



## Three Score and Ten

Methinks I see a host of craft spreading their sails a-lee  
As down the Humber they do glide all bound for the Northern Sea.  
Methinks I see on each small craft a crew with hearts so brave  
Going out to earn their daily bread upon the restless wave.

***Chorus:***

***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.  
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well,  
They long did fight that bitter night and battled with the swell.***

Methinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind  
Casting their nets into the sea, the fishing shoals to find.  
Methinks I see them yet again and all on board's all right,  
With the sails close reefed and the decks cleared up and the sidelights burning bright.

***Chorus***

Me thinks I've heard the skipper say, "My lads, we'll shorten sail,  
The sky to all appearances is like an approaching gale."  
Methinks I see them yet again, and the midnight hour has passed,  
And the little craft was battling there all with the icy blast.

***Chorus***

October's night left such a sight, was never seen before:  
There was masts and spars and broken yards came floating to the shore.  
There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart so brave.  
There was many a hearty fisher lad did find a watery grave.

***Chorus***