

THE SONG FISHERMEN'S SONG SHEET

"Come All Ye"

Issued Ever So Often. Halifax, N. S., June 4, 1929. Number 12.

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WINDS OF THE WEST

Out of the west  
The cold winds blow,  
And there is no rest  
Wherever you go.

Down in the valley,  
Or up on the hill,  
Wherever you sally  
Nothing is still.

White swans are riding  
Over the waves,  
Curlews are hiding  
In dark ocean caves.

Swift ships are sailing  
In from the sea,  
The banshee is wailing  
Alone by the lea.

Pull the blinds yonder,  
Close the door tight,  
Let no one wander  
From this house tonight.

Turf for the fire,  
A pipe and a chair,  
I'll smoke 'till I tire  
And conquer all fear.

Out of the west  
The cold winds blow,  
And there is no rest  
Wherever you go.

- Seumas O'Brien, New York, N. Y.

POETRY

Nature in her wild heart sang  
Ere the earth rose from the sea,  
Or along the lowland sprang  
Blade and blossom, shrub and tree.

Music is an ancient thing,  
And the chords within the scale  
Thundered to the billowing  
Of a sea without a sail.

Forms were fashioned from the ground,  
Sculptured by the glacial glass,  
Ages ere Athena found  
Life in gold through Phidias.

Pictures on the sunset sky,  
Green and gold, incarnadined,  
Hung ere Leonardo's eye  
Mona Lisa's mouth defined.

Only one adventure grew  
In the distance like a star,  
Something Nature never knew--  
Words with wings that travel far.

- Mike, No address.

News From the Tall Man's Brother  
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Stuart McCawley writes:

Dear Skipper: I sent the Song Sheet with the Giant McAskill story to Ross Macaulay of Englishtown; and asked him to interview the giant's brother and get the true story of the incident. And I am enclosing his story.

The McAskill folks don't like Angus being referred to as a giant. He wasn't abnormal. He was a big, well-proportioned intelligent, lovable character, who owned and ran a general store.

He was born in the Isles of Scotland and came out with his folks to Englishtown when three years old.

He never visited the Old Country, never saw Queen Victoria; and most of the alleged history stuff is unreliable.

I visited his brother last summer. Saw Angus' home, tried on his clothes and had a wonderful afternoon with his folks. The brother is nearing the hundred mark and is full of yarns about Angus.

Wishing you luck with your contest and a hope that the poets will appreciate that Angus was Read, Handsome, Intelligent and not a Freak; and endorsing Ross Macaulay's letter as historically correct; believe me  
Yours truly,

Stuart McCawley, Glace Bay, N. S.  
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## DOES THIS MAKE IT TRIPLETS?

Ross Macaulay's letter follows:

Dear Stuart: Your request for an authentic version of Angus McAskill's boat wrecking episode received some few days ago, but owing to pressure of spring cleaning, neglected until now. In conversation with his brother who still survives I glean the following:

"Our Hero" was fishing at Neil's Harbor:-In olden days the people from here all went to Neil's Harbor to do their fishing. At that time there were no wharves in Neil's Harbor, and each boat crew would assist the others as they came ashore, in hauling their boats. McAskill had come ashore with his morning's catch and shortly after another boat came in and McAskill went to help them haul it - Thinking to have some fun with him the crew of this boat started pulling her back, and McAskill sensing their joke proceeded to pull the boat up on the beach, and he pulled the bow or for' ard part off the boat, and walked away with it and left the rest with the part they were holding back, and no doubt they were dam sorry they tried the joke on Angus, and ever thereafter gave him more substantial toys, than a boat to play with.-

That is the story as I heard it from his brother and no more authentic authority on Angus, lives today - and if you can make a poem out of that story - "You're good."  
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A MEMORY OF JAMES D. GILLIS, TEACHER, AND HIS SCHOOL,  
HIGH ON THE CREST OF A HILL ABOVE LAKE AINSLEE

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There was a shepherd on a hill  
Eleven sheep had he.  
He led them with a gentle will  
A lovely sight to see.

He watched them go the sun-long day  
To crop the grasses fair,  
And 'though they never glanced his way  
They knew that he was there.

He played upon his strident reed  
A tune they loved to hear,  
And wonder-struck forgot to feed  
And trembled, not with fear.

And now through all the city's din  
There threads a shrill sweet sound  
And through the drumming noise of sin  
The shepherd's tune is wound.

