

The Queen of Swansea

© Andrew McKay

The *Queen* of Swansea she set sail on a brisk December day
On a short trip to the copper mines not many days away.
And she sailed into the rising mist as I waited on the shore,
But oh, the *Queen* of Swansea, I never saw her more.

*Farewell the Queen of Swansea, grey rocks beneath grey sky,
Gull Island where the gannet goes is a terrible place to die.*

My name is Margaret Dowsley, in Newfoundland I dwell,
I have two pretty children and oh I love them well
I married a physician, my Felix kind and good,
Who sailed on the *Queen* of Swansea to bring comfort where he could.

*Farewell the Queen of Swansea, grey rocks beneath grey sky,
Gull Island where the gannet goes is a terrible place to die.*

Oh do you know how hard it is, at the turning of the year,
To smile and sing for the children's sake, though your heart is full of fear?
The neighbours said, "Wait for the spring, when we're free of ice and frost",
But oh, the *Queen* of Swansea, she already had been lost.

*Farewell the Queen of Swansea, grey rocks beneath grey sky,
Gull Island where the gannet goes is a terrible place to die.*

When springtime came, a ship arrived, but not the missing *Queen*,
Just bones wrapped in a blanket, to show where she had been.
And letters from my Felix, that tore my heart with pain,
To read his lamentations, that he'd not see us again.

*Farewell the Queen of Swansea, grey rocks beneath grey sky,
Gull Island where the gannet goes is a terrible place to die.*

For Gull Island is a barren rock, beneath a barren sky,
And those who went down with the ship found the kinder way to die;
No food, no fire, and no relief, upon that stony shore,
Twelve bitter days to Christmas, then silence for evermore.

*Farewell the Queen of Swansea, grey rocks beneath grey sky,
Gull Island where the gannet goes is a terrible place to die.*

So farewell to you, dear Felix, your face no more I'll see,
Your kindness and your comforts have been torn away from me.
Come all of ye, who sail the sea, I'd have you shed a tear,
For those on the *Queen* of Swansea, and for we who linger here.

*Farewell the Queen of Swansea, grey rocks beneath grey sky,
Gull Island where the gannet goes is a terrible place to die.*