

The Shoals Of Herring

G C D G slow

G C D D

G D Em D G

G C D G

G C D G
With our nets and gear we're faring slow

G C D
On the wild and wasteful ocean

G C G C G
It's out there on the deep we harvest and reap our bread

G C D G
As we hunt the bonny shoals of herring

G....

Instrumental over Verse

You're net ropeman now, Or you're on the move
And you're learning all about sea-faring
That's your education, Scraps of navigation
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herring

Night and day the seas we're daring
Come wind or calm or winter gale
Sweating or cold, Growing up, growing old or dying
As you hunt the bonny shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're faring
From the Dover Strait to the Faroe Islands
And you're hunting for the shoals of herring

Well I earned me keep and I paid me way slow
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, Caught ten million fishes
We were hunting after shoals of herring

Instrumental over Verse in time 2x

G C G
Oh it was a fine and a pleasant day in time
G D
Out of Yarmouth harbour I was faring
D G D Em D G
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
G C D G
We were following 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 fellas
As you're hunting for the shoals of herring

GG GG GG CC DD GG GG GG

Now we fished the swarth and the broken bank
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing
And I used to sleep standing on me feet
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

We left the homegrounds in the month of June
And for canny shiels we soon were baring
With a hundred cran of the silver darlins
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring