

Banks Of Newfoundland

The Irish Rovers

We'll rub her round and we'll scrub her round
With holy stone and sand
And we'll say farewell to the Virgin Rocks
On the Banks of Newfoundland

You bully boys of Belfast town
I'd have you to beware
When you sail on them packet ships
No denim jackets wear
But have a monkey jacket and cover up your hands
For there blows cold Norwesters on the Banks of Newfoundland

We had Joe Jynch of Ballinahinch Mike Murphy and some more
I tell you boys they suffered like hell
On the way to Baltimore
They pawned their gear at Liverpool
And sailed as they did stand
And they froze to death up their aloft
On the Banks of Newfoundland

The mate he stoold on the focle head
And loudly he did roar
Come rattle her in me lucky lads
We're bound for America's shore
Come wipe the blood off that dead man's face
And heave to beat the band
For there blows cold Norwesters on the Banks of Newfoundland

And now we're off the hook me boys
And the land's all white with snow
Soon we'll see the pay table and spend all nights below
And to the docks they come in flocks
Saying it's snugger with me
Than it is at sea on the Banks of Newfoundland