

Race To Be King

Seth Lakeman

We left our sweethearts and our wives
Along the pier
'Cheer up' they said
'You'll soon return in half that year'
We sailed up north
To reach the ice
We took full sail
Each boat was manned with guns and rope
To hunt that whale

We know we'll be fighting in this frost on our own
We'll see no sight nor sound of our homes
Our lovers they'll be waiting there 'til spring
It's a ramble and a race to be king

Now we'd been sailing a league or three
When we glimpsed that shore
The night was dark and won no hearts so we stayed on board
There fired a shot along our deck and down one side
It cracked our mast and swept in fast
Our bird she cried