Land of Aran

On the coast of Ireland
They march in line
The basking shark
They march in line.
Hurry on Mike let me go.
Good boy Mike let me go.

Men of Aran, fishermen all
Cast your lines, sea-birds call.
Pull your oars, waves dash high
Sea-winds blow, Sea-winds cry.

Steady now, slack away.
There he goes boys, give him line
Look out boys, here he comes
Hang on boys, here he is
Hold your lines boys, easy now
Up she comes, up she comes
Lift 'er up boys, lift 'er up
We're alright now we are thank God
Men of Aran, fishermen all.