

# Ranter's Wharf

John Conolly

On Ran-ter's Wharf the sun went sail-ing down Like an old square-rig-ger  
bound for sea once more; And in the mur-mur of the even-ing tide  
I heard a small voice cry - ing, crying on the shore

**I found her weeping by the waterside  
And the evening shadows like a cloak she wore-  
"O Betsy Walton is my name, kind sir-  
I'm here to seek my Johnny...Johnny on the shore."**

**"My Johnny was a handsome sailor-lad,  
And I lost him in the gale of 'ninety-four-  
His vessel broken on the midnight sand,  
And here they found him lying...lying on the shore."**

**"I watch the seasons come and go, kind sir.  
And I'm waiting still, for what can I do more?  
Sometimes I think my Johnny's calling me-  
When I hear the seagulls crying...crying on the shore."**

**On Ranter's Wharf the tide was turning now;  
When the moon came through, no silver girl I saw-  
And was I dreaming, or a drunken man-  
When I heard a seagull crying...crying on the shore...**