

# I Stood Upon The Sand Bank

As sung by  
Pearl Jacobs Barusky

Originally in a minor  
08-30-1940 Antigo, WI

5 I stood up - on the sand — bank, so loud - ly roared — wa - ters. I

9 stood up - on the sand — bank, my fa - ther did not come. I

13 caught the main mast in my hands, which tossed me to my na-tive land. I'm a

poor - lit - tle sail - or boy, so far a - way from home.

## Verse 1.

I stood upon the sanbank,  
So loudly roared the waters.  
I stood upon the sand bank,  
My father did not come.  
I caught the main mast in my hands,  
Which tossed me to my native land.  
I'm a poor little sailor boy,  
So far away from home.

## Verse 2.

The ladies heard me crying,  
They opened their windows.  
The ladies heard me crying,  
They welcomed me in.  
Now I shall tell the ladies all,  
The hardships and the dangers of:  
A poor little sailor boy,  
So far away from home.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by MB, Treat, no. 14.

### Editor's notes:

Treat notes similarities between this song and "Beneath the Linden tree (I saw my gentle mother)," both sung for him by Pearl Jacobs Borusky: "Pearl had not made the comparison herself, but she quickly recognized the resemblance once it had been suggested" (Treat 18).

### Sources:

Treat, Asher. "Kentucky Folksong in Northern Wisconsin." *Journal of American Folk-Lore* 52 (January-March 1939): 1-51.