

## **Whale Song**

If I had the wings of a gull me boys, I'd spread them and fly home  
I'd leave old Greenland's icy ground for of right whales there is none  
And the weather's rough and the winds do blow and there's little comfort here  
I'd sooner be snug in an Edinburg pub a-drinking of strong beer

Oh a man must be mad or want money bad to venture catching whales  
For he may be drowned when the whale turns around or his head be smashed by the  
tail

Though the work seems grand to the young green hand and his heart is high when  
he goes

In a very short burst you'll hear the curse and the cry of "There she blows"

Now there she blows again

This fight is all insane

It's time for mutiny

To end this misery

So take me home where I belong

I won't go on with sth. wrong

Don't count on me and set me free

It's time to end that misery

All hands on deck now for God's sake, move briskly if you can

And you stumble on deck both dizzy and sick, and for the life you don't give a damn

And high overhead the great fish sped and the mate gave the whale the iron

And soon the blood in a purple flood from the spout whole comes a-flying

These trails we bear for nigh four years till the ship she points for home

We're due for our toil a bonus on the oil and an equal share of the bone

When we go to the agent to settle for the trip when we find we've cause to lament

For we slaved away four years of our lives and earned about three pounds ten