

HEVVA! HEVVA!

Words by Bob Watson

Music by Connie Asplét

Moderato con espressione


Verse C G C




1. When I was young, well I still can re - mem - ber the days of the sei - ners a -



long the North Shore, When sun on the fields turned the corn ripe and gol - den, the



tides brought the pil - chards to Corn - wall once more, A stain on the wa - ter with



sea - birds at - ten - ding would chart us the course of the shoals com - ing near, And



we with no doubt that the sea - son would bring them, would wait with a watch and a

Chorus C F C F C



wel - come each year. Hev - va! Hev - va! The shoals are com - ing, The



Hu - er's call from the cliff - tops on high, The nets they're rea - dy for



shoo - ting on sta - tion, a har - vest of pil - chards to tuck by and by. ----

HEVVA! HEVVA!

By Connie Asplét & Bob Watson

1. When I was young, well I still can remember
The days of the seiners along the North Shore.
When sun on the fields turned the corn ripe and golden,
The tides brought the pilchards to Cornwall once more.
A stain on the water, with seabirds attending
Would chart us the course of the shoals coming near,
And we with no doubt that the season would bring them,
Would wait with a watch and a welcome each year.

Chorus: Hevva! Hevva! The shoals are coming,
The Huer's call from the cliff-tops on high;
The nets they're ready for shooting on station,
A harvest of pilchards to tuck by and by.

2. The stopboat went first, with the Volyer behind him,
To ring round the shoal with the nets in their tow,
Then haul 'em ashore for the stacks and the presses,
And salted in hogsheads the pilchards would go.
The trade of the seiner, it seemed never-changing,
We knew of none better, nor wished there to be,
Nor doubted the ways of our fathers before us
Would still be the ways for my brother and me.

Chorus

3. My brother has gone, now he lives in Australia,
And so I've not seen him in many a year;
My son's up in London, his trade's in the City,
The ways of his forbears can't succour him here.
The boats are laid up and the nets turning rotton,
The pilchards don't come and the seiner's no more,
* Let the cry of the Huer be never forgotton,
* In case the fine shoals should return to this shore.

Last Chorus: Hevva! Hevva! More shoals are coming,
The Huer's call from the cliff-tops on high,
Let nets be ready for shooting on station,
A harvest of Hernen to tuck by and by.

* VERSE 3 -- ALTERNATIVE LAST TWO LINES:

- * Still a call from the clifftop I hear in my fancies,
- * That takes me right back to the old days of yore.