

Heather Dale, The Greyhound

The Greyhound's sinking in the waves, as fast the sea receives her.
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!
And Captain Bryce is on her deck, so we, her hands, may leave her.
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your failing.
Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better sailing,
Bound for better sailing.

At Bryce's word we went aloft, and fought the screaming bluster
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!
We shortened sails and trimmed the ropes, with all that we could muster
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your failing.
Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better sailing,
Bound for better sailing.

The Greyhound fought to stay aright as, cruel, the wild waves tossed her.
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!
But when the mast began to crack, we knew that we had lost her.
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your failing.
Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better sailing,
Bound for better sailing.

So put your back into it lads, and haul against the thunder.
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!
And cry a prayer into the winds the ship won't pull us under.
Curse the Reaper, bend your back and cheat your sorry grave!

Curse the Reaper cowed in black, he's laughing at your failing.
Pull that oar until it cracks, we're bound for better sailing. (x2)

Bound for better sailing.