

# Greenland Whale Fisheries

The Pogues

In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
On March the eighteenth day  
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast

And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys  
And for Greenland sailed away

The lookout in the cross trees stood  
With spyglass in his hand  
There's a whale, there's a whale  
And a whale fish he cried

And she blows at every span, brave boys  
And she blows at every span

The captain stood on the quarter deck  
The ice was in his eye  
Overhaul, overhaul, let your gib sheets fall

And you'll put your boats to sea, brave boys  
And you'll put your boats to sea

Our harpoon struck and the line played out  
With a single flourish of his tail  
He capsized the boat and we lost five men

And we did not catch the whale, brave boys  
And we did not catch the whale

The losing of those five jolly men  
It grieved the captain sore  
But the losing of that fine whale fish

Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys  
Now it grieved him ten times more

Now Greenland is a barren land  
A land that bares no green  
Where there's ice and snow  
And the whale fishes blow

And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
And the daylight's seldom seen