

# The Ring-Netters

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Lyrics: Neill Simpson  
Music: George L Smith

$\text{♩} = 80$

G7 C G7 C C G F C F  
1. We were young, we were gallus we were eager to go fishin' with the herr - ing men o'

Am C B $\flat$  G C G  
Carad - ale, our fait - her got per - miss - ion, we were under way at twi - light while a

Chorus

Am G F G7 C C B $\flat$  G C G  
cloud hid the moon, and the men coiled the lines as the eng - ine sang its tune, sing "Clu

- peid - ae, Clu - peid - ae Clu - peid - ae" as the harb - our fell be - hind. In the

2. In the wheelhouse in darkness stood the herring vessel's skipper,  
"In my younger days, throughout the world Loch Fyne was famed for kippers."  
Then he pointed to the echo-meter trace on the roll,  
"If it were na for echo, we'd never find the shoal"

Chorus: With its "clickety, clickety, clickety" the echo trace unwinds.

3. "We will brew up some tea noo, fur tae fortify the crewmen.  
First a tinny o Carnation milk gies body tae the brew, then  
Juist a nieveful o black tea-leaves tappit up wi cauld watter;  
- Then byled in the kettle, all steerit up thegith'r."

Chorus: Drinking "cup-o-tea, cup-o-tea, cup-o-tea", frae white enamel tins.

4. In our oilies and buoyancy, below deck we were dozing,  
"Ach, deny the sea ye cannae dae; it claims ye, ye maun go, then."  
Then they woke us up at midnight, when a boat shot its net,  
And the partner retrieved the float, rounding till they met.

Chorus: And its "slippery, slippery, slippy" as they hauled the fishes in.

5. Silver darlings in crans, departing early to the market:  
That night, one boat only out of six took herring up to Tarbert.  
Then the skipper he was frowning, "Fishin's no worth the care.  
There are some nichts there's naethin, Kilbrannan Sound is bare."

Chorus: And it's "dugged-a, dugged-a, dugged", as the skipper told his tale.

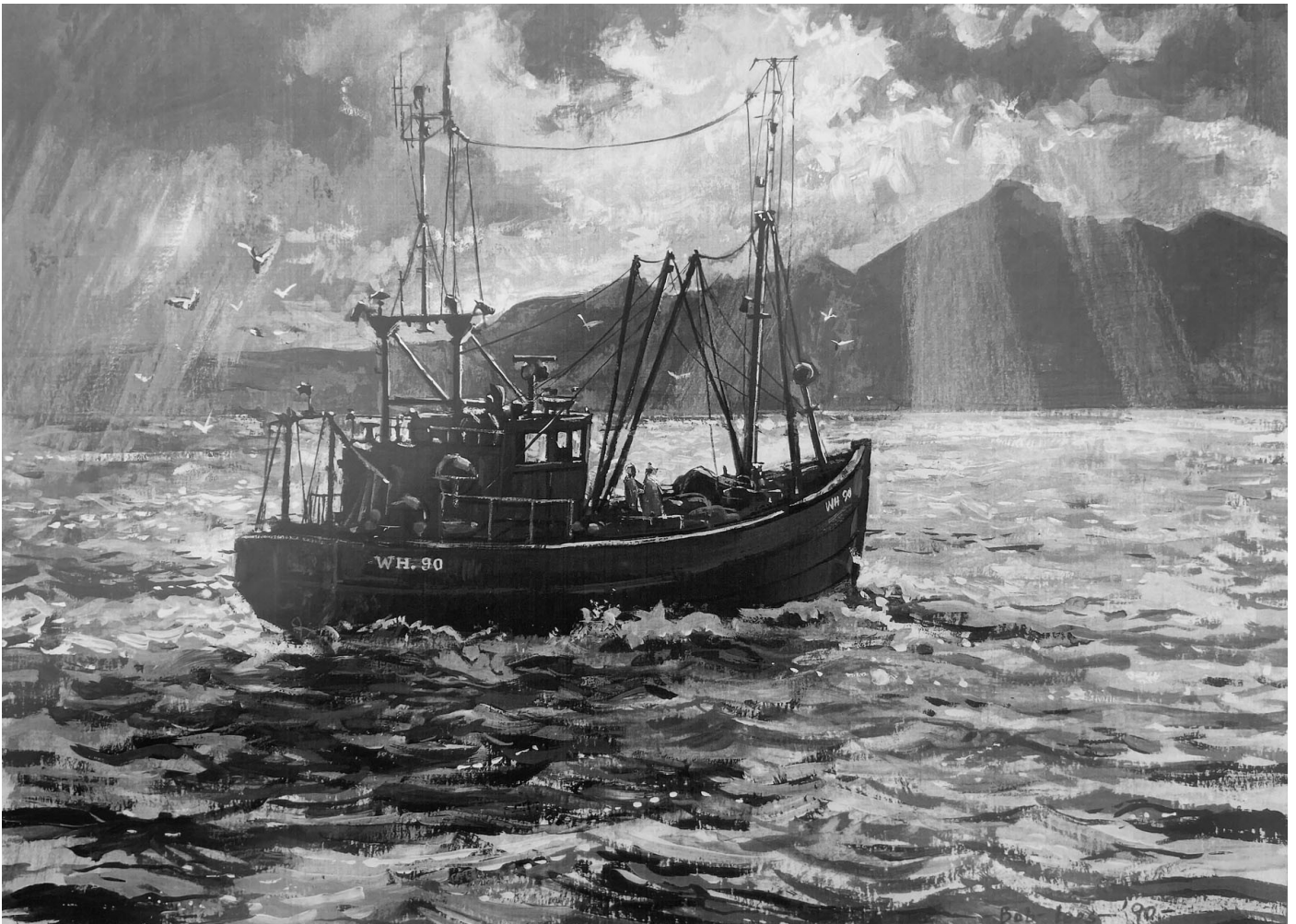
6. We said "Where did they go to?" "They migrated round the coast.  
Sometimes north; now it's Scarborough is where I heard there's most.  
And some fishermen have followed them, but they're younger men.  
We will search till they come. They will surely come again."

Chorus: Calling "come again, come again, come again", but herring never came.

7. We were young, we were gullible and eager to believe it,  
And the herring men o Carradale were willingly deceivit.  
For there's nothing beats the taste of herring fresh fried in oats,  
Now we know truth of fish, they migrated down our throats.

Chorus: Singing "gobbled-y, gobbled-y, gobble" we have eaten every one!

*Neill Simpson  
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