

The Sands o The Shore

CHORUS

*O the sands o the shore and the
waves o the sea
When his back is turned, he's a
stranger to me
He's a stranger to me aye an sae let
him be
For I care nae mair for him than the
waves o the sea.*

I aince hed a sweethert but noo I hae
nane
He stole awa my hert but I got it back
again
Aye I got it back again aye an sae let
him be
For I care nae mair for him than the
waves o the sea.

CHORUS

He bocht me a praisent o a braw
diamond ring
He thocht it would entice me to gang
awa wi him
But I wisnae sae foolish as he taen
me to be
An I care nae mair for him than the
waves o the sea.

CHORUS

O he is a son o a high lord and dame
And I am but the dochter o a puir
workin man
Sae let him drink his wine aye an I'll
drink ma tea
For I care nae mair for him than the
waves o the sea.

CHORUS

SILVER DARLINGS

O herrings are harvests that
fishermen glean
Where flashes the silver through
deep ocean green,
But when herring harvests reach old
Aberdeen
They're known as the silver darlings.

CHORUS: *Silver darlings on
Aberdeen quay,
Brought by the fisherman home from
the sea
To the city that stands 'twixt the Don
and the Dee,
The home of the silver darlings.*

The boats leave the harbour, their
wake spreading wide
And empty they roll with the swell of
the tide.

O soon may their hatches be thrown
open wide
For a catch of the silver darlings.

With ice in the rigging and death
down below,
The gales screaming wild and the
glass hanging low,
The wives and the sweethearts are
women who know
The price of the silver darlings.

Alastair McDonald on "The Songs of
Scotland". My CD version lists
Halfin/Hulskramer/McLean
(Cinephonic) as authors.