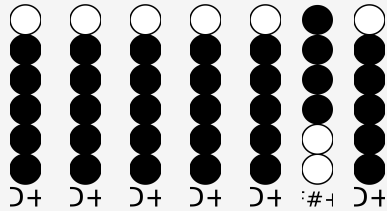
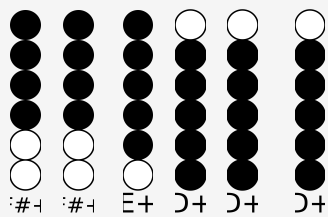


Tin whistle tabs for: The StrÖmming Boats

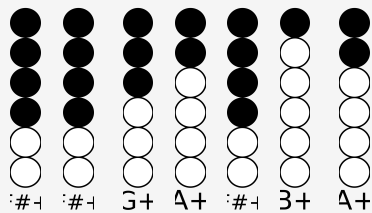
Categories: Folk Traditional



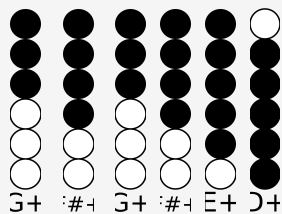
The boats are home-ward com-ing



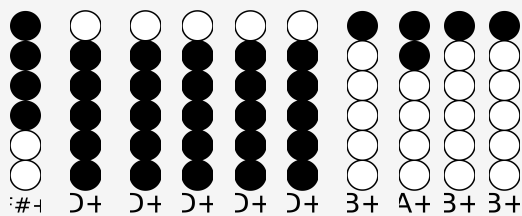
a-cross the brim-ming fjord



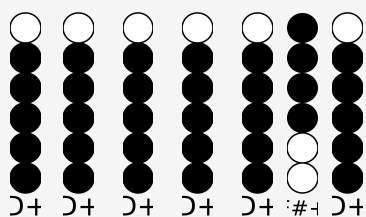
the nets are full of ström-ming



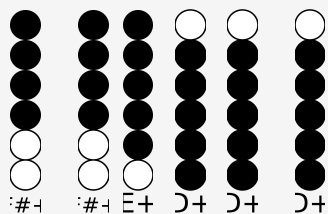
and all are gay a-board



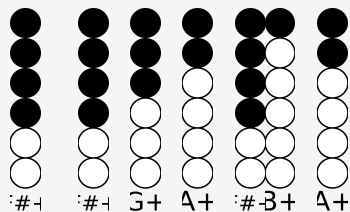
but home-ward nev-er-more comes my sail-or



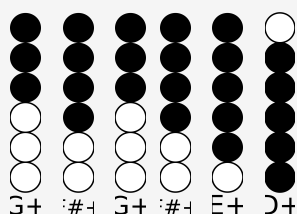
the fish-ers huts are lad-en



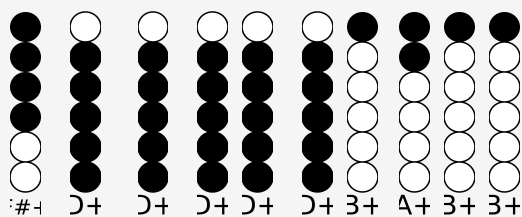
they're bak-ing brit-tle bread



what care they that a maid-en



is weep-ing for her dead



that bells will nev-er ring for her wed-ding

O cold the storm as blowing

No winding sheet had he

No parting kiss bestowing

They buried him at sea

With all my heart beside

In the blue tide

strömming- a fish much like a herring

caught in large quantities off the Gulf

of Bothnia Sweden.