

Ladies of the Bay

by Dody Welsh

A hundred years ago their sails filled a winter sky
White against the slaty gray, they almost seemed to fly
Shoresmen called them skipjacks and loved to brag how they'd
Never seen their likes for pulling oysters from the Bay

CHORUS:

Ladies of the Bay, they were proud ladies of the Bay
I chant their names soft to myself on a winter's day
Rebecca Ruark, Stanley Norman, Kathryn, Caleb Jones
Their names ring out a chorus that echoes in my bones

Fiberglass and diesel were the wonder of their day
Who had time for sailing but rich men out to play
Fiberglass don't look like wood, but it's easier any day
And it's hard enough to make ends meet from the waters of the Bay

CHORUS

Some have been abandoned long forgotten in a marsh
Timbers all a'rotten, barnacles in their spars
Some will carry tourists out for a holiday
And just a few are dredging still, proud ladies of the Bay

CHORUS

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