rooks instead of gulls Johnny, the furrow for your guide
Then build for me a home and shun the turning of the tide

Hamish McLaren