

(LET'S DRINK) TO THE TRADES!

Let's drink to the trades that keep the trawlers sailin'
The men and women on the shore who serve the lads at sea
The boiler suit brigades - you'll never find 'em failin'
So another round of ale in and we'll drink to the trades!



There's blacksmiths and tinsmiths, there's coppersmiths an' all
There's f-f-frozen fitters on the f-flippin' cold North Wall
There's boilermakers, shipwrights, rivetters, painters too
Good tradesmen all we'll raise a glass to you!

You'll find us after work each night in any dockside pub
A pint or two before we shuffle home to have our grub
To swap a yarn with trawlermen and tradesmen at the bar
All proud when we remember who we are

The braiders work at home for pennies mekkin' up the nets
Workin' hard as wives as well while payin' off the debts
There's sailmakers and riggers, the men who mind the store
And the lads who mek the tea and sweep the floor



Now come all you apprentice lads - you've got a lot to learn
How tradesmen give their sweat and blood for the pittance that they earn
Though the battle for a decent livin' won't be easy won
There's the satisfaction of a job well done

There's many more who do their bit - our lab'ners and our mates
The taxi drivers and the lockpitmen who mind the gates
The barmaids and the bookie's clerks, the blokes who cut our hair
And the naughty girls who stand at Riby Square!