

Come all ye jolly sailors brave  
The Amphitrite

Come all ye jolly sailors brave  
That wear the jackets blue,  
While I relate the dangers great  
And hardships of the sea;  
It's of a ship called the Amphitrite,  
With a hundred and eight females,  
With cargo and crew and passengers too,  
Bound out for New South Wales.

2. It was on the eighteenth day of June,  
From the city we set sail,  
Leaving our friends behind us,  
It grieved our hearts full sore.  
And as we bore along the shore,  
Till our friends got out of sight,  
Saying, "Adieu unto you blue-eyed girls  
On board of the Amphitrite."

3. About twelve o'clock on the third day,  
We were all put to a stand,  
When our goodly ship she ran aground,  
All on a bank of sand;  
And the children around their parents flocked  
And tore their hair with fright,  
For to think they must end their days  
On board of the Amphitrite.

4. When our captain found he was aground,  
Both anchors he let go,  
Saying, "Go reef your fore and main-top sails,  
Or soon our fate we'll know!"  
When our ship she gave one dreadful reel,  
And soon went out of sight  
And the shriek and cries would reach the skies,  
On board of the Amphitrite.

5. All that reached the shore out of our crew  
Were two poor lads and me;  
We reached the shore all on a spar,  
We swam the briny sea.  
One was exhausted by the waves,  
He died that very night;  
That left only two out of our crew  
On board of the Amphitrite.

6. Now the Amphitrite is lost and gone,  
Both passengers and crew,  
Besides thirty-five as brave sailor lads,  
As ever wore jackets blue.  
God grant relief to those poor souls,  
And to those lamenting quite;  
God grant relief to those poor souls  
On board of the Amphitrite.