

Blood on the Sails

May the harpoon rust, may the cold steel be gone
May the seas all be clear where whalefishes run
May hook, knife, dart, and line
 all be lost in the brine
May the blood on the sails
 all be fishermen's tales

May the whalesmen's breath
 no more hang like the mist
May he never face danger or take any risk
May boat, gun, oar and mast all be lost in the frost
May the blood on the sails all be fishermen's tales

May the women on shore never have any fears
May smiles touch the cheeks
 that once ran with tears
May ship, deck, rope and bells all grow cockle shells
May the blood on the sails all be fishermen's tales

May the seas ne'er be red where whalefishes bled
Nor shine like the wine when the whalefish is dead
May fleets, planksheds and quays
 all be lost in the seas
And may the blood on the sails all be fishermen's tales

Gordon says: Dick Swain found this in a book, as a poem, and put his own tune to it, which Cindy and I arranged for our own voices. Since then, Dick found a recording of a tune that Phil wrote himself, that we have not yet heard, so this will be the Dick Swain version!

GB: 12-string C: drum

Words: © Phil and June Colclough Music: © Dick Swain
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Timberhead Music THD CD008
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