

Greenland Fishing

Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-three
And of June the thirteenth day
That our galant ship her anchor weighed
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys
And for Greenland bore away

The lookout in the cross-tree stood
With a spyglas in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale
There's a wale fish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
And she blows at every span

Then the captain stood on the quarterdeck
And a fine little man was he
Over haul, over haul, let your tackle fall
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys
And launch your boats for sea

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard
And the whale was in full view
Resolved was each seaman bold
To steer where the whale fishes blew, brave boys
To steer where the whale fishes blew

We struck the whale and the line played out
But she gave a flourish with her tail
And the boat capsized and four man were drown
And we never caught that whale, brave boys
And we never caught that whale

To lose the whale our captain cried
It grieves my heart for sure
But oh to lose four galant man
It grieves me four times more, brave boys
It grieves me four times more

Oh Greenland is a dreadful place
A land that's never green
Cause there's ice and snow and the whale fishes blow
And the daylight's seldom ever seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom ever seen