- Kenneth Leslie, Upper Granville, N.S.

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THREE POEMS AND A PRINT

Of a sudden I heard a sound  
Spring from a hollow in the ground.

Midnight came like that to me -  
Out of a hollow melody.

I was walking with eyes on a star;  
Did not notice the ground had a scar.

Do not hurt me like this, I plead.  
Music! Melody! these I freed.

Do not let me fall as I walk.  
Tenderly touch me as I talk.

I will give you a lovely song.  
See! the star has hurried along.

And the star will always follow.  
Hold me lest I step in the hollow.

There it is again - that sound!  
Hear it springing from the ground.

It is dark. Stay close lest we fall.  
Scars and singing! are these not all?

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Some part of me goes out to meet a storm;  
some pent-up phase of my identity,  
silent before, escapes each boundary  
and finds its freedom beyond human form  
in the abandon of a tempest's course,  
in lightning flash and thunder, and in rain  
that beats upon the ground, in hurricane  
that sweeps unfettered from its secret source.  
the wind accepts me then, and I am wind.  
I am the rain-rent sky, the rain-bent tree.  
I recognize myself in mutiny,  
and for the gale's destruction I have sinned.

Some part of me goes out in swift release  
to meet a storm - and finds a curious peace.

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Last night I was thinking a prayer  
 Before I should go to sleep,  
 And as I lay pondering there  
 On Life and its problems deep -

A sudden and wonderful thought  
 Refuted all mystery:  
 THAT I AM A LITTLE BIT OF GOD  
 AND GOD IS THE REST OF ME.

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When I go down to the sea with you,  
 I am alone.

When I go down to the sea alone,  
 You are there.

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- Estelle Fox, New York, N. Y.

### TREE FEAR

Once as she watched the breathing of the tree,  
 Teeth clamped and set into a yellow pear,  
 Palate erect against the sweet acidity,  
 She thought of trees; they climbed the higher air;  
 They pried its colored casements with the back  
 Of thin green fingers; gnarled roots uncurled  
 Feeling a stealthy way through earth to crack  
 The chilly boulders of the underworld.  
 "Tree-tree" she mouthed the name of tree until  
 A self within the core of self arose  
 And glided off leaving her strange and still  
 And inarticulate where no wind flows,,,,,,  
 A pear splashed down - she touched the bark, afraid -  
 But this was just the tree that gave the fruit for marmalade.

- Constance L. Coleman, Louisville, Ky.

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### UNDER THE JUNIPER

I'll tie my proud ship to her chain  
 Behind the sheltering pier;  
 There let her swing, for all in vain  
 The dreams of yester year.

No more the beacon flames for me,-  
 No voice calls from afar  
 To turn my prow to the tossing sea,  
 Away from the sleeping bar.

No more I'll skirt the kindly shore,  
 Nor breast the whitening seas;  
 I'll spread my idle sail no more  
 To the slum'brous summer breeze.

Sometime I flung against the sky  
 My fluttering banners brave;  
 To-night my banners hidden lie  
 Beneath the heedless wave.

I'll hie me to some lonely glade  
 With the dead hopes of the years;  
 I'll sit me down in its friendly shade,  
 Where none shall see my tears.

And there I'll find some downy bed  
 Beside the murmurous pine;  
 And there I'll lay my winsome dead,  
 And there I'll raise my shrine.

Oh for the reeling decks again,  
 And the sprindrift in my face,  
 And the laughter rude of the rioting main,  
 And the galloping billows' chase!

- C. MacRae, New Germany, N. S.

BALLADS OF A POET'S HEART

Look not to me, my only loves,  
For faith nor constancy;  
I am the eager flame that roves,  
But there's no hearth for me!  
Walk gently, two by two, my dears,  
Mine is the lonely road -  
Yet leave your loved, and let me be  
Life's sweetest episode.

Oh gentle maidens, come with me,  
So sweet shall be our play,  
And your true lover I will be  
Forever - and a day.

ll

Sow in a steadfast field the seeds  
For happiness secure;  
I could not meet your daily needs,  
Nor you of me be sure.  
Yet this one comfort you shall know:  
When homely voices fall,  
I wait beyond the sunset's glow,  
I wait to be your all.

