

## Candlelight Fisherman

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O my dad was a fisherman bold  
And he lived till he grew old  
For he opens the pane and he pops out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

And often he say to me.  
You'd be wise before you go  
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the north wind roughly blow  
Then I lay right snug below  
But I open the pane and pop out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the wind come out of the east.  
You'll be looking for sleet and snow.  
But I open the pane and pops out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the wind back into the west.  
That'll come a rough in at best,  
But I open the pane and pops out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the south wind softly blow,  
It's then I love to go  
And I open the pane and pop out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

And my poor wife say to me.  
We shall starve if you don't go  
So I open the pane and I pops out the flame.  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

Ah, now all you fishermen bold,  
If you'd live till you grow old,  
Do you open the pane and pop out the flame  
Just to see how the wind do blow.

recorded by Phil Hammond on Folksongs of Britain 3  
SOF