

Grimsby Lads (^FØ-dur)
(John Connoly and Bill Meek)

They sail in the cold and the grey of the morning,
 Leaving their wives and their families behind;
 Following the fishing, fulfilling their calling,
 Their charts are all ready the shoals for to find.

**Here's to the Grimsby lads out at the trawling
 Here's to the lads on the billowing deep
 Shooting their nets and heaving and hauling
 All the night long, and the landsmen asleep.**

Away to the north where they know will be waiting
 Frost and black ice and the lash of the gale,
 Trawling and hoping and anticipating
 A ship bumper-full and safe homeward to sail.

From Scotland's grey shore to the cold coast of Iceland
 Through White Sea and Faeroe they're working their way,
 Through Dogger and Forties to stormy Bear Island:
 Eighteen long hours is the fisherman's day.

The nets are inboard and the catch lies a-gleaming;
 There's gutting and washing and packing below.
 Ten days of fishing and home they'll be steaming:
 A thousand miles gone and a thousand to go.

On Humber's brown water the new sun is gleaming;
 To the fisherman's prayer the breeze sings the amen.
 The smoky grey town in the stillness is dreaming;
 Her sons from the waters return once again.

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(sidste linie i omkvædet gentages efter sidste vers.)