

# Greenland Whale Fisheries

Peter, Paul and Mary

When the whale get strike and the line runs out  
And the whale makes a flunder with it's tail  
And the boat capsized and I lost my darlin' man  
No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys  
No more, no more Greenland for you

Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,  
On June the thirteenth day  
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed  
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,  
And for Greenland sailed away.

The lookout on the crosstree stood  
With a spyglass in his hand  
There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish, he cried  
And she blows at every span, brave boys  
She blows at every span!

Well we struck that whale and the line played out  
But she gave a flunder with her tail  
And the boat capsized and four men were drowned  
And we never caught that whale,  
We never caught that whale.

Oh, to lose that whale, my captain cried,  
It grieves my heart full sore  
But to lose four of my gallant men  
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,  
It grieves me ten times more!

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

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