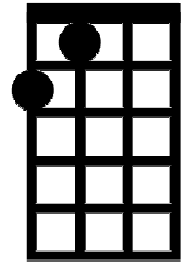


# The Shoals of Herring (in A)

Ewan McColl

# A

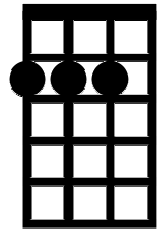
Oh it [A]was a fine [D]and a [E7]pleasant [A]day  
Out of [A]Yarmouth harbour I was [E7]faring  
As a [A]cabin [D]boy on[E7] a sailing [A]lugger  
For to [A]go and hunt the [D]shoals of [E7]her[A]ring



Oh the [A]work was hard [D]and the [E7]hours were [A]long  
And the [A]treatment, sure it took some [E7]bearing  
There was [A]little [D]kindness and the [E7]kicks were  
[A]many  
As we [A]hunted for the [D]shoals of [E7]her[A]ring

# D

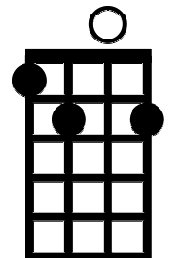
Oh we [A]fished the Swarth [D]and the [E7]Broken [A]Bank  
I was [A]cook and I'd a quarter [E7]sharing  
And I [A]used to [D]sleep standing [E7]on my [A]feet  
And I'd [A]dream about the [D]shoals of [E7]her [A]ring



Well we [A]left the home grounds [D]in the [E7]month of  
[A]June  
And to [A]canny Shields we soon were [E7]bearing  
With a [A]hundred [D]cran of the [E7]silver [A]darlings  
That we'd [A]taken from the [D]shoals of [E7]her[A]ring

# E7

Now you're [A]up on deck, [D]you're a [E7]fisher[A]man  
You can [A]swear and show a manly [E7]bearing  
Take your [A]turn on [D]watch with the [E7]other [A]fellows  
While you're [A]following the [D]shoals of [E7]her[A]ring



In the [A]stormy seas [D]and the [E7]living [A]gales  
Just to [A]earn your daily bread you're [E7]daring  
From the [A]Dover [D]Straits to the [E7]Faroe [A]Islands  
While you're [A]following the [D]shoals of [E7]her[A]ring

Oh I [A]earned me keep [D]and I [E7]paid me [A]way  
And I [A]earned the gear that I was [E7]wearing  
Sailed a [A]million [D]miles, caught ten [E7]million [A]fishes  
We were [A]following the [D]shoals of [E7]her[A]ring