

# GOLDEN BAY

*Performed by:* Anthony Power

*Composed by:* Henry Nash (Sr) & Bernard Nash

*Henry Nash (Sr) was Anthony Power's father-in-law. Bernard Nash's son, Denis, has a written version of the song. Though there are a few differences, the versions are very similar. Both versions are included in this songsheet to allow for comparison.*

In nineteen hundred and twelve, my boys for Golden Bay set sail,  
The wind being up from the Easters, it blew a pleasant gale.  
For we left Branch that sporting place, on the 25<sup>th</sup> of May,  
To serve our master for three long months in a place called Golden Bay.

Nicholas Power bein' our skipper as you may understand,  
There's James McGrath and Patrick, the next man had command;  
There's Joseph Power and others, their names I will pen down,  
And likewise Mr. Rogers belong to St. John's town.

Two more young men from Branch, my boys, from there they had set sail,  
They were only a short while stationed here when they picked up a whale;  
They towed him in to the Westering Cove, and said he was safe and sound,  
And swore they would not let him go no less than thirty pounds.

They telegraphed for the whaler, the truth to you I'll tell,  
Before she got to Redland Point she could not stand the smell;  
And when the whaler hove in view, Jack's spirits they rose high,  
And slappin' his companion on the back, sayin' 'We'll do it by and by.'

They rode off to the whaler, like hardy seamen bold,  
And swore they should be paid right down with thirty pounds in gold;  
Saying Captain Smith, he walked the deck, those words to us did say,  
Saying, 'Thirty pounds for rotting whale, we'd never clear away.'

And when the whaler turned to them, they got a great surprise,  
Saying the people on shore will laugh at us, we'll have to tell them lies;  
And when they landed on the Rock, the crowd assembled there,  
And asking Jack about the whale, Sir Joe began to swear.

And now they're in the Westering Cove, there lies 300 more,  
They are as fine a crew of men as ever sailed o'er the ground;  
You may search in foreign countries, their betters can't be found.

And now the whaler is gone my boys, I have no more to say,  
May the curse of heavens on the whale and likewise Golden Bay.

# THE WHALE IN GOLDEN BAY

*Composed by:* Henry Nash (Sr) & Bernard Nash

*This version of the text was provided by Denis Nash (Bernard Nash's son) and transcribed by his daughter, Rosella Coffey.*

In 1912 me boys for Golden Bay set sail  
With the wind about east northeast me boys, it blew a pleasant gale  
Now we left Branch that sporting place  
On the 25th of May  
To serve our master for four long months  
In the place called Golden Bay

Nicholas Power being our skipper as you may understand  
There's James Mcgrath and Patrick: the next man in command  
There's Joseph Power and Arthur; their names I will pen down  
And likewise Mr. Rogus; he belonged to St. John's town

Now we are here this three long weeks  
It grieves our heart full sore  
And out there in the sweater<sup>1</sup> Cove  
There lives three hundred more  
We are as fine a crowd of men  
As ever sailed o'er the ground  
And you may hunt in foreign lands  
And our betters can't be found

Two more young men my boys from Branch they did set sail  
They were only a short while stationed here when they picked up a whale  
They towed her into the Wester Cove  
and said he was safe and sound  
And swore they would not let him go  
No less than 30 pounds

They telegraphed for a whaler  
The truth to you I'll tell  
And before she got to Redland Point  
They could not stand the smell

Now when the whaler hove in view  
Jack's spirit it rose high  
And slapped his companion on the back  
We'll do it by and by

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<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: Likely a transcription error. In the next verse, 'Wester Cove' is referenced. Wester Cove is located in Golden Bay.

They rose off to the whaler  
Like two brave seamen bold  
And they swore they should be paid right down with 30 pounds in gold

Now Captain Smith he walked the deck  
Those very words did say  
But 30 pound for a rotten whale  
We'll never clear our way  
And when the whaler turned to them  
They got a great surprise  
The people ashore will laugh at us  
We'll have to tell them lies

Now when they landed on the rock  
The crowd assembled there  
And asking Joe about the whale  
Sure Joe, he began to swear  
So now the whaler she is gone  
And I have no more to say  
May the curse of hell be on the whale  
And likewise Golden Bay.