

Blow Ye Winds Westerly Trad. Newfoundland

Up jumps a crab with his crooked leg
Saying "You play the cribbage and I'll stick the pegs"

cho: Singing blow the wind westerly, let the wind blow
By a gentle nor'wester how steady she goes

Up jumps a dolphin with his chuckle-head
He jumps up on deck saying "Pull out the lead!"

Up jumps a flounder so flat on the ground
Saying "Damn your old chocolate, mind how you sound"

Up jumps a salmon so bright as the sun
He jumped down between decks and fired off a gun

Up jumps a whale, the biggest of all
He jumped up aloft and he's pawl after pawl

Up jumps a herring, the king of the sea
He jumps up on deck saying "Helms a-lee"

Up jumps a shark with his big row of teeth
He jumped up between decks and shook out the reefs

Fair Stood The Wind Alan Bell

Now that the fishing is over
Now that the boats are all gone
Now that the quays are deserted
There's talk as to what can be done
For once we had herring aplenty
Once we had cod by the score
Once we had fish landings daily
ust as in the fisherman's song

cho: Fair stood the wind, for the old fishing ground
As we hoisted our sails once more outward bound
To hunt for the herring wherever they be
And take what we could from the bountiful sea
And home, once again with the swift flowing tide
With the harbor lights burning all on the port side
Our catch in the hold, our day's labor through
A share for the skipper, the boat and the crew

Farewell to the shoals of herring
Farewell to the long busy day
Farewell to the ones who remember
How to fish in the old fashioned way
For nowadays men of all nations
All gather to catch the seas dry
And they don't care about conservation
As they stand back and watch the seas die

Farewell to the far distant waters
Farewell to the nights and the storm
Farewell to the nights in the Minches
We're ashore and we'll never return
For now that the fishing is over
Now that the boats are all gone
Now that the quays are deserted
There's only the echoing sound

From the singing of Geoff Kaufman

Fisher Lass Trad.

Young lass, bonny lass, sitting by the waterside
Fine lass, fisher lass, dreaming by the sea,
I can bring you happiness, I can ease your loneliness
If you will rise and take my hand and come away with me.

My Davy is a fisherman, the distant water he has gone
I am sworn to wait for him and stay forever true,
I thank you for your offer sir, but from this perch I cannot stir
No, I cannot take your hand nor will I go with you.

Young lass, bonny lass, sitting by the waterside
Fine lass, fisher lass, dreaming by the sea,
I'll give you a silken gown, golden rings and silver shoon
If you will rise and take my hand and come away with me.

Sir, I wear a wedding shift, around my head a red kerchief
On my back a knitted shawl made of the bishop's blue
My wooden shoes, my woollen hose are finer than your softest
clothes
Sir, I cannot take your hand or come away with you.

Young lass, bonny lass, sitting by the waterside
Fine lass, fisher lass, dreaming by the sea,
I can bring you house and lands, gold and jewels at your
command
If you will rise and take my hand and come away with me.

Davy's cottage by the shore, with fishing nets around the door
Walls of fine white cowling (?), with slate upon the roof,
The rocks, the sand, the northern sea are dearer than your lands
to me
No, I will not take your hand or come away with you.

Young lass, bonny lass, sitting by the waterside
Fine lass, fisher lass, dreaming by the sea,
We will sit us down so fine, we will drink the best of wine
If you will rise and take my hand and come away with me.

When Davy brings the herring home, I will bake an oatmeal scone
We will sit at table and drink an honest brew,
No prince, no king, no leaping lord has better fare upon his board
I will never take your hand or come away with you.

Young lass, bonny lass, sitting by the waterside
Fine lass, fisher lass, dreaming by the sea,
What if your Davy should be gone, never to come home again?
Would you rise and take my hand and come away with me?

If my Davy should be gone, never to come home again
I would seek to join him out in the water blue
I'd sail my boat across the tide and lay my bairns all by my side
I would never take your hand nor come away with you.

Young lass, bonny lass, sitting by the waterside
Fine lass, fisher lass, dreaming by the sea,
Turn your head and look at me -- do you not remember me?
Now will you rise and take my hand and come away with me?

There is no need, my Davy dear, to turn your head to know you're
here
Never for a moment have I been fooled by you,
Your voice, your self, your gentle e'e are dearer than my life to me

Fishes Lamentation Trad.

