

The Union of St. John's



Union Of St. John's

*As sung by Jack and Tom Kehoe,
Red Head Cove, 11 November, 1994*

- You stay on shore with your handsome girl,
Telling to her fond tales,
While the hardest work that ever you did,
Was to reap in your own cornfields.
- 'Twas on the fifth of November boy,
When a blinding storm hailed,
It was under a three reef forsail, me by's,
It was on a lee shore we did lay.
- The captain gave his orders,
And orders we must obey,
He said "you better go forward me by's,
Your forsail to lower away."
4. We tried to reef our mainsail,
But that could not be done.
'Twas under a three reef forsail me by's,
Three leagues to the sea she did run.
5. Again she gently rises,
Which caused all hands to say,
"God bless our noble vessel me by's
See how she is heading your way."
6. At three o'clock in the morning,
We received a dreadful shock,
We spied a craft on her beam-ends,
A mile below Bellow's rock.
- We boarded the wreck in the afternoon,
What a dismal sight to behold,
To see four seamen tied to her mast,
Five more in her cabin lay cold.
8. They are the hardy young seamen,
That ever the sun shone on.
A widow will weep for her husband by's,
A mother her darling son.
9. She is the *Union* from St. John's,
Right well I know her name.
And every night when I lie on my bed,
I can hear the young widows complain