

Rathlin Island

Sailing southwards from Rathlin Island,
Past Fair Head and by Murlough Bay,
With a north wind to drive us homeward,
What care we for the wind or spray?

We've been fishing since morning early,
When the sun first shone on the sea,
We've a fine catch of lythe and glashan,
Six wee codlings for Friday's tea.

Chorus: Sailing southwards...

It's a life for a man of freedom,
With a good boat and trusty crew,
And the sea is his realm and kingdom,
With the wild seals and gannets too.

Chorus: Sailing southwards...

We'll be home by the evening's closing,
Down the cold sun, the ebbing tide.
We'll be greeted by Handy Andy,
For a pint or two down in McBrides.