(Intro: )

(John)
D It’s not A very far to the D Astoria’s Bar
But a G very long jour-D-ney it can A be
It can D start at the mouth of the G mighty Blue River
And D end at the A bottom of the D sea

Chorus - All
But the A river still shines and D shimmers in the light
As it G did in my D grandfather’s A day
When D they rode all night and G fished in the morning
And D lived in A Willapa D Bay

(John)
D When the A tide is rough, so G very, very rough,
So G rough that you D cannot A stand;
It D drives the little fish right G into the nets,
The D boats right A into the D sand

Chorus - All
But the A river still shines and D shimmers in the light
As it G did in my D grandfather’s A day
When D they rode all night and G fished in the morning
And D lived in A Willapa D Bay

(John)
D In the A mist and the rain, and the D labour and the pain
We G know what the D fishing here is A worth
It is D worth more than gold as we G suck’em from the hold;
It is D worth all the A treasures of the D earth

Chorus - All
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