In came the herring, the king of the sea.
I think it high time our anchor to weigh.

For it's hazy weather, blowing weather.
When the wind blows it's stormy weather.

Then in came the salmon as red as the sun.
He went between decks and fired a gun.

Then in came the oyster with his sharp shell,
Crying: 'If you want a pilot I'll pilot you well.'

Then in came the flounder with his wry mouth.
He went to the helm and steered to the south.

Then in came the shark with his sharp teeth:
'Let go the clew-gallants, haul in the main sheet.'
Then in came the dolphin with his crooked beak:
'Pull in the main sheet, let go the main tack.'

Then in came the cod with his chuckle head.
He went to the main chains and sounded the lead.

Then in came the suck-pin so near the ground:
'Pray, Mr Cod, do you mind the wind.'

Then in came the whiting with her glowing eyes:
'Take in the clew-gallants, let go the main ties.'

Then in came the sprat, the least of them all.
He stepped between decks and cried: 'Hold, boys, all'

Then in came the mackerel with his sly look:
'Pray, Mr Herring, do you want a cook?'

Then in came the guardfish with his long snout.
He stepped between decks and turned about.
Then in came the smelt with his sweet smell:
'All hands go to dinner and I'll ring the bell.'

Then in came the crab with his crooked claws:
'I'll never go to sea with such lubbers as these.'

Then in came the lobster with his black cloak:
'All hands go to sleep and I'll go to smoke.'

Herring Croon Gordon Bok

Where do you go, little herring?
What do you see, tail-and-fin?
"Blue and green, cold and dark,
Seaweed growing high,
Hills a hundred fathom deep
Where the dead men lie,
Dogfish eyes and mackerels' eyes,
And they hunger after me;
Net or weir, I don't care,
Catch me if you can."

Where do you go, little boat?
(Tar and timber, plank and sail)
"I go to green bays,
Lift them under me,
Cold grey combing seas
Come to bury me,
Rocky jaws and stony claws,
And they hunger after me;
Harbors cold and deep and bold,
Wish that I could see."

What do you see, fisherman?
(Poor old sailor, blood and bone)
"Mackerel skies, mares' tales;
Reef and furl and steer.
Poor haul and hungry days.
Rotten line and gear,
Snow wind and winter gales.
And they hunger after me;
Net or weir, I don't care,
Catch you if I can."

Where do you go, little herring?
What do you see, tail-and-fin?
"Blue and green, cold and dark,
Seaweed growing high,
Hills a hundred fathom deep
Where the dead men lie,
Dogfish eyes and mackerels' eyes,
And they hunger after me;
Net or weir, I don't care,
Catch me if you can."

Herring Song Trad.

V1: (Leader): What'll we do with the herrings' head?
(All): What'll we do with the herrings' head?
(Leader): Make it into loaves of bread,
(All): Herrings' head, Loaves of bread,
And all manner of things.

Chorus (Sung):
Of all the fish that live in the sea,
The herring is the one for me!
(Spoken, vary the accented syllables):
"How are you today?" "How are you today?"
"How are you today, me Finny-O?"

V2: (Leader): What' ll we do with the herrings' eyes?
(All): What'll we do with the herrings' eyes?
(Leader): Make them into puddin' and pies,
(All): Herrings' eyes, Puddin' and pies,
Herrings' head, Loaves of bread,
And all manner of things.

V3: What' ll we do with the herrings' fins?
What'll we do with the herrings' fins?
Make them into needles and pins,
Herrings' fins, Needles and pins,
Herrings' eyes, Puddin pies,
Herrings' head, Loaves of bread,
And all manner of things. Chorus:

V4: What'll we do with the herrings' guts?
What'll we do with the herrings' guts?
Make them into pairs of boots,
Herrings' guts Pairs of boots,
Herrings' fins, Needles and pins,
Herrings' eyes, Puddin pies,
Herrings' head, Loaves of bread,
And all manner of things. Chorus:
Chorus (Sung): Of all the fish that live in the sea,
The herring is the one for me!
(Spoken): "How are you today?"
"How are you today?"
"How are you today, me Finny-O?"

