

# THREE SCORE AND TEN

Nautical

Moderato (♩ = c. 108)

Whistle



Me - thinks I see a host of craft, spread - ing their sails a - lee. While -  
5 down the Hum-ber they do - glide All bound for the great North Sea. Me - thinks I see on  
10 each small craft A crew w'hearts so brave Going - out to earn their dai-ly bread up -  
15 on the rest - less wave.

And it's three score and ten boys  
And men were lost from Grimsby town  
From Yarmouth down to Scarboro  
Many hundreds more were drowned  
Our herring craft, our trawlers  
Our fishing smacks, as well  
They long defied that bitter night  
And battled with the swell

Methinks I see them yet again  
As they leave this land behind  
Casting their nets into the sea  
The herring shoals to find  
Me thinks I see them yet again  
They're all on board all right  
With their nets rolled up and their decks cleaned off  
And the side lights burning bright

Me thinks I've heard the captain say  
"Me lads we'll shorten sail"  
With the sky to all appearances  
Looks like an approaching gale  
Me thinks I see them yet again  
Midnight hour is past  
The little craft abattling there  
Against the icy blast

October's night brought such a sight  
Twas never seen before  
There were mast and yards and broken spars  
A washed up on the shore  
There were many a heart in sorrow  
Many a heart so brave  
There were many a fine and hearty lad  
That found a watery grave