

The Fishing Boat

The way the sun lies on the sea
Bright like the blade of a knife
I never saw such a shining morning
The way the wings of the angels will be.

Chorus

No one will grieve for me when I'm gone,
No one will grieve for me,
No woman casts her mind to sea for me,
Casts her mind to sea.

The Greatheart out at the codling grounds
Haul from the haddock shoals
Some men prey for deliverance
Open your everlasting doors.

The weight of a storm in summer darkens
The sun goes out on our backs
And we're reeling in walls of breaking water
White wave, grey wave, black.

Dear God, throw us on the mercy of Hoy
We'll find either rock or stone
Of all the boats out this morning
We're the only ones home.

Music & Lyrics: Lise Sinclair