

Greenland Whale Fishery

'Twas in eighteen hundred and seventy-four
On March the eighteenth day
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast,
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.

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The lookout on the mainmast he stood
His spyglass in his hand
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale fish" he cried
"And he blows at every span, brave boys
And he blows at every span"

The captain stood on the quarter deck
The ice was in his eye
"Overhaul, overhaul, let your jib sheets fall
And go put your boats to sea, brave boys
And go put your boats to sea"

The boats were lowered and the men aboard
The whale was full at view
Resolved, resolved was each whalerman bold
For to steer where the whale fish blew, brave boys
For to steer where the whale fish blew

The harpoon struck and the line paid out
With a single flourish of his tail
He capsized our boat and we lost five men
And we did not catch that whale, brave boys
And we did not catch that whale

The losin' of those five jolly men
It grieved out captain sore
But the losin' of that sperm whale fish
Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys
Now it grieved him ten times more

"Up anchor now" our captain he cried
"For the winter stars do appear
And it's time that we left this cold country
And for the homeland we did steer, brave boys
And for the homeland we did steer"

Well, Greenland is a barren land
A land that bears no green
Where there's ice and snow and the whale fishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen