

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Men of the Sea

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(John Conolly/Bill Meek)

At the age of fifteen I shipped out from the Humber  
Me very first trip for the Silver Pits bound  
I was galley-boy, mess-man, the lowest of callings  
But at last I was off to the trawl-fishing grounds

Chorus:

Fair Isle to Labrador

Bear Isle and Norway

And cold Greenland shore

Learning me trade with the men of the sea

Long years as a deckie I hauled for me living  
And dodged on the deck through the wild Arctic gales  
Knew the tight grip of fear as the cold sea swept o'er me  
And I soon learned the truth of the old trawling tales

And in between trips, well, the town couldn't hold me  
A two-day tycoon with me head full of rum  
A girl on each arm and a pocket soon empty  
Live now and pay later, there's hard days to come

Now I know every hull as it tops the horizon  
I've learned all the tricks of the trawlerman's trade  
Know the sea as provider, betrayer, and taker  
I've got me mate's ticket, me future is made

As a skipper at last, I stand tall on the dockside  
From the boy to the man to the master of men  
Now the ocean is mine as we slip from the harbour  
And back to the sea to start learning again

For those interested there is a double CD available entitled "By Humber's Brown Water", the songs of John Conolly and Bill Meek, with 44 of their own compositions sung by themselves.

RA WH JH

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