

# Ferryland Sealer

## The Brogues

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  
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