

Irish Song Lyrics

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BOUND DOWN FOR NEWFOUNDLAND

On St. Patrick's Day, the seventeenth,
From New York we set sail.
Kind fortune did favour us
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
We bore away from Americay
The wind being off the land.
With courage brave we ploughed the wave
Bound down for Newfoundland.

Our captain's name was Nelson
Just twenty years of age.
As true, as brave a sailor lad
As ever ploughed a wave,
The Eveline our brig was called
Belonging to McLean;
With courage brave we ploughed the wave
Bound down for Newfoundland.

When three days out, to our surprise,
Our captain he fell sick.
And shortly was not able
To show himself on deck.
The fever raged, which made us fear
That death was near at hand
We bore away from Halifax
Bound down for Newfoundland.

We made the land, but knew it not
For strangers we were all;
Our captain was not able
To come on deck at all.
Then we were obliged to haul
Our brig from off the land
With laden hearts we put to sea
Bound down for Newfoundland.

All that long night we ran our brig
Till none o'clock next day.
Our captain, on the point of death,
To our record did say,
"We'll bear away for Cape Canso
Now, boys, come lend a hand
And trim your topsail to the wind
Bound down for Newfoundland."

At three o'clock we sighted a light
Which we were glad to see.
The smallpox it being raging
(That's what it proved to be)
And at four o'clock in the afternoon
As judge as God's command
We anchored her safe in Arichat
Bound down for Newfoundland.

And for help and medicine
Ashore then we did go.
Our captain on the point of death

Our sympathy to show,
At five o'clock in the afternoon
As judge as God's command
In Arichat he breathed his last
Bound down for Newfoundland.

All that ling night we did lament
For our departed friend
And we were praying unto God
For what had been his end.
We'll pray the God will guide us
And keep us by his hand
And give us fair wind while at sea
Bound down for Newfoundland.