

Irish Descendents

"Let Me Fish Off Cape Stmary's"

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Take me back to my Western boat,
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's,
Where the hogdowns sail and the foghorns 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 rips swirl and the wild ducks whirl,
Where Old Neptune calls the number,
'Neath the broad Atlantic combers.

Let me sail up Golden Bay,
With my oilskins all a streamin',
From the thunder squall when I hauled me trawl,
And my old Cape Ann a gleamin',
With my oil skins all a streamin'.

Let me view that rugged shore,
Where the beach is all a-glisten,
With the Caplin spawn where from dusk to dawn,
You bait your trawl and listen,
To the undertow a-hissin'.

When I reach that last big shoal,
Where the ground swells 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.

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.

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