

## Clan Of Xymox

### "Three Score And Ten"

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Methinks I see a host of craft  
Spreading their sails alee  
Down the Humber they do glide  
All bound for the Northern Sea  
Me thinks I see on each small craft  
A crew with hearts so brave  
Going out to earn their daily bread  
Upon the restless wave  
And it's three score and ten  
Boys and men were lost from Grimsby town  
>From Yarmouth down to Scarboro  
Many hundreds more were drowned  
Our herring craft, our trawlers  
Our fishing smacks, as well  
They long did fight that bitter night  
The battle with the swell  
Methinks 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  
They're all on board all right  
With their nets rolled up and their decks cleaned off  
And the side lights burning bright  
Me thinks I've heard the captain say  
"Me lads we'll shorten sail"  
With the sky to all appearances  
Looks like an approaching gale  
Me thinks I see them yet again  
Midnight hour is past  
The little craft abattling there  
Against the icy blast  
October's night brought such a sight  
Twas never seen before  
There were mast and yards and broken spars  
A washing on the shore  
There were many a heart in sorrow  
Many a heart so brave  
There were many a fine and hearty lad  
That met a watery grave

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