

## Three Score and Ten

### The Dubliners

And it's three score and ten boys and men  
Were lost from Grimsby Town  
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough  
Many hundreds more were drowned  
Their herring craft and their trawlers  
Their fishing smacks as well  
Alone they fight the bitter night  
And battle with the swell

Me thinks I see a host of craft  
Spreading their sails alee  
As down the Humber they do steer  
Bound for the great North Sea  
Me thinks I see a wee small craft  
And crew with hearts so brave  
They go to earn their daily bread  
Upon the restless waves

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Me thinks I see them yet again  
As they leave this land behind  
Casting their nets into the sea  
The herring shoals to find  
Me thinks I see them yet again

And they're safe on board alright  
With their sails close reefed  
Their decks washed clean  
And their sidelights burning bright

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October's night brought such a sight  
'Twas never seen before  
There were yards of masts and broken spars  
Washed up upon the shore  
There was many a heart of sorrow  
There was many a heart so brave  
There was many a true and noble lad  
To find a watery grave

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