

Silly

"The Ferryland Sealer"

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Oh our schooner and our sloop in Ferryland they do lie.
They are already rigged to be bound for the ice,
All you lads of the Southern we will have you be aware
She is going to the ice in the spring of the year.

Laddie whack fall the laddie, laddie whack fall the day.

We had vittles for to last more than two months at the
least,
And plenty of good rum, boys, stowed away in our
chest,
We will give her a rally for to praise all our fancy,
All our seals will be collected by the William and the
Nancy.

Our course be east-north-east two days and two nights,
Out captain he cried out, "Boys, look ahead for the
ice!"
And we hove her about standing in for the land,
And 'twas in a few hours we were firm in the jam.

Oh our captain he cried out, "Come on, boys, and bear
a'hand.
Our cook he gets the breakfast and each man takes a
dram,
With their bats in their hands it was earlye to go,
Every man showed his action 'thout the missing of a
blow.

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

Oh now we are loaded and our schooner she is sound,
And the ice it is open and to Ferryland we're bound,
We all gave her a rally for to praise all our fancy,
Our seals they were collected by the William and the
Nancy.

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

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