In ’18 there sailed a ship

With a thousand virgin men

And most aboard would never see their homes again

Sent to free their fellow men

For many days they sailed

With a cargo far more deadly than the guns they held

Send those souls into the sea

Give me strength and comfort me

A different name and on a different wind

And a hundred years or so

But haunted by the same mistakes we’ll watch it grow

Send these souls into the sea

Give me strength and comfort me

As winter ends its eager reign

And we stop to count the dead

We’ll stand as one and follow where ours hopes are led

So say goodbye to that northeast wind

There are better times ahead

So we’ll gather with our own and count our luck instead

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