

THE SONG FISHERMEN'S SONG SHEET

"Come All Ye"

Issued Ever So Often. Halifax, N. S., April 4, 1930. Number 16.

---

PROCLAMATION

--  
The Rock Bay Side  
--

September The Thirteenth Nineteen Twenty Nine.

--  
Of a Few of The Crew  
That I knew!  
--

By Royal Command and without grammar let us  
give you "a Tongue Lashing!"  
--

And urge greater greatness for Thirty.

You all have gifts and kinks; so fertilize  
the gifts and iron out the kinks.

Now:--

MCLLY BERESFORD is a great listener, has IT but doesn't parade it. Is a better writer than talker.

ANDY, THE SKIPPER has the wide grasping, grouping, control that comes from the post graduate experience of high class journalism. Where he is "there's something doing."

KEN LESLIE can sing with voice and pen; sees quicker than most. Is critical but just. And loved to make other happy.

THAT BIG BOY BOB, with Lindy's stride and charm never looks down.

JOE, THE SAGE is brilliant and sincere; but not yet out of the doldrums. When he finds his soul The Song Fishermen will rejoice with a mighty audience.

WEE, EFFIE, THE RHYMER, is a real old timer. With a Cape Breton tough that is more than much.

THE CHAMBER MAID, was fashioned for thrill and her tongue, hands and feet are seldom still.

THE IRISH MOLLY, with the Boyne Brogue has the soul of a gypsy the eye of a rogue.

TULLY HERSELF with the tom-boy bob is Matron, Good-Provider, Great Mother, and has more patience and pep than is good for one in the bantam class.

THE LUNENBURG PROFESSOR from the School of The Navy has promised an ode to Sauer Kraut. It should be a masterpiece.

OUR SCOTCH BIOLOGIST is to throw a full Nelson on the Sculpon; and he is commanded to produce.

ROBERT, THE RECTOR, HAS ARRIVED. 'Nough said!

- Signed by The Seal of The Dulse

Rex.

## THE CREW

We were shanghied near the gate,  
Where Bard Bobbie stands sedate;  
Just a piece of bronze and stone,  
In the green shrubs all alone.  
God's most gifted, singing son  
Whom no shillings ever won.  
Smiling down on singing folk  
Proving life a Bilgee joke.  
With his back to greed and glory  
In his soul The Lovely Story.  
Take his blessing Fisher Singers  
Use his pogee, use his sinkers  
Cast your nets beyond the tide.  
Let your vision wander wide.

- Stuart McCawley, Rex.

## A WORD FROM J. D. GILLIS

Melrose Hill, Inv. Co., N.S. Sept. 27/29.

I visited Halifax recently my first visit since 1916 when I called before going to Sask.

I believe Halifax has grown faster than some newer towns and cities. And everything looks fresh and progressive and shows little of that rasping discipline that dooms some old Rule and Law ridden cities and towns.

Such discipline of unoffending travellers has turned multitudes away to auto cars, and pilgrims to more congenial haunts. But Halifax City is simply a condensed population claiming no prescience or inspiration.

I attended the Song Fishermen's Picnic, whose grace note was a Lecture by Dr. Norwood, of New York City. This Lecture was delivered on the night before the Picnic. The subject was the Modern Poets of N. S. Dr. Norwood is a widely known scholar, theologian, thinker and poet and now refreshed and replenished by a trip to Palestine. I think I am within my rights to say that the Lecture was not often if ever surpassed. He shouldered the most untried and heavy problems, explained the function of mind and its expression in deeds, prose, and poetry - giving special attention to the poets and poetry of Nova Scotia.

Next morning we motored to Shad Bay. Thence we went out a short distance to sea. Returning to Shad Bay we had a Chowder Dinner followed by the imposing Ceremony of a Poet's Coronation. Mr. Stuart McCawley of Glace Bay was crowned with a dulse crown - his reward for a very clever poem. Mr. Robt. Leslie received a Laureate Dictionary, Miss Tufts of Wolfville was proclaimed Chamberlain.

