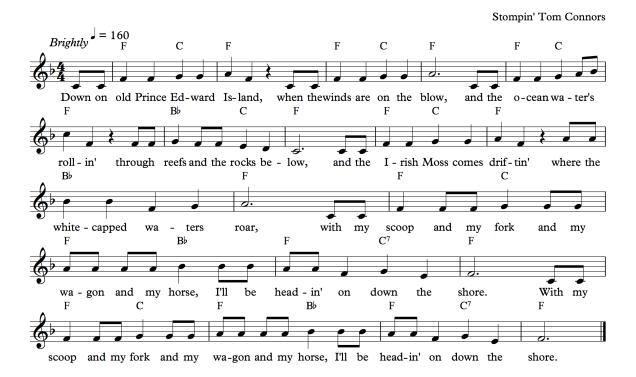
The Song of the Irish Moss



On old Price Edward Island, where the Irish Moss is found With bags and ropes and baskets they come from miles around Crashing through the water, being careful not to fall With one good dash and a hell of a splash you could lose your overalls (X2)

There's horses in the water, and horses on the road
And here comes old Russell Aylward, and he's hauling up another big load.
And the party lines keep ringin', and the word keeps passin' on
You can the hear them roar from the Tignish Shore, "There's moss in Skinner's Pond" (X2)

On old Price Edward Island, there's one big hullaballo
The boys and the girls and the old folks, they're gonna make a few bucks too
Getting' wet to the neck in the ocean where the waves all turn and toss
But it's a free-for-all and they're havin' a ball: They're bringing in the Irish Moss. (X2)

Now the moss plant boys are waitin': they pay so much a pound And there goes a guy on horseback, and they both look darn near drowned But all those smilin' faces just mean one thing to me:

For every man with a calloused hand there's a blessing from the sea. (X2)

There's an Islander out there lonesome 'cause he can't be home today to have a little sip of the moonshine and to haul another load away In the land of the great potato, where the lobster feasts are wild We can thank the Boss for the Irish Moss on old Prince Edward Isle. (X2)