

Northern Tide

Out to sea, on a northern tide,
On a northern tide, I'm bound away,
To the fishing grounds, and the ocean wide,
And more besides, to earn my pay.

But I'll not let the ocean come between us,
There's part of me that never leaves the shore,
And though I haven't said the words, my own one,
I couldn't love you more.

Far away, to my second home,
In the salt and foam of a foreign sea.
Lashed by the winds of a raging gale,
Sleet and hail are home to me.

You ask me, 'is it lonely on the ocean?'
You ask me if I miss you but you know,
I miss you, but the sea will never leave me,
and I can't let her go.

Heave to lads, and haul your nets
And fill the decks, with a ton of cod!
Barrels full of liver oil, fisherman's spoil
pays the rent -Thank God!

Our holds are full and we are heading homeward,
To the Humber's muddy waters we'll return,
We'll leave the icy ocean far behind us,
And pleasure, in the money, we have earned.

Sailing home, on an evening tide,
On an evening tide, we're getting near.
From the fishing grounds, and the ocean wide,
And more, besides, to you, my dear.