

THE SONG FISHERMEN'S SONG SHEET

"Come All Ye"

Issued Ever So Often. Halifax, N. S., December 6, 1928. Number 6.

Poor Bob

A free verse
- by Martha Ann

The sink's full of
Three days'
Dirty Dishes
Scales
Of fish
Float in the
Scummy
Fry-pan
On the floors are
Crumbs
But the
Broom
Is upstairs
There's
Dried
Fried
Eg
g
On page
36 of the
Buck
In the
Snow
Which is
Propped open
With a wet
Rag and a can of
Chipso
And
Hell
The fire
Is
Out
That's where
I'm going.

GOSH!

O William M. what's this I hear?
It sounds to me extremely queer
That you should think one marineer
Might have three Mollies.
A shamrock may have leaflets three,
But William M. take it from me
I'll not make up a trinity
To suit your follies.

From the first hour that gave me birth
I've always known my little worth,
And owned that man was lord of earth
Despite his faults.
But now, bedad, I tell you this,
That the sweet words of Joe and Bliss
Make me so proud - one Molly is
Worth three "Old Salts." !!!

Molly B.

" It is long since I was a little girl, and yet I feel now what I felt when I was twelve and watched the ships go out of Halifax harbor. I went out on some of them, to far and lovely countries, and always came back again. But what is it that goes, without any ship to take it, and does not come back? If you will tell me that, I will write you about dog fish, or sword fish, or any fish you happen to be fond of. But you can't, for only the dead know, and they keep ever so still about it. Anyway, good luck, "

And it's we will go a-fishing
 When the sea gives up its dead,
 A-fishing for a little verse
 About a pike, a perch, or worse --
 Or better--what about a stream
 A brook, a pool, a sea --
 Perhaps about a hill--O, that
 Of all things stirs in me
 The wish to say or do a thing!
 The wish to play, the wish to sing --

But hush!--Shall we agree
 That when the night
 Has vanished quite
 And all the days are sped,
 When every wish has slipped away,
 And all our prayers are said,
 We'll fish then,
 And we'll sail again?

Perhaps we'll sleep instead!
 But, anyway,
 Suppose we say
 That when the dawn is red
 Upon some other pretty shore
 (If such a shore there be)
 We'll write of all the fishes
 That were ever caught at sea.
 I'll write you one upon an eel,
 And you can write for me
 One on a starfish, or we'll write
 On cuttlefish, instead,--
 That is, O Andrew Merkel,
 If we're living when we're dead!

A. C. H.

A "DULSE" NOTE.

The Bag of Dulse, the Bag of Dulse,
 Which Jerry Murphy loved and sung,
 In strains to stir the manly pulse
 Of fisherfolk both old and young,
 Eternal fame may gild it yet
 Since Jerry caught it in his net.

Old Webster knew the sea-weed well;
 He tells about it in his Book.
 You'll find he has a lot to tell
 If under "D" you closely look.
 He says the Scots with it are fed,
 It forms part of their daily bread.

But other virtues, nobler cults,
 Are twined about its purple stem.
 Kamchatkans brew from out the Dulse
 A wine that yields a kick to them.
 G.C.K.'s "green wine of the sea"
 Compared to Dulse, is weak as tea.

Then sound the clarion, and efful-
 sively proclaim to each and all,
 'Tis better to get full on Dulse
 Than never to get full at all.

THAT DEDICATION.

"This song sheet is being issued in order to keep the
Song Fishermen in touch with conditions on the Grand Bank"

Extract from noble dedication, Vol.1.

Although the famous Grand Bank
Has wealth to feed a nation,
It's stock is mostly water,
In constant liquidation.

The Song Sheet is an effort
To convey the true conditions
On the Grand Bank to subscribers
To the various editions.

Now if you asked a Fisherman,
How things are there, I'll bet
He'd answer; "Sir, conditions,
Uniformly are "all wet."

And he might add, serenely,
As he sat upon the hatch,
We, unlike fresh water fishers,
Never lie about our catch.

W. J. Carew.

IRREVERENCE.

When these dead bones shall rise from earth
To take on heavenly form and worth,
Oh tell me not that I shall be
More clothed in sheen and symmetry
Than when a lovely damsel found
Me lovely ere I came to ground.

