**Caribou**

On a vessel bound for Newfoundland from the island’s eastern shore

I was headed for the beaches; I was off to fight the war

I joined the Royal Navy on the day I turned eighteen

And swore I’d make a difference if it meant the death of me

The ship was called the Caribou, she had never seen the sun

In the cover of the darkness all her journeys had begun

She had made the passage over so many times before

But luck has ways of changing with the winds of war

We were twenty miles from Port-aux-Basques when I felt it rock the sea

A flurry of torpedoes from the German submarine

It lasted but a moment fore she pitched on her side

And the one they called the Caribou met her demise

When I broke the surface, there was death upon the air

I searched for signs of life across the ocean of despair

I saw a young boy clinging to a cabin heating stove

I took him in my arms and swore I’d never let him go

I swam until I couldn’t feel my body anymore

I swam until the cold crept into everything I wore

The might of the Atlantic waves had put me to the test

But I swore to spare that boy the same fate as the rest

They labeled me a hero when the war came to a close

They wanted me to be the saviour everybody knows

But the heroes are the ones who chose to put it on the line

On the day the Caribou met her demise

On a vessel bound for Newfoundland in 1942

I swore I’d not forget the day we lost the Caribou