Oh gentle maidens, come with me,  
And never say me nay,  
And your true lover I will be  
Forever - and a day.

lll

I never see two lovers kiss  
But know that they must part,  
Yet parting is a sort of bliss  
Within a poet's heart,  
Parting, the fire of solitude  
Wherein he melts his gold  
To mend a morrow grey and rude  
With heart-break never told.

Oh gentle maidens, come with me,  
For lovely lies the way,  
And your true lover, I will be  
Forever - and a day.

lV

If I knew but one heart alone,  
One heart alone would hear  
The songs I sing on sorrow's stone  
To dry a double tear.  
And then again, I am more wise  
Than to love only one,  
For fairest women most despise  
The man's whose guest is done.

So, gentle maidens, come with me  
Where every month is May,  
And your true lover I will be  
Forever - and a day.

- Nathaniel A. Benson, Toronto, Ont.

## "THE HOODOO CROW"

Miss Spring comes galavantin to Dover bother day,  
 And to the idle fishermen, she had a lot to say.  
 It's time to over-haul your trawls, and get your dories out  
 But Charlie said to 'ell with her, she's just a gad about  
 She's just another hoodoo, like the one we had last fall,  
 I'm going to take my time says he, I'll tell you one and all,  
 And when the weather's decent, we'll make a trip or two,  
 To show those idle loafers, what three hearty bucks can do,  
 And Charlie he's not thinking, but the trip would be a go,  
 He didn't even stop to think, about a darn old crow.  
 At last the boat was ready, and the day looked sorter fine,  
 We started up the engine, and the first crack broke a line,  
 That's not so bad said Leo, we'll have to let it go,  
 And just then right across our bow, there flew a darn old crow.

Look there, said Greg, a raven, and listen at him caw,  
 I think he's making fun of us, I'd like to stuff his maw,  
 He's giving us the hoodoo, I can tell the way he flies  
 Just look at all the mares tails, thats collecten in the skys  
 I don't believe such nonsense, said Charlie kinder soft,  
 To reave off the fore halyards, I think I'll go aloft.  
 When he was nearly up, or as far as he could go,  
 A rope that he held parted, and down he fell below,  
 I thought his ribs were broken, he fell about four span,  
 To make the hoodoo greater, he upset the gasoline can,  
 Although we had not noticed, the gasoline run out,  
 Till at last it filled all places, we bailed it from the boat,  
 If this bedam said Leo, wouldn't get your bloomin goat,  
 I never had such blarsted luck, since I have been afloat,  
 And now says Greg to Charlie, you'll listen to a crow,  
 I won't turn back said Charlie, to Leo, let her go.  
 Just then the engine sputtered, and purty soon it stopped,  
 We were passing Breakfast Island, the wind then too it flopped.  
 Leo worked the engine, until it got quite loose  
 The propeller's gone says Charlie, wouldn't it cook your  
 many's goose,  
 Well now bedam said Leo, we're lugged up at last,  
 For now we can't get anywhere, the sun is sinking fast,  
 What say said Greg to Leo, the anchor we will cast,  
 And over went the anchor, but the rope was not made fast,  
 Of all the blooming hoodoos says Charlie with a moan,  
 As soon as any wind comes, we will have to go back home,  
 Although this trip is hoodooed, tomorrow I will go,  
 And search the bloomin Island, til I shoot - - - - -  
 - - - that darn old crow.

- H. G. McGrath, McGrath's Cover, near Dover, N.S.

SURVIVALS

As when in Spring one seeks a new abode,-  
 Life's caravan upon its journey fares,  
 Leaves things on which it once fond love bestowed;  
 For some of these it now no longer cares.

But treasures that the race has handed on-  
 A song, or some rich legacy of thought,  
 Bound with the cords of love, long mused upon;-  
 What else is left, these must not be forgot.

So down the years, across the gulfs of Time,  
 Blind Homer's poems, or Phidias' frozen dreams,  
 Stories of deeds, heroic or sublime,  
 Are carried safe o'er Change's tossing streams:

The deathless valor of Thermopylae,  
 The love of Him who died upon the tree.

- Alexander Louis Fraser, Halifax, N. S.

## L'HOMME A LA BAGUE

(To Bliss Carman)

Titian could have done him - stand there,  
Black and white, tall and thin, alone, aware,  
Between pillars, against the old gold of the  
Spanish wall.

The knowledge and the sadness of his face,  
The elusive singing beauty of his grace,  
Within the curious ring he wore, were held  
in thrall.

