

Bridlington Bay
(Tune – Slane)

We can all sing of brave men when battles are won,
 Those men of Trafalgar those heroes of Somme,
 But never forget that there are none so brave,
 As the crews of the lifeboats that battle the waves.
 In the deepest, darkest wind, eighteen seventy one,
 Coal bound for Paris, besieged by the Hun,
 A vast fleet of collier ships heading for France,
 Hoping no storm would impede their advance.

Chorus
Oh the waves oh the waves oh the mighty waves roar
Oh the waves oh the waves oh the mighty waves soar.

They sheltered near Bridlington, safe from the gale,
 No wind in their rigging, no breeze in their sails,
 And anchored and safe deep in Bridlington bay,
 They waited for sunrise to be on their way.
 But a howling wind woke them and a panic ensued,
 Sleet hail and ice, a South Easterly blew,
 The rockets in readiness, waited on shore,
 And the lifeboats plunged into the seas mighty roar.
Chorus

When morning came five ships had all run aground,
 A miracle meant all her crew safely found,
 But the brave lifeboat Whitworth RNLI,
 Heavy and awkward could no longer survive.
 The Delta of Whitby in dire straits lay she,
 And brave David Purdon a judgment made he,
 With the noblest of vision, he made his decision,
 And he joined those brave fellows in the blacking boiling sea.
Chorus

The small lifeboat Harbinger set to in the mire
 Her plucky crew ready her status most dire,
 The swollen sea thrashed the poor boat as she lay,
 And its brutal force battered as she traversed the Bay.
 Oh the rain and the wind made her struggle extreme,
 And she fought the hard current, and the freezing dark sea,
 Then the waves rose above them and a horror befell
 The lifeboat Harbinger succumbed to the swell.
Chorus

Six of the nine lifeboat crew they were lost,
 Capsized they had perished in the foam and the wash,
 As the morning light rose and the wreckage displayed,
 The tragic events seen in Bridlington Bay.
Chorus twice.