

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Wexford Fishing Song

Wexford Fishing Song

1. The red sun rolls down over Ballyteige's waters
And the Saltees grow misty and grey.
At home, on the mainland, our wives and our daughters
Are wishing good luck on the day.
With the west wind long blowing
Our nets filled o'erflowing
From a shoal that broke under our lee.

Chorus1: So raise high a chorus,
The way lies before us,
With a boat full of spoil from the sea.

2. The wind from the northlands is cruel and smiting
And the young lambs we scarcely can save,
While the wind from the eastlands is callous and blighting
And it adds a full foot to the wave.
Oh, sweet west wind singing,
A seagull a-winging
Is our hooker that skims light and free. Chorus 1

3. The wind from the southlands is soft and beguiling
And it quickens the seeds we have set,
But the wind from the westlands is soothing and smiling
And it brings the bright fish to the net.
Then hope for the west wind
For oh, 'tis the best wind
To save our poor fishers from dree.

Chorus2: So raise high a chorus,
Kilmore lies before us,
With a boat full of spoil from the sea.

4. Phil Theer round the sails Andy Moore safely guide her
One more tack and we'll make for the pier.
See my Ellen and Marg'ret and (Stacia) beside her
When I e'er does come home to my dear.
Oh sweet queen of heaven
Let my praise be given
To the babe who once sat on thy knee.

Chorus3: While we raised high our chorus,
His blessing (hung) o'er us,

With a boat full of spoil from the sea.

Chorus2.

WH
oct99