

My Love Is On Board (Stormbound Version)

Blue Skies turned to grey when 'Rohilla' sailed away
With my man to tend our wounded weary army
He said he really couldn't say what date or even day
He'd be coming home again to see me

Oh, my man works at the weaving in our little Yorkshire town
In summer we would walk among the heather
The scent of summer flower and the smoking chimney tower
Is home to us and will be home forever

Bad bad news I weep as in my dream asleep
That his ship Rohilla's sailing into danger
And I dream my love is stranded on some rocky English shore
Where the lifeboats are the only hope and saviour

And if ever he returns to our north country home
I swear I'll never let him go again
But till there's peace on earth they say, he'll tend the wounded
every day
While I'm left here alone feeling this pain

*And my love he is on board, and I wait to get some word
And only if I could hear him talking
Is he buried in the sea or is he coming home to me
I long to get a letter in the morning*