

Stan Rogers, Fogarty's Cove

We just lost sight of the Queensport light, down the bay before us
And the wind has blown some cold today with just a wee touch of snow
Along the shore from Lazy Head, hard abeam Half Island
Tonight we'll let the anchor go down in Fogarty's Cove

My Sally's like the ravens wing, her hair is like her mothers'
With hands that make quick work of a chore and eyes like the top of a stove
Come supertime she'll walk the beach wrapped in my old duffle
With her eyes upon the masthead reach down in Fogarty's Cove

She will walk the sandy shore so clean, watch the combers roll in
'Till I come to Wild Rose Chance again down in Fogarty's Cove
She'll walk the sandy shore so clean, watch the combers roll in
'Till I come to Wild Rose Chance again down in Fogarty's Cove

She cries when I'm away to sea, nags me when I'm with her
She'd rather I'd a government job or maybe go on the dole
But I love the waves as I pull about and nose into the channel
My Sally keeps a supper and a bed for me down in Fogarty's Cove