



# dominique gauquelin

France, rouen

## THREE FISHERS

### A propos de l'artiste

Musicien dorénavant handicapé, il ne me reste que la composition. Mais les partitions (bourrées, mazurkas, valse, reels, jigs....) s'accumulent inutilement. Elle ne sont jouées que par un ordinateur ! J'ai donc décidé de les donner. Ce sont des partitions écrites pour harpe (clef de sol et FA 4) mais jouable (partie supérieure) par un violon, une flûte, un tin-whistle, une mandoline, etc.... Ah! Gros détail : je n'ai déposé aucune partition.

Si vous me confiez votre adresse e.mail, je peux aussi vous envoyer l'audio au format non compressé (wav.), de meilleure qualité mais qui prend plus de place que le mp3. Dominique Gauquelin

**Qualification :** Cinquante ans de musique mais si je pouvais avoir une deuxième vie pour la composition...

**Page artiste :** [https://www.free-scores.com/partitions\\_gratuites\\_gauquelin.htm](https://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_gauquelin.htm)

### A propos de la pièce



**Titre :** THREE FISHERS  
**Compositeur :** gauquelin, dominique  
**Arrangeur :** gauquelin, dominique  
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**Commentaire :** AN IRISH SONG

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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',