

# Greenland Whale Fishery

## The Dubliners

Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-three  
And of June the thirteenth day,  
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,  
And for greenland bore away, brave boys,  
And for greenland bore away.

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

The captain stood on the quarter deck,  
And a fine little man was he;  
"Overhaul, overhaul! Let your davit tackles fall,  
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys  
And launch your boats for sea.

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard,  
And the whale was full in view.  
Resolv-ed was each seaman bold  
To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys  
To steer where the whalefish blew.  
We stuck the whale the line paid out,  
But she gave a flourish with her tail,  
The boat capsized and four men were drowned,  
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,  
And we never caught that whale.

To lose the whale," our captain said,  
It grieves my heart full sore,  
But oh! to lose (those) four gallant men  
It grieves me ten times more brave boys  
It grieves me ten times more.  
The winter star doth now appear,  
So, boys we'll anchor weight;  
It's time to leave this cold country  
And homeward bear away, 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  
But the daylight's seldom seen.

Now, as the dawn is breaking my heart is breaking too  
As I walk out on this may morn, my thoughts will be of you  
So write these words upon the wall so everyone will know  
I loved so much that I could see his blood upon the rose