

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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