

Great Big Sea "Ferryland Sealer"

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Our schooner and our sloop in Ferryland they do lie
She's already rigged to be bound for the ice
All you lads of the Southern, we will have you to beware
She's going to the ice in the spring of the year

Laddie whack fall the laddie, laddie whack fall the day

Our course be east-north-east for two days and two
nights
Our captain he cried out, "Boys, look ahead for the ice"
He hove her about standing in for the land
'Twas in a few more hours he was firm in the jam

Laddie whack fall the laddie, laddie whack fall the day

Our captain, he cried out, "Come on boys, lend a hand"
Our cook, he makes the breakfast and each man takes
a dram
With our gaffs in our hands it was early for to go
Every man showed his action 'thout the missing of a
blow

Laddie whack fall the laddie, laddie whack fall the day

Some were killing, some were scalping, some were
hauling on board
Some more they were firing and a-missing of their
loads
In the dusk of the evening all hands in from the cold
We counted nine hundred fine scalps in the hold

We are now off Cape Spear, in sight of Cape Broyle
We'll dance, sing, carouse, my boys, in just a little
while
We'll soon enjoy the charms of our sweethearts and
our friends
But it will not be long before we're down in the bend

Laddie whack fall the laddie, laddie whack fall the day

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