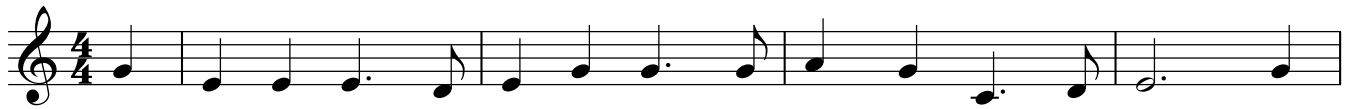


# Three-Score-and-Ten

TYG 5



Me - thinks I see a host of craft spread - ing their sails a - lee, As



down the Hum - ber they do\_\_ glide all\_\_ bound for the north - ern sea. Me -



thinks I see on each small craft a crew with hearts so brave, Set - ting



out to earn their dail - y bread up - on the rest - less wave. And it's

CHORUS:



three - score - and - ten boys and men were lost from Grim - sby Town, From



Yar - mouth down to Scar - bor - ough man - y hun - dreds more were drowned, Our



her - ring craft our traw - lers, our fish - ing smacks as well, They



long to fight that bit - ter night and bat - tle with the swell.



1. Methinks I see a host of craft spreading their sails alee,  
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,  
Setting 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 to fight that bitter night and battle with the swell.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

3. October's night was such a sight, 'twas never seen before,  
When 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 who found a watery grave.

CHORUS