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**Ghostly Crew**

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You may smile if you're a mind to, but perhaps you'll lend an ear  
Like men and boys together, well neigh for fifty year  
Who've sailed upon the ocean in summer's pleasant days  
Likewise in stormy winter when the howling wind do rage

I've tossed about on Georges, been fishing in the Bay,  
Down south in early summer-most anywhere would pay.  
I've been in different vessels to the Western Bank and Grand  
Likewise in herring vessels that sail to Newfoundland.

There I saw rough times, I tell you, when things look[ed] rather blue  
Somehow I have been lucky and always have got through.  
I ain't no boast, however-I won't say much, but then  
I wasn't easily frightened like most of other men.

One night as we were sailing, beware of [we were off] land a way  
I never shall forget it until my dying day-  
It was in our grand dog [the dim dark] watches I felt a chilly dread  
Come over me as though I heard one calling from the dead.

Right o'er our rail came climbing, all silent, one by one,  
A dozen hardy sailors. Just wait till I am done.  
Their faces pale and sea-worn, all ghostly through the night  
Each fellow took his station as if he had a right.

They moved about together till land did heave in sight,  
Or rather, I should say so, the lighthouse threw its light  
[lighthouse tower's light] ;  
And then those ghostly sailors all to the rail as one,  
They vanished like the morning dew after the rising sun.

Those were the same poor fellows-I hope God bless their souls  
That our old craft run under that night on Georges Shoals.  
Well, now my song is ended; it is just as I have said [just as I say]  
I do believe in spirits, from that I'm to be led [since that time  
anyway]

DT #701  
Laws D16  
From Doerflinger  
SOF

oct96