

The Nimrod Song.

This song was written the Spring of 1907, when Captain Baxter Barbour was in charge of the Nimrod. She was in the Gulf and had a narrow escape.

Come all you friends of Newfoundland,

Who have a mind to roam
O'er the wild and stormy ocean
Far from our native home;
I hope you'll pay attention,
And listen to my song,

To those few lines I'm going to sing,
It won't detain you long.

It was on the 20th day of March,
In the ice that we got jammed
Between the Island of St. Paul's
And the Shores of Newfoundland;
The wind blew from the S.E.E.

All mixed with showers of snow,
And each man packed his clothes-bag
And from her we did go.

The captain, mate and boatswain
Stood on the bridge that time,
Some of her crew were down below
Provisions for to find;
It would grieve the heart of any man
To see us standing so,
Out on the frozen pans of ice,
Amidst the frost and snow.

The sea still kept on raging,
Our ship still going down,
Untill the Providence of God,
The ice it wheeled around;
Our captain he stood on the bridge,
The ice it gave a slack,
And by the moving of his hand,
He ordered all hands back.

Some of us tried to board her,
But it was all in vain,
The force of ice came bundling in,
Her decks we could not gain,
Some of our crew looked mournful,
On boarding us that day,
Until the ice it gave a slack
And we got underway.

Jim Barnell's been our deckmaster,
The berth that he did fill,
He climbed the rigging of our ship
To cut away the sail;
He cut the mainsail from the mast,
As you may understand,
For to make a covering for us
Out on the frozen jam.

The ice it broke our quarter boats,
Likewise our quarter rail,
It didn't hurt our steaming gear,
Or hinder us from sail;
Our captain's been a hero bold,
A man of heart and steel,
His name is Baxter Barbour,
Belonging to Wesleyville.

John Gibbon's been our carpenter,
The same I will relate,
Fred Newberry our boatswain,
Elly Thistle boatswain, mate;
Our cabin cook, from Carbonear,
James Poole, it is his name,
Saved nothing but his cooking seals
To face the icy plane.

George Snow he was our cabin
steward,

The same I will pen down,
Our mate been Thomas Rideout,
A native of Newtown;
John Crocker was our forward cook,
Paddy Murphy does the same,
And the man that minds the gally,
Mark Norris is his name.

Success to Captain Barbour,
And may he soon command
A better ship than the Nimrod
And a crew from Newfoundland;
And may good luck attend him,
While on the Northern seas,
And may his big jib always draw,
Filled with a moderate breeze.

Loss of the Regulus at Petty Harbor.

Ye daring sons of Newfoundland,
That fear not storm or sea,
Please hearken for a moment
And attention give to me,
While I explain in language plain,
That filled hearts with dismay,
Of how the Regulus got lost
In Petty Harbor Bay.

On Sunday morn, with happy hearts,
With glad and cheery smile,
She cast her lines and got up steam
And sailed from old Bell Isle;
And as she steamed up near Cape
Race,
It blew a heavy breeze,
Her main shaft broke and left her
Disabled on the seas.

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial