

Eamon

Guy Clark

EAMON SWALLOWED ANCHOR AND STEPPED HIMSELF ASHORE
SET SEABOOT DOWN ON COBBLESTONE HE'D NEVER TROD BEFORE
A LONE FOG ON THE HARBOUR DID OBSCURE THE RIGGING LIGHTS
AND THE TERRA FIRMA TAVERN CAST A WARM AND GLOWING LIGHTSING

FARE THEE WELL
CALM SEAS OR SWELL
RED EVENING SKY

HOME AND DRYEAMON WENT TO SEA FOR LIFE THE DAY HE TURNED
FOURTEEN

ON A MERCHANT CARGO STEAMER BOUND FOR KWAJALEIN
BY WAY OF CARTAGENA HE WOUND UP IN ISTANBUL
NINETEEN TIMES AROUND THE HORN WOULD MAKE A DUTCHMAN DROOL
CHORUSNOW EAMON HEADED INLAND TILL HE COULD NOT SMELL THE SEA
WHERE THEY'D NEVER SEEN A BOAT THAT'S WHERE HE WENT TO BE
AND THEY DRESSED HIM IN HIS PEACOCK PULLED HIS SEABOOT ON
STITCHED HIM IN HIS HAMMOCK AND SENT HIM SAILING HOMECHORUS

SING FARE THEE WELL
CALM SEAS OR SWELL
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES
HOME AND DRY

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