

Banks Of Newfoundland

Great Big Sea

1. Ye bully boys of Liverpool, and I'll have you all beware
When you sail on them packet ships, no dungaree jackets wear
But have a big monkey jacket all ready to your hand
For there blow some cold nor'westers on the banks of Newfoundland

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

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

R: We'll scrape her...

3. Now the mate he did stand on the foc'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 the dead man's face
And haul or you'll be damned!"
For there blow some cold nor'westers
on the banks of Newfoundland

R: We'll scrape her...

4. 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 night below
And on the docks, come down in flocks,
why, those pretty girls will say
"It's snugger with me then out on the sea,
on the banks of Newfoundland!"

R: We'll scrape her...