

The Last Coble Fisherman

The evening upon us the moon it was still
The clouds cast their shadow, the breeze made a chill
So, we moored up our boat while the night was still young
We heard someone singing a song
We jumped to the quay and asked him why he sang
He said living gets harder and soon I'll be gone
I'm the last coble fisher man makin' some bread
From these bleak inshore water's he said

*I rowed my boat southerly, rowed my boat west
Held her head high as I hauled in my net
And I picked up my pots and I pulled for the shore
But there's no fishing left nor a living no more*

Winds of change whistle, winds of change roar
Winds of change knocking at my cottage door
Cobles lie rotting, the hunters no more
Fishermen all gone ashore
So, farewell to Deep Harmony, the bold Emma Jane
Goodbye to Endurance, farewell Ocean Queen
Goodbye to the coble the pots and the line
I'm leaving them all far behind

He'd quote from a note he got from somewhere
Way out in the west where there's eagle and bear
Where there's snow on the mountains from winter till fall
And he dreams of those trees standing tall
They say that at night the air heavy with pine
That the fishin is good and the summers are fine
Say they found me a log house they think I should buy
With a small boat that's tied up close by

We bid him farewell as the dawn it had broke
Left him to sing as the village awoke
Those winds of change followed me back to the quay
And we wished him fair winds on his sea
As our boat passed the pier and out past the buoys
We could still hear him singing, that great broken voice
Till the sound of the surf was all that was heard
Still I remembered his words