

Gaelic Storm, The Devil Down Below

I used to be a fisherman, on the icy crests we'd ride
Like a banshee on the wind, we'd sail the oncean wide.
From the shoals of Yarmouth bay to Newfoundland we'd go...

Chorus:
and we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

Out to the snows of Greeland, into the screaming gale
Out into the storm chasing down the whale
When the harpoon struck the mighty fish would blow...

and we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

In our bunks we'd find no solace, no comfort just remorse
We'd curse at the bad fortune that set us on this course
Gathered 'round the lamplight we'd sing both high and low...

and we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

From the rocks of Lizard Reef to Plymouth we are bound
The skipper's yelling blood as the jagged cliffs we round
Jack Duggan in the forsail, Billy Reilly in the crow...

and we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below

Only when we'd quenched the mighty vessel's appetite
Would the captain tell us lads? "We'll be going home tonight!"
We'd turn to the raging sea and raise our fists and yell,
"You won't be seeing us today you won't be seeing us in Hell!"
Once ashore we'd head into the pub for a tankard full of ale
One day would turn into a week and the time would come to sail
We'd say goodbye to the girls to we love, then off from the shore we'd row...

and we'd shout! Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil down below