



# Sailor's Delight

A mixtape by Seth Casana  
July 2022

## **John Cook**

*Written by Tom Rowe*

*Performed by Schooner Fare*

Oh, John Cook, ye have taken us to hell  
Locked up in the ice off Baffin Island  
We've been here for a year, now the water's comin' clear  
Won't you set for home, John Cook, without the oil?

We sailed her out from Gloucester, to hunt the mighty whale  
A crew of twenty seasoned whalin' men  
With Slocum at the helm and me and Drury haulin' sail  
And the Captain shouting orders at the wind

The Captain's wife had begged to go and Cook could not deny her  
For Annie Cook was sweet and young and fair  
She's been this last year down below, a'huddled near the fire  
The whaler's lot was more than she could bear

With one year gone and one to go we'd less than half the oil  
Four hundred barrels filled and in the hold  
The Captain turned her north'ard where he knew we'd find the whale  
But instead of whales we found the bitter cold

The Atlantic Queen did shudder as she braved the ocean gales  
But her master would not heed the mate's advice  
Oh, Captain, turn her south'ard and damn the hellish whale  
For if you don't we'll soon be trapped in ice

Soon the ice stretched all around the proud Atlantic Queen  
And nine months gone the food began to spoil  
The Captain paced the foredeck, tortured, torn between  
His love for Ann and lusting for the oil

For Annie Cook had begged her John to take her home to Gloucester  
Or sure it was she'd lose her sanity  
And the crew of the Atlantic Queen had charged her lord and master  
To point her south or face a mutiny

The Captain made his choice, he'd not return without the oil  
His pride was more important than his wife  
And when there came the mutiny he shot the Steward Boyle  
To take the Queen they'd have to take his life

Two more weeks, the ice cleared north, we set out the whales to find  
We took three beasts before the second day  
Michael Boyle had lost his life and Annie Cook had lost her mind  
And the Captain's coal black hair had gone to gray

## **Blow Ye Winds**

*Traditional*

*Performed by The Kingston Trio*

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo  
A hundred hearty sailors, a whalin' for to go

Singin' blow, ye winds, o' mornin', blow, ye winds, hi-o  
Haul away your runnin' gear and blow, boys, blow

They tell you of the clipper ships a-runnin' in and out  
They say you'll take 500 whales before you're six months out

The skipper's on the afterdeck a-squintin' at the sails  
When up above the lookout spots a mighty school of whales

Then lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll travel  
But if you get too near his tail, he'll kick you to the Devil

And now that he is ours, my boys, we'll bring him alongside  
Then over with our blubber hooks and rob him of his hide

When we get home, our ship made fast, and we get through our sailin'  
A brimmin' glass around we'll pass and hang this blubber whalin'

## **Botany Bay**

*Traditional*

*Performed by Noel McLoughlin*

Farewell to your bricks and mortar  
Farewell to your dirty lime  
Farewell to your gangways and your gangplanks  
And to hell with your overtime  
For the good ship Ragamuffin  
Is lying at the quay  
For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back  
To the shores of Botany Bay

While me way down to the quay  
Where the ship at anchor lay  
To command a gang of navvies  
That I was told to engage  
I stopped in for to drink a while  
Before I go away  
For to take a trip on an immigrant ship  
To the shores of Botany Bay

Well, the boss came up this morning  
And he says, "Well, Pat, you know  
That if you didn't get those navvies out  
I'm afraid you'll have to go"  
So I asked him for me wages  
And demanded all my pay  
And I told him straight we would all emigrate  
To the shores of Botany Bay

And when I reach Australia  
I'll go and search for gold  
There's plenty there for digging up  
Or so I have been told  
Or else I'll go back to me trade  
And a hundred bricks I'll lay  
Because I live for an eight-hour shift  
On the shores of Botany Bay

## **The Mary Ellen Carter**

*Written by Stan Rogers*

*Performed by Makem and Clancy*

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain  
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the mate, he felt no pain  
Too close to Three Mile Rock when she was dealt her mortal blow  
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low  
There was just us five aboard her when she finally was awash  
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost  
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim  
We'd make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Well, the owners wrote her off, not a nickel would they spend  
She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end  
The insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below  
They laughed at us and said we'd have to go  
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock  
She's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock  
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

