

Silver in the Pocket

It was in the year of sixty-three
From Yarmouth we set sail
And the wind it blew so pleasant
As we sailed before the gale
A-running to the north my boys
We left the land behind
As we said farewell to Haisborough Light
Them herring shoals to find

For it's silver in the pocket
Comes from silver in the net
If I'd silver in my pockets boys
I'd still be fishing yet.

As we sailed o'er the Dogger Bank
We shot no nets to lee
There'd been no herring in that place
Since late in fifty-three
And so we sought the Buchan shoals
Away up in the north
And smiled to think of Scottish friends
Beyond the Firth of Forth

So its up and down we sailed my boys
Then down and up a while
In truth no herring could we find
Tho' we sailed for many a mile
We saw no Scottish boats that year
Sighted no smoke to lee
And we, a sad and empty boat
Sailed on an empty sea

The boat's gone to the salvage yard
The lads are on the dole
And Yarmouth Quay's are quiet now
Which chills my very soul
The life my father's fathers led
Is over, lost and done
And this is not the legacy
I'd hoped to leave my son