

Away and to the westward
Hills of Isle au Haut

Away and to the westward
Is a place a man should go
Where the fishing's always easy
They've got no ice or snow
Chorus:
But I'll haul down the sail
Where the bays come together
Bide away the days
On the hills of Isle au Haut.

2. Now the Plymouth girls are fine
They put their hearts in your hand
And the Plymouth boys are able
First-class sailors every man.
Chorus:

3. Now, the trouble with old Martin
You don't try her in a trawler
For those bay of Biscay swells
They roll your head from off your shoulder.
Chorus:

4. Away and to the westward
Is a place a man should go
Where the fishing's always easy
They've got no ice or snow.
Chorus:

5. Now the winters drive you crazy
And the fishing's hard and slow
You're a damned fool if you stay
But there's no better place to go.
Chorus: