

The Smacksman

Sam Lerner

Once I was a schoolboy
And I stopped at home with ease.
Now I am a smacksman
And I sail the rolling sea.
I thought I'd like seafaring life,
But very soon I found
It was not all plain sailing boys
When out on the fishing ground.

**So coil away the trawl-warp, boys,
Let's heave up the trawl,
When we get our fish on board
We'll have another haul;
Straightway to the capstan
And merrily spin around/spin away/heave away,
That's the cry in the middle of the night,
Haul the trawl, boys, haul.**

Every night in winter
As regular as the clock,
We put on our old sou-westerns,
Likewise our oilskin frock,
And straightway to the capstan
And merrily spin away,
That's the cry in the middle of the night
As well as in the day.

When we get our fish on board
We have them all to gut,
We have them all to clean
And in the ice-locker put.
We gut them and we clean them,
And we stow them safe as well,
We stow them just as nice
As an oyster in his shell.