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8 Here's to the Grims-by lads out of the trawl-ing Here's to the lads of the bil-low-ing deep.

8 Shoot-ing their nets and a-heav-ing and haul-ing All the night long and the lands-man's a-sleep.

- 1) They sail in the cold and the grey of the morn - ing,
- 2) A - way to the north where they know will be wait - ing
- 3) From Scot - land's grey shore to the cold coast of Ice - land, through
- 4) The nets are in board and the catch lie a - gleam - ing, there's
- 5) On Hum - ber's brown wa - ter the new sur is gleam - ing. To the

8 leav - ing their wives and their fami - lies be - hind.
 frost and black ice and the lash of the gale.
 white sea and Faer - oer they're work - ing their way, through
 gut - ting and wash - ing and pack - ing be - low.
 fish - er - man's pray - er the breeze sings: "A - men". The

8 Follow - ing the fish - ing, ful - fill - ing their call - ing, their
 Trawl - ing and hop - ing, and an - yi - ci - pat - ing a
 Dog - ger and For - ties to storm - y Bear Is - land,
 Ten days of fish - ing and home they'll be steam - ing. A
 smoke - y grey town in the still - ness is dream - ing, her

8 charts are all rea - dy the shoals for to find.
 ship bum - per - full and safe home - ward to sail.
 eight - teen long hours is the fish - er - man's day.
 thou - sand miles gone and a thou - sand to go.
 sons from the wa - ter re turn once a - gain.