

Trawler Gaul

8th February '74
Off the North Norwegian shore
36 Hull fishers all
Lost their lives on trawler 'Gaul'

Nine days of fishin, nine days of toil
Smell of working men and diesel oil
Too few know what its like to be
A trawler-man against the sea

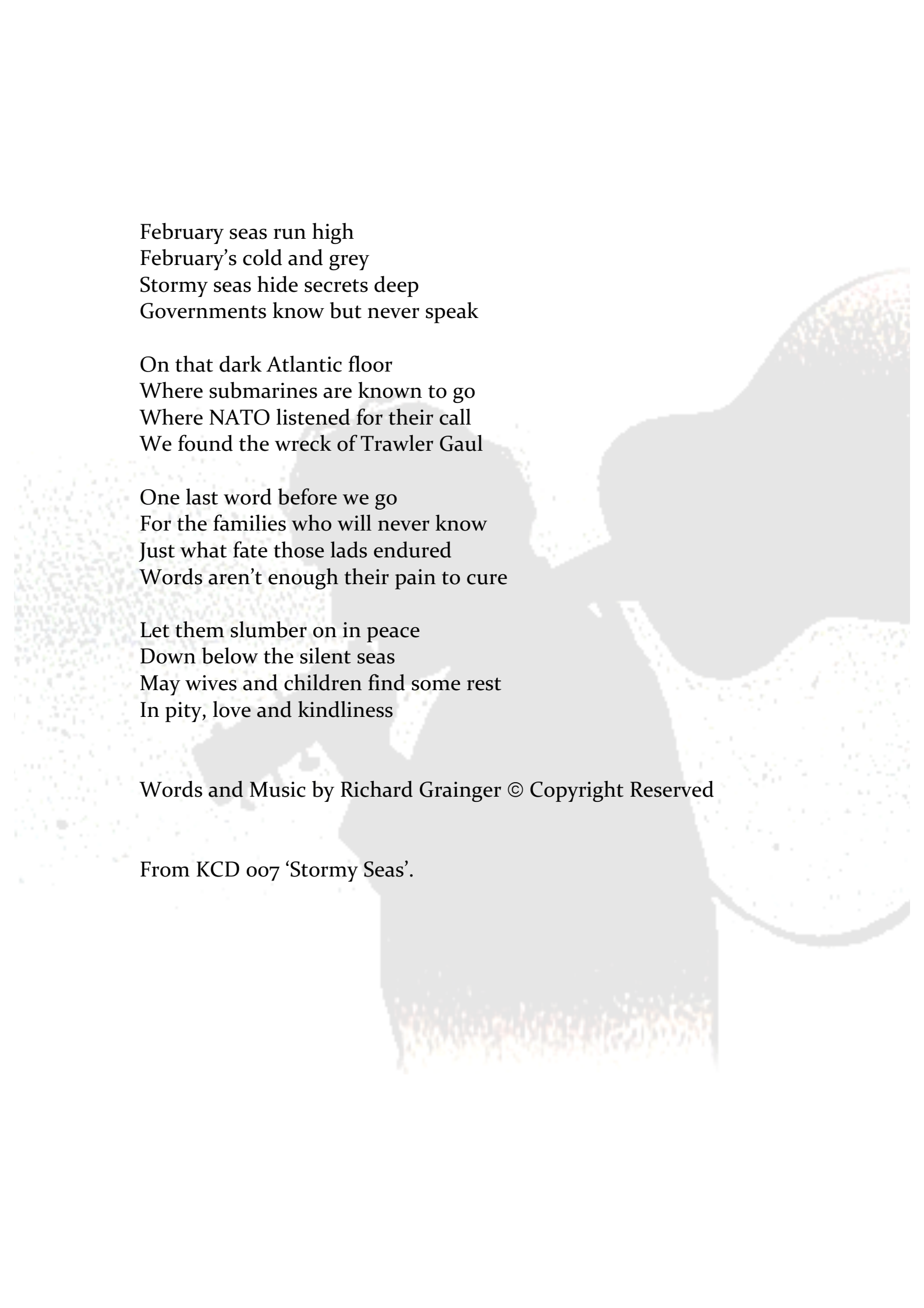
One more pull boys one more trawl
Though the arctic winds they call
We're heading North to find the Gaul
One more pull boys one more trawl

From those seas around the Northern Cape
For fisher-lads there's no escape
Giant waves like mountains tall
Smashed the sides of trawler Gaul

A message came on her last day
We're laid and dodging off the northern cape
Then silence fell no word at all
From the radio of trawler Gaul

Did she turn to face the storm
Did her decks awash and warn
Take aboard the waters cold
Did it fill an open hold

In her moment of distress
Only God was their witness
He must have heard their mercy call
One more pull boys one more trawl



February seas run high
February's cold and grey
Stormy seas hide secrets deep
Governments know but never speak

On that dark Atlantic floor
Where submarines are known to go
Where NATO listened for their call
We found the wreck of Trawler Gaul

One last word before we go
For the families who will never know
Just what fate those lads endured
Words aren't enough their pain to cure

Let them slumber on in peace
Down below the silent seas
May wives and children find some rest
In pity, love and kindness

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From KCD 007 'Stormy Seas'.