V5: What'll we do with the herrings' tail? (2x)
Make them into barrels of ale,
Herrings' tail, Barrels of ale,
Herrings' guts, Pairs of boots,
Herrings' fins, Needles and pins,
Herrings' eyes, Puddin pies,
Herrings' head, Loaves of bread,
And all manner of things. Chorus:

Chorus (Sung): Of all the fish that live in the sea,
The herring is the one for me!
(Spoken): "How are you today?" "How are you today?"
"How are you today, me Finny-O?"

Isle Of May Matt Armour

See the morning light,
Hear the puffins calling,
End another night,
Off the Isle of May.

Bright eastern skies,
White cliffs arise,

See the new day break,
Fisherman awake,

Small boats fall and rise,
To the fishers' cries,

See the dories coming,
Pray for herring running,
In the day's bright sun,
See the net-lines run,

See the long lines flowing,
Deep in Forth they're going,

See the net-lines hauled in,
Light loads are trawling,

Run the nets once more,
Off the cold Fife Shore,

Turn again to Fife,
That's the inshore life,

As the day's light fades,
Small money made,

No more herring swim,
Hard times are come,
The bright herring's gone,
Inshore life is done,

Copyright Matt Armour

Mairi's Wedding Trad.

Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row
All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the shieling through the town
All for sake of Mairi.

Chorus

Red her cheeks as rowans are
Bright her eye as any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is my darlin' Mairi.

Chorus

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as weel
That's the toast of Mairi.

Chorus (Twice)

Net Hauling Song

Trad.

(It's busk ye, my lads, get you up on deck
And take up your stations for hauling the nets
And mind you pull together boys, all through the night
And sweat in your oilskins until it's daylight

At the heaving and hauling and shaking the nets

It's when we start hauling we're living in hopes
The boy in the locker, the lads on the ropes
And the fellas in the hold who are pulling the nets
And shaking the herring out onto the deck

It's net after net is pulled up from the sea
With a haul and a shake and a one, two and three
And the herring are a piling around your sea boots
And slithering and sliding down into the chutes
It's hour after hour we are hauling away
All through the long night till the dawn of the day
The skipper's in the wheelhouse he's on the R T
And the cook's in the galley a brewing the tea

And we're finished with hauling and shaking the nets

Copyright Stormking Music, Inc.

Shoals Of Herring Ewan Mccoll

With our nets and gear we're faring
On the wild and wasteful ocean.
Its there that we hunt and we earn our bread
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

O it was a fine and a pleasant day
Out of Yarmouth harbor I was faring
As a cabinboy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring

O the work was hard and the hours long
And the treatment, sure it took some bearing
There was little kindness and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

O we fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing
And I used to sleep standing on my feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring

O we left the homegrounds in the month of June
And to Canny Shiels we soon were bearing
With a hundred cran of silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
As you're following the shoals of herring

O I earned my keep and I paid my way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring

*From the singing of Ewan McColl, collected at Wild Hog in the
Woods Coffeehouse, Madison WI 1985*

Shootin' With Rasputin Anon.

An intimate friend of the Czar was I
An intimate friend of the great Nickolai
We practically slept in the same double bed
With me at the foot and he at the head

Now all that seems distance and all that seems far
From those wonderful nights at the palace of the Czar
When we went shooting with Rasputin
Ate farina with Czarina
Blintzes with the princess and the Czar, hey, hey, hey
We were sharing tea and herring
Dipped banana in smetana
Borscht and vorscht around the samovar, ole

An intimate friend of the Czar all my life
More intimate still with his pretty young wife
We practically slept in the same double bed
Till the Czar kicked me out and he slept there instead

Then one bloody day revolution broke out
I went to see what all the fuss was about
Now here is the story, as it seemed to be
It was clearly a case of Lenin --- or me.

Yes the Bolsheviks came, kicked me out in the cold
And all I had left were some diamonds and gold.
But I'll get my revenge here, and I'll have no pity
By giving my testimony to the House Unamerican Activities
Committee...

Song Of The Fishes Trad.

Come all ye bold fishermen, listen to me
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea.

cho: So blow, ye winds westerly, westerly blow
We're bound to the south'ard, so steady we go.

First comes the bluefish a-wagging his tail
He comes up on deck and yells, "All hands make sail!"

Next comes the eels with their nimble tails
They jumped up aloft and loosed all the sails.

Next comes the herrings with their little tails
They manned sheets and halyards and set all the sails.

Next comes the porpoise with his short snout
He jumps on the bridge and yells, "Ready, about!"
Next comes the swordfish, the scourge of the sea
The order he gives is, "Helm's a-lee!"

