




Me-thinks I see a host of craft spread-ing their sails a - lee_____ As down the



Humb-er they do_ glide all_ bound for the North-ern sea_____ Me-thinks I see on each small craft a crew with



chorus
hearts so brave___ Set-ting out to earn their dai-ly bread up-on the rest-less wave___ And it's



three score and ten boys and men were lost from Grims-by town___ From Yar-mouth down to Scar bor_



ough man-y hun-dreds more were drowned___ Our_ her-ring craft our trawl-ers___ our fish-ing



smacks as well___ They long to fight that bit-ter night and batt-le with the swell.____