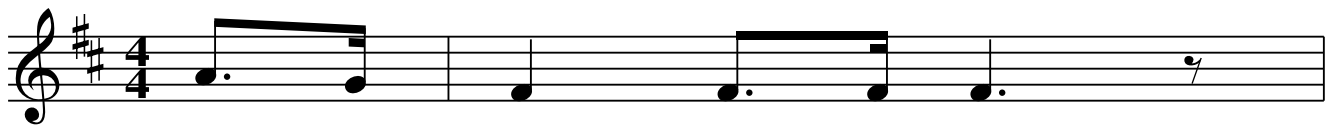


Three Score and Ten

Composer : William Delf



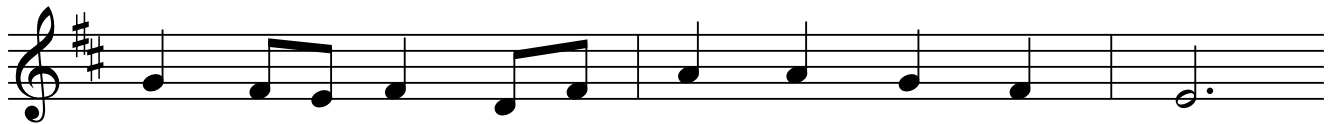
And its three score and ten



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 longed to fight that bit-ter night to bat-tle with the swell

Chorus:

And its three score and ten boys and men were lost from Grimsby Town;
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough many hundreds more were drowned.
Our herring craft, our trawlers, our fishing smacks as well.
They longed to fight that bitter night to battle with the swell.

Methinks I see some little craft spreading their sails a-lee
As down the Humber they do glide all bound for the northern sea.
Methinks I see on each small craft a crew with hearts so brave
Going out to earn their daily bread upon the restless wave.

Methinks I see them yet again as they leave the land behind,
Casting their nets into the sea the fishing ground to find.
Methinks I see them yet again and all on board's all right,
With the sails flow free and the decks cleared up and the side-lights burning

October's night was such a sight was never seen before:
There was masts, there was yards; broken spars came floating to our shore.
There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart so brave;
There was many a hearty fisherlad did find a watery grave.