

The Final Trawl



Archie Fisher

D A⁷ D G

Now it's three long years since we made her pay. And sing haul a -

A⁷ D A⁷

way, ma lad - die, Oh! And we can't get by with the sub - si -

D A⁷ G A⁷ D

dy. And sing haul a - way - ma lad - die Oh!

2. So heave away for the final trawl;
It's an easy pull for the catch is small.
3. Now it's stow yer gear, lads, and batten down,
Then I'll take the wheel, lads, and turn her round.
4. And we'll join the *Venture* and the *Morning Star*,
Riding high and empty beyond the bar.
5. For I'd rather beach her on the Skerry Rock
Than see her torched in the breakers dock.
6. And it's when I die you can stow me down
In her rusty old hold where the breakers sound.
7. Then we'll make the haven and the Fiddler's
Green
Where the grub is good and the bunks are clean.
8. For I fished a lifetime boy and man,
And the final trawl scarcely makes a cran.

[Skerry Rock] between Peterhead and Aberdeen
[cran] 28 stones (392 pounds) weight