

Fisherman's Night Song

Tune: Trad. Irish; Words: L. A. G. Strong

In the calm hour of evening
When the seagulls fly slow,
To their rocks on the island
And cry as they go,
From each house on the headland,
Lights begin to twinkle in the gloom,
And the pale, cold world dwindles
To a warm quiet room.

Let us sit by the fireside
And remember our friends.
Each day end in darkness,
But hope never ends.
When the last shoal is taken,
And the last boat comes to shore,
We will all sing together,
Divided no more.