

God Bless the Fishers

My boat was built of boughs of oak in nineteen sixty three ,
Launched her on a frosty morn, my son upon my knee.
She still rides well the rolling waves , but not her namesake "Nell "
She'll not see tears on my cheek for she's in heaven now.

Chorus:-

God bless the fishers, who toil upon the sea,
Send to them a heavy catch , to bring prosperity.
Don't let their boats and tackle be washed up on the shore.
God protect those fishermen who go to sea no more

Fishing was good when I was young , we thought it would last long,
But time and change through passing years have proved me oh so wrong.
With poor quotas we did struggle so I passed her to my son .
And now I sit upon the quay, washed up before I'm done.

Chorus:-

The fish are gone, the catch won't pay, my son he's tried and how,
Took fishermen round Tudwalls Isle to cast from off the bow
He 's ventured every avenue , lobster pots as well ,
It broke our hearts to do it , but, we had to part with Nell

Chorus:-

Thank God we'll never see the day they break her hull in two ,
For her life has changed and owners too, she sails on waters blue,
But it's not the same for other boats for them it just won't pay
So we turn or back and bow our heads and this is what we say

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