Caller Herrin'

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cho: Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'
Buy my caller herrin'
New drawn frae the forth.

When ye were sleepin' on yer pillows,
Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Noo, neebor wives come tent ma tellin',
When the bonnie fish yer sellin',
At ae word be in yer dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin',

Buy my caller herrin',
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men,

Caller herrin'
Caller herrin'.

I have the music in an old school song book,"The Oxford Song Book",
Melody Edition Volume I, Edited by Percy C. Buck. Incidentally,
"caller" means fresh!! AC
AC
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