

The Ocean Ranger

On the fifteenth day of February
Nineteen-Eighty-Two
The Ocean Ranger was capsized
And lost all of its crew
84 precious lives were lost
On that sad and fateful day
Some were Newfoundlanders
And some were C.F.A.

The crew in desperation tried
To launch their covered boats
When they saw the rig, the Ranger
Would no longer stay afloat
But the seas were far too treacherous
And the waves were far too high
And each man knew that hope was gone
It was his time to die

And what an awful night it was
Out on those roaring seas
The Russian trawler went down too
Just sixteen miles east
And thirty Russian lives were lost
And they were just as dear
As those we lost from Newfoundland
And memories we rever

Like their sons who follow after
And their fathers gone before
Our men must earn their living
On that wild and treacherous shore
And whether they're hunting fish
Or seals, whales, or crude oil
They must endure and persevere
In hardship and in toil

And now the wakes are over
And the masses have been said
And the widows and the orphans
Now are left to mourn their dead
We pray to God the father
And the son, and holy ghost
To protect all those who venture forth
Off Newfoundland's fateful coast