

# The Herring

## The Dubliners

There was a poor thing that flowed in with the tide  
It was forty feet long, boys, and forty feet wide  
And we called it the herring that came it with the tide

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well, what do you think we made out of his head, but the grandest owl oven t  
hat ever baked bread  
With me herrings and heads and oven baked breads

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well what do you think we made out of his eyes, but lovely big pair of blue  
butterflies  
With me herrings and heads and oven baked breads, herrings and eyes and blue  
butterflies

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well what do you think we made out of his back, but lovely big sailor and we  
called him Jack  
With me herrings and heads and oven baked breads, herrings and eyes and blue  
butterflies  
Herrings and backs and sailors called Jack

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well what do you think we made out of his belly, but lovely looking girl and  
we christened her Nellie  
With me herrings and heads and oven baked breads, herrings and eyes and blue  
butterflies  
Herrings and backs and sailors called Jack, herrings and bellies and girls c  
alled Nellies

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well, what do you think we made out of his fins, but a grand big box of need  
les and pins  
With me herrings and heads and oven baked breads, herrings and eyes and blue  
butterflies  
Herrings and backs and sailors called Jack, herrings and bellies and girls c  
alled Nellie  
Herrings and fins and needles and pins

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well, what do you think we made out of his tail, but the grandest o'ul ship,  
boys, that ever set sail  
With me herrings and heads and oven baked breads, herrings and eyes and blue  
butterflies  
Herrings and backs and sailors called Jack, herrings and bellies and girls c  
alled Nellie  
Herrings and fins and needles and pins  
With the herrings and tails and ships setting sail

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she

Well, come all your young girls that are tryin' to prude  
The next two verses are awfully rude  
So, if you don't like them you can be on your way

Take him away and don't delay  
One your leg, two your leg, three your leg  
Throw your leg, over me Johnny sez she