TRAWLING TRADE

1 North to the Faeroe Islands, south to the coast of Spain

West with the whaling fleet and up to the pole again

Over the world of water, seventeen seas we've strayed

Now to the north we're sailin back to the trawlin' trade

**Come, ye bold sea-farin' lads**

**There's fortunes to be made**

**In the trawlin' trade**

2 Back to the midnight landings, back to the fish salt smell  
 Back to the frozen winds that bite like the teeth of hell  
 Back to the strangest game that ever a man has played  
 Haul the stormy rollers back to the trawlin' trade

3 Doon wi yer nets and tackle, doon wi yer nets and gear  
 Wait for the winches winding, wait for the deckie's cheer  
 Up wi the shining harvest, glittering silver spray  
 Down to the decks below to pay for the trawlin' trade

4 Home wi the harvest wind and back to the Humber tide  
 Down to the water's edge and jump to the waterside  
 Roll with a rolling bunch of fishermen newly paid  
 Down to dockside pubs to drink to the trawlin'