

Haskell's Isle

The year was 1830
It was spring when they set sail
They headed for the islands
Out along the northern trail
They came from Nova Scotia
To work there for awhile
In that place so far from home
Off Haskell's Isle

The summer days seemed endless
As they worked the whaling grounds
A summer sun that never set
On the stillness of the sound
And they talked of Nova Scotia
And the lands around Argyle
But they never thought they'd stay
On Haskell's Isle

But the winter winds came early
When the ice flowed to the strait
And they had to take their refuge
From that long dark winter wait
And so they shared their stories
Of their loved ones far away
And those who could kept records
Of the others' passing days

Nothing much changes
In two hundred years
We still set sail
Never to return

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In two hundred years
Nothing much changes
Nothing much changes

Mary, Mary dearest
I hope this finds you well
By now it must be summer
And it's time to toll the bell
But the northern lights were dancing
When I left these words behind
And would you be so kind
To visit me sometime
On Haskell's Isle

Oh, they came from Nova Scotia
For the work it could provide
And they thought they'd be returning
To the ones who there abide
Now their crosses line the harbour
You can visit them in June
When the waters melt to summer
And the wildflowers are in bloom

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