

Free In The Harbour

Stan Rogers

Well, it's blackfish at play in Hermitage Bay
From pushthrough across to Bois Island.
They Broach and they spout and they lift their flukes out
And they wave to a town that is dying.

Now it's many the boats that have plied on the foam,
Hauling away! Hauling away!
But there's many more fellows been leaving their homes,
Where the whales make free in the harbour.

It's at Portage and Main You'll see them again
On their way to the hills of Alberta.
With lop-side grins, they waggle their chins
and they brag of the wage they'll be earning.

Then it's quick, pull the string boys, and get the loot out,
Haul it away! Haul it away!
But just two years ago you could hear the same shout
Where the whales make free in the harbour.

Free in the Harbor; The Blackfish are sporting again
Free in the Harbor; Untroubled by comings and goings of men
Who once did pursue them as oil from the sea,
Hauling away! Hauling away!
Now they are Calgary roughnecks from Hermitage Bay,
Where the whales make free in the harbor.

Well, it's living they've found, deep in the ground,
And if there's doubts, it's best they ignore them.
Nor think on the bones, the crosses and stones
Of their fathers that came there before them.

In the taverns of Edmonton, fishermen shout
Haul it away! Haul it away!
They left three hundred years buried up by the Bay
Where the whales make free in the harbour.

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