

Wreck of the C.P. Yorke

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Oh, come all ye shipmates and listen to me
 To a story that will make you grieve
 Of a tug that went down off Tattenham Ledge
 'Twas on a Christmas Eve.

The C.P. Yorke she was headin' north
 She was headin' north for Duncan Bay
 And though 'twas the mate stood watch at her wheel
 'Twas the devil that guided her way.

She was just about five miles up in the Stretch
 When a south-east gale began to blow
 They headed for shelter in Buccaneer Bay
 That's the only place there was to go.

In Welcome Pass the mate was alert
 For sight of the marker ahead
 But he cut 'er too short comin' out of the Pass
 And grounded on Tattenham Ledge.

The barge dragged the tugboat off into the deep
 She sank twenty fathoms down
 Only the chief and the skipper survived –
 The five other men were drowned.

They salvaged the tugboat and she's working yet
 She has a new crew brave and bold
 But she'll never forget that cold Christmas Eve
 Nor the ghosts of the five in her hold.