

COME A'YE FISHER LASSIES

#17

Lyrics Ewan McColl

Come a' ye fisher lassies, it's come awa' wi' me,
Fae Cairnbulg and Gamrie and fae Inverallochie,
Fae Buckie and fae Aberdeen and a' the country roon,
We're awa' tae gut the herrin', we're awa' tae Yarmouth toon.

Rise up in the morning wi' your bundles in your hand,
Be at the station early or you'll surely hae to stand,
Tak' plenty to eat and a kettle for your tea,
Or you'll mebbe die of hunger on the way to Yarmouth quay.

The journey it's a lang ane and it tak's a day or twa,
And when you reach your lodgin's sure it's soond asleep you fa',
But ye rise at five wi' the sleep still in your e'e,
You're awa' tae find the gutting yards along frae Yarmouth quay.

It's early in the morning and it's late into the nicht,
Your hands a' cut and chappit and they look an unco' sicht,
And you greet like a wean when you put them in the bree,
And you wish you were a thoosand mile awa' frae Yarmouth quay.

There's coopers there and curers there and buyers, canny chieles,
And lassies at the pickling and others at the creels,
And you'll wish the fish had been a' left in the sea
By the time you finish guttin' herrin' on the Yarmouth quay.

We've gutted fish in Lerwick and in Stornoway and Shields,
Warked along the Humber 'mongst the barrels and the creels;
Whitby, Grimsby, we've traivelled up and doon,
But the place to see the herrin' is the quay at Yarmouth toon.