Next comes the turbot, as red as a beet
He shouts from the bridge, "Trim in that foresheet!"

Next comes the whale, the biggest of all
Singing out from the bridge, "Haul taut, mains'l haul!"

Then comes the mackerel with his striped back
He flopped on the bridge and yelled "Board the main tack!"

Then comes the codfish with his chucklehead
Out in the main chains for a heave of the lead.

Up jumps the flounder, so close to the ground,
Cryin' "Mind your lead, chucklehead, mind where you sound."

Along comes the shark with his three rows of teeth
He flops on the foreyard and takes a snug reef.
Up jumps the fisherman, stalwart and grim,
And with his big net he scoops 'em all in.

The Bergen Jez Lowe

Sleep, why'd you wake me with these dreams you bring
Dreams came to me where I lay,
And deep the melody the wild waves sing,
And my love is far, far away.

Chorus: Oh, pity the hearts the wild waves part,
My love sails the bonny barque, The Bergen.

They heap their nets upon the decks by light
Dreams came to me, etc
And creep out gently at the dead of night
And my love is far, etc.

They reap the harvest of the cold, night sea
It leaps with herring 'neath his decks for me.

Steep waves rise above his cold, dark head,
Oh, keep him safe to lie here in my bed.

It weeps with rain tonight where my love lies
It sweeps the foreign sands from out his eyes.

note: This song was written by Jez Lowe; he said that he saw a graveyard on the coast of Scotland or Northern England where the local people had buried the bodies of a Norwegian fishing boat that had gone down offshore in a storm. They didn't know the crewmen's names, so they put the name of the ship, The Bergen, on the grave markers. Jez Lowe wrote the song from the point of view of a wife or sweetheart left at home wondering what happened to her loved one. I'm typing the lyrics from memory, so they may be a bit folk-processed...MLaM

The Herring Song (gaiman) Neil Gaiman And
Lorraine Garland

When I was a tiny little girl
I ate my herrings with gusto
My teeth were bright and my clothes were tight
Especially 'round the bust, oh.

Singing toora-loora-loo, toddy
Toora-loora-lay
My bust was tight and my nose was long
And I drank my fortune away.

When I was a sprightly young lass
I ate my herrings discretely
My hair was my own and my pelvis bone
And the birds in the air sang sweetly.

Singing toora-loora-loo, poodles
Toora-loora-lay
The birds were sweet, had sugary feet
And the herrings sang where they lay.

But now that I am an old woman
My herrings I eat with a spoon
My nose has been sold and my bottom is cold
And the dish ran away with the moon.

Singing toodly-oodly-umpty
And a-toora-loora-lay
My song's at an end, my marshmallow friend
And I toodled my poodles away.

The Red Herring Trad.

What have I done with my old herring's head?
I'll make as good oven as ever baked bread.
Ovens and baking and everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

2nd Voice: Why didn't you tell me so?
1st Voice: So I did, long ago.
(Spoken) 2nd Voice: Thou lie!
(Spoken) 1st Voice: Thou lie!
Well, well, everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

What have I made with my old herring's eyes?
Forty jackdaws and fifty magpies,
Linnets and larks and everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

What have I made of my old herring's ribs?
Blooming great tower and a blooming great bridge.
Bridges, towers, and everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

What have I made of my old herring's guts?
Forty bright women and fifty bright sluts,
Wantons and sluts and everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

What have I made of my old herring's navel?
As good a wheelbarrow as ever drew gravel,
Wheelbarrow, shovel, and everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

'What have I made of my old herring's tail?
I'll make as good ship as ever set sail,
Sailcloth, rigging, and everything.
Do you think I've done well with my jolly herring?

*Penguin Book of English Folk Songs; Sung by Mr Trump, North
Petherton, Somerset (C.3.S. 1906) . Recorded by Eliza Carthy.
<http://www.mudcat.org/alanofoz/red%20herring.mid>*

The (red) Herring Song Robin Williamson

As many fine fishes as swim with the tide
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling
My herrings the king of them all in their pride
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling
Sing fishes, sing tide, sing king, sing pride
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling

What do you think I made of his eyes?
Forty five puddings and forty five pies

What do you think I made of his mouth?
As many red cherries as grow in the South

What do you think I made of his tail?
The finest ship that ever set sail

What do you think I made of his belly?
A sweet little girl and her name it was Nelly

The man in the wilderness said to me
"How many strawberries grow in the sea?"
I answered him as I thought goo
"As many red herring as grow in the wood."

