

The Banks of Newfoundland

Trad. Arr. David O'Beirne 2013


The spring - time of the year is come once
Where seas do roll tre - men - dous - ly like
Out there we spend our sum - mer months midst
From where the wild sea bil - lows foam There

more we must a - way. Out on the stor - my
moun - tain peaks so high, And the wild sea -
heavy fog and wind, And often do our
by cold bree - zes fanned, Out on the stor - my

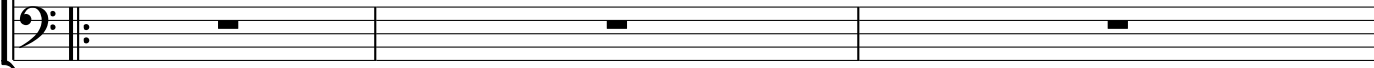
Repeat for verses 1-4


banks to go in quest of fish to stay.
birds round us their mad ca - reer go by.
thoughts go back to the dear ones left be - hind.
bil - lows on the banks of New - found - land.

Optional verses 5-8

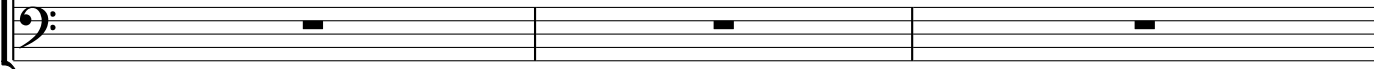
Vo. 

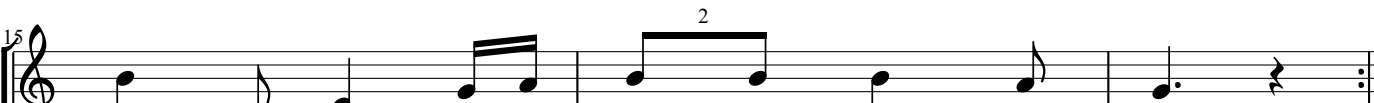
At mid - night when the sky is dark ____ And
 By some large grey - hound of the deep ____ That
 It's when those sum - mer toils are o'er We re -
 From where the wild sea bil - lows foam ____ There

Vo. 

Vo. 

hea - vy clouds do frown, ____ Tis then we stand grave
 rush - es mad - ly by, ____ It's then we trust our
 turn with spi - rits light, ____ To see our sweet hearts
 by cold bree - zes fanned, ____ Out on the stor - my

Vo. 

Vo. 

dan - ger of our ____ craft being soon run down.
 lives to kind Pro ____ vi dence on high.
 and our wives who ____ helped us in the fight.
 bil - lows on the ____ banks of New - found - land.

Vo. 