

## Cape St. Mary's

Stan Rogers

Take me back to my western boat  
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's  
Where the hog-down sail  
And the Fog horns wail  
With my friends the Browns and the Clearys  
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's  
Let me feel my dory lift  
To the broad Atlantic combers  
Where the tide rip swirls  
And the wild ducks whirl  
And old Neptune calls the numbers.  
'Neath the wild Atlantic combers  
Let me sail up Golden Bay  
With my oilskins all a-streaming  
From the thunder squalls when I hauled my trawls.  
And my old Cape Ann a-gleaming  
With my oilskins all a-streaming.  
And let me view that ragged shore  
With the beaches all a-glisten  
With the caplin spawn  
Where from dusk till dawn  
You bait your trawn, and you listen  
To the undertow a-hissin'.  
And when I reach that last big shoal  
Where the groundswells break asunder,  
Where the wild sands roll to the surge's toll  
Let me be a man and take it  
When my dory fails to make it.  
Oh take me back to that snug green cove  
Where the seas roll up their thunder  
There let me rest  
In the Earth's cool breast  
Where the stars shine out their wonder  
And the seas roll up their thunder.