Rise again, rise again  
Let her name not be lost to the knowledge of men  
All those who loved her best and were with her 'til the end  
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend  
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends  
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow  
Or I'd never have the strength to go below  
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and porthole down  
Put cables to her fore and aft and girded her around  
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain  
And watch the Mary Ellen Carter rise again

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale  
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day  
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go  
Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain  
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

Rise again, rise again  
Though your heart may be broken and life about to end  
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend  
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

## **Nova Scotia Farewell**

*Traditional*

*Performed by Schooner Fare*

Farewell to Nova Scotia, your sea bound coast  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed  
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

The sun was setting in the west  
The birds were singing on every tree  
All nature seemed inclined for to rest  
But still there was no rest for me

I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my parents whom I held so dear  
And my bonnie, bonnie lassie that I love so well

The drums do beat and the wars do alarm  
My Captain calls, I must obey  
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms  
For it's early in the morning, I'll be far, far away

I have three brothers, and they are at rest  
Their arms are folded on their breast  
But a poor and simple sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea

## **North Sea Holes**

*Traditional*

*Performed by The Woods Tea Co.*

Come all you gallant fishermen that plough the stormy sea  
The whole year round on the fishing grounds  
On the Northern Minch and the Norway Deeps,  
On the banks and knolls of the North Sea Holes  
Where the herring shoals are found

It's there you'll find the Norfolk boys and the lads from Peterhead  
There's Buckie chieles and men from Shields  
On the Northern Minch and the Norway Deeps,  
On the banks and knolls of the North Sea Holes  
Where the herring shoals are found

From Fraserborough and Aberdeen, from out in Yarmouth Town  
The fleet's away at the break of day  
To the Northern Minch and the Norway Deeps,  
To the banks and knolls of the North Sea Holes  
Where the herring shoals are found

It's off with a boiler full of steam and your engine spic and span  
To fish the grounds the North Sea round  
And fish and knolls and the North Sea Holes  
And try your luck at the North Shields Gut  
With a catch of a hundred cran

No need to wait for the wind and tide, you're the master of the sea  
Come calm or squall, just shoot and haul  
And fill the hold with the fish to be sold  
And steam ahead for the curing shed  
And the buyers on the Yarmouth quay

## **The Bold Privateer**

Traditional

Performed by Jeff Warner

Oh, my dearest Molly  
It's you and I must part  
Going across the ocean  
Leave you with my heart  
Now my ship is sailing  
Fare thee well, my dear  
I'm going on board the vessel  
The Bold Privateer

Who will go with me?  
Who will go with me?  
Who will go with me, my love?  
Going across the sea

Oh, my dearest Johnny,  
Great dangers have been brought  
And many a sweet life  
By the seas has been lost  
Better stay at home  
With the girl that loves you dear  
Than to venture your sweet life  
On the Bold Privateer

Oh, my dearest Molly,  
Your friends do me despise  
Besides, you have two brothers  
Who'd freely take my life  
Come, change your ring with me, my girl  
Come, change your ring with me  
And let it be a token  
When I am on the sea

And when this war is ended  
Should heaven spare my life  
I'll return home to  
My intended wife  
And now I'll get married  
To my charming Molly dear  
And for ever bid adieu  
The Bold Privateer



## **Greenland Fisheries**

*Traditional*

*Performed by The Highwaymen*

'Twas in 1853  
On June the thirteenth day  
When a whalin' ship her anchor raised  
And for Greenland sailed away

The lookout on the crosstree stood  
With a spyglass in his hand  
"There's a whale! There's a whale! There's a whale-fish!" he cried  
"She blows at every span"

We struck that whale, and the line paid out  
But she made a flounder with her tail  
And the boat capsized, and four men were drowned  
And we never got that whale

"To lose that whale" the captain cried  
"It grieves me four times four  
But to lose four of my gallant men  
It grieves me ten times more (Brave boys)  
It grieves me ten times more"

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place  
A land that's never green  
Where there's ice and snow, where whale-fishes blow  
And daylight seldom seen

**Rueben James**

*Written by Woody Guthrie & Joseph Philbrick Webster*

*Performed by The Kingston Trio*

Have you heard of the ship called the good Reuben James?  
Run by hard fighting men both of honor and of fame  
She flew the stars and stripes of the land of the free  
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea

Oh, tell me, what were their names?  
Tell me, what were their names?  
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?

