

Fisherman's Wharf

Stan Rogers

It was in the spring this year of grace with new life
pushing through(
That I looked from the Citadel down to the Narrows and
asked what it's coming to.
I saw Upper Canadian concrete and glass right down to
the water line,
And I heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf.
Can I sing it just one time?

With half-closed eyes against the sun, for the warm
wind giving thanks,
I dreamed of the years of the deep-laden schooners
thrashing home from the Grand Banks.
The last lies done in the harbour sun with her picture
on a dime,
But I heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf,
Can I sing it just one time?
Can I sing it just one time?

Then haul away and heave her home. This song is heard
no more
No boats to sing it for. No sails to sing it for.
There rises now a single tide of tourists passing
through.
We traded old ways for the new, old ways for the new,
Old ways for the new, for the new.

Now you ask "What's this romantic boy who laments
what's done and gone? (
There was no romance on a cold winter ocean and the
gales sang an awful song." (
But my fathers knew of wind and tide and my blood is
maritime, (
And I heard an old song down on Fisherman's Wharf. (
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