

Shoals of Herring

[Intro]

O, it was a fine and a pleasant day

Out of Yarmouth harbour I was faring

As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger

For to go and hunt the shoals of herring

O, the work was hard and the hours were long

And the treatment sure it took some bearing

There was little kindness and the kicks were many

As we hunted for the shoals of herring

O, we fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank

I was a cook and I'd a quarter-sharing

And I used to sleep, standing on my feet

And I'd dream about the shoals of herring

O, we left the home grounds in the month of June

And to canny Shiels we soon was bearing

With a hundred cran of the silver darlings

That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman

You can swear and show a manly bearing

Take your turn on watch with the other fellows

While you're searching for the shoals of herring

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

As you're following the shoals of herring

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

We were sailing after shoals of herring

We were sailing after shoals of herring