

Come, all you true-born shanty boys,
Wherever that you be'.

(I will have you all pay attention,
(
(Come listen unto me.

It's of a true-born shanty boy,
Both noble, true and brave.
('Twas on a jam on Gary's rocks,
(
(He met a watery grave.

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
As you shall plainly hear,
(Our boss he says, "Turn out ray boys"
(
(In a voice devoid of fear,
"We'll break the jam on Gary's rocks,
For Agens town we'll steer."
(Some of them were willing,
(
(While others hung back in fear.

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While others hung back in fear.
They did not think it right,
(Till six of those bold Canadian boys did volunteer to go,
(
(To break the jam on Gary's rocks with their foreman
Young Munroe

They had not rolled do off many legs,
When the boss to them did say:
(“I'd have you all be on your guard,
(
(For the jam will soon give way.

He scarcely had spoken,
When the jam did break and go,
(And carried of these six bold youths
(
(With their foreman, young Munroe.
With their foreman, young Munroe.
Those tidings came to hear,
(To search for their dead bodies,
(
(To the river did prepare.

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One of those headless bodies,
To their sad grief and woe,
(All cut and mangled on the rocks,
(
(Found the head of the young Munroe.
They took it from the waters,

Smoothed down his raven hair.
 (There was one form among them,
 (Whose cries did rend the air,
 There was one form among them,
 A maid from Sigma town,
 (Her mournful cries did reach the skies,
 (For her lover that was drowned.
 Lovely Clara was a noble girl,
 And his intended bride,
 (Her mother was a widow,
 (Lived near the river-side.

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The wages of her own true love,
 The boss to her did pay,
 (And a liberal subscription,
 (From the shanty boys next day*
 They buried him quite decently,
 All on the sixth o f May,
 (Now all you true-born shanty boys,
 (For your comrades do pray.
 Engraved all on a hemlock treeⁱⁱ
 That near his head did grow,
 (Was the age, the name and drowning
 (Of that hero, young Munroe.
 Lovely Clara did not survive long,
 In her sad grief and woe,
 (For in less than six months after,
 (Death called for her to go.

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And her last request was granted,
 To be laid by young Munroe,
 Now, all you true-born shanty boys,
 Who`d wish to call and see,
 (On a little isle by the river-side,
 (There grows a hemlock tree.
 The shanty boys cut the woods all round,
 Where the two lovers are la id low,
 ('Tis lovely Clara Vincent,
 (And her shanty boy Munroe*

Finis

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Notes

- i. :**Gary's rocks:** *Nothing was found about Gary's rock*
- ii. :**Hemlock tree definition:** *It is a tall and ever green tree found in the forest of the United States and Canada*(source:<http://www.thefreedictionary.com/Canadian+hemlock>).