

Fisherman

Vernon, Nan

If I were a fisherman's friend
I'd rush to meet him at the docks
I'd fix his boat on the horizon
And pray for fair weather

If I were a fisherman's friend
I'd be his figurehead
I'd brave the rough sea
And secure the boats safely

If I...
If I...
If I...
If I...

If I were a fisherman's friend
I'd warm the gaileys and pour the wine
I'd salt the fish consult the time
I'd ford the cold and rush the crossing

If I were a fisherman's friend
I'd bay the oceans
I'd consult the tide
I'd brave his child

If I were a fisherman's friend
I'd crush the deep
I'd safeguard the keep
I'd scour the sky
I'd scour the sky