

The Shoals Of Herring

Phil Ochs

Ooo it was a fine and a plea - sant day
Out of yar - mouth har-bour I was far - ing
As a cab - in boy on a sail - ing lug - ger
For to go and hunt the shoals of her - ring

o, the work was hard and the hours were long
And the treatment, sure, it took some bearing,
There was little kindness and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

o, we finished the swarth and the broken bank
I was cook and I'd a quarter-sharing
And I used to sleep, standing on my feet
And I'd dream about the shaols of herring

o, we left the home grounds in the month of june
And to canny shiels we soon were bearing
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

now your up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring

in the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread your daring
From the dover straits to the faroe islands,
As your following the shoals of herring

o, I earned me keep and I paid me way
And I eaned the gear I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring