

# Stan Rogers, Make & Break Harbour

How still lies the bay, in the light western airs  
Which blow from the crimson horizon  
Once more we tack home, with a dry empty hold  
Saving gas with the breezes so fair  
She's a kindly cape islander, old but still sound  
But so lost in the long liner's shadow  
Make and Break and make do, but the fish are so few  
That she won't be replaced should she founder

Now its so hard to not think of before the big war  
When the cod went so cheap, but so plenty  
Foreign trawlers go by now with long seeking eyes  
Taking all where we seldom take any  
And the young folk don't stay with the fisherman's ways  
Long ago they all moved to the cities  
And the ones left behind old and tired and blind  
Won't work for a pound, for a penny.

"CHORUS:"

In Make and Break Harbour the boats are so few  
Too many are pulled up and rotten.  
Most houses stand empty, old nets hung to dry  
Are blown away lost and forgotten

Now I can see the big draggers have stirred up the bay  
Leaving lobster traps smashed on the bottom  
Can they think it don't pay to respect the old ways  
That make and break men have not forgotten  
For we still keep our time to the turn of the tide  
In this boat that I built with my father  
Still lifts to the sky, the one-lunger and I  
Still talk like old friends on the water

"CHORUS" (x2)