

The fisherman's daughter

When our bairn was a baby
hangin' on her mother's skirts
she'd watch our fishing fleet leave the Tyne
the sea to do its worst
Her mam would collect my wages
once we were out of sight
to keep our baby warm and fed
to keep her eating right

**Oh our bairn's a canny lass
blonde hair and fair of face
a pretty smile upon her lips
and blue eyes full of grace
she may be working all her life
to keep her kith and kin
because she is a fisherman's daughter**

Our bairn was working at twelve years old
far from old Tynemouth
following the herring fleet
from the north down to the south
the older women would steel from her
take the fish right out her kreen
it's a hard life for a dad to bear
to see his daughter on her knees

Chorus

Now our bairn's a woman
and I'm too old to fish
she'll have to find another man
to put the herring on her dish
she will marry a fisherman
and have wee bairns of her own
and the life of the herring fleet
will go round once again

Chorus

**She may be working all her life
to keep her kith and kin
because she is a fisherman's daughter**