

the wild northern sea

All around this wild Northern Sea,
 the loggers and trawlers go round.
 For now's the time to sail away,
 to the finest fishing grounds.
 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

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 true, it's you that I love.
 Come let the winds howl, they won't find us here,
 with soft oil lamp we will lie.
 The working is hard but the living feels free,
 on this wild Northern Sea.

tussenspel

Now there comes a time to ev'ry man,
 when he must turn his back to the sea.
 When a price of a life gets much to high,
 though the living it felt free.
 When the 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.