

THE VOYAGE TO NEWFOUNDLAND

(Ron Baxter)

Tune: Ross Campbell

The glass was low, but the sea was high.
The bows they soared to meet the sky.
A'hogging and a'sagging and a'rolling there,
Not one day out from old Cape Clear,
As to the West-Nor-West we stand
On a voyage out to Newfoundland.

O the wind it blew, way past Force Eight,
And solid water we began to take;
Crashing and a'smashing through the pounding sea,
The cargo it was working free;
The Auto went, the wheel was manned,
As we headed out to Newfoundland.

We took it white, we took it green,
We looked more like a submarine!
Pitching and a'listing, leaking down below,
With the telegraph stuck on "Dead Slow";
We wondered if we'd e'er see land,
As we staggered out to Newfoundland.

The gale blew out, then, off the Banks,
We met the fog so thick and dank.
Creeping and a'crawling through the drifting gloom,
And listening out for the fog-horn's boom;
At last, with joy, on the starboard hand,
We saw the cliffs of Newfoundland.

The pilot cutter came to our side,
As through the Heads we did slowly glide;
"Let go! Let go!" So we dropped our hook
In the pleasant bay of Cornerbrook.
Then "Finished with Engines!" the Old Man rang -
And we'd done with our voyage to Newfoundland.

Notes (RB):- I did a trip on one of Bowater's small paper-carriers. The Nina Bowater was a wonderful little vessel, but not the sort you'd like to cross the Atlantic in - as I had to!

Note (RJC):- there are pictures of the Nina Bowater and other Bowater's ships at the [Merchant Navy Nostalgia Bowater Gallery page http://iancoombe.tripod.com/id47.ht](http://iancoombe.tripod.com/id47.ht)