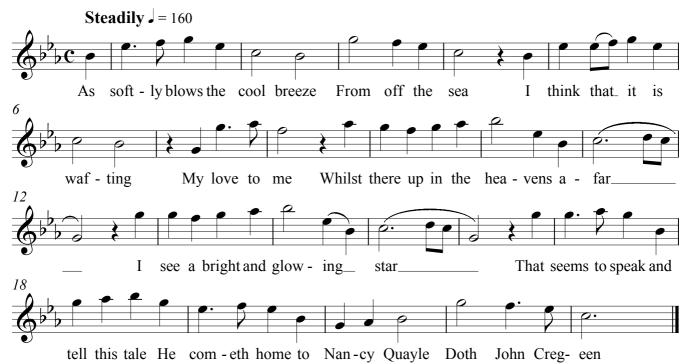
The Manx Fisher Girl

Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam A. Murad



- As softly blows the cool breeze
 From off the sea,
 I feel that it is wafting
 My love to me.
 Whilst there, up in the heavens afar,
 I see a bright and glowing star
 That seems to speak and tell this tale,
 He cometh home to Nancy Quayle,
 Doth John Cregeen.
- 2. So kindly blows the cool breeze
 From off the sea,
 I'm sure it bringeth quickly
 My John to me;
 I hear it murmur in the breeze,
 I hear it rustling in the trees;
 Its voice is clear; it tells this tale,
 He cometh home to Nancy Quayle,
 Doth John Cregeen.
- 3. The wind blows cool this morning From off the sea:
 But still, alas, my loved one
 Is far from me.
 Me ear now hears no pleasant cry,
 Oh, woe is me! I moan and sigh;
 Oh! why did I e'er heed their tale,
 He cometh not to Nancy Quayle,
 Doth John Cregeen.
- 4. The wind blows fresh this evening
 From off the sea:
 I hope it means not danger,
 To John ma chree.
 Why, there's his boat, I know the sail,
 I knew right well he would not fail.
 The wind spoke true, blow soft, blow gale,
 He cometh home to Nancy Quayle,
 Dear John Cregeen.