The ring was old and carved with strange  
design  
Around a large square stone, burning doop  
and fine,  
That proudly on his thin, long-fingered hand,  
gleamed hard and bright.

A stag at bay, he stood. The crowd passed  
by  
To shake his hand, asking "the where" and  
"why"-  
They did not see the poet's rare, old ring  
flash wings of light!

- Pauline B. Barrington, in the  
Los Angeles Saturday Night.

## SONNET WRITTEN ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF AN OCEAN CROSSING

Deep-lidded Morpheus hovering o'er the deep  
Measuring they leaden wing-beat to the weary way  
Of this slow sloop, which, now for many a day,  
Prolongs its labored, lumbering, westward creep,  
Till languor eats into the heart, and fitful sleep  
Falls on our tired eyes, yet gives no rest,  
But, rather, like some soporific pest,  
Brings seeming Death with dulled scythe to reap  
It's half-ripe harvest; upon trembly knees  
We pray thee to dissolve this cruel monotony  
In rapturous dreams of the Hesperides.  
The sweet illusion of that longed-for land  
Let thou they drug induce and hold, till once more  
fanned  
By continental breezes, we wake to glad reality.

- Frank Graham, Princeton, N. J.,  
U. S.

## YOUNG HEART AND OLD HEART

Young Heart has strong quick beat,  
"Is the night gone?"  
Follows with flying feet  
The dawn.

Old Heart has lost the thrill  
Of the dawn's light,  
Sees but a steep, short hill,  
And night.

Young Heart, quick to discern  
Wide roads that bend,  
Here a twist, there a turn,  
"There is no end."

Old Heart looks at the stars,  
"No paths to roam,"  
Sees but the hill, the stars,  
And home.

- Ethel Butler, Halifax, N. S.

MAY IN THE SELKIRKS

Up the Illecillewaet and down the yellow Beaver,  
Over skyward passes where snow-peaks touch the blue.  
Shining silver rivers dropping down from Heaven,  
With the spring-call of the wilderness waking Spring anew.

Far gleaming glaciers like the Gates of Glory,  
And the hosts in new green marching up the slopes,  
Organ-voiced torrents singing through the gorges,-  
Songs for the high trail and visions for our hopes.

Hints of light supernal on the rocky ledges,  
Echoes of wild music from the valley floors,  
And the tall evergreens watching at the Threshold,-  
Keeping the silence of the Lord of out-of-doors.

Balm out of Baradise blown across the canyons  
From the balsam-poplar buds and bronze leaves uncurled....  
Soul in her wonder lifts the new Magnificat.  
Alight with the rapture of the morning of the world.

- Bliss Carman

The memory of Angus McAskill's boat rending exploit, or sister exploits is safe. The response to the call for songs in celebration of the C. B. giant has been prodigious. The winner will be announced in the special Author's Convention number of the Song Sheet, which will also contain the best of the verse submitted. The contest closes June 15.

This issue of the Song Sheet is being mailed to the following named: Archibald, Rosamund; Baker, Clifford L; Bannon, R. B.; Benson, Nathaniel A; Beresford, Molly; Bruce, Charles; Butler, Ethel; Carew, W. J.; Carman, Bliss; Carten, Laura; Christie, E. M. C.; Clark, George Frederick; Coleman, Constance; Fairweather, Alice; Fletcher, Molly; Fraser, A. L.; Gillis, James D; Gowanlock, Nelson A; Hatheway, R. H; Hazen, King; Hemmeon, Ellen; Hopkins, R. F; Huestis, Annie Campbell; Jones, H. W; King, Agnes; Leslie, Kenneth; Leslie, Robert; Livesay, Dorothy; Llwyd, J. P. D; McCarthy, Molly; McCawley, Stuart; MacGlashen, J. A; McGrath, H. G; McKay, Donald; Merkel, Florence; Mitchell, J. O'H; Moore, Phil; Murphy, Leo; Munro, Henry; Nickerson, M. H; Norwood, Robert; Nutt, Elizabeth S; O'Brien, Seumas; Pierce, Lorne; Pound, A. M; Reid, Robie C; Phodenizer, V. B; Roberts, Charles G. D; Roberts, Lloyd; Ross, William; Stewart, Florence; Tufts, Evelyn; Tyler, Hilda; Uniacke, Jim; Vickery, E. J; Wallace, Joe; Wilcox, Noel; William, Ifan.