

The Banks of Newfoundland

Trad., new verse by Lew Toulmin, 12/2020; Waltz DUU; Intro: Em D7 G Em

[Em] Ye bully boys o' Liverpool, I'll [D7] have you all [Em] beware,
[Em] When ye sail on them packet ships, no [D7] dungaree jackets [Em] wear;
But [G] have a big monkey [Em] jacket all [G] ready to your [D7] hand,
For there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland!

Chorus (repeat after each verse):

We'll [G] scrape her and we'll [Em] scrub her, with [G] holystone and [D7] sand,
For there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers, on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland.

[Em] There was Jack the Lynch from Ballynahinch, Mike [D7] Murphy and some [Em] more,
And I [Em] tell ye well, they suffered like hell, on the [D7] way to [Em] Baltimore;
They'd [G] pawned their gear in [Em] Liverpool and they [G] sailed as they did [D7] stand,
And there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland. **CHORUS**

[Em] The mate he did stand on the fo'c'sle head, and [D7] loudly he did [Em] roar:
"Now [Em] rattle her in, my lucky old lads! We're [D7] bound for America's [Em] shore!
Come [G] wipe the mud off the [Em] dead-man's face and [G] haul or you'll be [D7] damned,
For there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland. **CHORUS**

[Em] So now it's hand and reef, me boys, with the [D7] canvas frozen [Em] hard,
And it's [Em] mount and pass every mother's son, on a [D7] ninety-foot tops'l [Em] yard.
Put [G] on your boots and [Em] oilskins, and [G] haul to beat the [D7] band!
For there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland. **CHORUS**

[Em] We'd carried a hod, but now looked for cod, in the [D7] waters off Cape [Em] Race,
We [Em] fished the deep, we lost our sleep; the fog [D7] froze on our [Em] face
But [G] narry a [Em] fish graced our dish, and [G] nothing went as [D7] planned
For there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland. **CHORUS**

[Em] And now we're off the Hook, me boys, and the [D7] land is white with [Em] snow,
And [Em] soon we'll see the pay table and [D7] have all night [Em] below;
And [G] on the docks, come down in [Em] flocks, the [G] girls call from the [D7] strand,
"It's [Em] snugger with me than out on the sea, on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland."

CHORUS

We'll [G] scrape her and we'll [Em] scrub her, with [G] holystone and [D7] sand,
For there [Em] blow some cold nor'westers, on the [D7] Banks of [Em] Newfoundland!