

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Finisterre

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Farewell, Finisterre,
Sleep away the afternoon
Rocking with the tide,
Drinking with the moon
I found a ticket in my pocket
All the way from Port-of-Spain
And the warm wind from the Indies covered me again.

Santander, the sky is falling
The tale we told each other has an end
Santander, you hear me calling
You, that never lost a friend...

We'd often look for gold,
Treasure buried in the sand
We hid it long ago,
Before our wars began
When the world was green and early
And time was on our side
Before the storm got up to blow us far and wide.

Santander, the sky is falling
The tale we told each other has an end
Santander, you hear me calling
You, that never lost a friend...

Farewell, Finisterre,
Sleep away the afternoon
Just rocking with the tide,
Drinking with the moon
Last night I turned the glasses over
And I drank the bottle dry
The moon stared out to sea all night and so did I.

Santander, the sky is falling
The tale we told each other has an end
Santander, you hear me calling
You, that never lost a friend,
Never lost a friend...

Here's my approximate transcription of the lyrics; June Tabor is one of my favorite singers, but she swallows her consonants...

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Finisterre is the far NW corner of Spain (Finis= end, terre=earth) and
Santander is on the North coast of Spain on the Bay of Biscay...
Good depressing romantic song!

MLM
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