England

Broadcaster

We were far from the shores of England
Far from our children and wives
To play our hand in the Newfoundland
Where the wind cuts like a knife
We were far from the shores of England
We shipped on board the Maryanne
To find a better life
And we walked across the water
When she broke up on the ice
We came ashore in Carbonear
With nothing but our rights
And I wondered if I e'er again
Would see my London lights
We were far from the shores of England
Far from our children and wives
To play our hand in the Newfoundland
Where the wind cuts like a knife
We were far from the shores of England

We spend our days amid the waves
Working water, hook and twine
We would go for weeks with blistered cheeks
Waiting for the sun to shine
But as long as the sky hold over us
We will not taste the brine
And we'll curse the cod
With the fear of God

As we haul in every line
We were far from the shores of England
Far from our children and wives
To play our hand in the Newfoundland
Where the wind cuts like a knife
We were far from the shores of England
Far from our native soil
To chase a wish and hunt the Fish
And on the rocks to toil
We were far from the shores of England
Should we find Fortune's Favor

And be spared from the gale
We will live off honest labor
With our hearts as big as sails
But if I should die don't bury me
Or leave me to the sea
Send my bones back to my home
Where my spirit can be free
We were far from the shores of England
Far from our children and wives
To play our hand in the Newfoundland
Where the wind cuts like a knife
We were far from the shores of England
Far from our native soil
To chase a wish and to hunt the Fish
And on the rocks to toil
We were far from the shores of England

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