

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.