

# Generations of Change

Noel Mcloughlin

My father was a baillie from a wee farm at Caipie  
He worked on the land all the days of his life  
By the time he made second, he aye said he reckoned  
he'd ploughed near on half of the east nuke of Fife.  
He worked on at Randerston, Crawhill and Clephinton  
Cambo and Carnbee and Big Rennyhill  
At Kingsbarns he married, at Boarhills he's buried  
But man, had he lived, he'd be ploughing on still  
For those days were his days, those ways were his ways  
To follow the plough while his back was still strong  
But those days are past and the time came at last  
For the weakness of age to make way for the young  
I was nae for ploughing, to the sea I was going  
To follow the fish and the fisherman's ways  
In rain, hail and sunshine I watched the long runline  
No man mere contented his whale working day  
I've lang lined the Fladden Ground, the Dutch and the Dogger Bank  
Pulled the big fish from the deep Devil's Hole  
I've side trawled off Shetland, the Faroes and Iceland  
In weather much worse than a body could thole  
For that day was my day, that way was my way  
To follow the fish while my back was still strong  
But that day is past and the time came at last  
For the weakness of age to make way for the young  
My sons they have grown and away they have gone  
To search for black oil in the far northern sea  
Like oilmen they walk, and like yankees they talk  
There's not much in common between my sons and me  
They've rough-rigged on Josephine, Forties and Ninian  
Claymore and Dunlin and Fisher and Awk  
They've made fortunes for sure, for in one trip ashore  
They spend more than I earned in a whole season's work  
For this day is their day, this way is their way  
To ride the rough rigs while their backs are still strong  
But this day will pass and the time come at last  
For the weakness of age to make way for the young  
My grandsons are growing, to the school they soon be goin'  
But the lang weeks of summer they spend here with me  
We walk through the warm days, we talk of the old ways  
The cornfield, the codfish, the land and the sea  
We walk through the fields that my father once tilled  
Talk with the old men who once sailed with me  
Man, it's been awfully good, I showed them all I could  
Of the past and the present, what their future might be  
For the morn will be their day, what will be their way

What will they make of their land, sea and sky  
Man, I've seen awfu' change, still it seems very strange  
To look at my world through a young laddie's eyes  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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