

The King of the Sea.

Words by J. FRED. GILL.

Air, "Yn Colbagh Breck er sthrap."
(The Speckled Heifer.)

Allegretto.

1. Up with the lug and let her run Be - fore the wind and tide; The gan - nets plunge, the
2. Con - tra - ry Head and Niar - byl Point Will soon be left be - hind; Off Flesh - wick Bay sou' -

CHORUS.

gals keep watch, The her - ring shoal is wide.
- west by west Our mer - ry friends we'll find.

Oh! the her - ring, boys, the her - ring, Oh! the

her - ring, boys, for me! Red or kip - per'd, fresh or pic - kled, Oh! the her - ring is king of the

sea!

f *p*

3. Ad-mi-ral Quirk has struck his flag So down with the nets, and pray¹ The fish-er's Friend to
 4. O-ver the Cronk-ny - ir - ree - laa² The sun's bright sig - nal shines; 'Tis time to haul our

CHORUS.

bless our homes And toil by night and day. Oh! the her-ring, boys, the her-ring, Oh! the
 glit-tring train And ship our load-ed lines.

her-ring, boys, for me! Red or kip-per'd, fresh or pic-kled, Oh! the her-ring is king of the

¹ It is the custom of the Manx fishermen to join in prayer before shooting their nets

² Cronk-ny-irree-laa, The Hill of the rising Day.

sea!

f *p*

5. With moist - ned brow, and grate - ful heart, And joy - ful voice we raise..... As

CHORUS.

home-ward glides our gal - lant craft, Our morn - ing songs of praise. Oh! the her - ring, boys, the

her - ring, Oh! the her - ring, boys, for me! Red or kip - per'd, fresh or pic - kled, Oh! the

her - ring is king of the sea!

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