

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Fair Stood the Wind

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(Alan Bell)

Now that the fishing is over  
Now that the boats are all gone  
Now that the quays are deserted  
There's talk as to what can be done  
For once we had herring aplenty  
Once we had cod by the score  
Once we had fish landings daily  
ust as in the fisherman's song

cho: Fair stood the wind, for the old fishing ground  
As we hoisted our sails once more outward bound  
To hunt for the herring wherever they be  
And take what we could from the bountiful sea  
And home, once again with the swift flowing tide  
With the harbor lights burning all on the port side  
Our catch in the hold, our day's ;labor through  
A share for the skipper, the boat and the crew

Farewell to the shoals of herring  
Farewell to the long busy day  
Farewell to the ones who remember  
How to fish in the old fashioned way  
For nowadays men of all nations  
All gather to catch the seas dry  
And they don't care about conservation  
As they stand back and watch the seas die

Farewell to the far distant waters  
Farewell to the nights and the storm  
Farewell to the nights in the Minches  
We're ashore and we'll never return  
For now that the fishing is over  
Now that the boats are all gone  
Now that the quays are deserted  
There's only the echoing sound

recorded on Geoff Kaufman's album Fair Stood the Wind

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