

When I was a lad, my ambition was,
To circle the world all around.
In a tall sailing ship that could race the wind;
Forever outward bound.
How I longed for to fish off those foreign shores,
And to look for the bright crimson dawn,
Find a safe port for to shelter me,
From the fury of the storms.

So, out where the big seas roll,
My love,
Out where the big seas roll.
I've been a fisherman working the sea,
Steering a course from landfall to quay.
Out where the big seas roll,
My love,
Out where the big seas roll.
Though the ocean is wide I ne'er was alone,
With birds in the sky and the fish in the foam.
Out where the big seas roll.

On my very first trip I learned how to fish,
From deckies who'd fished all their lives.
Hardened old men with their calloused hands,
They taught me to survive.
To stay on me feet as we pitched and soared,
Through the breakers in a wild roaring gale,
Fetch and carry and stand me watch,
And laugh at their jokes and their tales.

So, out where the big seas roll,
My love,
Out where the big seas roll.
I've followed the shoals where ever they'd go,
In sunshine or rain, through the ice and the snow.
Out where the big seas roll,
My love,
Out where the big seas roll.
My ship's been my refuge deep in the night,
Guided by stars to the haven of light,
Out where the big seas roll,