The Spirit Ship Of Georges Bank

You may smile if you're a mind to, but perhaps you'll lend an ear
Like men and boys together, well neigh for fifty year
Who've sailed upon the ocean in summer's pleasant days
Likewise in stormy winter when the howling wind do rage

I've tossed about on Georges, been fishing in the Bay,
Down south in early summer-most anywhere would pay.
I've been in different vessels to the Western Bank and Grand
Likewise in herring vessels that sail to Newfoundland.

There I saw rough times, I tell you, when things look[ed] rather
blue
Somehow I have been lucky and always have got through.
I ain't no boast, however-I won't say much, but then
I wasn't easily frightened like most of other men.

One night as we were sailing, beware of [we were off] land a way
I never shall forget it until my dying day-
It was in our grand dog [the dim dark] watches I felt a chilly dread
Come over me as though I heard one calling from the dead.

Right o'er our rail came climbing, all silent, one by one,
A dozen hardy sailors. Just wait till I am done.
Their faces pale and sea-worn, all ghostly through the night
Each fellow took his station as if he had a right.

They moved about together till land did heave in sight,
Or rather, I should say so, the lighthouse threw its light
[lighthouse tower's light] ;
And then those ghostly sailors all to the rail as one,
They vanished like the morning dew after the rising sun.

Those were the same poor fellows-I hope God bless their souls
That our old craft run under that night on Georges Shoals.
Well, now my song is ended; it is just as I have said [just as I say]
I do believe in spirits, from that I'm to be led [since that time

The Week Your Man's Awa' Ewan Mccoll

A' the week your man's awa'
And a' the week you bide your lane
A' the time you're waiting for
The minute that he's comin' hame
Ye ken whit why he has tae work
Ye ken the hours he has tae keep
And yet it's making you angry when
Ye see him just come hame tae sleep

Through the months and through the years
While you're bringing up the bairns
Your man's awa' tae here and there
Followin' the shoals of herring
And when he's back there's nets tae mend
You've maybe got a score or twa
And when they're done he'll rise and say
Wife it's time I was awa'

Work and wait and dree your weird
Pin yer faith in herrin' sales
And oftimes lie awake at nicht
In fear and dread of winter gales
But men maun work tae earn their breid
And men maun sweat to gain their fee
And fishermen will aye gang oot
As long as fish swim in the sea

A' the week your man's awa'
And a' the week you bide your lane
A' the time you're waiting for
The minute that he's comin' hame
Ye ken whit why he has tae work
Ye ken the hours he has tae keep
And yet it's making you angry when
Ye see him just come hame tae sleep

Three Jolly Fishermen Trad.

We are three jolly fishermen (we are three jolly fishermen)
We are three jolly fishermen where the merry, merry bells do ring.

CHORUS:
Make haste, make haste (you'll be too late)
One fish, my friend (I cannot wait)
For my fine fry of herring (my bonny silver herring)
Mind how you sell them where the merry, merry bells do ring.

We cast our nets into the deep...

There's white and speckled-bellied 'uns...

We sell them three for fourpence...

*From the singing of the late David Parry of Ottawa and Toronto.
Ian Robb, Alastair Brown, and John Roberts also sing it, and
their harmonies, though different, start spare and grow more
decorative in the later verses.*

Three Score And Ten Trad.

CHORUS: And it's three score and ten boys and men
Were lost from Grimsby Town
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough
Many hundreds more were drowned
Their herring craft and their trawlers
Their fishing smacks as well
Alone they fight the bitter night
And battle with the swell

Me thinks I see a host of craft
Spreading their sails alee
As down the Humber they do steer
Bound for the great North Sea
Me thinks I see a wee small craft
And crew with hearts so brave
They go to earn their daily bread
Upon the restless waves
CHORUS

Me thinks I see them yet again
As they leave this land behind
Casting their nets into the sea
The herring shoals to find
Me thinks I see them yet again
And they're safe on board alright
With their sails close reefed
Their decks washed clean
And their sidelights burning bright
CHORUS

October's night brought such a sight
'Twas never seen before
There were yards of masts and broken spars
Washed up upon the shore
There was many a heart of sorrow
There was many a heart so brave
There was many a true and noble lad
To find a watery grave
CHORUS

From the singing of Louis Killen

Who Would Be A Fisherman's Wife Trad.

