

# The Wellerman

New Zealand Folk before 1860

**There once was a ship that put to sea  
The name of the ship was the Billy of Tea  
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down  
O blow, my bully boys, blow**

*Soon may the Wellerman come  
To bring us sugar and tea and rum  
One day, when the tonguin' is done  
We'll take our leave and go*

**She had not been two weeks from shore  
When down on her a right whale bore  
The captain called all hands and swore  
He'd take that whale in tow**

**Before the boat had hit the water  
The whale's tail came up and caught her  
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
When she dived down below**

**No line was cut, no whale was freed  
The Captain's mind was not of greed  
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed  
She took the ship in tow**

**For forty days, or even more  
The line went slack, then tight once more  
All boats were lost, there were only four  
But still that whale did go**

**As far as I've heard, the fight's still on  
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all**

|: *Refr* :|

vi	-	vi	-
ii	-	vi	-
vi	-	vi	-
ii	III	vi	-
IV	-	I	-
ii	-	vi	-
IV	-	I	-
ii	III	vi	-