

Windy Old Weather

#10

As we were a-fishing off Happisburgh light
Shooting and hauling and trawling all night,

In this windy old weather, stormy old weather
When the wind blows, we all pull together
When the wind blows, we all pull together

When up jumped a herring, the queen of the sea
Said "Now, you old skipper, you cannot catch me"

Then round comes a plaice that had spots on his side
Says "Not much longer, these seas you can ride"

Then round comes a mackerel with stripes on his back
Says "Now old skipper, you'll shift your main tack"

Then up jumps a slipsole as strong as a horse.
Says "Now old skipper, you'll shift your main course"

Then up rears a conger as long as a mile
"Wind's coming East'ly" he said with a smile

I think what these fishes was saying was right,
We'll haul up our gear now and steer for the light.