

Isle of Erin

Traditional

Sing for the Isle of Erin and her gallant crew, so brave
Who off the coast of Orkney, have found a watery grave
The 19th of October, the night was thick and dark
By the north-most isle of Orkney, there did that gallant barque

Sing for the Isle of Erin, a very mournful strain
And our gallant crew of nineteen hands, we shall not meet again
Nineteen gallant seamen have found a watery grave
There in the North Atlantic, and o'er them rules the waves

Chant for those nineteen sailors a mournful requiem
Tonight my heart is beaten with tearful grief for them
Alas to think they never will set foot again on shore
And that their fond relations shall see them never more

Sing for the Isle of Erin, a very mournful song
The 19th of October will be remembered long
When nineteen of a crew and, a gallant ship were lost
Somewhere between the Orkneys and the rugged Caithness coast

Tonight I'll sit within my room, and listen to the roar
Of oceans wild waves crashing, on the rocky Caithness shore
I see from stack and skerry, the lighthouse flashing forth
Its message of warning, of the wild seas of the North

I think of the untimely fate, of those brave sailor men
Aboard the Isle of Erin, and how they battle then
All in the stormy darkness that wild October night
With the wild hungry waters, and how useless was their fight

They fought grim death like heroes, they clung to life like men
There in the stormy darkness, the clouds around them then
Along the troubled waters, in the dark night alone
Until the contest ended, and the waters claimed their own

Yon wailing wave is sadder now that it was wunt tae be
And darker is the cloud at night above the wild North Sea
And louder seems the ocean wave, along the wild North coast
Since the Isle of Erin, and her crew, out on that sea were lost

The song is 'traditional' because, as yet, there is no record of who wrote it.