


# THE LAST FISHERMAN


Jon Heslop



1 Then I was born at con - flict's end in shad - ows of the war. My  
The sa - ga of the fish - er too, like fath - er so - like son. He  
The boats are tied up to the quay, where they sit on shift - ing sand dare to  
The men are tied up to the land whilst fish are swim - ming free. There's




5 fath - er came back home thing he spend his and time in boats once more. We  
toaght me ev' - ry - thing he knew and ev' - ry - thing he'd done. But  
face the deep as they had done in bra - ver - y and prayer. The  
ropes as strong as ropes should be to bind them to the at land. sea. To  
wealth out there on ev' - ry hand but wealth is all at sea. Our




9 lived on what the sea would give, a lit - tle was cor - ner - lot. The  
by the of sea from us was torn con - tent - ment's cor - ner - stone. The  
sons of sons of the fish - er - men went dai - ly to be the sea un -  
bind them to the spite - ful shore when they would be at sea. Like  
hand are bound with lands - men's chains in wreaths for days we knew and




13 on - ly way we knew to live was off the catch - we got. So  
man be - hind the man face - less gone, the sea re - clai - ms her own. be.  
til the dist - ant face - less men de - creed it should - not ing be. free.  
pris - on - ers be - hind have a door, they and dream of be - ing through.  
now we on - ly have the pain and tears to watch - them through.



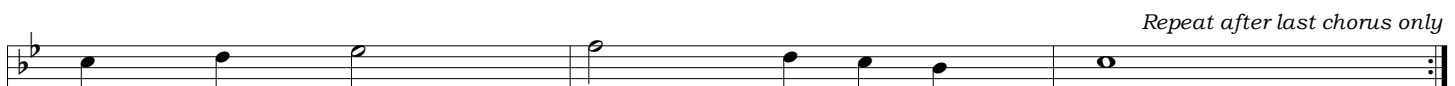
17 when I'm dead then take my bones out there where I have been. Put



21 them in care of Dav - y Jones, send my soul to Fid - dl - er's Green.



25 Send my soul Se - nd my soul,



29 send my soul to Fid - dl - er's Green.

*Repeat after last chorus only*