

Whale Song

Fiddler's Green

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