The Three Fishers

Voice and Piano

Rev. C. Kingsley

S. D. S. & J. Hullah

Andantino.

Three fish-ers went sail-ing out in-to the west, Out in-to the west as the sun went down; Each thought on the woman who lov’d him the best, And the children stood watch-ing them

un poco rall.

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Three wives sat up in the light house tow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the
sun went down They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r, And the nightrack came rolling up

out of the town For men must work and wo-men must weep And there's litt-le to earn, and

man-y to keep; Tho the har-bor bar be moan-ing.
ragged and brown! But men must work and women must weep Though storms be sudden, and

waters deep, And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands, In the morning gleam as the un poco meno mosso.

tide went down, And the women are weeping and wringing their hands For those who will never come

Though storms be sudden, and waters deep, And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands, In the morning gleam as the un poco meno mosso.

tide went down, And the women are weeping and wringing their hands For those who will never come
back to the town, For men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the soon-er it’s o-ver, the
soon-er to sleep, And good bye to the bar and its moan ing.