

Scarborough Fishermen

*Heres to the fisher-lad, bold as can be
Riding the swell on the cold northern sea
Ear to the sounder, eye on the scan
Scarborough Fishermen on northern ground*

No weathers too rough when the nets never full
A friend of the wind and the old seagull
It's farewell to Mary love, farewell to thee
Scarborough Fishermen out on the sea

Southwards to Yarmouth, north passed the Tyne
East to the Dogger Bank the shoals for to find
It's night and day working filling our hold
The north seas the place where we dig for our gold

Prices are high, stocks getting low
More work on this deck boys than ever before
It's sodden all day without any sleep
Scarborough fishermen out on the deep

Boy on the deck how do you feel
With your icing and hauling your nerves made of steel
It'll make you a man, you live a hard life
While you think of your girl of warm sheets and dark nights

Skippers in the wheelhouse with a mountainous sea
Towering above, looking down upon me
Prepare for the crash boys, no time to pray
Scarborough lads facing danger each day

Now the weeks over and we are done in
Its all back to Scarborough neat as a pin
With beer in our belly no longer we'll roam
Scarborough fishermen on the way home