

## The Lyrics: Fishing Song

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any!  
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And 'tis belov'd of many;  
Other joys, are but toys;  
Only this lawful is,  
For our skill, breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,  
Ere Aurora's peeping,  
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping;  
Then we go to and fro,  
With our knacks at our backs,  
To such streams, as the Thames,  
If we have the leisure.

If the sun's excessive heat,  
Makes our bodies swelter,  
To an osier hedge we get  
For a friendly shelter:  
Where in a dyke, perch or pike, Roach or dace,  
we go chase Bleak or gudgeon,  
without grudging;  
We are still contented.