The Banks of Newfoundland (3)

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Oh, you western ocean laborers, I would have you all beware
When you go on board of a packet ship, no dungaree jumpers wear
But have a big monkey jacket always at your command
For there blow some cold nor'westers on the banks of Newfoundland

We had one Lynch from Ballinahinch, Jimmy Murphy and Mike Moore
It was in the winter of sixty-two; those poor boys suffered sore
For they pawned their clothes in Liverpool or sold them out of hand
(or shipped as they did stand)
Never dreaming of cold nor'westers on the banks of Newfoundland

So we'll rub her down and scrub her down with holystone and sand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks and the banks of Newfoundland

We had one female passenger, Bridget Reilly was her name
To her I promised marriage; on me she had a claim
She tore up her flannel petticoats to make mittens for us hands
For she could not see us poor boys freeze on the banks of Newfoundland

The mate jumps up on the capstan head and loudly he did roar:
Come and rattle her in, me lively lads; we're bound for America's shore
Then lay aloft and shake her out and give her all she'll stand
And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks and the banks of Newfoundland

So now it's reef and reef, me boys, with the canvas frozen hard
And it's haul and pass, every mother's son, on a ninety-foot tops'l yard
Never mind your boots and breeches, but haul or you'll be damned
For there blow some cold nor'westers on the banks of Newfoundland

And now we're off Sandy Hook, me boys, and the land's all covered in snow
The tugboat will take our hawser, into New York we will tow
And on the docks, come down in flocks, the pretty girls will stand
Saying, It's warmer with me than it is at sea on the banks of Newfoundland

Learned this from the Yetties record All At Sea JN
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JN

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