Fisherman's Lament
Words by Cle Newhook
Music by Wade Pinhorn

O what have they done to my proud fishing boat,
With her bows all so bold and so free?
Now she's dead on the shore, with her keel in the sand,
Where she sighs to the wind and the sea.

There once was a time when this country was young,
And the sea was a sparkling green.
When the fish were as plenty as the sand on the shore,
And the rivers ran pure and clean.

Now that was the time that my boat set her sail,
And the fisherman rose with the sun,
To haul up their traps and their trawls and their nets,
Where the seagulls and strong tides run.

But they sold our good land, and they auctioned our sea,
To serve their political schemes.
And they carved out our hearts, and they sold out our souls.
And they shattered a people's dream.

O what have they done to my proud fishing boat,
With her bows all so bold and so free?
Now she's dead on the shore, with her keel in the sand,
Where she sighs to the wind and the sea.