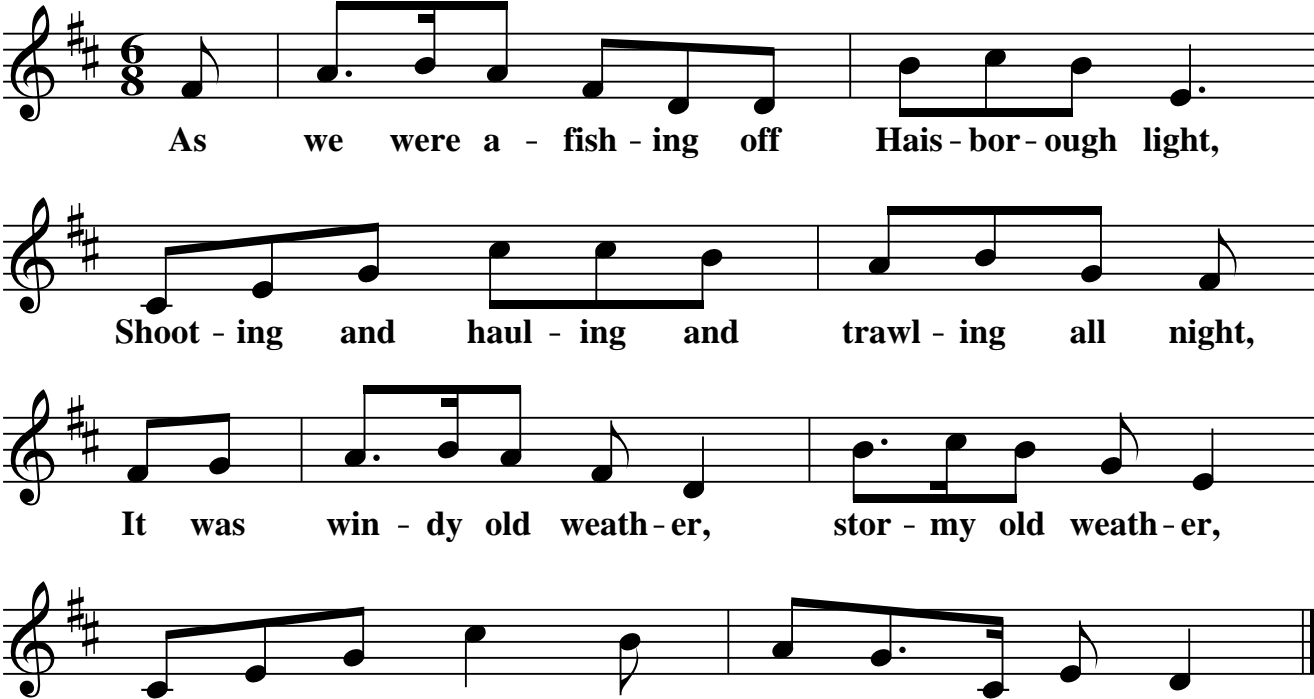


Windy Old Weather



As we were a - fish - ing off Hais - bor - ough light,
Shoot - ing and haul - ing and trawl - ing all night,
It was win - dy old weath - er, stor - my old weath - er,
When the wind blows, we all pull to - geth - er.

As we were a-fishing off Haisborough light,
Shooting and hauling and trawling all night,

(Chorus)

It was windy old weather, stormy old weather,
When the wind blows, we all pull together.

We sighted a herring, the king of the sea,
Says "Now, old skipper, you cannot catch me."

We sighted a mackerel with stripes on his back,
"Time, now, old skipper, to shift your main tack."

We sighted a conger as long as a mile.
"Wind's blowing easterly," he said with a smile.

We sighted a plaice that had spots on his side,
Says "Now, old skipper, these seas you won't ride."

I think what the fishes are saying is right.
We'll haul in our nets and we'll make for the Light.