## Banks of Newfoundland

Banks of Newfoundland

(Tune: Van Dieman's Land)

Ye ramblin' boys o' Liverpool, ye sailormen beware;
When you go in a Yankee packet ship, no dungaree jumpers wear,
But have a monkey jacket all up to your command,
For there blows some cold nor'westers on the banks of Newfoundland.

cho: We'll wash her and we'll scrub her down
With holystone and sand,
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks
And the banks of Newfoundland.

We had one Lynch from Ballynahinch, Spud Murphy and Mike Moore,
'Twas in the winter of seventy-three those sea-boys suffered sore.
They popped their clothes in Liverpool, sold them all out of hand,
Not thinkin' on the cold nor'winds on the banks of Newfoundland.

cho:
We had a lady fair aboard, Kate Connor was her name,
To her I promised marriage, and on me she had a claim;
She tore up her flannel petticoats to make mittens for my hands,
For she could not see her true love freeze
On the banks of Newfoundland.

cho:

I dreamed a dream the other night, and I thought I was at home,
Alongside of my own true love, and she in Marybone,
A jug of ale all on my knee, a glass of ale in hand,
But when I woke, my heart was broke
On the banks of Newfoundland.

DT #407
Laws K25