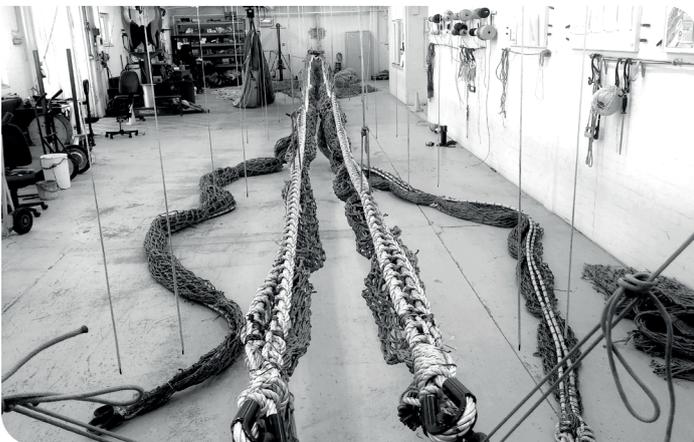


NET STORE

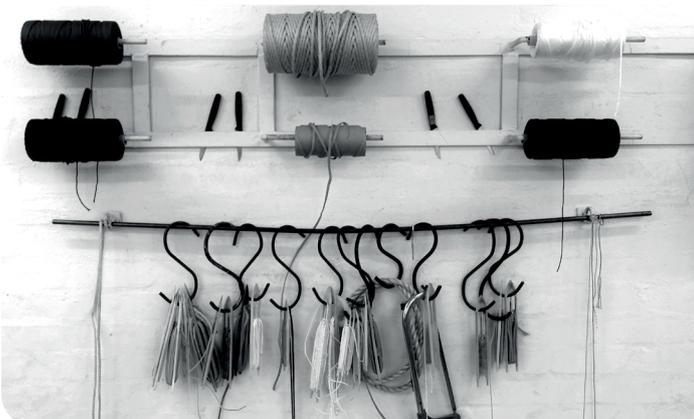
You'll Be a rigger my child

If you can keep your hand steady
when panic descends around,
And spend your every effort saving
the government a pound,
If you can fill a needle when there
are no needles to be found,
And mend the busted net lying
in pieces on the ground.

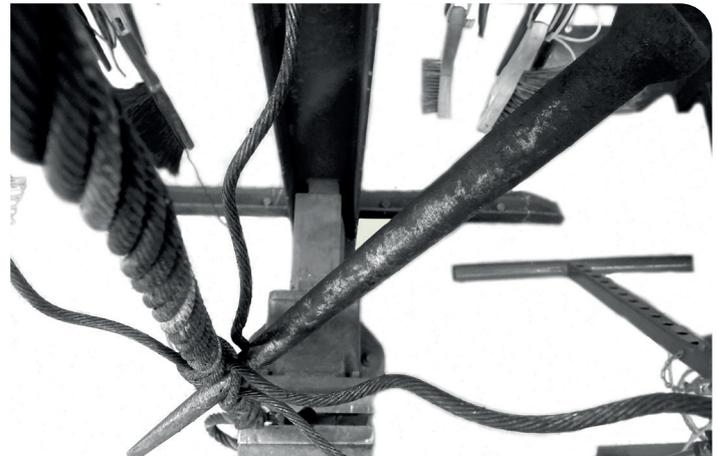
If you can splice and not be tired of splicing,
Or yield a heavy hammer in unforgiving rain,
Or use a knife precisely without
the need for slicing,
Or occasionally nip your skin
and laugh away the pain.



