

The Greenland Whale Fisheries

Paul Clayton

'Twas in eighteen hundred and forty-one

And of June the thirteenth day

That our gallant ship her anchor a-weighed

And to Greenland bore away, brave boys

To Greenland bore away

Now the lookout in the crosstrees stood

With his spyglass in his hand

"There's a whale, there's a whale

There's a whalefish," he cried

"She blows on every strand, brave boys

She blows on every strand."

The captain stood on the quarter-deck

And a fine little man was he

"Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles fall

Till you land your boats in the sea, brave boys

Till you land your boats in the sea"

Now the boats were launched, the men aboard

And the whale was in full view;

Resolved was each seaman bold

To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys

To steer where the whalefish blew

We struck that whale, and the line paid out

But she gave a flourish with her tail

And the boat capsized and four men were drowned

We never caught that whale, brave boys

We never caught that whale

"To lose the men," the captain cried

"It grieves my heart full sore

But oh! to a hundred-barrel whale

It grieves me ten times more, brave boys

It grieves me ten times more"

"The wintery star doth now appear

So boys, we'll anchor a-weigh

It's time to leave this cold country

And homeward bear way, brave boys

And homeward bear away"

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place

A land that's never green

Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow

And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys

And the daylight's seldom seen

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>