

NEVER TRUST *the* SEA

B. Black

Andante (mm=125)

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

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

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

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

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

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

17 1 G 2 G (Chorus)
pray My hook But

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21 **A** **A7** **D** **Em7** **A**
e - ven on the calm - est days When the sea is like a

24 **Bm** **A** **A7** **D**
mir-ror The young man dreads what he'll ne - ver know of the

27 **Bm** **A** **G** -----
o - cean's mys - te - ry (After verse 1) He
(After vv 2 & 3) He

30 **A** **A7** **D**
fears to hear the phan - tom words of all the
knows the words my fa - ther spoke Be - fore he

32 **Em7** **A** **Bm** **Em** **Bm**
sai - lors dead be - fore him: } "E - ven when the sun shines You can
sailed a - way for - e - ver: }

after 1 and 2
36 **G** **A** **G**
ne - ver trust the sea!" (But)

after last verse
39 **Em7** **A** **D**
ne - ver trust the sea!"

additional verses on next page

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(2)

But 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 in nineteen sixty-three
A boat and six good men were lost out somewhere past the islands
They said one of them was my father - his boat was named for me

(CHORUS)

(3)

But time is full of changes, the old men are 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