

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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