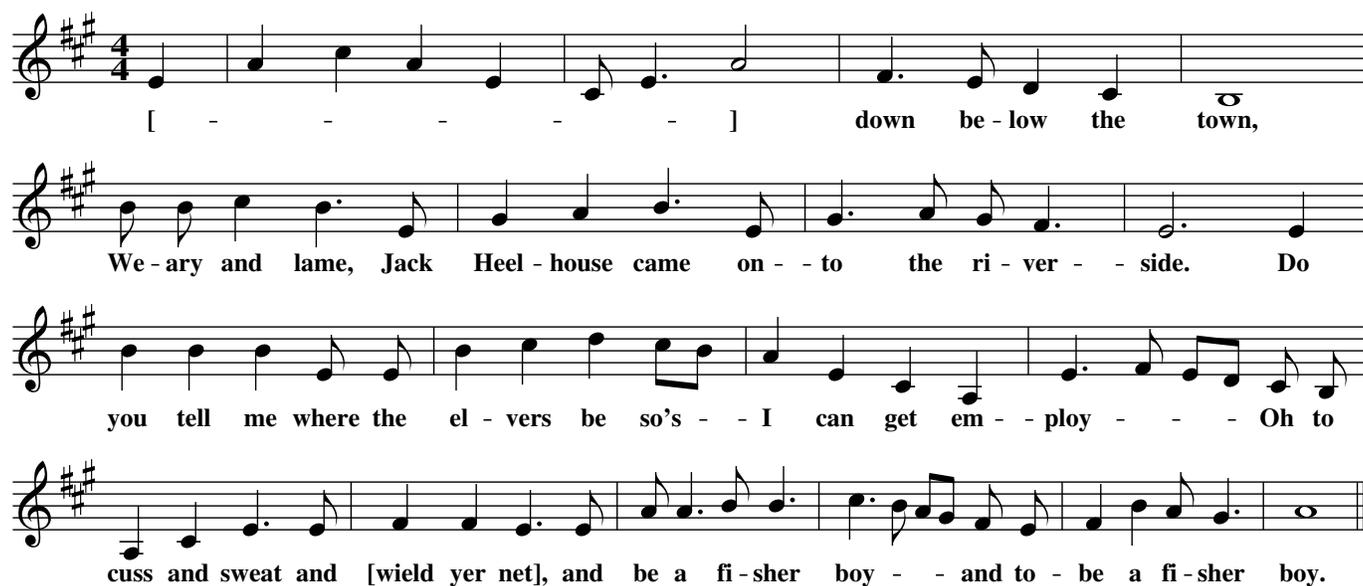


To be a Fisher Boy



[- - - - -] down be - low the town,
 We - ary and lame, Jack Heel - house came on - - to the ri - ver - - side. Do
 you tell me where the el - vers be so's - - I can get em - - ploy - - - Oh to
 cuss and sweat and [wield yer net], and be a fi - sher boy - - and to - be a fi - sher boy.

2. Gird up your [weir?] old [Double?] said
 No longer must ye seek
 Hold back the [lord?] ol' Jackie said, I an't seen one for a week
 And that night he caught five score and 'e shouted out with joy
 Oh to cuss and sweat, and wield yer net, and be a fisher boy and to be a fisher boy
3. Bill Stewart went down [aside, spoken (This is true this, anyway)] down to Maisemore
 Elvers for to get and what do you think happened there? He lost his bleedin' net
 He searched and he searched and 'twas all in vain and 'e hasn't found it yet
 And he cussed 'til 'e sweat, he lost his net, being a fisher boy, oh being a fisher boy
4. St Austin went on to his stump [?] elvers for to get
 As he went the chump fell o'er and he got bleedin' wet
 'E shouted 'Help!' but no help came and he scrambled out with joy
 And he cussed 'til he sweat, 'cos he got wet being a fisher boy, oh being a fisher boy
5. Now Fred Fullhook, he has retired, he's caught enough for that
 If ever I can do the same I'll eat me bleedin' hat
 Elvers are getting scarce, you see, it's a job to get employ
 Oh, to cuss and sweat and wield yer net and be a fisher's boy, and to be a fisher's boy

Source: Sung by Ray Hartland. Communicated to Gwilym Davies 1978.