

The Banks of New Foundland

On St. Patrick's Day the 17th For New York we set sail
Kind Fortune did favor us with sweet and pleasant gale
We borne away for Amerikay the wind being off the land
And we caught a spray as we plowed the waves
Bound down for New Foundland.

Well Our Captain's name was Nelson just 20 years of age
As true and brave a sailor lad has ever plowed the waves
Our brig was called the Evelyn Belonging to McClain
So we borne away towards Halifax
Bound down for New Foundland.

On the third day out to our surprise Our captain he fell sick
He shortly was not able to take his turn on deck
The fever raged which made us think that death was near at hand
So we borne away from Halifax
Bound down for New Foundland.

Well at three o'clock we sighted a sight that we were glad to see
the Small pox it was raging that's what it proved to be
At four o'clock in the afternoon as sure as God's command
He passed away near Arachat
Bound down for New Foundland.

Oh that night long we did lament for our departed friend
And we were praying unto God for what had been his end
We prayed to God to guide us and keep us by his hand
And to send us fair wind while at sea
Bound down for New Foundland.