

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Widow's Walk

Widow's Walk
(Brendan Nolan)

She stood by the window, as the waves crashed the shore,
To watch him come home, as he had times before.

CHO: Oh, carry him home to me,
Break the sea down for him,
Carry my love home to me.

It's late in the year, and the storm winds awaken,
To the hardiest of sailors, the sea does not beckon

At their shady cove moorings, the small boats rock gently,
Safe from the sea winds, till the new season's plenty

This room is my refuge from the toils of the day,
It's here I find peace, and it's here I can pray, that you'll

If the sea take my love, to his grave in the ocean,
God make me a silkie, that I might lie with him.

BM
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