

Flandyke Shore

Trad

I went unto my own love's chamber window,
Where I had often been before,
To Tell My Love unto Flandyke shore,
Unto Flandyke shore,
Never to return to England no more.
Never to return to England no more.

A7 D Bm7 A7 D

I went unto my own love's chamber door,
Where I had never been before.
I saw a light springing from her clothes,
Springing from her clothes,
Just like the morning sun when first arose,
Just like the morning sun when first arose.

As I was walking on the Flandyke shore
Her own dear father I did see.
"My daughter she is dead," he cried.
"She is dead," he cried.
"And she's broken her heart all for the love of thee."
So I hove a bullet onto fair England's shore,
Onto fair England's shore,
Just where I thought my own true love did lay.