

NEVER TRUST the SEA

mm ~ 125; mf

© B.Black

D D7/C

My fa - - mi - - ly are fish - er - - men from the
(My) un - - - cle is the skip - - - per of a

G D A F#m

north - - ern coast of Ire - - land It's ne - - ver been an
thir - - ty me - - ter trawl - - er The mate's my eld - - est

Bm G Em A11 A7

ea - sy life, but we know no o - - ther way _____ The _____
bro - - ther and a cou - sin is the cook _____ In the

D D7/C

sea is e - - - ver of - - chang - - - ing She can
plea - - - sant days of sum - - - mer they go

G D A F#m

love or she can hate you And the ones you leave be -
north as far as Ice - - land With the long lines out for

Bm G A

- hind on shore can on - - - ly wait and
cod - - - fish and bait on ev' - - - ry

1 G G 2 G **CHORUS**

pray _____ My hook _____ But

A A7 D Em7 A

e - - ven on the calm - - est days When the sea is like a

Bm A A7 D

mir - ror The young man dreads what he'll ne - ver know of the

Bm A G G

o - - - cean's mys - - - te - - ry _____ [AFTER V.1] He
[AFTER VV 2-3] He

A A7 D

fears to hear the phan - - tom words _____ of all the
knows the words my fa - - ther spoke _____ Be - - fore he

Em7 A Bm Em Bm

sai - - lers dead be - - fore him: "E - - ven when the sun shines You can
sailed a - way for - - e - - ver:

G A G CODA Em

ne - - ver trust the sea!" (But) "E - - ven when the

Bm Em G A D

sun shines You can ne - - ver trust the sea!" _____

MY FAMILY ARE FISHERMEN
FROM THE NORTHERN COAST OF IRELAND
IT'S NEVER BEEN AN EASY LIFE
BUT WE KNOW NO OTHER WAY
THE SEA IS EVER CHANGING -
SHE CAN LOVE OR SHE CAN HATE YOU
AND THE ONES YOU LEAVE BEHIND ON SHORE
CAN ONLY WAIT AND PRAY

MY UNCLE IS THE SKIPPER OF A THIRTY-METER TRAWLER
THE MATE'S MY ELDEST BROTHER , AND A COUSIN IS THE COOK
IN THE PLEASANT DAYS OF SUMMER THEY GO NORTH AS FAR AS ICELAND
WITH THE LONG LINES OUT FOR CODFISH AND BAIT ON EVERY HOOK

BUT EVEN ON THE CALMEST DAYS
WHEN THE SEA IS LIKE A MIRROR
THE FISHERMAN DREADS WHAT HE'LL NEVER KNOW
OF THE OCEAN'S MYSTERY:

(AFTER VERSE 1)

HE FEARS TO HEAR THE PHANTOM WORDS
OF SAILORS DEAD BEFORE HIM:

(AFTER VV 2 & 3)

HE KNOWS THE WORDS MY FATHER SPOKE
BEFORE HE SAILED AWAY FOREVER:

"EVEN WHEN THE SUN SHINES,
YOU CAN NEVER TRUST THE SEA..."

THEN TOO SOON COME WINTER DAYS , WHEN IT'S HARD TO MAKE A LIVING
- LIVING'S WHAT WE CALL IT, THOUGH YOU MIGHT NOT AGREE
THE DAYS ARE SHORT AND BRUTAL, ONE GALE AFTER ANOTHER
THE BANSHEE RIDES THE WIND AND THERE ARE MOUNTAINS IN THE SEA

TOO WELL I DO REMEMBER A WINTER OF MY CHILDHOOD
IT WAS GETTING CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS BACK IN NINETEEN SIXTY-THREE
A BOAT AND SIX GOOD MEN WERE LOST OUT SOMEWHERE PAST THE ISLANDS
ONE OF THEM WAS MY FATHER - HIS BOAT WAS NAMED FOR ME

BUT TIME IS FULL OF CHANGES, THE OLD MEN ALL RETIRING
COME ASHORE TO TAKE THEIR PENSIONS, NO MORE TO RISK THEIR LIVES
THE BOATS ARE STANDING IDLE AND THE MEN WHO ONCE WOULD CREW THEM
ARE SAFE OUT IN AUSTRALIA WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND THEIR WIVES

IN THE PUBS THE OLD MEN GATHER IN THE BLEAKEST DAYS OF WINTER
TO WARM THEMSELVES WITH WHISKEY AND THE STORIES EACH ONE KNOWS
THEY SPEAK OF THE ATLANTIC LIKE SOME TEMPERAMENTAL LOVER
NOT ONE OF THEM WILL CURSE IT AS HIS LIFE DRAWS TO A CLOSE!