

Jens Bjrneboe**"Last Voyage"**

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Row, row to fishing-reef
All little children sleep.
No one knows where Daddy lies
Below the billows deep.

Three hardy sons once set sail
In a boat they went to sea.
Their Daddy went along with them
All Mummy did was weep.

They traveled out to fishing-sea
And Daddy fell into the blue.
Daddy was dead, and gone from sight,
So far from the mainland, too.

Row, row to fishing reef
Old Daddy's fast asleep.
Among the many fish they took
From the salty deep.

The catch was absolutely great:
Many thousand kroner.
Money's what a wife and kid
Wait quietly at home for!

Everyone said "Of course, of course
Time and fish is money.
Daddy we must put on ice
To stop him from smelling funny!"

Row, row to fishing-reef
Boys will still be boys.
They'll sell the fish for plenty
And buy themselves big toys.

The first day out was pretty cold
And then it stayed that way.
But Dad was thoroughly salted down
And gutted, sad to say.

The fishing it went on and on,

Nobody'd time to quarrel.
It paid to put ol' Daddy down
Inside a herring barrel.

Row, row to fishing-reef.
Washed, well-shaven, billeted,
Ol' daddy's resting quietly
Neatly cleaned and filleted!

The flag was hoisted up on high
And Daddy's clever sons
Had salted fish for cargo now
In barrels by the tons.

The youngest of these clever boys
Said, "First let's empty out the boat.
Then we'll take the barrel out
Where Daddy's resting quartered.

The barrel that I'm talkin' 'bout,
The one where Dad's asleep,
Has a label with a herring on
With an anchor underneath."-

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