

THE SONG FISHERMEN'S SONG SHEET

"Come All Ye"

Issued Ever So Often. Halifax, N. S., March 19, 1929. Number 9.

TWO SONGS OF THE SEA

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THE SHIP

The Ship sets sail,
Like bird that has flown
With wings outspread
Into the unknown.

Her decks are clean,
Her masts are white,
Staunchly she sails
In the dark night,

And through
The sunlight of the day
She goes upon
Her unswerving way.

Though rough and wild
Her course may be,
Yet she sailed onward
Dauntlessly.

Her borne,
The rim of an ocean wide.
Be kind, O winds!
Be strong, O tide!

And bear her on,
And bear her far
To a distant land,
And the Morning Star.

- Ethel H. Butler -

THE OLD SONG

The old chant of the sea;
The old stars in the sky;
And voices blend in song,
The sound of a cry.

Dawn in strange lands afar;
And the pale moon's silver light;
Sunset, and shining star,
And the calm of night.

Beyond the rim of the sky,
Where the waves are lost in the sea,
There is lure in the heart of the cry
Which comes to me.

- Ethel H. Butler -

THANKS

Following from A. M. Pound, Vancouver: "I wish to thank you very much for sending me copies of the Song Sheet, and can assure you that I enjoy it immensely. Bliss Carman was in my office today, and expressed his keen delight with the work you are doing. I enclose herewith \$2.00 to help pay postage. Wishing you every success in your good work."

FIANSHUL

I'll let them 'ave me soft stuff,
 (I says to missis)
 The Gravesteens, the Ripsons, the Blemens....
 But I'm going to 'ang on to me 'ard stuff,
 Me Bens, me Starks and me Baldils,

I got to 'ave a little fianshul.
 The missis is out to 'ospital in Berrick.
 But I'm going to keep me Follywaters,
 I ain't going to let them 'ave me 'ard stuff, Robert,
 Me Bens, me Starks and me Baldils.

- Bob Leslie -

EETER BREAD

You who at your finger tips possess
 The tawdry tricks to win the world's acclaim,
 You who on your facile lips caress
 An art of speech to make the world your name
 Applaud; you could perform the cultured clown
 And strut the three-ringed circus of the mind -
 The empty claue of harlequin renown
 Is neither yours to seek nor yours to find.
 No flares of adulation light your path,
 The warming fires of praise sink low and die;
 Only the smouldering embers of men's wrath
 Break into withering flame when you pass by,
 Holding alone in easement for your choice
 The grudging sanction of an inner voice.

- Bob Leslie -

SAND PEEP

Here on this quiet half-tide stone
 I thought to be awhile alone,
 But with a swish and a startled cheep
 The whole sky seems awhirr with birds
 Brushing with wings the very air
 I breathe, and thick as drifted stars -
 But darkened stars across the blue;
 Then all as one, I see them swerve,
 The stars are white and twinkle too.
 White as foam they flutter and curve
 Over the old wave-bitten rocks.
 I watch them alight upon the mud
 And run with little eager feet
 Searching for some lost precious thing
 They cannot find; so away they chase
 To dry their feet in the easy air
 Before they search some other place
 And leave their little footprints there.

- Noel H. Wilcox -

TO ANY POET

Humble poet, do you know it -
 That you bring to me
 Richest treasures, keenest pleasure,
 Joy and ecstasy?

Here alone, to me are shown
 Wonders that abound;
 And I capture many a rapture -
 Thought and sight and sound!

- Alexander Louis Fraser -

RAINFIRE

When towering towns have seen the years bereft
Of grace no song may keep, no dream regain,
One way of swift escape grim heaven has left:
The archaic tumult of relentless rain.

Time and today are lost in rich eclipse;
In the rain's beat are restless ghosts a throng:
Down the swart strakes of unremembered ships
Full tide makes guttural song,-

Up dusky slopes the inspired horsemen sweep;
Glory and death are in these pounding drums -
Safe in the dark rapt children stir in sleep
When the lull comes.

One song, one flame, withstand the pitying grace:
Through the grey shield of sound one thrusting spear -
The cry of faith through tragic space
Is scarlet clear:

Some word more quick than rain to still their grief
These urgent hearts require;
Nor may this drenching drown one blazing leaf
On autumn uplands fleeced with dying fire.

