

Ferryland Sealer

Great Big Sea

R: Our schooner and our sloop in Ferryland they do lie
She is already rigged to be bound for the ice
All you lads of the Southern, we will have you to beware.
She's going to the ice in the spring of the year
Laddie whack fol the laddie, laddie whack fol the day.

Our course be east-north-east for two days and two nights.
Our captain he cried out, "B'ys, look ahead for the ice!"
He hove her around, standing in for the land,
'Twas in a few hours he was firm in the jam.
Laddie whack fol the laddie, laddie whack fol the day.

Our captain he cried out, "Come on b'ys, lend a hand"
Our cook he makes the breakfast and each man takes a dram.
With our gaffs in our hands it was earlie for to go,
Every man showed his action 'thout the missing of a blow.
Laddie whack fol the laddie, laddie whack fol the day.

Some were killing, some were scalping, some were haulin' them o
n 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'll dance, sing, carouse, me b'ys in just a little while.
We will soon enjoy the charms of our sweethearts and our friend
s,
It will not be long before we're down to the bend.
Laddie whack fol the laddie, laddie whack fol the day.

R: Our schooner and our sloop...

Fol the laddie, laddie whack fol the day (2x)