

# 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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