

THE SONG FISHERMENS' SONG SHEET.

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High roads stumble!
Wild roads roam!
Low roads rumble!
Straight roads moan!
All roads crumble!
But sea-roads foam!

Kenneth Leslie.

Herewith a rag of dulse.

Sniff it well.

Recall the immortal words of Mr. Jerry Murphy:

Spray flies high and breakers roar,
Strong clean breezes stir my pulse,
On silver wings the sea birds soar,
When I smell a bag of dulse.

And cast again into the deep.

Ethel Butler hails for the following:

A Triolet

to

The Fishermen.

I fished for cod,
And caught a skate!
Now this was odd.
I fished for cod
With bait and rod.
Oh, fickle fate!
I fished for cod,
And caught a skate.

- Shadows -

I love the long dark shadows
That fall across the grass,
The shielding, silent shadows
That wait to see me pass.

But Oh! I love the shadows
That hurry o'er the sea,
The wandering little shadows
That run away from me.

They shout, those little shadows,
They race with wind and tide,
And bear me from my moorings
Out to an ocean wide.

- Dawn -

Deep darkness,
silence,
silver stars,
Grey mist, and night.

The wind's soft call,
grey mist,
lost stars,
Immortal light.

And R. V. Bannon lands this one:

"Many thanks for the "Song Fishermens' Sheet". I submit the following lines as a minnow for the "fish-basket".

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

My angler by a singing brook,
Sequestered in a shady nook
Forsakes this world of jars;
His pliant line of bright moonbeam
He casts across the pool of dream,
And angles for the stars.

Below within that shadowed pool
The fishes bask in radiance cool,
In tranquil contemplation.
The line grows taut --
A prize, if caught!
At last, an inspiration!
The reel shrieks loud,
The pool is ploughed,
In watery chaos rent
The moonbeam breaks.....
My fisher takes
Just disillusionment.

Leo Murphy writes:

"I salute you as the Skipper of the barque, and I have read with interest the products of the deep as supplied by the Fishermen.

"Unfortunately I am not endowed with the gift of poetry, so cannot function as a rod and line man in that capacity. I fear I am of the land-lubber type and must confine myself to prose. However I shall watch with interest the work of the fishers of the deep, and if at times I can throw a line to them from the shore, I shall be glad and happy to do so."

The following fare was landed by J. P. D. Llwyd:

Out to the east a fisherman sailed --
Out on the salty deep,
Out where the land's not even a rim
Shading the distance on ocean's brim,
Where billows rock amidst spaces dim
Like to the wilds of Infinity --
A fisherman sailed the sea.

He left behind a lass who smiled
Though tears bedewed her cheek;
One tender kiss, one sweet embrace,
One word of cheer, one swift caress,
A loving touch on her weeping face --
Far o'er the waters, careless, free
The fisherman sailed the sea.

Master, what is yon low'ring haze
Rising athwart the brine!
That whistling wind against the shrouds!
Those inky glooms amidst the clouds!
What uproar on our vessel crowds!
As with a reveller, drunkenly,
The fisher ship ploughed the sea.

Loud was the bark of the angry foam
Swelling against the shore,
The cruel waves swept up on high --
Their towering crests seemed to wash the sky --
Any many a prayer, and many a sigh
Rose to the Mercy that hears our plea,
For the boy who sailed the sea.

(continued on next sheet)

On the headland black a watcher kept
 Sad vigil hour by hour;
 With eyes despairing, and features pale,
 And hair astream in the blust'ring gale,
 She stretched her hands to each knife-edge sail,
 But never again came he --
 Ah! never more home came he --
 That lover who sailed the sea.

And this from that excellent fisherman Molly Beresford:

To The Pirate.

It must have been prime in the good olden time
 When the Spanish main was booming,
 When the pirate bold was swift to behold
 His prey in the distance looming;

When he bellowed aloud to his shivering crowd
 And around his vessel hove,
 When he set all sail and before the gale
 Bore off for treasure trove;

With jubilant voice he would loudly rejoice
 As he scalped another victim;
 He would bellow with glee as he rode the sea,
 (For his conscience never pricked him!)

The fashion to-day I am sorry to say
 Though changed, is in essence the same
 And Andy's the pirate who now makes me gyrate
 To play at his Fisherman's game.

For the letter you printed with space unstinted
 Was only for the Editor's eyes,
 Being published unexpected, it straightway effected
 My hill muse's sudden demise.

Now I'm compelled to hoist sail on the back of Ken's whale
 And go heading for Mariner's Folly,
 While dear Evelyn moans in her soft dulcet tones
 "You sound very sea-sick, poor Molly."

Thanks to H. A. W. for the following:

When low I lie beneath the snows,
 Unsentient then and still,
 Grieve not---remember as the rose
 I withered at His will.

Remember, when the roses bloom,
 Did death their beauty mar?
 So will my spirit from the tomb
 Greet yours---where e'er you are .

This issue of the Song Sheet is being mailed to the following:

Laura Carten, H.A.W., Molly McCarthy, Leo Murphy, Molly Beresford,
 Charles T. Bruce, Florence Merkel, Elizabeth Nutt, Ifan Williams,
 Donald MacKay, E.J. Vickery, John Hanlon, John Llwyd, Ralph Hopkins,
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 Victoria County, N.S.; R.B. Bannon, St. Francis Xavier University, Anti-
 gonish, N.S.

More songs please.
