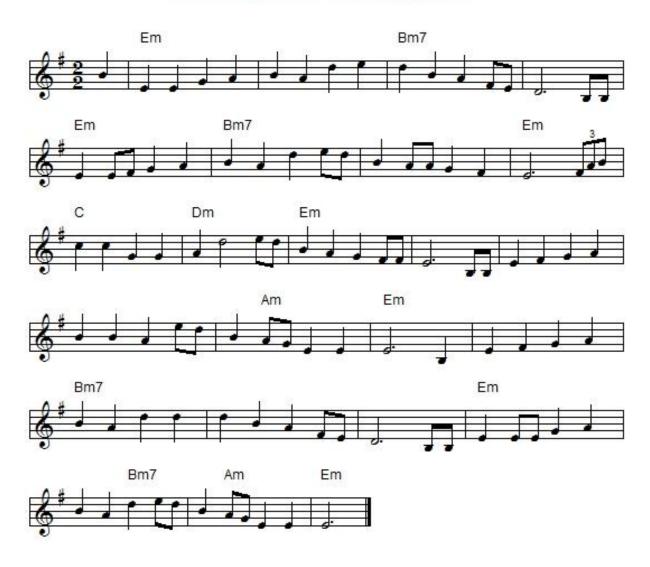
## The Banks of Newfoundland



- Ye ramblin' boys o' Liverpool, Ye sailormen beware; When you go in a Yankee packet ship, No dungaree jumpers wear, But have a monkey jacket All up to your command, For there blows some cold nor'westers On the banks of Newfoundland. We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her down With holystone and sand, And we'll bid adieu to the Virgin Rocks And the banks of Newfoundland.
- 2. We had Jack Lynch from Ballynahinch, Mike Murphy and some more, And I tell you by's, they suffered like hell On the way to Baltimore; They pawned their gear in Liverpool And they sailed as they did stand, But there blows some cold nor'westers On the banks of Newfoundland. Chorus
- Now the mate he stood on the fo'c'sle head And loudly he did roar, Now 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, But there blows some cold nor'westers On the Banks of Newfoundland. Chorus
- 4. So now it's reef and reif, me boys With the canvas frozen hard And this mountain pass every Mother's son On a ninety foot topsail yard Nevermind about boots and oilskins But holler or you'll be damned But there blows some cold nor'westers On the Banks of Newfoundland. Chorus

- 5. We had a lady fair aboard, Kate Connor was her name, To her I promised marriage And on me she had a claim; She tore up her flannel petticoats To make mittens for my hands, For she could not see her true love freeze On the banks of Newfoundland. Chorus
- 6. 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. Chorus
- 7. I dreamed a dream the other night And I thought I was at home, Alongside of my own true love And she in Marybone, A jug of ale all on my knee A glass of ale in hand, But when I woke, my heart was broke On the banks of Newfoundland. Chorus

- This is the first of two versions in Hugill's book.
- It appears in the **Roud Folksong Index** as #1812.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Banks of Newfoundland" is the title of at least six different songs. These are not variations on a single tune, but entirely different songs with different airs and lyrics. All share a common theme – the dangers of fishing or sailing off the coast of Newfoundland – but none are very similar. Edith Fowke suggested this abundance of songs existed because the waters off Newfoundland are an interesting and dangerous place.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Banks of Newfoundland" is an old forebitter often used as a capstan song. It was really a parody of an older forebitter, itself originally a shore ballad called "Van Diemen's Land", a song often sung in Liverpool and as a forebitter often heard in Liverpool ships.

It was printed in Hugill's Shanties from the Seven Seas (1987).

It was recorded by Ewan MacColl and A.L. Lloyd's **Blow Boys Blow** (1957) and a number of others.