

## The Orcadian Boatman Song

Reverend James Stormonth [1870s]

Come hoist away the main sail and up with the jib  
Come heave up the anchor and quick the rudder ship  
For we're now upon a journey o'er the deep blue sea  
Winds blow fair, for there's none so bold as we

Our craft upon the oceans that bound our seagurt isles  
We guide with skill and daring where nature seldom smiles  
And amid the shoals and skerries, oh steersman guide our way  
Winds blow fair, that there may be no delay

Away to our fishing grounds upon the broad deep sea  
Where loudly blow the stormy winds, the ever, ever free  
And amid the roosts and breakers we dare not to stay  
Winds blow fair, that there may be no delay

Now down with the main-sail and boys take in the jib  
Look week tae all the fishing gear and see that nothing slip  
Now may a bounteous providence send us luck upon the sea  
Pull boys pull, for there's none so bold as we

We're bound upon our market with our butter, fish and grain  
Well stowed into our tiny boat, we need not cart or train  
For our highway is the ocean, so boundless and so free  
Pull boys pull, for there's none so bold as we

Let us sing about our fathers, the dread Vikings of old  
Who made these stormy seagurt isles, home for the free and bold  
And in skill and manly daring may we ever like them be  
Pull boys pull, for there's none so bold as we

We love our homes and country, her greatness and her power  
Almighty God protect us, in every evil hour  
For the seagurt isles of ocean, the homes of the brave and free  
Sing boys sing, for there's none so bold as we  
Sing boys sing, for there's none so bold as we