One hundred men went down to their dark and watery graves  
When that good ship went down, only forty-four were saved  
'Twas the last day of October, they saved the forty-four  
From the dark icy waters of that cold Iceland shore

It was there in the dark of that cold and watery night  
They watched for the U-boats and they waited for a fight  
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion's roar  
They lay the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor

Many years have passed since those brave men are gone  
Those cold, icy waters, they're still and they're calm  
Many years have passed and still I wonder why  
The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die

## **Lukey's Boat**

*Traditional*

*Performed by Piper Stock Hill*

Lukey's boat is painted green

A-ha, me boys

Lukey's boat is painted green

The prettiest boat that you've ever seen

A-ha, me boys, ah-diddle-aye-day

Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty

And every seam is chinked with putty

Lukey's boat got high-stopped sails

The sheets were planked with copper nails

Lukey's rolling out his grub

One split pea and a ten-pound tub

Now says Lukey, "Me blinds are down —

Me wife is dead and she's underground"

Now says Lukey, "I don't care —

I'll get me another in the spring of the year"

## **All For Me Grog**

*Traditional*

*Performed by Schooner Fare*

And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog  
It's all for me beer and tobacco  
For I spent all me tin  
With the lassies drinkin' gin  
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Tell me, where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots?  
They've all gone for beer and tobacco  
For the uppers are wore out  
And the heels are kicked about  
And the tongues are lookin' out for better weather

Tell me, where is me shirt, me noggin, noggin shirt?  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
For the collar is wore out  
The sleeves are kicked about  
And the arse is lookin' out for better weather

Tell me, where is me bed, me noggin, noggin bed?  
It's all gone for beer and tobacco  
Well, I lent it to a tart  
And the mattress fell apart  
And the springs are lookin' out for better weather

Now, I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed  
Since I came ashore with me plunder  
I've seen centipedes and snakes  
And I'm full of pains and aches  
And I thinks I'll make a path for way out yonder

## **The Wreck Of The Athens Queen**

*Written and performed by Stan Rogers*

We were drinking down to Reedy's house  
When first we heard the blow  
It seemed to come from Ripper Rock  
So boldly forth to go  
And sure enough the rusty tub  
Could just be barely seen  
As her stern was high up in the air  
We made out Athens Queen  
O, the lovely Athens Queen

Me boys, I must remind you  
There's a bottle left inside  
So let us go and have a few  
And wait until low tide  
And if the sea's not claimed her  
When the glasses are licked clean  
We will then set forth some dories, lads  
And see what may be seen  
On the lovely Athens Queen

Some songs and old tall stories then  
Came out to pass the time  
Nor could a single bottle  
Keep us all until low tide  
And so it was before we left  
The house we were at sea  
So we scarcely can remember  
How we made the Athens Queen  
O, the lovely Athens Queen

O, the waves inside me belly  
Were as high as those outside  
And though I'm never seasick  
I lost dinner overside  
T'was well there was no crew to save  
For we'd have scared 'em green  
We could scarcely keep ourselves  
From falling off the Athens Queen  
O, the lovely Athens Queen

Well, Reedy goes straight down below  
And comes up with a cow  
Hello, I said, now what would you  
Be wantin' with that now?  
You'll never take the cow home  
In a dory on such sea  
Well, me friend, he says, I've always fancied  
Fresh cream in me tea  
For the lovely Athens Queen

I headed for the galley then  
'Cause I was rather dry  
And glad I was to get there quick  
For what should I spy  
O, what a shame it would have been  
For to lose it all at sea  
Forty cases of the best Napoleon  
Brandy ever seen  
On the lovely Athens Queen