- Charles Bruce -

A SNATCH

A gale is at my latch
Blowing like Old Scratch,
To pipe me away
With a Nova Scotia catch.

My sail needs a patch,
But I've doughnuts by the batch,
And I'm off for Demerara
With apples under hatch.

I've tobacco and a match,
And a place to scratch,
Till I sail back home
With my Demerara catch.

I won't need a match
To look at my watch,
If I can make a landing
With my kegs from under hatch!

Then Andrew'll lift the latch
And we'll have a smatch
(As long as it lasts)
Of the great keg catch.

Till Kenneth will snatch
Up his fiddle and scratch,
God save the King
And the great pot latch.

- Willie -

TWENTY

Twenty hath a happy laugh.
 Who shall sigh for Twenty?
 Who shall chide her in a world
 Where there's grief a-plenty?
 For in all her life she can
 Only once be twenty.

Twenty hath her wilful ways,
 Who shall fear for Twenty?
 Wilful ways and wistful ways -
 Changeful ways a-plenty.
 God hath care for little birds,
 Why not care for Twenty?

Twenty hath a broken heart.
 Who shall grieve for Twenty?
 Happy years she's lived, twice-ten,
 Friends she's had, a-plenty,
 And, if grief must come to all,
 Why not come to Twenty?

Twenty hath a quiet bed -
 Who shall weep for Twenty?
 Who shall dare to call her back
 From that dark and silent track
 Where there's peace a-plenty?
 If 'tis true that rest is sweet,
 Why not sweet to Twenty?

- A. C. H. -

AUX CUISINIERES

Oh, Virginia Clay and Martha Ann,
 You write with cold sophistication,
 Of things beyond the ken of man,
 Albeit full of sweet suggestion,
 Of ecstasy and joy divine,
 That for a moment of existence
 Were ours to grasp, - breathless, sublime,
 When Love called. Subsequent, with persistence,
 Our thoughts return, with glad surmise,
 To those delights so evanescent,
 And with regret we realize,
 With souls that are far from complacent,
 That Time alone prevents us woo
 More Angel Cake and have it too.

- King Hazen -

A LULLABY

Lay your curly head, my dear,
 Upon your mother's breast;
 It is warm, you're safe from harm
 Sheltered in this nest.

Father is far away tonight,
 You are my charge to keep -
 So did he say, as he went away,
 Then close your eyes and sleep.

- Alexander Louis Fraser -

HOW THE CLAMS CAME TO FUNDY

You've heard enough of Murphy's dulse
In solemn word and jest,
But Fundy has still other charms,
By many thought the best.

They're not in any history,
Or book that's gone before,
Only tongues have ever told
The marvels of that shore.

There's one man could enlighten you
If he were so inclined,
Though on occasion (ask his wife!)
He is of stubborn mind.

But offer him a shot of rum,
And open up the way
By mentioning the mighty clams
That flourish in the Bay,

"It ain't the Bay as makes it,
Don't let them fool you there!"
Old Ezra grunts . . . expectorates . . .
And tilts back in his chair:

"'Twas in the early forties,
'Bout forty two or three,
(I know, for my Aunt Sally
Got some water on her knee

"The year before my sister,
The oldest one but me,
Was borned) so as I say,
'Twas forty-two or three.

"They looked across to larboard
And the Bay was in a roar,
Sech heaving seas and racing waves
You never saw before,

"Fer on the off horizon
It was spitting smoke and spume,
While inshore it was calmer than
A hot July forenoon.

"The randyvoo went heading by
So most surprising fast,
It almost took your breath away,
But long before it passed,

"You knew ten thousand spouting whales
Had found their way inside,
A-frolicking, and floundering,
And follying the tide.

"Until they reach the Avon,
And find it in full flow --
Those bullhead whales
Just flick their tails
And up the river go.

"Round one o'clock the tide ran out,
But left the river full
Of twisting, turning, tangled whales,
A-blowing to keep cool.

"They rammed each other in the ribs,
Till snap went every stave,
Like a woman at a bargain sale
With a cent or so to save,

"The more they jostled and they jammed,
And banged from bank to bank,
The more their skinside shrivelled up,
The more their inside shrank!"

