

Stan Rogers, Bluenose

Once again with the tide she slips her lines
Turns her head and comes awake
Where she lay so still there at Privateer's Wharf
Now she quickly gathers way
She will range far south from the harbour mouth
And rejoice with every wave
Who will know the Bluenose in the sun

Feel her bow rise free of Mother Sea
In a sunburst cloud of spray
That stings the cheek while the rigging will speak
Of sea-miles gone away
She is always best under full press
Hard over as she'll lay
And who will know the Bluenose in the sun? (x2)

That proud, fast Queen of the Grand Banks Fleet
Portrayed on every dime
Knew hard work in her time...hard work in every line
The rich men's toys of the Gloucester boys
With their token bit of cod
They snapped their spars and strained to pass her by
But she left them all behind

Now her namesake remains to show what she has been
What every schoolboy remembers and will not come again
To think she's the last of the Grand Banks Schooners
That fed so many men
And who will know the Bluenose in the sun? (x2)

So does she not take wing like a living thing
Child of the moving tide?
See her pass with grace on the water's face
With clean and quiet pride
Our own tall ship of great renown still lifts unto the sky
Who will know the Bluenose in the sun? (x3)
Know the Bluenose in the sun? (x2)