NET STORE



TWINE AND NEEDLES



WIRE SPLICE SPIKE



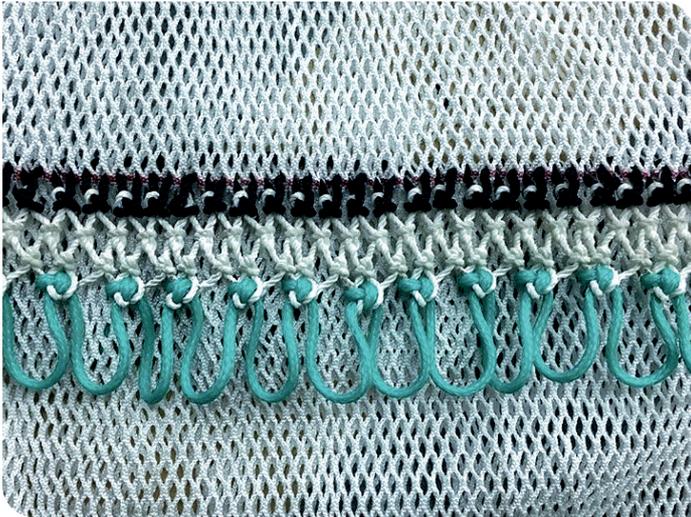
THE CUTTING ROOM

If you can tie knots without
ever getting knotted,
If you can cut out netting
without ever getting cut,
If you can meet deadlines in
less time than allotted,
And solve every underwater
problem without a single but.

If you can stitch a trawl back together,
When it's smashed and badly torn,
Watch it go to sea knowing it won't last forever,
And do it all again in a boiler
suit so often worn.

If you can make a million moorings,
And put millions on the line,
And make sense of ideas
described as “two things”,
And be proud of what you do
to say that work is mine.

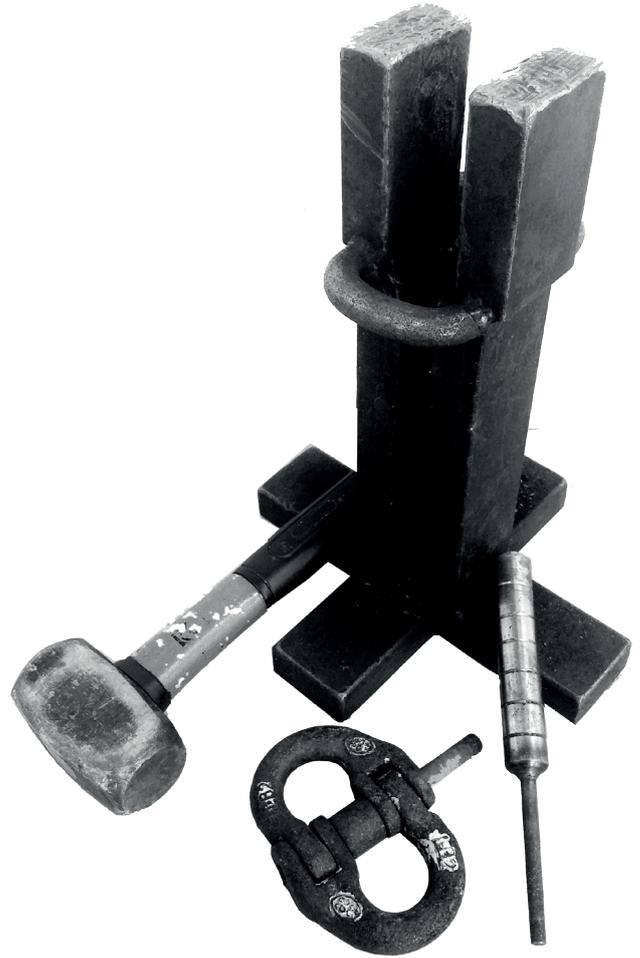
If you can make up ground gear,
rubbers and hoppers,
To scour the seabed in search for a prize,
And hear, without judgement,
the tales of the whoppers,
Except them, take stock and replenish supplies.



COD END MESHES



THE LADS



HAMMER AND PUNCH

If you can work together and know
the value of your team,
And offer a helping hand when
someone loses hope,
And be safe in the knowledge that
no job is as big as it may seem,
And you possess the skills to cope.

If you can stay focused and keep
a readily sharpened knife,
And end each day knowing you
worked hard and smiled,
Yours is the net store for the
best of your working life,
And - which is more - you'll
be a Rigger, my child.