

THE LITTLE POT STOVE

NIC JONES

Where the winter blizzards blow
And the whaling fleet spreads
Tack in Lieth Harbour's sheltered bay
Safely anchored ten abreast
For there's the whalemens at their stations
As from ship to ship they row
Carry bags of coal with them
And a little iron stove

CHORUS

**In the little dark engine room
Where the chill seeps into your soul
How we huddled round that little pot stove
That burned that oily rags and coal**

Fireman Paddy works with me
On the engine's frozen coal
A stranger to the truth was he
There's not a lie he hasn't told
Well he boasted of his gold mines
And of the hearts that he had won
And his boady sense of humour shone
Just like the ray of sun

CHORUS

We live it seven days a week
With cold hearts and frozen feet
Bitter days and lonely nights
Making grog and having fights
There's swordfish and whale meat sausage
And fresh penguin ants they treat
Then we struggle onto work each day
Through the icy winds and sleet

CHORUS

Then one day we saw the sun
We saw the factory ship return
Meet your old friends, then you sing a song
We hope the journey wasn't long
And then it's homeward bound and it's over
And we'll leave this icy hole
But I'll always will remember
That little iron stove

CHORUS