

1. All around this wild Northsea
the luggers and trawlers go round.
For now's the time to sail away
to the finest fishing ground.
To a place where a man can be free as the wind,
As wild as the seagulls cry.
The working is hard but the living feels free
on this wild Northern sea.

Tussenspel

2. With mighty waves all 'round the bow
the cook puts a log on the stove.
preparing the meal, he's singing his song:
"It's you, it's you that I love"
Come let the wind howl, it won't get us here
By soft oil lamp we will lie.
The working is hard but the living feels free
on this wild Northern sea.

Tussenspel

3. Now there comes a time to ev'ry man
when he must turn his back to the sea.
When the price of a life gets much too high
though the living it felt free.
When a man must run, from the deeds he has done,
recalling those days with a sigh:
The working was hard but the living felt free
on this wild Northern sea,
The working was hard but the living felt free
On this wild Northern sea