

## **Song of the Fishgutters**

Come aa ye fisher lassies now an come awa wi me,  
Fae Cairnbulg and Gamrie and fae Inverallochie,  
Fae Buckie and fae Aiberdeen and a' the country roon,  
We're awa tae gut the herrin, we're awa tae Yermouth toon.

You rise up in the morning wi your bundles in your hand,  
Be at the station early or you'll shairly hae to stand,  
Tak plenty to eat and a kettle for your tea,  
Or you'll shairly die o hunger on the way to Yermouth quay.

The journey it's a lang ane and it taks a day or twa,  
And when you reach your lodgins sure it's soond asleep you fa,  
But ye rise at five wi the sleep still in your e'e,  
You're awa tae find the gutting yairds along the Yermouth quay.

It's early in the mornin and it's late into the nicht,  
Your hands aa cut and chappit and they look an unco sicht,  
And you greet like a wean when you pit them in the bree,  
And you wish you were a thoosand miles awa fae Yermouth quay.

There's coopers there and curers there and buyers, canny chiels,  
And lassies at the pickling and others at the creels,  
And you'll wish the fish had been aa left in the sea  
By the time you finish guttin herrin on the Yermouth quay.

We've gutted fish in Lerwick and in Stornoway and Shields,  
Warked along the Humber 'mongst the barrels and the creels;  
Whitby, Grimsby, we've traivelled up and doon,  
But the place to see the herrin is the quay at Yermouth toon.