

Greenland Fisheries

Traditional



C
On the twenty third day of the
G C F C
month of June in the year of Fifty-
G
four

C F G
They signed us weary whalin' men
C G C
To sail for Greenland's shore, brave
Dm F G
boys, to sail for Greenland's shore.

Our gallant ship her sails we set
For the icy Greenland ground.
Well they said we'd take about a
score or two a whale
Before we're six months bound,
brave boys,
before we're six months bound.

Oh, the lookout up in the crosstree
stood
With a spyglass in his hand.
There's a whale, there's a whale,
there's a whale fish, he cried,
She blows on every span, brave boys,
she blows on every span.

The captain stood on the quarterdeck
With his eye to the icy sea.

Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-
tackles fall,
Put your boats on the water, cried he,
brave boys,
Put your boats on the water cried he.

Well the boats got
down and the crew's
aboard
With the whale fish in full view
And the bosun roared, Put your backs
to the oars,
And steer where the whale fish blew,
brave boys,
And steer where the whale fish blew.

Well the harpoon struck and the line
played out
And the whale made a blunder
with its tail.
And the boat capsized killing half a
dozen men.
And we never did catch that whale,
brave boys,
We never did catch that whale.

To lose those men, the captain said,
Oh it grieves my heart full sore. But
we knew the losing of that hundred
barrel whale
It grieved him ten times more, brave
boys,
It grieved him ten times more.

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place,
It's a place that's never green.
Where there's ice and snow, and the
whale fishes blow.
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave
boys,
The daylight's seldom seen.