Gay Spanish Maid

Gay Spanish Maid

Twas a gay Spanish maid, at the age of sixteen
Through the valley she roamed far and wide,
Beneath a beech tree she sat down for a rest
With her gay, gallant youth by her side.

"My ship sails to-morrow, my darling," he cried"
And together we ramble no more,
So to-night when your parents retire to rest
Will you meet me to-night, love, on shore!"

That night when her parents retired to rest
Lovely Annie stepped out the hall door,
With her hat in her hand she ran down to the sand
And she sat on a rock by the shore.

The moon had just risen from over the deep
Where the sea and the sky seemed to meet,
Naught came from the deep but a murm'ring wave
And it broke on the sand at her feet.

With her hat in her hand straight home she did go,
And her father he met her half way,
He took her in his arms, and he gave her a kiss
Saying, "He's left you and gone far away."

That nicht it arose to a terrible storm
And the good ship went down in the storm,
He swam to a plank that escaped from the wreck,
While the rest met a watery grave,

He returned to his love he had left on the shore.
How she thought of her boy in the storm!
She died like a rose that is called by the frost,
And she left him in sorrow to mourn.

Laws K16
DT #560
From Creighton, Songs and Ballads From Nova Scotia no.35
collected from Mrs. Grantmyre in Halifax
SOF
oct96