

Three Score and Ten

ballade

1.

Me thinks I see a host of craft, spreading their sails alee.
As down the Humber they do-o glide,
All bound for the Northern Sea.
Me think I see on each small craft,
A crew with hearts so brave
Setting out to earn their daily bread upon the restless waves.
Refrein:

And it's three score and ten, boys and men,
Were lost from Grimsby Town.
From Yarmou-outh down to Scarbo-orough,
many hundreds more were drowned
Our herringcraft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well:
They longed to fight, that bitter night and battle with the swell.

2.

Me thinks I see them yet again, as they leave the land behind.
Casting thei-eir nets into the-e Sea, the-e fish in shoals to find.
Me thinks I see them yet again and all on board's allright,
With the sails close reefed and the decks all cleared and the sidelights
burning bright.

Refrein:

3.

Me thinks I heard the skipper say: Now lads, all hands on deck,
For the sky, to all appearances,
Looks like an approaching gale.
Me think I see them yet again, after midnight hour is passed,
Their tiny crafts were battling still, against the icy blast.

Refrein:

4.

October's night with such a sight, was never seen before.
There were masts and spars and broken yards,
Came floating to the shore.
There was many a heart of sorrow.
There was many a heart so brave.
There was many a hearty fisherlad did find a wat'ry grave.

Refrein: