

Shores of Newfoundland

Seán Keane

SHORES OF NEWFOUNDLAND

(Kieran Wade)

We are the Irish fishermen who work out on the deep
Through the storms and winter gales
Trying to make a living pulling codfish from the sea
And hunting for the big black whale

We work out on the Grand Banks in the sun and wind and rain
Two thousand miles from our own land
To fill our holds with salt fish before heading back again
From the shores of Newfoundland

Ah, but nine long months away from no man on board can bear
It's a loneliness too hard to stand
We're gathering up our families and we're going to settle here
On the shores of Newfoundland

CHORUS

And we brought our stories and we brought along our songs
To warm us in the winter cold
And we won't forget our history, boys, nor forget where we came from
Through all the trials that time will bring through the years as we grow old

The English guns have brought our troubled country to despair
And rule it with an iron hand
We seek out some safe harbor and forget about our cares
On the shores of Newfoundland

The seas are full of codfish and woods are full of deer
There's a peace that's hard to understand
We'll take our chance of not being caught and make our home right
On the shores of Newfoundland

CHORUS

We are the Irish fishermen who work out on the deep
And it's here we'll make our stand
We're going to make a living pulling codfish from the sea

On the shores of Newfoundland

On the shores of Newfoundland

Lyrics Submitted by Mike Flynn

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