The Gull Pond On Collier's Bay Line
Words and Music by James Pinhorn

There's a place I go in the summer,
for pure water and true peace of mind.
And she'll welcome you in, no matter how long you've been,
the Gull Pond on Collier's Bay Line.

There's only a few who can find her,
'mid the branches, the brambles and bog.
You'll come over that hill, with tired legs and strong will,
just to see her emerge from the fog.

Then you'll wet your line in the water,
as the sun sinks so low in the sky.
And when most chaps would leave, you'll try hard to believe,
they will strike at the hook and the fly.

And when you lost sight of the bottom,
the water 'round bobbers will boil.
Lay 'em back on the banks and to the Good Lord gives thanks,
for the fruits of a fisherman's toil.

And she's always been there,
year after year.
A constant 'midst oceans of change.
And when next I return,
how my eyes they will burn,
only to see her again.
The Gull Pond on Collier's Bay Line.

Sometimes in mid February,
when the cold winter winds they do blow,
and it's all closing in, and no fight I can win,
there's a place in my mind I can go.

Once again I am there on her shoreline,
As I hark to the call of the loon.
And all cares do fade, as in her waters I wade,
by the silvery light of the moon.

I remember the ones gone before me,
whose paths I so faithfully tread.
And with a smile and a song, I recall all that's gone,
still believing in what lies ahead.

For in summers to come I will take them,
and with two tiny hands held in mine.
They'll be brought to that shore, like so many before,
to the gull Pond on Collier's Bay Line.

And she's always been there,
year after year.
A constant 'midst oceans of change.
And when next I return,
how my eyes they will burn,
only to see her again.
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