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The Wreck of the C.P. Yorke

The Wreck of the C.P. Yorke
(Stanley G. TRiggs)

1. Oh, come all ye shipmates and listen to me
To a story that will make you grieve
Of a tug that went down off Tattenham Ledge
'Twas on a Christmas Eve.
2. The C.P. Yorke she was headin' north
She was headin' north for Duncan Bay
And though 'twas the mate stood watch at her wheel
'Twas the devil that guided her way.
3. She was just about five miles up in the Stretch
When a south-east gale began to blow
They headed for shelter in Buccaneer Bay
That's the only place there was to go.
4. In Welcome Pass the mate was alert
For sight of the marker ahead
But he cut 'er too short comin' out of the Pass
And grounded on Tattenham Ledge.
5. The barge dragged the tugboat off into the deep
She sank twenty fathoms down
Only the chief and the skipper survived -
The five other men were drowned.
6. They salvaged the tugboat and she's working yet
She has a new crew brave and bold
But she'll never forget that cold Christmas Eve
Nor the ghosts of the five in her hold.

- by Stanley G. Triggs and on his record,
"Bunkhouse & Forecastle Songs of the Northwest",
Folkways FG 3569. JB

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