

PLANTING IN THE SEA

The father was a sailing man,
A pirate some would say,
And Jotun ships and feni boats,
Would be his lifelong prey.
Returning home each season,
His ship would look so grand,
But he felt sick upon dry earth,
For sea'd become his land!

Chorus

*Oh don't you go to sea my child,
You harken now to me.
For not one Apple e'er took root,
When planted in the sea.
No, not one Apple e'er took root,
When planted in the sea.*

The mother took a fancy man,
A swell with pigs and cattle,
We cowered when the ship returned,
We thought there'd sure be battle.
But father laughed and raised his hand,
And waved the strife away,
"Tis only fair, for I've got girls,
Down Fishers Rock, and Hay!"

(chorus)

Now sister was a stubborn girl,
The sea to her was home,
She bought herself a fine strong ship,
The whole wide 'Mere to roam.
And every time that she returned,
Holds full of Jotun plunder,
She'd tell us of new hard won scars,
And sights of woe and wonder.

(chorus)

The brother stayed upon the land,
good council he had heeded.
A'wading out to check for eels
was all the "wet" he needed.
His kin would never rue the day,
a tempest brought foul ruin.
Nor search the shoreline for his corpse,
where shattered spars were strewn.

(chorus)

A Marcher Cog's a wondrous thing,
As tough as any castle,
Her decks a packed with archers bold,
And bill folk ripe for battle.
But even Marchers cannot fight
The storm or white-topped wave
There's many's found their wealth at
sea,
But more a storm tossed grave.

(chorus)

So don't you go to sea my girl,
My boy don't go to sea,
For she's a right cold lover and,
She'll be the end of thee,
The father grew a maudlin,
At this advise he gave,
"for not one apple seed e'er took root,
beneath a rollin' wave",
"no not one apple seed e'er took root,
Beneath a rooooooollin' waaaaave."

[Lyrics Alexander Thomson Music
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