

# Final Trawl

*by Archie Fisher*

Now it's three long years since we made her pay  
Sing haul away, my laddie-o  
And the owners say that she's had her day  
And sing haul away, my laddie-o

So pull away for the final trawl  
sing...  
It's an easy pull, for the catch is small  
sing...

Now its stow your gear lads and batten down  
Then I'll turn the wheel, lads, and turn her round

And we'll join "The Venture" and "The Morning Star"  
Riding High and empty behind the bar

For I'd rather beach her on the skerry rock  
Than to see her torched on the breakers dock

And when I die, you can stow me down  
In her rusty hold, where the breakers sound

Then I'll make the haven and the Fiddler's Green  
Where the grub is good and the bunks are clean

I fished a lifetime, boy and man  
An the final trawl scarcely nets a cran