



Windy Old Weather

As we were a-fishing off Haisboro Light,
Shooting and hauling and trawling all night, it was
***Windy old weather, stormy old weather,
When the wind blows, we all pull together.***

When up jump'd a herring the queen of the sea,
Say's "now old skipper, you cannot catch me", in this

We sighted a thresher, a-slashing his tail,
Time now old skipper, to hoist up your sail, in this

Then along comes a mack'ral with stripes on his back,
time now old skipper to shift your main tack, in this

Then up jumped a slipsole as strong as a horse,
Says now, old skipper you're miles off your course, in this

We sighted a plaice whose got spots on his side,
Says, "not much longer these seas can you ride", in this

Then up rears a conger, as long as a mile,
"Winds coming easterly", says with a smile, in this

I think what these fishes are saying tis right,
We'll haul up our nets, and we'll steer for the light, in this