Dr. Norwood, Mr. McCawley and others made appropriate addresses. A Halifax Piper played stirring pibrochs, Mr. Gillis and Mr. K. Leslie chimed into the music, the latter playing a violin solo and singing a Burns-like lyric composed by himself. The said lyric with the music should be generally known. It is most innocent, unobtrusive almost pathetic. At the same time it plainly shows the best attitude for a young Nova Scotian in the chaos of inevitable opposition if he wants to triumph in the end.

There were present many popular erudite and progressive lady writers of Halifax, Rockingham, etc.

To all these I feel very grateful, and to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Merkel whose hospitality is undoubted. At his house I was glad to see a Dalhousie Graduate whom I knew years ago as the gentle Miss Hamus.

Respy,

Jas. D. Gillis.

---

### THE ROAD TO NOVIE

(Which is interpreted - N. S.)

The road that leads to Novie sometimes wanders o'er the mountains,  
It strays across the prairies with their dry and thirsty breeze,  
It tangles oft times thru a vale melodious with fountains,  
And I have known it tremble o'er the wilderness of seas.

O be this pathway menaced by the tyrant winter's anger,  
Or in the arms of summer let it soft sequestered be;  
Let noonday lead, or waning moon my weary steps endanger,  
The little road to Novie is the only road for me.

Poets hymn their homeland's praise. All paths and trails  
that cross it;  
I've a road to rhyme about, and I shall make it plain,--  
The road that leads to Novie meets my heart and runs  
across it;  
Straight across if (if you please) and three times  
round again!

- R. V. Bannon.

### SACRILEGE

Our valley world is hushed and still,  
Mute as the sun that, moving slow,  
Silvers the thunderheads below.  
The restless poplars on the hill,--

Poplars that clap their hands in glee  
At even the faintest breath of air,--  
Stand silently, as if they dare  
No desecrate this sanctity

Of silence. By the lake's calm face  
Tall birch, wild rose and meadow-sweet  
Lean forth as nymphs who coyly greet  
The faithful image of their grace.

All suddenly, like thrust of pain,  
A loon's wild laughter breaks the seal  
Of peace. Demoniac peal on peal  
Echoes, and dies, and peals again.

The clouds with living light are riven;  
Birches and poplars bend and quake,  
Black squalls deface the mirrored lake,  
And thunder rends the roof of Heaven.

E. Chesley Allen.

## TRAGIC "DRAMA"

I went a-sailing on the bay-  
 (A little maid, of seven.)  
     The sea was blue,  
     The sky was blue,  
 (Such days are made in Heaven)  
     The piper piped,  
     The sea birds swirled,  
 The Chanteys charmed the fishes.  
 A pollock 'rose to hear the tune,-  
     Alas - - - - - !

He smiled a sort of sickly grin  
 As stalwart Robert hauled him in.  
 "Hello," quoth he, and, "Who be ye"  
 "Jove! any fish that swims the sea  
 Would surely give his life to be  
 In such distinguished

Com-  
     pan-  
         ee!

---

## A SEA DOG (gerel)

He sat upon a granite throne - King Neptune.  
 His crown was of the salty dulce - Was Neptune's.  
 The queen who sat at his right hand,  
 Was of superior X X X brand  
 And I will bet two million bets,  
 That should you drag the sea with nets,  
 You wouldn't catch a fairer nymph  
 Than Neptune's "Chamber Maiden".

- Ben Bolt's Affinity.

## FANTASY

In the woods the other day  
 My fancy from me flew away;  
 Distance lengthened into night  
 As soaring wings took rebel flight.

I have not come back again--  
 I am where I wandered then.

Taller than the highest peak,  
 I see everything I seek;  
 Atom under stars and sun,  
 Smaller than the smallest one.  
 Dawn where all had been dull gray,  
 A tiny ripple on the bay,  
 The stillness of a summer night,  
 Come down to me or reach my height.

