

Robin Williamson, The Herring Song

As many fine fishes as swim with the tide
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling
My herrings the king of them all in their pride
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling
Sing fishes, sing tide, sing king, sing pride
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling
And indeed I have more of my herring to sing
Sing aberamvane, sing aberoling

What do you think I made of his eyes?
Forty five puddings and forty five pies

What do you think I made of his mouth?
As many red cherries as grow in the South

What do you think I made of his tail?
The finest ship that ever set sail

What do you think I made of his belly?
A sweet little girl and her name it was Nelly

The man in the wilderness said to me
"How many strawberries grow in the sea?"
I answered him as I thought goo
"As many red herring as grow in the wood."