

# Fisherman Song

words and music by Judy Collins (1973)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$

$C$                        $C$   
 The fisherman are pitching pennies  
 $G$                        $G$   
 In the sand be side the sea  
 $F$                        $C$  /  
 The sunrise hits their oilskin boots  
 $G$                        $G$  /  
 And their painted boats and me  
 $Am$                        $G$   
 They seem to know the ocean  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $Dm$   
 Like a man knows a woman  
 $C$      $G$   
 She makes him wait a round for half the morning  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 For the tide to turn

$F$                        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$        $G$                        $C$   
 Pull on the ropes,                      seine haul fisherman  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$                        $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$        $G$        $G$   
 Never catches more than he knows he can sell in a day.....ay.....  
 $F$                        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{4})}$        $G$                        $C$   
 Pull in the nets,                      seine haul fisherman  
 $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$                        $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   
 Day's for work.and night's the time to go  
 $G$                        $C$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$        $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $C$        $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$   $G_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   $F_{(\frac{1}{4})}$   
 danc ing

They're drinking beer and laughing  
 And squinting at the sun  
 Waiting for the gulls to tell them  
 When the fish will come  
 Their faces brown and weathered  
 From all the nets they've run  
 They've learned to wait  
 They always know that the tide will turn

Way out on the ocean  
 The big ships hunt for whales  
 The Japanese have caught so many  
 That now they hunt for snails  
 My fisherman's not greedy  
 He seems content to live  
 With the sun and the sand  
 And a net full of fish when the tide turns