

We were far from the shores of England  
Far from our children and wives  
To play our hand in the Newfoundland  
where the wind cuts like a knife  
we were far from the shores of England

We shipped on board the Maryanne  
to find a better life  
and we walked across the water  
when she broke up on the ice

We came ashore in Carbonear  
with nothing but our rights  
and I wondered if I e'er again  
would see my London Lights

We were far from the shores of England  
far from our children and wives  
to play our hand in the Newfoundland  
where the wind cuts like a knife  
we were far from the shores of England  
far from our native soil  
to chase a wish, and to hunt the fish,  
and on the rocks to toil  
we were far from the shores of England

We spend our days amid the waves  
working water, hook and twine  
we'd go for weeks with blistered cheeks  
waiting for the sun to shine  
but as long as the sky hold over us  
we will not taste the brine  
and we'll curse the cod with the fear of god  
as we haul in every line

Should we find fortune's favour,  
and be spared from the gale  
we will live off honest labour  
with our hearts as big as sails  
but if I should die don't bury me  
or leave me to the sea  
just send my bones back to my home  
where my spirit can be free