

Three Fishers

Joan Baez

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down,
Each thought on the woman that loves 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 harbor bar be moaning.

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 rolling in ragged and brown.

For men must work and women must weep,
'Though storms be sudden and the waters be deep
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women were weeping and wringing 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 good-bye to that bar and its moaning.

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