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St. Patrick's day in Sixty-five ,
From New York we set sail.
Kind Providence did favour us
With a sweet and pleasant galeⁱ
We bore away from America,
As you shall understand,
With courage brave we rode the waves,
Bound down to Newfoundland.
Stafford Nelson was our Captain's name,
Scarce sixteen years of age,
As good and brave a seaman
As ever crossed the waves.
The* "Abeline" our brig was called,
Belonged to Maitland.
With flowing sheets we sailed away,
Bound down to Newfoundland .
When two days out, to our distress,
Our captain he fell sick,
And shortly was unable
To show himself on deck.

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The fever raged, which made us fear
That death was near at hand,
For Halifax we bore sway
Bound down to Newfoundland *
The land we made but knew it not,
For strangers we were all,
Our captain not being able
To come on deck at all.
So then we were obliged again
To haul her off from land.
With saddened hearts we put to sea
Bound down to Newfoundland .
So all that night we ran our brig
Till early the next day,
Our captain getting worse, we all
With one accord did say:
"We'll square away for Cape Canso
My boys, now bear a hand,"
We spread our canvas to the wind
Bound down to Newfoundland .

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At two o'clock that afternoon,
As you shall understand,
She anchored safe in Arichat ,
Bound down to Newfoundland .
And to the Board of Health that day,
For medical aid did go,
Our captain near the point of death,

That symptoms now did show.

And eight days after we arrived,
At God's just command,
He breathed his last in Arichat ,
Bound down to Newfoundland .

Both, day and night may we lament
For our departed friend,
And pray to be protected
From what has been his end.

Be with us and protect us, God,
By Thine almighty hand,
And guard us safe while on the seas ,
Bound down to Newfoundland .



Notes

- i. **gale**: Synonym of *a burst of sound, especially of laughter*.