

# 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)