For, looking on this lasting Gear,
Its Holiness will needs appear
A flawless figure void of blood,
A perfect platter bare of food,
Eternity without a spring,
An April where no robins bring
The lasting summer of the South,
The rose upon the heart and mouth.
No wight would wish to dure forever
If earthly love were given him never,
And who would walk in Paradise
Gladly before immortal eyes
Calm as great plates beneath those brows
August and tranquil as the cows' ?
Oh never would I stride immortal
If on true love I close the Portal
Silent, and leaden, and immense,
Of everlasting Innocence.

Give me my sins -- they are my woe
Yet I would have it thus and so,
Altered no whit, and still unchanged
Even as Lucifer arranged.
Well learned was I in many a college,
Yet studious of the Tree of knowledge,
For there I found the lovely lore
That beggared all truths known before.
So, when I get to growing old,
I'll grapple me the rose and gold,
The shining amber hours of youth
When truth was love, and love was truth;
Hours when I dimly seemed to guess
That One created Happiness
His flame to bow and burn and bless

(continued on next sheet)

Therefore I pray that I may be
 This earthly creature utterly
 If I should rise -- a mortal man,
 One whom the Perfect scorn to scan.
 And here give I my toast to Dust:
 'Twas ever Lovely!

 If I must
 Put all this sentient Being by,
 Then stir me not, but let me lie!

Nathaniel A. Benson.

 TRUTH NOT POETRY.

A flask full of worms,
 A bottle of Rum;
 A bun of fresh bread,
 Some slices of Ham,
 With pickles and cheese
 And a crock of Her Jam.
 The whirl of the reel,
 The jump of the fish,
 A Hole in your waders,
 A skin full of itch.
 Those back-biting midges
 A neck eaten by flies
 The big one you lost,
 A whole mouth full of lies.
 List tis the Shurrll of the Pipes
 No! tis the swamp skeeters hum
 Then Crank-up The Lizzie
 This trips on the bum.

Stuart McCawley.

 RESURRECTION IN OCTOBER

When Seigneur Death came riding through,
 He graced the ranks that joined him here
 With pride they earned, but never knew:
 The stature of the cavalier.

The ghosts who bade reluctant mould
 Take fire with life no spring could stay,
 Are helmeted with shivering gold,
 Are booted high with dusty grey.

The dark earth knows the stir and start
 When Autumn on their sleep confers
 The colored cloak, the stubborn heart,
 The thrust of rainy rapiers.

WE shall not find achievement thus,
 Though gold aspire and scarlet thrive,
 There is no peace in these for us -
 We are alive.... we are alive.

Charles Bruce.

 CONFUSION

A man as wise as a man can be
 Was writing a book on philosophy.
 Pages and pages of words he wrote
 Without his wisdom petering out.

One day he watched for his weary wife
 The bit of a babe they had brought to life.
 He thought to himself as his fingers flew
 How very little that baby knew!

Just at the moment the baby woke -
 And gently smiled at its own little joke.....
 As gently the wise man laid his pen,
 And never picked it up again.

Bob Leslie.

A LITTLE BOAT PUTS OUT.

A little boat, the Drowsy Head,
Puts out beyond the harbouring arms
Of homey things, and unadread
Faces the looming sea's alarms.

Gold striped her bonny hull of blue
And snowy white her maiden sails,
Pretty as petals washed in dew
But all too weak for ocean gales.

A store of wondrous merchandise,
Of fairycraft, and sun-spun gold,
With visions shaped in curious guise,
Dreams and ideals crowd her hold.

With other precious freight unseen:
The heartbreaks, and the hopes of those
Beyond her wake's recovered green
Who hold her memory as a rose.

When sunset strikes her wistful sails,
Verging and merging in the sky,
The dimmed eye of affection fails --
Little, and loved, and lost .. goodby.

Joe Wallace.

SEAGULLS.

