

# Banks of Newfoundland

## Great Big Sea

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You bully boys of Liverpool  
And I'll have you all beware  
When you sail on them packet ships  
No dungaree jackets wear But have a big monkey jacket  
All ready to your hand  
For there blows some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her  
With holy stone and sand  
For there blows some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland We had Jack Lynch from Ballynahinch  
Mike Murphy and some more  
And I'll tell you boys, well they suffered like hell  
On the way to Baltimore They pawned their gear in Liverpool  
And they sailed as they did stand  
But there blow some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her  
With holy stone and sand  
For there blows some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland Now the mate, he did stand on the fo'c'sle head  
And loudly he did roar  
Now rattle her in me, lucky lads  
You're bound for America's shore Come, wipe the blood off that dead man's face  
And haul or you'll be damned  
For there blows some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her  
With holy stone and sand  
For there blows some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland So now we're off the hook, me boys  
And the land is white with snow  
And soon we'll see the pay table  
And we'll spend the night below And on the docks, coming down in flocks  
Well, those pretty girls, they will say

It's snugger with me than on the sea  
On the Banks of Newfoundland We'll scrape her and we'll scrub her  
With holy stone and sand  
For there blows some cold nor'westers  
On the Banks of Newfoundland

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