ON THE HILLS OF ISLE AU HAUT

Away and to the westward,
There’s a place a man should go,
Where the fishing’s always easy,
And they’ve got no ice or snow.

CHORUS
But I’ll hawl down the sails
Where the bays come to-gether
Bide away the days
On the Hills of Isle au Haut.

The Plymouth girls are fine,
They put their hearts in your hand.
And the Plymouth boys are able,
First class sailors every man.
CHORUS

The trouble with old martyr
You can try her in a trawler
For those bay of Biscay swells
That roll your head from off your shoulder.
CHORUS

The winters drive you crazy
And the fishing’s hard and slow.
You’re a damn fool if you stay
But there’s no better place to go.
CHORUS