

Great Big Sea "Banks Of Newfoundland"

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Me bully boys of Liverpool
And I'll have you all beware
When you sail on them packet ships,
No dungaree jackets wear
But have a big monkey jacket
All ready to your hand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

Chorus:

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
With holy stone and sand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

We had Jack Lynch from Ballynahinch
Mike Murphy and some more
And I tell you boys, they suffered like hell
On the way to Baltimore
They pawned there gear in Liverpool
And sailed as they did stand
But there blow some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

Chorus:

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
With holy stone and sand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

Now the mate he did stand on the fo'c'sle head

And loudly he did roar
Come rattle her in me lucky lads,
You're bound for America's shore
Come wipe the blood off the dead man's face *)
And haul or you'll be damned
For there blow some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

Chorus:

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her

With holy stone and sand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

So now we're off the hook me boys,
And the land is white with snow
And soon we'll see the pay table
And we'll spend the night below
And on the docks, comin down in flocks,
Those pretty girls will say
It's snugger with me than on the sea,
On the banks of Newfoundland

Chorus:

We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her
With holy stone and sand
For there blows some cold nor'westers
On the banks of Newfoundland

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