

The Fishing Days

Cambell Gunn



I can see the boats at Mal-laig from Lew-is and the Clyde



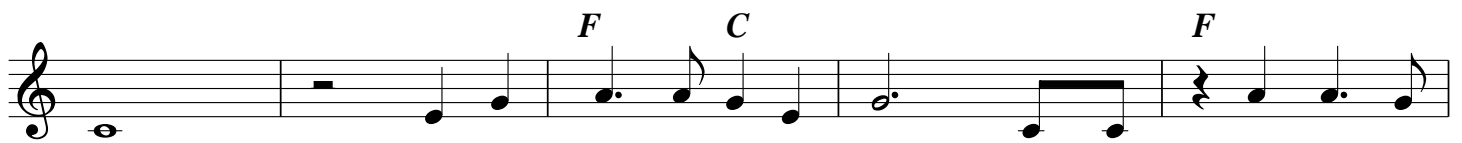
Low down in the wa-ter to the har-bour with the tide I can



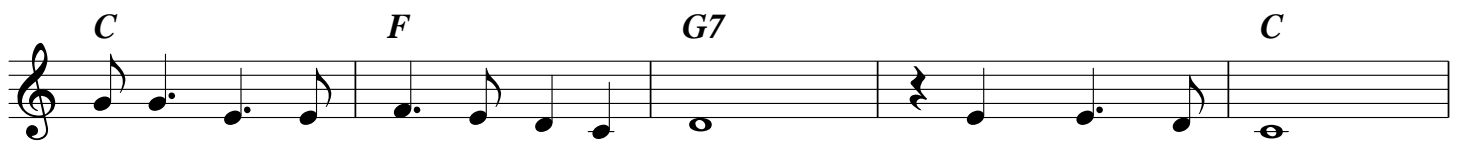
see 'The Horse' and Sam-my from the 'Storm-drift' at the dawn With a



hun-dred cran of her-ring But the fish-ing days are gone They ploughed the



sea and they reaped the sil-ver corn There were hard days and



bit-ter ways to greet the frost-y dawn They ploughed the sea



and they reaped the sil-ver corn They made hard lives and



bit-ter wives But the fish-ing days are gone