

Bluenose



1. In the town of Lun-en-burg down No-va Scot-tia way in



nineteentwenty-one on a windy day, a sailing ship was



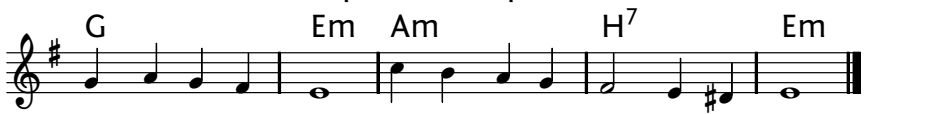
born, Blue-nose was her name, will we ever see her kind a-



gain? Ref. Blue-nose, the o-ccean knows her name,



sailors know how proud a ship was she. Blue-nose



leaning in the wind, racing every wave on the sea.

2. Her sails were snowy white, they strained against the mast,
the spray blew high, as she went racing past. As from the very first,
Bluenose loved to run, she liked the smell of sea and the sun.

3. For twenty-five long years, she ruled the northern seas,
riding like a queen on the tide. Then in the Caribbean,
one dark and stormy night, she ran onto a reef and died.

4. Now just the other day down Nova Scotia way
in Lunenburg, they christened a ship just like the old Bluenose,

D e a H e
to her very name: Bluenose lives and sails again.
Worte und Weise: David Martin.