

The Lifeboat Mona

The Dubliners

Remember December of fifty-nine
The howling wind and driving rain
Remember the gallant men who drowned
On the lifeboat, Mona was her name

The wind did blow and the sea rose up
Beat the land with mighty waves
At Saint Andrew's Bay the light ship fought
The sea until her moorings gave

The captain signalled to the shore
"We must have help or we'll go down"
From (Broughty) Ferry at two a.m.
They sent the lifeboat Mona

Eight men formed that gallant crew
They set their boat against the main
The wind's so hard and the sea's so rough
We'll never see land or home again

Three hours went by and the Mona called
The wind blows hard and the sea runs high
In the morning on (Carnusty) Beach
The Mona and her crew did lie

Five lay drowned in the (Chalon) there
Two were washed up on the shore
Eight men died when the boat capsized
And the (eighth) is lost forever more

Remember December of fifty-nine
The howling wind and the driving rain
The men who leave the land behind
And the men who never see land again

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