

# The Coastguard's Daughter - song lyrics

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The Coastguard's Daughter.

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Words by W. C. Robey. Music by Charles Connolly.

As sung by J. W. Myers.

The maddened waves roll mountains high on the bleak and barren coast,  
The coasignard, with his glass in hand, stood at his lonely post,  
The dark horizon quick he scanned-he swept it far and near;  
He'd weathered gales as bud as that without a sign of fear.  
Up spoke the coastguard's daughter, a bright and winning child:  
"Oh! father, keep a watchful eye, the night is bleak And wild;  
I hear the minute gun at sea, I hear its warning shocks;  
Some vessel with it's noble crew is drifting on the rocks.

Chorus.

Black tho' the night may be out on the stormy coast.  
Only a girl with a woman's heart, she stands at her father's post,  
Ever waiting for ships at sea tossed by the tempest wild;  
A noble example of Gods great work, tho' only a coastguard's child.

A noble vessel rides along and makes for the long-wished port-  
Up go the signals of distress, she in the storm is caught;  
The cry goes forth, "The ship is lost"-the breakers are ahead,  
And by the fearful gale unto destruction she is led.  
The coastguard's daughter mans a boat; to brave the surf she tries;  
No thought of danger while she hears such agonizing cries;  
Too late! too late! that noble heart the father calls in vain-  
Until the sea gives up it's dead, she'll ne'er return again.

Chorus.

Black tho' the nights had been, out on the stormy coast.  
Only a girl with a woman's heart, she had stood at her father's post.  
Ever waiting for ships at sea, tossed by the tempest wild;  
A noble example of God's great work, tho' only a coastguard's child.

No longer does the coastguard keep his watch on the fog-bound coast;  
The storm had gone, but he was found there-dead at his lonely post;  
He'd seen the wreck of the noble ship-he'd watched the timbers part;  
But could there be a greater wreck than that of his noble heart?  
The deeds of gallant soldiers upon the battle plain  
Are equaled by the deeds of those who plough the angry main;  
No braver action ere was known upon the ocean wild  
Than that recorded up above-done by the coasignard's child.  
Chorus.

Black tho' the nights had been, out on the stormy coast.  
Only a girl with a woman's heart, she had stood at her father's post.  
Ever waiting for ships at sea, tossed by the tempest wild;  
A noble example of God's great work, tho' only a coastguard's child.