



# dominique gauquelin

France, rouen

## THREE FISHERS

### About the artist

Composer now handicapped, I can't play any instrument (pipes, flutes and medieval fiddles which are hung up on the walls, for decoration). Scores (bourrées, mazurkas, waltzes, jigs, reels...., in a word dances) are increasing uselessly. If you entrust an E-mail address to me, I can send the audio in a better format than mp3 : wav.

.So, I decided to give them. These scores were written for the harp but it is playable with fiddle, flute, tin-whistle, mandoline, etc... Ah a big detail there's no copyrights on my scores. I can send audio in a better format than Dominique Gauquelin

**Qualification:** Fifty years of music but I need a second life for composition...

**Artist page :** <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-gauquelin.htm>

### About the piece



**Title:** THREE FISHERS  
**Composer:** gauquelin, dominique  
**Arranger:** gauquelin, dominique  
**Copyright:** Copyright © dominique gauquelin  
**Publisher:** gauquelin, dominique  
**Style:** Celtic

dominique gauquelin on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)

Prohibited distribution on other website.



- listen to the audio
- share your interpretation
- comment
- contact the artist

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down,  
Each thought on the woman that loved him the best, and  
The children stood watching them out of the town,

For men must work and women must weep,  
For there's little to earn and many to keep, and  
The harbour bar be moanin', and  
The harbour bar be moanin'.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
They trimmed the lamps as the sun went down, and  
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower, and  
The night-wrack came rollin' in, ragged and brown.

For men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sud - den and the waters be deep, and  
The harbour bar be moanin', and  
The Harbour bar be moanin'.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sand,  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down, and  
The women were weepin' and wringin' their hands,  
For those who would never come back to the town.

For men must work and women must weep, and  
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and  
Good - bye to the bar and its moanin', and  
Good - bye to the bar and it's moanin',

Oh men must work and women must weep, and  
The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and  
Good - bye to the bar and its moanin', and  
Good - bye to the bar and it's moanin',