(The emphasis on "inside",
"The accent in his eye,
Suggest that Ezra, like his tale,
Is fast becoming dry,

You take the hint, produce the rum,
Pour out two whale size drams)
"And that's why Fundy, ever since,
Is famous for big clams!"

The tale is done; the rum is gone;
In ashes die its fires:
And you know why Fundy, on both sides,
Is famous for big liars.

- Grace and Joe Wallace -

"THE YANKEE LINER"

A come-all-ye of ancient vintage, but still popular.

-Chorus-

Monday morning it was calm
And the wind was off the land
Forty liners from St Ann's
Was anchored off the Bird Islands.

Kate Magee and Sal Munro,
Them's the ones that's on the go,
Always looking for a beau
From off the Yankee Liner.

"Rock of Ages cleft for I,
Take I dere and let I die.
So I'll be happy, bye and bye
With the lass from Killicrankie"
In de Yankee Liner.

"Now my eyes begin to loose
And I tinks I see de Bruce.
Harbor Grace and Carboneer
Holy Lord do took I dere."
In de Yankee Liner.

"It was early in the fall
We were bound to haul them all
Shingles, spuds and cabbage too
Even rum to cure the flu"
In our Yankee Liner.

"Malcolm Morrison tends de pump
Jno Joe, Red Angus, has de mumps
No'er a crew dat's any finer
Dan de gobs of de Yankee Liner."

"Still the wind blew off der shore, etc.

- Contributed by Stuart McCawley -

ONCE

'Tis past: - I oft have wondered
 How life with you has been,
 Since Fate our ways has sundered,
 And wide years rolled between.

Warm-cloaked, still in December,
 The rose-cheeked youths go by,
 As you, perhaps, remember
 The same did you and I.

The old bridge in the gloaming,
 That knew our tireless feet,
 Still bears the toilers, homing,
 Still sees fond lovers meet.

I'll stroll there on the morrow,
 But all alone - alack!
 For oft the heart knows sorrow
 When old scenes call it back.

- Alexander Louis Fraser -

This issue of the Song Sheet has been delayed owing to the illness of the Skipper. The arrangement is that of one Charles T. Bruce. x x x Kenneth Leslie, who spent the winter in Southern Europe, is due in New York, March 28. And in Nova Scotia early in May. x x x Robert Norwood has again been doctored, this time by Rollin's College, Florida. x x x Bliss Carman, when last heard from was in Pasadena, California. He is due in Nova Scotia in June. So is Charles G. D. Roberts, at present in Toronto. x x x Eve Tufts writes of the visit she paid to Seumas O'Brien who has been ill since Christmas, but who is now on the road to recovery. x x x In Halifax preparations are going forward for the annual convention of the Canadian Author's Association, the latter part of June. x x x Credited postage account: A. M. Pound, \$2.00; Robert Leslie, \$1.00; Cliff Baker, \$1.00. x x x We are greatly in need of more songs. x x x This issue of the Song Sheet is being mailed to the following named: Archibald, Rosamond; Baker, Clifford L; Bannon, R. B; Benson, Nathaniel A; Beresford, Molly; Bernasconi, H. P; Bruce, Charles; Butler, Ethel; Carew, W. J; Carman, Bliss; Carten, Laura; Clark, George Frederick; Fletcher, Molly; Fraser, A. L; Gillis, James D; Harley, H. A; Hatheway, R. H; Hazen, King; Hemmeon, Allen; Hopkins, R. F; Huestis, Annie Campbell; King, Agnes; Leslie, Kenneth; Leslie, Robert; Livesay, Dorothy; Llwyd, J. P. D; McCarthy, Molly; McCawley, Stuart; Moore, Phil; MacGlashen, J. A; McKay, Donald; Merkel, Florence; Mitchell, J. O' M; Murphy, Leo; Norwood, Robert; Nutt, Elizabeth S; O'Brien, Seumas; Pierce Lorne; Pound, A. M; Reid, Robie, C; Roberts, Charles G. D.; Gostwick; Roberts, Lloyd; Ross, William; Stewart, Florence; Tufts, Evelyn; Tyler, Hilda; Uniacke, Jim; Vickery, E. J; Wallace, Joe; Wilcox, Noel; William Ifan.