

Noseworthy And Piercy

Enter The Haggis

Noseworthy and Piercy were two fine fisherman
Off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland
Oh the ocean's an angel with the face of a flounder
Ah she holds the devil by the hand

"Good catch to you all," calls the captain, Robert Rose
The dory boats are lowered where the fathoms fall below
The red sun scowls and the wind the wiser
Whispering a warning o'er the lines

Those who dwell ashore know nothing of the lore
And the glory and the mystery of the deep
Salt water in our veins and the captain at the reins
Our wandering souls the freest
Our wandering souls the freest of the free

When the mother ship's cannon cracked the signal to return
The clouds were building bastions in the swirling up above
Poseidon the king and the wind his jester
Dancing with the Lightning Lady Fair

The black water boiled and the dory pitched and toiled
Can you hear the claxon calling out your name
Are we anchored to a fate to die upon the waves
Far from all our family
Far from all our family and friends

Tiny fingers pressed against the window pane
Find your father's star upon the sea
Keep your faith like teeth beneath your pillow case
Until the day when he returns again

Wind breath of wind and bones of ice
They cast their cries into the night
Lost, alone, adrift, alive

After two days and nights with the oars in the grave
The two men were given for gone, gone away
Bitter news, it travels well, like a schooner on a swell
Their families learned the story of their fate

But on the ocean high a rescue had come by
And took them to the Old World on the far Atlantic side
After two months gone the blessed harbour of St. John's
Rolled in on the North Atlantic tide

For those who dwell ashore know nothing of the lore
And the glory and the mystery of the deep
But when the heart is strong you'll return where you belong
They made it back to Newfoundland
They made it back to Newfoundland again