

136 The Wind that Lifts the Fog

Never a tack, before she ran
 Out on de bank of Newfunlan'—
 Drop de anchor, an' let her down,
 Plaintee of comrade all aroun',
 Feeshin' away till night is fall,
 Singin' away wit' ev'ry haul,
 "Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog,
 No matter how she 's blowin',
 Nort' or sout', eas' or wes',
 Dat is de win' we love de bes',
 Ev'ry sailor an' young sea dog,
 Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
 An' set de ship a-goin'."

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Star of de Sout'—did you see de light
 Steamin' along dat foggy night?
 Poor leetle bird! anoder star
 Shinin' above so high an' far
 Dazzle you den, an' blin' de eye,
 W'ile down below en de sea you lie
 Anchor dere—wit' your broken wing
 How could you fly w'en de sailor sing
 "Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
 No matter how she 's blowin',
 Nort' or sout', eas' or wes',
 Dat is de win' we love de bes',
 Ev'ry sailor an' young sea dog,
 Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
 An' set de ship a-goin'?"