

Eye of the Wind

There's a grocer's boy at the quay
Staring out to the sea
Watches each tall mast, as it slips past
Knowing where he'd like to be
Now the grocer's boy he has gone
In Staithes his story ends
As he ships on a Whitby collier
From the Coaly Tyne to the Thames

*Keeping close to the eye of the wind
Where the bare foot sailors climb free
The famous son of Cleveland
And the greatest sailor at sea*

Sailing 'Freelove' to the Baltic
And 'Friendship' from the Tyne
But the years got too long so our Mate he has gone
To join a ship of the line
He's a Masters Mate and a Bos'n
As the 'Eagles' cannons roar
Then he's master of the 'Pembroke'
And he's bound for Canada Shore

Up the St. Lawrence he sailed
Scraping rocks and shoals
Surviving Indian attacks
Like some immortal soul
Crossing wild rapid waters and cliffs
Showing no fear nor respect
To a place 'neath the Plains of Abraham
He got General Wolfe to Quebec

Somewhere across the ocean
Across a raging sea
Lie lands of myth and legend
Waiting discovery
Over here in England
'Endeavour' makes her way
Bound for the Southern Ocean
Oh, and we'll be home some day

Oh, what a sight to have seen
Battling through a storm
A little Whitby collier
Beating around Cape Horn
To the blue Pacific Ocean
Where flying fish jumped aboard
And on to the isles of danger
Oahu and Bora Bora.

He called it Poverty Bay
New Zealand's first landfall
Charted both the islands
For half a year or more
From the lovely Bay of Islands
Ship Cove and Mercury Bay
The rolling Bark 'Endeavour'
In a fair wind made her way

North and westward he sailed
In Abel Tasman's wake
He was far from Van Diemen's Land
Heading through the Bass Strait
The land birds came out to greet them
They drifted into the dawn
And there when they woke was Australia
Waiting there on an April morn

And in the 'Resolution'
Icy wastes he explored
He sailed Antarctic waters
Where no man had been before
As for the North-West Passage
He laid their dream to rest
Far from the icy barrier
Where his little ships he had pressed

But there were leaks and cracks in her timber
Gaping holes in her hull
She could no longer fly like the fishes
Nor cut through the air like a gull
So to Keealākua, that Polynesian isle
To remast 'Resolution'
He sheltered there for a while

In Keealakakua
Its there they took his life
A father from his children
A husband from his wife
In Keealakakua, stabbed and clubbed and drowned
The greatest sailor murdered
And his blood still stains the sand

Do you see two colliers come sailing
South passed Cleveland's shore
And all that pass are cheering
For his like we'll see no more

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