

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Bay of Fundy

Bay of Fundy
(Gordon Bok)
(A) Am Dm / Dm C G / F C / Dm Am

All you Maine-men, proud and young,
When you run your Easting down,
Don't go down to Fundy Bay,
She'll wear your time away.

Fundy's long and Fundy's wide,
Fundy's fog and rain and tide;
Never see the sun or sky,
Just the green wave going by.

C G / G Am

Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
Wonder why, wonder why.

Oh, you know, I'd rather ride
The Grenfell Strait or the Breton tide,
Spend my days on the Labrador,
And never see old Fundy's shore,

All my days on the Labrador,
And never see old Fundy's shore.

Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
Wonder why, wonder why.

Give her staysail, give her main,
In the darkness and the rain;
I don't mind the wet and cold,
I just don't like the growing old.

I don't mind the wet and cold,
I just don't like the growing old.

Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
Wonder why, wonder why.

East-by-North or East-North_East,
Give her what she steers the best;

I don't want the foggy wave
To be my far and lonely grave.

I don't want the foggy wave
To be my far and lonely grave.

Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
Wonder why, wonder why.

Cape Breton's bells ring the swells;
Ring for me, ring for me.

Words and music by Gordon Bok.
Recorded by Gordon on "Bay of Fundy," FSI-54
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DC

"This is about a long and weary, windless trip from Maine around to Halifax on a little black schooner that seemed to move only by the slatting of her gear. We had a coal stove in her, and the foresail used to downdraft onto the charlienoble, turn the stack into an intake and the cabin into a chimney. So, with the coalgas and the wet, the offwatch was not much more comfortable than the deadwatch." - GB

DC