

Henry Clark

Seth Lakeman

Worthy of a friendship lying underneath a stone,
He was a proper master, all of a ship his own.
For houses and great land many gold in store,
I know he`d spent the whole lot and would again I`m sure.
The blackbirds are singing,
At the breaking of the day,
When poor old Henry Clark,
Left and went away.

For twenty years he scarcely slept upon a proper bed.
Sleepin` with that faint heart inside a weary head,
In the weeks he`d gaze out over Plymouth bay,
To show off all those great girls when the boys are back
one day.

Chr.

Now his days are over for he was taken ill.
Carried to a workhouse all against his will,
But being just a mortal he lived a life quite tired,
He only lived for one month then his world expired.

Chr.