

Great Big Sea, Ferryland Sealer

Oh, our schooner and our sloop in Ferryland they do lie
They are already rigged to be bound for the ice
All you lads of the Southern we will have you to beware
She is going to the ice in the Spring of the year

(Chorus:)

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,
And 'twas in a few hours we were firm in the jam.

Oh our captain he cried out, "Come on boys and lend a hand!"
Our cook he gets the breakfast and each man takes a dram.
With their hats in their hands it was earlye for to go,
Every man showed his action 'thout the missing of a blow

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,
And we counted nine hundred fine scalps in the hold.

We are now off Cape Spear and in sight of Cape Broyle
We will dance, sing, carouse, my boys, in just a little while.
We will soon enjoy the charms of our sweethearts and friends,
But it will not be long before we're down to the bend.