

## 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