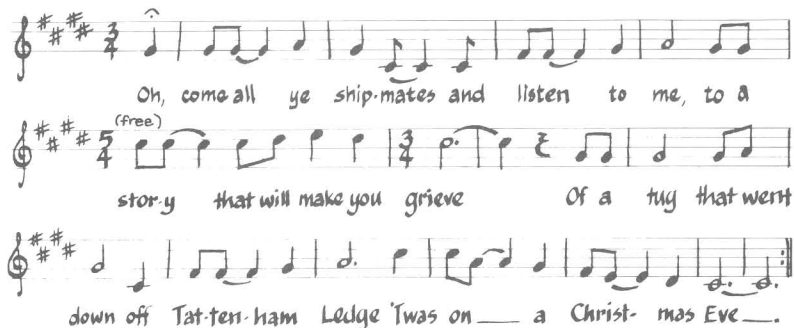


The Wreck of the C.P. Yorke



By Stanley G. Triggs, used with kind permission.

Oh, come all ye shipmates and listen to me,
 To a story that will make you grieve
 Of a tug that went down off Tattenham Ledge—
 'Twas on a Christmas Eve.

The *C.P. Yorke* she was headin' north,
 She was headin' north for Duncan Bay
 And though 'twas the mate stood watch at her wheel,
 'Twas the devil that guided her way.

She was just about five miles up in the Stretch
 When a south-east gale began to blow.
 They headed for shelter in Buccaneer Bay;
 That's the only place there was to go.

In Welcome Pass the mate was alert
 For sight of the marker ahead,
 But he cut 'er too short comin' out of the pass,
 And grounded on Tattenham Ledge.

The barge dragged the tugboat off into the deep;
 She sank twenty fathoms down.
 Only the chief and the skipper survived;
 The five other men were drowned.

They salvaged the tugboat and she's workin' yet—
 She has a new crew, brave and bold.
 But she'll never forget that cold Christmas Eve
 Nor the ghosts of the five in her hold.

The *C.P. Yorke* was a tugboat that plied the B.C. coastal waters in the '40's and '50's. She sank in 1954 (as recounted in this song). Stan Triggs worked on tugboats in the early '60's, heard the story from shipmates and made this song about it in 1961. It can be heard on his record, "Bunkhouse and Forecastle Songs of the Northwest", Folkways 3569.