

Shoals of Herring (Ewan McColl)

Capo 2

^G O, it was a fine and a pleasant ^D day

^G Out of Yarmouth harbour I was ^D faring

^G As a cabin boy on a sailing ^{Em} lugger

^G For to go and hunt the shoals of ^{D G} herring

^G O, the work was hard and the hours were ^D long

^G And the treatment sure it took some ^D bearing

^G There was little kindness and the kicks were ^{Em} many

^G As we hunted for the shoals of ^{D G} herring

^G O, we fished the Swarth and the Broken ^D Bank

^G I was a cook and I'd a quarter-sharing ^D

^G And I used to sleep, standing on my ^{Em} feet

^G And I'd dream about the shoals of ^{D G} herring

^G O, we left the home grounds in the month of ^D June

^G And to canny Shiels we soon was ^D bearing

^G With a hundred cran of the silver ^{Em} darlings

^G That we'd taken from the shoals of ^{D G} herring

^G Now you're up on deck, you're a ^D fisherman

^G You can swear and show a manly ^D bearing

^G Take your turn on watch with the other ^{Em} fellows

^G While you're searching for the shoals of ^{D G} herring

G **D**
In the stormy seas and the living gales
G **D**
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
G **Em**
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands

G **D G**
As you're following the shoals of herring

G **D**
O, I earned me keep and I paid my way
G **D**
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
G **Em**
Sailed a million miles, caught ten-million fishes

G **D G**
We were sailing after shoals of herring

G **D G**
We were sailing after shoals of herring