

The Whaleman's Lament

Traditional

'Twas on the briny ocean on a whale ship I did go
I often thought of distand friends, **I often thought of home** (1., 2. & 3. Stimme)

Through dreary storms and tempests and through some heavy gales,
Around Cape Horn we sped our way, to look out for sperm whales (1., 2. & 3.)

**They'll rob you and they'll use you, an' its worse than any slaves
Before you go a-whaling, boys, you'd best be in your graves**

It's: **"Do it now or, damn your eyes, I'll flog you till you're blue"**
Oh boys, I couldn't tell it all, but **every word is true**

**And the wind do blow and the great seas grow and we strain upon the oars
And your heart would bleed at the sperm whale's speed and it's: "Pull,
you sons of whores!"**

The weary chase is over and the stars begin to glow,
And it's: **"Light the flares, you lubberly lot, there's tryin' out to do!"**

I swore I'd not go back again **once we was homeward bound,**
For the pleasures are but few, my boys, **on them bitter whaling grounds**

<i>sperm whale</i>	Pottwal
<i>to flog</i>	peitschen; schlagen
<i>to strain-</i>	anstrengen; anspannen
<i>flare</i>	Leuchtfeuer
<i>lubberly</i>	tölpelhaft