Scotland

Who would be a fisherman's wife
to work with a tub and a scrubber and a knife
A died out fire and a raveled bed
And away to the mussels in the morning

chorus:

Here we come scouring in
Three reefs to the foresail in
there's not a dry stitch to put on our back
But still we're all tee totlers

Now give us a hand to run a ripper lead,
to try for a cuddy in the Bay of Peterhead
They're maybe at the lummies or the clock at Sautis Head,
and we're off to the small lines in the morning

Me poor old father's in the middle of the floor,
beating hooks onto tippets and they're hanging on his chair
They're made with horses hair, for that's the best of gear
to be going to the fishing in the morning

Soon it's down the Geddle Braes in the middle of the night,
with an old syrup tin and a candle for a light
To gather up the pullars, every one of them in sight,
to get the liney baited for the morning

It's easy for the cobbler sitting in his nook,
his big copper kettle hanging from a hook
but we're in the bow and we cannot get a hook,
and it's sore hard work in the morning

It's not the kind of life that a gentle quine can thole,
with her fingers red raw, and a scrubbin' out a yole
A little'n on her hip, she's away to carry coal and
She'll be cauld sore done in the morning.

From the singing of Joy Bennett

Windy Old Weather Trad.

Come all you fishermen, listen to me
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the sea

CHORUS

In this windy old weather
Stormy old weather
When the wind blows
We'll all pull together

Up jumped the herring, the king of the sea
He sang out, "Oh skipper, you cannot catch me"

Up jumped the mackerel with spots on his back
He sang out, "Oh skipper, Come square your maintack"

Up jumped the cod with his great bulging eye
He sang out, "Oh skipper, your rig is too high"

Up jumped the sunfish, the smallest of all
He sang out, "Oh skipper, come haul your trawl, haul"

Up jumped the crab with his great long claw
He sang out, "Oh skipper, you'll run her ashore"

Up jumped the flounder, lies flat on the deck
He sang out, "Oh skipper, don't step on my neck"

You Ain't A Nova Scotian (if You Don't Like Fish)

Trad.

You can tell a Nova Scotian
By the fragrance of the ocean,
For they always wear the perfume of the North Atlantic spray
But if you can't seem to smell 'em,
There's another way to tell 'em
For you'll always know a Bluenose by his diet right away!
(spoken) What do we eat? We eat...
Fish bones, herrin', oysters when we're daring.
And we often take a bake of hake 'cause that's a dandy dish!
To make chowder fit for dolphins, throw in everything but
sculpins
And you ain't a Nova Scotian if you don't like fish!

What we eats, until we're bustin'
Most Albertans find disgustin'.
For it seems salt cod's upsettin' to that dainty western tongue.
And with faces hard and stony,
They say "Herrin's too durn boney"
But there's nothing for dissolving bones like Nova Scotian rum.
(spoken) and so we eat:
Cod cheeks, cod tongues, even though they're odd tongues
Fish sticks and Digby chicks as dainty as you wish.
We eat flat fish, like the flounder
And some others that are rounder
And you ain't a Nova Scotian if you don't like fish!

You won't find no haddock fillets
In them Manitoba skilletts
And away out in Saskatchewan they don't know fish from beets
Way out in Red River Valley
They can't tell scallops from tomally
And you'll get no clams or salmon with your dandelion treats.
(spoken) But us, we eat:

Finnan haddie, good for lass or laddie
And a smoked eel will make you feel
Like dancin' ish a tish
We cook up salimugundi
Twenty seven ways from Sunday
And you ain't a Nova Scotian if you don't like fish!

Now lest there be a mix-up
There's just one thing I should fix up
For there's some that can't tell us from
Newfoundlanders tried and true;
We eat hake and cod and kippers,
But we don't eat seal flippers
And that's how you tell the difference, 'cause the
Newfoundlanders do!
(spoken) We just eat:
Mackerel, pollock
They never give you colic
If you wash down your tuna with a little drink of squish
We love a mess of shad roe
<Herring, cod and gaspereau
And you ain't a Nova Scotian
(By the Holy land o' Goshen)
And you've never seen the ocean
If you don't like fish!