

CANDLES

Jon Heslop

The sea she is a harsh and bit - ter miss-tress, she on - ly gives her pleas - ures in re -

6 pay - ment of men's lives. Yet con - stant-ly they go to her to reap the sil - ver har-vest, long

12 days and nights far from their homes and wives. Oh, I will keep a can - dle in the win-dow, I

18 will keep a watch up - on the sea. I will say a prayer to an - y saint who'll

24 hear and pray that my love comes safe to me Safe ho-me to me. _____

After last chorus only

The sea she is a harsh and bitter mistress,
she only gives her pleasures in repayment of men's lives.
Yet constantly they go to her to reap the silver harvest,
long days and nights far from their homes and wives.

*Oh, I will keep a candle in the window,
I will keep a watch upon the sea.
I will say a prayer to any saint who'll hear
and pray that my love comes safe to me.*

See the boats so grand along the quayside,
how small they are and fragile when out upon the waves.
See the men so tall and strong, the boys with faces shining,
How many will bear flowers upon their graves?

See the sun go down like molten metal,
horizon to horizon the sidelights burning clear.
From Rame down to The Lizard you can see our boats out working.
Our boats, our men and all that we hold dear.

Little Cornish boats upon the ocean,
each as great as any Spanish galleon in its pride.
And all on board worth more to us than any gold or silver.
How watchfully we wait the morning tide.