

Three Fishers

Stan Rogers

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down,
Each thought on the woman that loved him the best, and
The children stood watching them out of the town

For men must work and women must weep,
For there's little to earn and many to keep, and
The harbour bar be moanin', and
The harbour bar be moanin'

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
They trimmed the lamps as the sun went down, and
They looked at the squall and they looked at the
shower, and
The night-wrack came rollin' in, ragged and brown.

For men must work and women must weep,
For there's little to earn and many to keep, and
The harbour bar be moanin', and
The harbour bar be moanin'

Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down, and
The women were weepin' and wringin' their hands,
For those who would never come back to the town.

For men must work and women must weep, and
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and
Goodbye to the bar and its moanin', and
Goodbye to the bar and it's moanin',

Oh men must work and women must weep, and
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and
Goodbye to the bar and its moanin', and
Goodbye to the bar and it's moanin'