

The Salt and the Lash

*(I found this in Linda's papers and it sounds very much like here work.
If not I apologise to the author) I could not find a tune.*

Oh the salt and the lash and the wind and the rain
He is bound away southerly, victories to gain
For a captain so cruel and a life full of pain
He's Sailing away.....

He's a poor farming lad on the land he had toiled
He had but three acres of rough Yorkshire soil
But they pressed him far foreign to the Andrew one day
He's taken away.....

And the salt air did ravage and blister his skin
And the wind cut right through him and chilled him within
And the ropes and the rigging tore his fingers so thin
Sailing away.....

And the sheep are unfed and the cattle will bray
We've no barley for market and the cows have no hay
And it's pity poor me since you've gone far away
Taken away.....

In the dark of the night he sat down and sighed
And the shot burned his skin on the sea rough and wild
And he fought like a man but he cried like a child
Sailing away.....

And the wife left behind with her children so poor
Wracked by the sorrow and grief that she bore
As her eyes green as Erin looked out from the shore
He's taken away.....

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