## Fishgutters song

Come all you fisher lassies now & come awa with me, From Cairnbulg and Gamrie and from Inverallochie, From Buckie and from Aiberdeen an' all the country roond, We're awa to gut the herring, we're awa tae Yaremouth toon.

Rise up in the morning wi your bundles in your hand. Be at the station earl-y or you'll surely hae to stand. Tak plenty to eat and a kettle for your tea, Or you'll maybe dee of hunger on the way to Yaremouth Quay.

Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey (Hmmm-a-werra Hum we're away tae Yaremouth toon) or (Hey, Ho,,,Hey Ho)

Noo the journey it's a langen and it taks a day or twa, And when you reach your lodging, sure it's soon asleep you'll fa', But you'll rise at five with the sleep still in your e'en, You're awak to find the gutting yards along the Yaremouth quay.

Noo there's coopers, there are curers there and buyers, canny chiels, And lassies at the pickle and others at the creels, And you'll wish the fish had been all left in the sea By the time you finish guttin' herring on the Yaremouth quay.

Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey (Hmmm-a-werra Hum we're away tae Yaremouth toon) or (Hey, Ho,,,Hey Ho)

Well, it's earl-y in the morning, and it's late into the nicht, Your hands are cut and chappit and they look a nasty sicht, And you greet like a ween when you put 'em in the bree, And you wish you were a thoosand mile awa from Yaremouth Quay.

Noo we've gutted fish in Lerwick and in Stornaway and Shields. Worked all on the Humber 'mongst the barrels and the creels. Whitby, Grimsby, we've traivelled up and doon,

But the place to see the herring is the quay at Yarmouth Toon.

Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey Hmmm-a-werra, Hum-a-werra hey-yey (Hmmm-a-werra Hum we're away tae Yaremouth toon) or (Hey, Ho,,,Hey Ho)