I loaded twenty cases, boys  
Then headed for the shore  
Unloaded them as quick as that  
And then pulled back for more  
Smith was pullin' for the shore  
But he could scarce be seen  
Under near two hundred chickens  
And a leather couch of green  
From the lovely Athens Queen

So here's to all good salvagers  
Likewise to Ripper Rock  
And to Napoleon brandy of which  
Now we have much stock  
We eat a lot of chicken  
And sit on a couch of green  
And we wait for Ripper Rock  
To claim another Athens Queen  
O, the lovely Athens Queen

## **Ten Thousand Miles Away**

*Written by Joseph B. Geoghegan*

*Performed by Dan Milner*

Oh, for a brave and a gallant ship  
And a fair and a fav'rin' breeze  
With a bully crew and a captain to  
To carry me o'er the seas  
To carry me o'er the seas, me boys  
To me true love far away  
For I'm takin' a trip on a Government ship  
Ten thousand miles away

Then, blow ye winds, heigh-ho!  
A-rovin' I will go  
I'll stay no more on Erin's shore  
To hear the fiddlers play  
I'm off on the bounding main  
And I won't be back again  
For I'm on the move to my own true love  
Ten thousand miles away

My true love she was beautiful  
My true love she was young  
Her eyes were like the diamonds  
Bright and silvery was her tongue  
An' Silvery was her tongue, me lads  
As the big ship left the bay  
And she said, "Will you remember me  
Ten thousand miles away?"

It was a dark and a dismal day  
When last I saw my Peg  
She'd a Government band around each hand  
And another one round her leg  
And another one round her leg, me boys  
As the big ship left the bay,  
"Adieu," says she, "remember me  
Ten thousand miles away"

Oh, the sun may shine through the Dublin fog  
And the Liffey run quite clear  
And the ocean brine turn into wine  
And I forget my beer  
And I forget my beer, me boys  
Or the landlord's quarter-day  
But I'll ne'er forget my own true love  
Ten thousand miles away

## **The Great Lakes Song**

*Written by Shel Silverstein & Pat Dailey*

*Performed by Lee Murdock*

Sweet Mother Michigan, Father Superior  
Coming down from Mackinaw and Sault St. Marie  
Blue water Huron rolls down to Lake Erie-o  
Falls into Ontario and runs out to sea

The Great Lakes are a diamond  
On the hand of North America  
A bright shinning jewel  
On the friendship border ring  
Fresh water highway  
Coming down from Canada  
While all along the coastline  
You can hear the people sing

Hardy are the seamen  
On the ships that load the iron ore  
Sailing out of Thunder Bay  
Bound for Buffalo  
And hardy are the fisherman  
Like their fathers were before  
They say, "Bury me at sea  
When it's my time to go"

Down below the quarterdeck  
The old men mend the fishing nets  
While up upon the windy bridge  
The young men curse into the wind  
Up and down the Windsor Straits  
The wives, the mothers lie awake  
They pray Our Lady of the Lake  
Will bring them home again

**If I Had A Ship**

*Written by Mason Williams*

*Performed by The Kingston Trio*

If I had a ship, I'd sail away  
If I had a ship, I'd sail away  
Leave my sorrows where they lay  
If I had a ship, I'd sail away

Stroll down by the sea  
Take a stroll down by the bay  
Sit and ponder the endless waves  
If I had a ship, I'd sail away

Stroll down by the sea  
where the wind songs softly play  
Lean my back on a driftwood tree  
If I had a ship, I'd sail away

Stroll down by the sea  
Stand beside her misty spray  
Though I know 'twill never be  
If I had a ship, I'd sail away



## **Row, Bullies, Row**

*Traditional*

*Performed by Dan Milner*

When I was a youngster, I sailed with the best  
On a Liverpool packet bound out to the West  
We sheltered one day in the harbor of Cork  
And then we set out for the port of New York

And it's row, row, bullies row,  
Your Liverpool Judies has got us in tow  
And it's row, row, bullies row,  
Your Liverpool Judies has got us in tow

For forty-two days, we were hungry and sore  
The winds were agin us, the gales they did roar  
Off Battery Point, we anchored at last  
With our jibboom hold to and the canvas all fast

