

LUGGERS

Jon Heslop

D A D G D G G

The lug - gers are com - ing back home from the bay, on the ev - en - ing tide they're re -

A D A D G D G A

4 turn - ing. Tied up to the quay at the end of the day and soon there'll be mon - ey for

D A G D A G

8 burn - ing. There's food and drink for the lard - er, for the child - ren, a new pair of

D A G D A D

12 shoes. Some bac - cy and beer for grand - fath - er and for me there's a bon - net of blue.

*The luggers are coming back home from the bay,
on the evening tide they're returning.
Tied up to the quay at the close of the day
and soon there'll be money for burning.*

There's food and drink in the larder,
for the children, a new pair of shoes.
Some baccy and beer for grandfather
and for me there's a bonnet of blue.

In pubs the young men are singing
and the old men sit smoking their pipes.
In dark streets there's footsteps a-ringing,
there'll be loving and laughter tonight.

And deep in in our bed there'll be kisses
and whispers that no-one else hears.
So come and make real all my wishes
for when morning comes, you won't be here.

When dawn breaks over the harbour
the luggers will all be long gone.
Our sons, husbands, brothers and fathers
will be doing what they've always done.