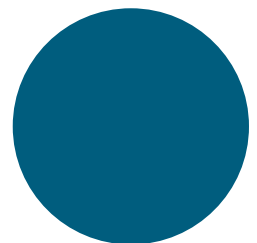
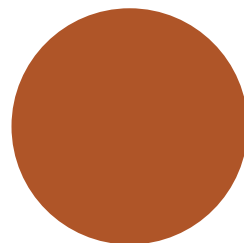
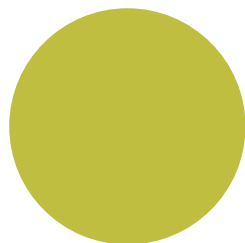
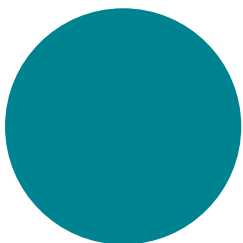
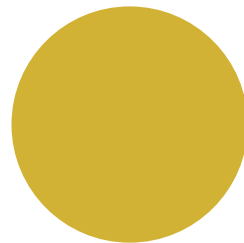
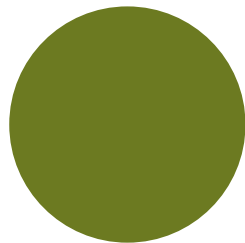
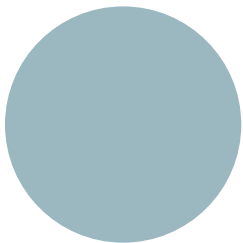
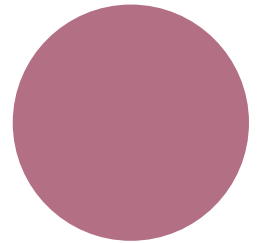
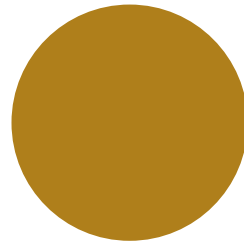
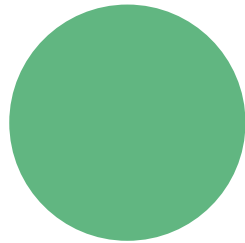
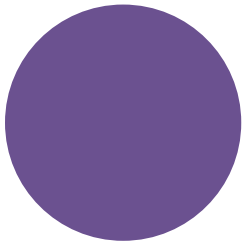


Fishing song

Score and Lyrics



FRIDAY AFTERNOONS



Aldeburgh Music

Words by
IZAACK WALTON

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Music by
BENJAMIN BRITTEN

FISHING SONG

Flowing

p cantabile

1 Oh, the gal - lant fish - er's life, It is the best of
2 In a morn - ing up we rise, Ere Au - ro - ra's

6

an - y! 'Tis full of plea - sure, void of strife, And 'tis be - lov'd of ma - ny;
peep - ing, Drink a cup to wash our eyes, Leave the slug - gard sleep - ing;

11 *mf* *lightly*

O - ther joys, are but toys; On - ly this law - ful is,
Then we go To and fro, With our knacks at our backs,

15 *f* *dim*

For our skill, breeds no ill, But con - tent and plea - sure.
To such streams, as the Thames, If we have the lei - sure.

19 **rall** **slower - lazily** *pp* *ten*

3 If the sun's ex - cess - ive heat, Makes our bod - ies swel - ter,

25 **rall** *rf* *ppp* **very slow** *pp* **accel** **1**

To an o - sier hedge we get For a friend - ly shel - ter:

30 **lively (as at the start)** *f*

Where in a dyke, perch or pike, Roach or dace, we go chase;

34 *più f* *dim*

Bleak or gudg - eon, with - out gudg - ing; We are still con - ten - ted.

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,
Roch or dance, we go chase
Bleak or gudgeon, without grudging;
We are still contented.