To crush a dripping savage heart--  
 To tear a living thing apart--  
 The keenest pain--the deepest wrong--  
 These sing me an exultant song.

Verdant trees and tender flowers,  
 Dreamy flights in fairy towers,  
 Rhapsodies of time and space,  
 The highest stars of passion grace.

Fickle lights of ecstasy  
 Shine behind a fantasy.

- John Mosher.

## " TONGUE-LASHING"

Wee Sandy, the Sage  
Wat het-up with rage  
As he sat on the rocks,  
Devoid of his socks,  
Hoping the lap of the Ocean's brine  
Would erode his bunions and corns,  
Some time.

O'er his mug was a dirty look  
As he thumbed the leaves of a hefty book,  
Whose subject was "Prayer and Godly Advice,"  
Boiled, stewed and skimmed to make  
It taste nice.

Whoever that charming book wrote  
Must intended to get Sandy's goat,  
For he fidgeted and fussed  
He raved and he cussed,  
And handed us all "A Tongue Lashing."

Now, "Do you know", said he,  
As talk is free,  
And many a tongue's hung in the middle,  
Folks who are loose with advice  
Have gizzards of ice,  
And souls like an untuned fiddle.

We lived in a clap-boarded shack,  
With a privy out at the back,  
We had bed-bugs galore,  
And knots in the floor,  
We had toothache and itch,  
And lots of the switch,

We slept four in the bed,  
(Two at the foot and two and the head)  
There was only one quilt,  
Some rags, made of Granny's old Kilt,  
(To cover the lot; whether frosty or hot.)

We eat scathans and grain  
And ne'er had a pain,  
The old man loved booze  
And his afternoon snooze,  
Mother was cross and always the boss,  
And darn if the clan didn't prosper.

Our religion we got in big doses,  
Just gospel and "the Don'ts of Moses,"  
There was grace before meals,  
As long as two eels,  
A wee dose of Kirk,  
To keep the preacher at work,  
And a large helping of family worship.

And now the pulpits are cluttered  
With Creeders,  
Crucifying Christ every day,  
Forced up in schools,  
Run by old fools,  
Who function like Burdock in Hay.

The Holy Cross overlooked them on  
Wit Sunday;  
Or they lacked the absorbing power  
To germinate the seed of the Spirit.

Some of them are so rusty on Christianity,  
That they are glad of prohibition,  
As a subject to talk about.

They bother people about saving their souls,  
To gain a front pew in Glory;  
But never try to help them find a soul,  
What a wonderful world, if ever a few  
Of them discovered a Soul!

The Kingdom of God is within us,  
It gets a shabby reception,  
Where there is only wind and indigestion.

The politician scatters his promises,  
As the hand-liner scatters his pogeys  
And the poor fish raise to his bait,  
And gets the hook.

A sculpon is a sea animal,  
With a big head,  
And not much else;  
The head is all bone,  
Some humans are sculpons.

Then Wee Sandy reached for his socks,  
Threw the book in the sea,  
And took to his scrapers,  
For home, wife and tea.

- Stuart McCawley.

#### THE MEADOW BROOK

Vivacious and lazy,  
Fresh as a daisy,  
Puffing "A Lucky",  
Singing a song.  
Whipping the Meadow Brook,  
Worming an extra hook;  
Joying the whole of life  
Remote from the throng.

No "margin" worry,  
No urge to hurry!  
Sunshine and ozone.  
The whole world your own!  
Here you forget the strife,  
Here you can live the life,  
Far from the Mammon crowd  
With God alone.

Odor of golden rod,  
Clover and emerald sod;  
Sweet Mayflower and sorrel  
Incensing some moral,  
Perfuming some story,  
Of "Dame Nature's" glory;  
Helping you smell  
The way to be well.

Who could be bad,  
Selfish or sad?  
Whiffing such charm,  
Blowing the harm.  
Sweet smells; all lung luster  
Song birds and flower cluster,  
The cocktail Dad brews  
At the old Meadow Farm.

- Stuart McCawley.