## The Three Fishers

Rev. C. Kingsley
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light house tow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down They look'd at the squall, and they


wo-men must weep Though storms be sudden, and wa-ters deep, And the har-bor bar be moan

tide went down, And the wo-men are weep-ing and wring -ing their hands For those who will nev- er come

back to the town, For men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the soon- er it's o- ver, the



