

The Song of the Irish Moss

Stompin' Tom Connors

Brightly $\text{♩} = 160$

Down on old Prince Ed-ward Is-land, when the winds are on the blow, and the o-ccean wa - ter's
 roll - in' through reefs and the rocks be - low, and the I - rish Moss comes drif - tin' where the
 white - capped wa - ters roar, with my scoop and my fork and my
 wa - gon and my horse, I'll be head - in' on down the shore. With my
 scoop and my fork and my wa-gon and my horse, I'll be head-in' on down the shore.

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 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)