

## Grimsby Lads

Chorus:

Here's to the Grimsby lads out at the trawling  
all the night long on the billowing deep.  
Shooting their nets with a heaving and hauling  
all the night long 'while the landsmen do sleep.

They leave in the cold and the grey of the morning,  
leaving their wives and their families behind;  
following the fishes, fulfilling their wishes,  
their charts are all ready this shoals for to find.

Chorus

They heed away north where they know will be waiting  
frost and black ice and the lash of the gale,  
trawling and hoping and anticipating  
a ship home port-full and safely to sail.

Chorus

From Scotland's grey shore to the cold coast of Iceland  
through White Sea and Faeroe's they're making their way,  
through Dogger and Forties to stormy Bear Island:  
eighteen long hours is the fisherman's day.

Chorus

The nets are all in and the catch lies a-gleaming;  
there's cutting and cleaning and gutting below.  
Thirteen more hours and home they'll be sailing  
a thousand miles gone and a thousand to go.

Chorus

John Connolly and Bill Meek