

The Banks of Newfoundland

You bully boys of Liverpool
I'll have you all beware
When you sail on them packet ships,
no dungaree jumpers wear
But have a big monkey jacket
all ready to your hand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
off the banks of Newfoundland

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
with holy stone and sand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
on the banks of Newfoundland

We had Jack Lynch from Malnahinch,
Mike Murphy and some more
I tell you well, they suffered like hell
on the way to Baltimore
They pawned there gear in Liverpool
and sailed as they did stand
For there blow some cold nor'westers
on the banks of Newfoundland

Now the mate he stood on the fo'c'sle head
and loudly he did roar
Come rattle her in me lucky lads,
you're bound for America's shore
Come wipe the blood off that dead man's face
and haul or you'll be damned
For there blow some cold nor'westers
on the banks of Newfoundland

So now we're off the hook me boys,
and the land is white with snow
And soon we'll see the pay table
and we'll spend the whole night below
And on the docks, come down in flocks,
those pretty girls will say
Ah, It's snugger with me than on the sea,
on the banks of Newfoundland