Them boarding house masters was off in a trice  
They were shoutin' and sellin' all that was nice  
And one fat old crimp, he cottoned to me  
He says, "You're a fool, lad, to follow the sea"

He says, "There's a job, lad, just waitin' for you  
With a lashins o' liquor and nothin' to do"  
He says, "What ya think, lad? Will you jump her, too?"  
Says I, "Ye ol' bastard, I'm damned if I do"

But the best of intentions, they never gets far  
After forty-two days on the floor of the bar  
I tossed off me liquor and what do you think?  
The lousy ol' bastard did drugs in me drink

The next I remembers, I woke in the morn  
On a three-skysail yarder bound south round Cape Horn  
With an old suit of oilskins and a-three pairs of socks  
A bleedin' big head and a dose of the pox

Now all ye young sailors, take warnin' by me  
Watch out for the drinks when the liquor is free  
Pay no attention to runner or whore  
Your head'll be sick, your knob'll be sore

## **The Wellerman**

*Traditional*

*Performed by Jesse Ferguson*

There once was a ship that put to sea  
And the name of the ship was the Billy o' Tea  
The winds blew up and her bow dipped down  
O blow, my bully boys, blow

Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day when the tonguin' is done  
We'll take our leave and go

She had not been two weeks from shore  
When down on her, a right whale bore  
The captain called all hands and swore  
He'd take that whale in tow

Before the boat had hit the water  
The whale's tail came up and caught her  
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
When she dived down low

No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The Captain's mind was not on greed  
But he belonged to the Wellerman's creed  
She took that ship in tow

For forty days or even more  
The line went slack and tight once more  
All boats were lost, there were only four  
But still that whale did go

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on  
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all

## **The Royal Tar**

*Written by Tom Rowe*

*Performed by Schooner Fare*

On cold and dark October nights when northwest gales do blow,  
You can see the Royal Tar off Coomb's Point all aglow  
A sidewheel sailin' ship, she was, a packet of renown  
She sailed from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, down to Boston town  
The cargo was a circus, horses, lions, camels, too  
A leopard and an elephant, a tiger and one old gnu  
Aboard her were threescore and twelve and a crew of twenty-one  
And thirty-three would perish 'were that fateful night was done

"There's a fire!" someone shouted, "Fire in the hole!"  
And a northwest wind across the deck to chill the very soul  
Their courage would be tested 'ere that fateful night was through  
Of cowards there were many, of heroes just a few

With only six months service she was just off Isle Au Haut  
The Captain looked for shelter when the gale commenced to blow  
Captain Reed dropped anchor in the lee of Haven's shore  
He said we'll be protected here 'til morning light for sure  
Then came the call of fire and a mad rush for the boats  
There being only two seaworthy and one that would not float  
The crew abandoned first with just three men from below  
The Captain took the jolly boat and two more for to row

Seventy-two were left aboard in the fire and the gale  
Captain Waite, a passenger, slipped chain and set the sails  
He hoped to beach the Royal Tar and save all those aboard  
But the sails then caught afire and she helpless drifted seaward  
Then from North Haven harbor came Dyer and his crew  
Aboard the Schooner Veto, close by the Tar they drew  
They took off forty souls from the listing, burning wreck  
And then could take no more as the fire consumed the deck

Twelve women died that night and eleven children too  
Just ten men died in all and only three of them were crew  
The folks out on Matinicus say they watched the Royal Tar  
As she drifted out to sea 'til she looked to be a star  
Of the animals that lived it's said they swam to shore  
And to this day on stormy nights you'll hear the lions roar  
The elephant was found washed up on far off Brimstone Isle  
And none who lived to tell the tale would 'ere forget the trial

## **Old Fat Boat**

*Written and performed by Gordon Bok*

Here I am, man, all alone again  
Anchored away the hell and gone again  
Another mile from another town  
Wind Northeast and the rain coming down  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea  
A home for the mildew, friend to the flea

I don't care, man, I'm happy  
I got an old fat boat, she's slow but handsome  
Hard in the chine and soft in the transom  
I love her well, she must love me  
But I think it's only for my money

No more tobacco, no more cheese  
I'm sprung in the back and lame in the knees  
It's a damned good thing I'm easy to please  
There ain't nothing in town on a Sunday

