

Shoals of Herring

With our nets and gear we're faring
On the wild and wasteful ocean
Its there on the deep that we harvest
and reap our bread
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring

It was on a fair and a pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth harbor I was faring
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to hunt the bonny shoals of herring

Now 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

Oh we left the home grounds in the month of June
And for canny Shiels we soon were baring
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

Oh we fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank
I was a cook and Id a quarters sharing
And I used to sleep standing on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring

Now youre up on deck, youre a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're following the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn the gear that I was wearing
Sailed ten thousand miles,
caught ten million fishes
We was out there hunting shoals of herring

And its night and day we're faring
Come winter wave or winter gale
Sweating or cold, growing up,
growing old and dying
As we hunt the bonnie shoals of herring

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