Companions are these of mine down at Jeddore,
Where dreaming I sit on the rock-bounded shore,
Entranced by the side-circling sweep of their wings,
Till thoughts wander past of indefinite things:
As to why I am I, and why they are they,
Could we only change places just for a day!
For them the dull weight of leaden feet creeping,
For me the mad moment of swift wings sweeping
And cleaving the air in a passion of pain,
When that other voice whispers---you're earth again.
Abandon the hope, for whither the trying
To fathom the depth of a seagulls crying,
Their move in the mist-moistened motionless air
Is a seagulls knowledge of finding its fare.
For the tide is low, and the rocks are showing
Deep cinnamon-dyed where the dulse is growing,
And the Salmon River's a beacon of red
To lighten the day to its evening bed,
And far to the east, and way over beyond,
There's a light on the ripples of Oyster Pond.

H. A. W.

Dear Skipper

Last night before going to bed I baited my hook with
some of Jerry's well-beloved dulse; at 2.5 a.m. I was jerked out
of bed by the enclosed flounder - proof positive that if dulse
dulls the poet it at least rouses the rhymer:

A NIGHTMARE CATCH.

I, the dignified, the quiet,
The reserved, the rather schoolish,
Feel the impulse to be frolicsome and foolish,
(Dulse, all hail!)
Feel constrained without preamble
To get out of bed and ramble,
And to emulate the gambol
Of the whale.

(continued on next sheet)

I look out through Stuart's spy-glass
 At old Lukie's boat and cargo,
 Which same proclaims the N.S.T. embargo
 Has its use;
 So, down Ken's road I'll be going
 To see Charlie's birch tree growing,
 And to smell the Dulse Stream flowing
 Through King's sluice.

Lo, I rival Ifan Williams
 When I sit and smite the spinnet,
 And the "Wexford Boys", begorra, aren't in it
 When I sing;
 For I've broken loose my tether
 And I vow, despite the weather,
 That to babbie and to blether
 Are the thing.

If you think my muse is mouldy,
 That she limps on leaden feet,
 That my nonsense will the Skipper of the Song Sheet
 Quite repulse,
 Let me warn each poet and rhymer,
 Tender-footed or old-timer,
 You'd best use a bait sublimer
 Far than Dulse.

Molly Beresford,

P.S. My quintal is so heavy that I hereby swear to stay in port till
 after the New Year; in any case my decks are all cluttered up with
 work and an uneasy conscience has scuttled a ship before now! I
 send my love to all good fishermen, and my greetings for
 Christmastide, - the birthday of that most splendid Fisherman
 whose bait is Love and whose catch is ourselves.

M. A. B.

This is a double number of the Song Sheet issued at this time
 to avoid if possible having it mussed-up with the Christmas festivities
The next number will appear early in the New Year providing the
 fishing is good....We welcome a number of new fishermen with this
 issue, notably W.J.Carew, of the Prime Minister's office, St.John's,
 Newfoundland, and Nathaniel A.Benson, of the English Department of
 Toronto University....W.J.C. suggests that we change the name of this
 defender of the home and fireside to "Come All Ye". For a starter we
 are adopting the phrase as the slogan of the Song Sheet....Spoke
 Martha Ann who reported that she and Bob would try what Kentucky has
 to offer for Christmas....Kenneth of Wexford sailed on the Augustus
 a week ago last Saturday for Italy. Among his other missions he will
 explain to Mussolini the interview he gave the Toronto Telegram last
 May. He hopes to return in March....Bliss Carman gave a recital in the
 Community House of Saint Bartholomews Church last week. He was intro-
 duced by Robert Norwood. A good time was had by everybody....And heres
 wishing all hands good fishing throughout the Christmas season and
 the New Year.

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

Bannon, R.B., Benson, Nathaniel A., Beresford, Molly, Bernasconi,
 H.P., Bruce, Charles, Butler, Ethel, Carew, W.J., Carman, Bliss,
 Carten, Laura, Clarke, George Frederick, Fletcher, Molly, Fraser,
 A.L., Gillis, James D., Harley, H.A., Hatheway, R.H., Hazen, King,
 Hemmeon, Allen, Hopkins, R.F., Huastis, Annie Campbell, King, Agnes,
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 Ross, William, Stewart, Florence, Tufts, Evelyn, Tyler, Hilda,
 Uniacke, Jim, Vickery, E.J., Wallace, Joe, Wilcox, Noel, William,
 Ifan,

More songs needed. Address A.D.Merkel, 80 Granville Street,
 Halifax, N.S.
