

The Flowers Of Bermuda

Stan Rogers

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 then are we all 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."

Here we go!
He was the Captain of the Nightingale
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When he died on the North Rock shoal

But when the crew was all assembled
And the gig prepared for sea,
'Twas seen there were but eighteen places to be manned
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 you all now, if I can.
See ye return as quick as can be."

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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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