

Cape Farewell

To Cape Farewell I bid adieu
 I will return to her no more
 Her mighty swell her sea fret chill
 Her barren Greenland shore
 Black troubled sky, relentless sea
 It's not in my heart to stay
 No fond goodbye inside of me
 No words are left to say.
 We plunder this unholy ground
 All hiding places have been found
 We'll fish her raw till there's no more
 Then we'll return to England.

Amidst the fierce and brutal rain
 Our rigging's battered in the squall
 The calling pierce of seabird cries
 Drowns out the watchman's call.
 Night falling fast the wait begins
 The trap is set, our nets are cast
 All hands on deck to haul her in
 The prize is here at last!
 And now we've made that final pull
 Our nets are landed brimming full
 We'll turn her round and homeward bound
 As we sail home to England.

We set our course, through wind and hail
 The mighty force of deadly storm
 In driving rain our fortunes pale
 No beacon guides us home
 And when our catch is safe inside
 Our ice packed harvest held secure
 We'll trim our hatch South East we'll glide
 To once familiar shores.
 And as the sunrise warms the day.
 Thank God we'll soon be on our way
 We'll turn her round and homeward bound
 As we sail home to England.

Note; Cape Farewell is the most Southerly point in Greenland