

Three Score And Ten (D)

Me thinks I see a host of craft,
 Spreading their sails at lee.
 As down the Humber they glide,
 all bound for the Northern Sea.
 Me thinks I see on board each craft
 a crew with hearts so brave.
 Goin' out to earn their daily bread
 upon the restless waves.

***And it's three score and ten.
 boys and men were lost from Grimsby Town.
 From Yarmouth down to Scarborough.
 Many hundreds more were drowned.
 Their herring craft and trawlers.
 Their fishing smacks as well.
 They long did fight a bitter night
 and battled with swell.***

the

Me thinks I see them yet again,
 As they leave the land behind.
 Casting their nets into the sea.
 The Herring shoals to find.
 Me thinks I see them yet again,
 and all on board's all right.
 With sails close reefed, the deck cleared up
 the side light burning bright.

And it's three score

October's night brought such a sight'
 t'was never seen before .
 There were mast's and yards and broken spars,
 all washed up upon the shore.
 There was many a heart of sorrow.
 There was many a heart so brave.
 There was many a true and noble lad.
 Did find a watery grave.

And it's three score

Efterspil: de to sidste linier