

# Flowers of Bermuda

Heather Dale

He was the Captain of the Nightingale  
Twenty-one days from Clyde in coal  
He could smell the flowers of Bermuda in the gale  
When he died on the North Rock Shoal

Just five short hours from Bermuda in a fine October  
gale  
There came a cry, "Oh, there be breakers dead ahead!"  
From the collier Nightingale  
No sooner had the Captain brought her round, came a  
rending crash below  
Hard on her beam ends, groaning, went the Nightingale  
And overside her mainmast goes.

"Oh, Captain, are we all for drowning?" came the cry  
from all the crew.  
"The boats be smashed! How are we all then to be saved?  
They are stove in through and through!"  
"Oh, are ye brave and hardy collier-men or are ye blind  
and cannot see?  
The Captain's gig still lies before ye whole and sound;  
It shall carry all o' we."

But when the crew was all assembled and the gig  
prepared for sea,  
'Twas seen there were but eighteen places to be manned  
And nineteen mortal souls were we.  
But cries the Captain "Now, do not delay, nor do ye  
spare a thought for me.  
My duty is to save ye all now, if I can.  
See ye return quick as can be."

Oh, there be flowers in Bermuda -- beauty lies on every  
hand  
And there be laughter, ease and drink for every man,  
But there is no joy for me  
For when we reached the wretched Nightingale what an  
awful sight was plain  
The Captain, drowned, was tangled in the mizzen-chains  
Smiling bravely beneath the sea.

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