

A WELCOME HOME, MY FISHER-LADS!

A welcome home, my fisher-lads,
Back to your ain harbour!
Tae Pittenweem upon the Forth
In a' its new-found splendour.
Your flags are flying in the breeze,
This great day in September,
Your boats are sailing line astern,
A sicht we'll aye remember!

On Monday ye'll awa' tae sea,
The Bankie there to cast your nets;
To fill your holds richt fu' o' fish,
And back in time for Market.
The hazards o' the sea are nocht
Tae fishermen like you, lads,
You've conquered mist and storms
before,
And this you'll always do, lads!

Refrain:

So here's to you, my fishing loons! Frae a' your neighbour East Neuk toons. An' when ye maun gae back tae sea, May a' guid luck gae wi' ye!

- When aft ye sail in morning licht
 For haddock, cod, or labster.
 Your radar scans the sea around,
 And keeps you out of danger.
 The sea it has its many pranks,
 Freak waves are no uncommon,
 Your boats weel built wi' sturdy
 planks
- And when your fishing days are done,
 A lifetime ye hae spent at sea;
 Rough wather mony a day you've seen
 Frae Dogger Bank tae Aberdeen.
 Success to ye, my gallant lads!
 God bless you weel wi' patience.
 For those who proudly fish the sea,
 The life-blood o' oor Nation!

In Anster and S. Monance.

(Written to celebrate the re-opening of Pittenweem Harbour in 1968)

Please include the title of this work, and the names of the composers and arrangers, in the Performing Rights Society's return whenever it is publicly performed.