This song came to Sid via his great-uncle Albert, a man soaked in all things maritime. His early career was international, but later in life he took up fishing because, he said, it meant he could sleep in his own bed. Either that, or bed of one of his many mistresses.

Sid Kipper

The Shoals Of Whiting appears on Sid's album Boiled In The Bag.

Oh it was a dark and a dismal day,
Out of Holkham harbour we were lighting;
In the sleet and hail of a force eight gale,
We went looking for the shoals of whiting.
Though the wind did blow, we searched high and low,
We were looking for the shoals of whiting.

Oh me mother said I should go to sea,
And the very thought of that was frightening;
But me mother, Jill, she's more frightening still
So I went looking for the shoals of whiting.

With the pitch and roll soon you're feeling ill –
You are turning green, and your stomach's tightening;
Then you learn a thing – you should face downwind
When you are looking for the shoals of whiting.

Oh the hours were hard, and the work was long,
And you're wondering why the fish aren't biting;
That's 'cos you forget, you should use a net
When you go looking for the shoals of whiting.

Oh from Warham Hole down to Kelling Hard,
Through the wind and spray our boat was fighting;
Cast a million trawls – we caught bugger all,
Oh we couldn't find the shoals of whiting.

Then the storm got worse, and the sea did swell,
And our captain he got struck by lightning;
Oh the ship went down, just off Yarmouth town,

And it was there we found the shoals of whiting!
Now there’s just our bones, down in Davy Jones;
We got eaten by the shoals of whiting.

Copright Chris Sugden 1994
(Imported from Sid’s organ see note)