You know, I got milk and I got ice  
I got home-made bread, a little old, but nice  
Everybody puts their cooking hat on  
When you tell 'em you're leaving in the morning

Yes, I got coffee, I got tea  
I got the beans and the beans got me  
I got tuna fish, I got rum  
I got a two-pound splinter in my thumb.  
So I'll take my toddy and my vitamin C  
And the radio for my company  
Oh, me! I got the hydrogen peroxide blues

Well mercy, mercy, I do declare  
If half the fun of going is the getting there  
Mercy, Percy, you better start rowing  
'Cause the other half of getting there is going

## **Across The Sea**

*Written by Charles Mackay*

*Performed by The Brothers Four*

Up a loft amid the rigging  
Swiftly blows the favoring gale  
Soft as springtime in each blossom  
Filling out each bending sail

Rolling home, rolling home  
Rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to dear old England  
Rolling home, dear land to thee

Six long years since I've seen Dover  
Now we're nearing England's shore  
Six more days to ride the west wind  
And I'll ride the wind no more

Dawn you welcome light of morning  
Shine you summer sun above  
Blow you gentle winds from westward  
Guide us home to those we love

## **Straight And True**

*Written and performed by Stan Rogers*

At Lincoln Center, a freak o' weather brought a taste of sea  
And I was back in Nova Scotia and all my friends were there with me  
And they were drinkin' Diamond, singin' Carter and passin' them from mouth to mouth  
It sounded like "goodbye" and I knew that I was headed South  
The bitter South

In my uncle's kitchen the songs are bitchin' or some Hank Williams' blues  
And I can hear my cousin's voices singing the very best that they can do  
And it doesn't matter what we're drinking, the ocean brings the flavor through  
And if none of this is fancy, the love is always straight and true  
Straight and true

There's something about it, I can't live without the Coast  
The rhythmic ocean, the clean wholesome motion of most of my friends there  
Swaying by the trees, singing of the sea, now  
City streets, they can't hold me when I'm most alone  
I'm going on home

I think I'm ready, my hands are steady, 'though that's something I've not always known  
And even if the West rejects me, there's some place I hold for my own  
And I soon will be there; do I love it? Yes, I guess that you could say I do  
Cause I'll be picking with my people where the music's always straight and true  
Straight and true

## **Salt Water Farm**

*Written by Tom Rowe*

*Performed by Schooner Fare*

He was well into his sixties when I first heard Grampa's dream  
A farmhouse by the sea and some roots in the land  
He never got the farm, what he got was a machine  
In a factory at the edge of town and broken, calloused hands  
It stole away his years and the music from his ears  
And left him so he couldn't even hear the factory horn  
Still he said someday he knew he'd get his way  
And end up his days on a salt water farm

Salt water farm, my salt water farm  
A little bit of heaven, just a house and a barn  
Mornin's we'd go fishin', work the fields in the afternoon  
And as the evening tide rolls in, there'd be songs beneath the moon  
And later I would take you in my arms  
And listen to the sounds of our salt water farm

He said he'd have a cow, some chickens, and a hog  
A barn filled up with hay and a boat down in the cove  
Later in the fall, we'd go hunting with the dog  
Winter nights, we'd sit around and read beside the stove  
Well, he was always kind of poor and he could have dreamed for more  
Than a place where he would still have to work with his hands  
But that never was his way and I can still hear him say  
"Son, a man is at his best between the sea and the landschooner"

**Western Boat**

*Written by Otto P. Kelland*

*Performed by Gordon Bok*

Take me back to my Western boat  
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's  
Where the hagdowns sail and the foghorns wail  
With my friends, the Browns and the Clearys  
In the swells off old St. Mary's

Let me feel my dory lift  
To the broad Atlantic cumbers  
Where the tide-rips swirl and the wild ducks furl  
And the ocean calls the numbers  
In the swells off old St. Mary's

Let me sail up golden bays  
With my oilskins all a-streaming  
From the thunder squall where I hauled my trawl  
And the old "Cape Ann" a-gleaming  
In the swells off old St. Mary's