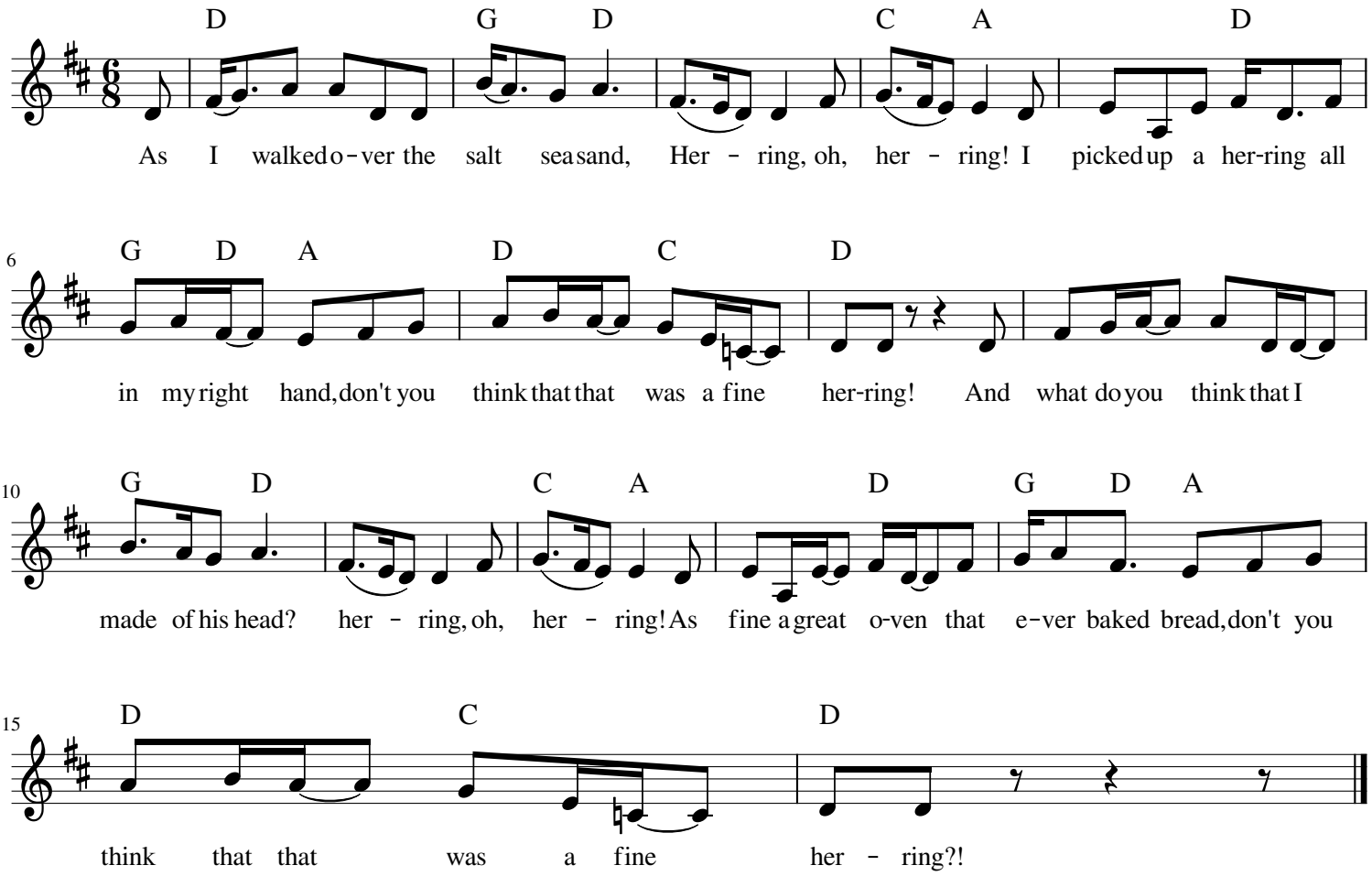
Herring

Words: trad., arr. Martha Woods

Music: Martha Woods



And what do you think that I made of his tail?
Herring, oh herring!
As fine a brave frigate as ever set sail,
Don't you think that that was a fine herring?!

And what do you think that I made of his ribs
Herring, oh herring!
Forty new cradles and fifty new cribs,
Don't you think that that was a fine herring?!

And what do you think that I made of his fins?
Herring, oh herring!
Forty brave needles and fifty brave pins,
Don't you think that that was a fine herring?!

So, of all of the fishes that swim in the sea,
Herring, oh herring!
The herring is the fish for me,
Don't you think that that was a fine -
Think that that was a fine -
Oh, what a jolly fine herring!