The Great Lobster Boil
by Lem Snow

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which is the great lobster boil. A tale of great slaughter in

boiling hot water of lobster that came from the Straits of Belle Isle.
There're young folks and hoary
Involved in this story,
The title of which is "The Great Lobster Boil;"
A tale of great slaughter,
In boiling hot water,
Of lobsters that come from the Straits of Belle Isle.

By car, truck and flivver,
Enroute from Trout River,
The lobsters arrived here, one evening in May,
At a lakeside location,
Near th' great Hydro Station,
Where all was made ready to boil them that day.

Folks came from the highroads,
They came from the by-roads,
They came with a frown and they came with a smile;
Young men and their ladies,
And women with babies,
All rushed to the scene of the great lobster boil.

As we were a toiling,
With lobster pots boiling,
And freshly cook'd lobsters we stacked in a pile,
By sniffing and smelling,
The fragrance compelling,
They came on parade to the great lobster boil.

Came big ones and small ones,
Wide, fat, short, and tall ones,
And one, who had ne'er seen a lobster before,
He thought they were pliers,
All stuck full of wires,
Once lost by a linesman who travelled the shore.

Came tillers and nurses,
With handbags and purses,
All daintily dress'd, as you well may suppose,
With paraphernalia,
Including white tissues, for wiping the nose.

While sucking and slurping,
Like little birds chirping,
The last tasty morsel was well worth the while,
The paste, from those creatures,
Bespattered their features,
But none gave a hoot at the great lobster Boil.

There came an old codger,
An out of town lodger,
Who said, "All my life I've been tilling th' soil;
I've never been fishin',
But oft I've been wishin'
To get a good fee at the great lobster boil."

He purchased a doze,
For him and his cousin,
Then sat down nearby with a satisfied smile
While shells were a crackin'
Their lips were a smackin'
Enjoyin' the feast at the great lobster boil.

With babies a cryin'
And lobster shells flyin'
As sham battles raged on th' shell littered soil
Bespattered and smelling,
We still kept on selling,
The lobsters we cooked at the great lobster boil.

As maidens and urchins
And white headed merchan's,
All clam'ring for lobster-oh what a turmoil;
When two pretty fillies
Caught cramps in their bellies,
And fled for relief from the great lobster boil.

So this ends the story
Of work, fun and glory;
The title of which is "The Great Lobster Boil"
The tale of great slaughter,
In boilin' hot water,
Of lobsters that came from the Straits of Belle Isle.