The Fisherman’s Song – Andy Stewart

 Dm F C

By the storm torn shoreline, a woman is standing

 Dm C Dm C

The spray strung like jewels in her hair

 Dm F C

And the sea tore the rocks near that desolate landing

 Dm F C Dm

As though it had known she stood there.

Oh white were the waves, and wild was their parting

So fierce was the warring of love

But she prayed to the Gods, both of men and of sailors

Not to cast their cruel nets o’er her love.

 Dm F C

For she has come down to condemn that wild ocean

 Dm C Dm C

For the murderous loss of her man

 Dm F C

His boat sailed out on Wednesday morning

 Dm F C Dm

And it’s feared she’s gone down with all hands

There’s a school on the hill, where the sons of dead fathers

Are led toward tempests and gales

Where their God given wings are clipped close to their bodies

And their eyes are bound ‘round with ships’ sails

What force leads a man to a life filled with danger

High on seas, or a mile underground?

It’s when need is his master, and poverty’s no stranger

And there’s no other work to be found

For she has come down…