

The Pogues, Greenland Whale Fisheries

(Traditional)

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

The captain stood on the quarter deck
The ice was in his eye
Overhaul, overhaul! Let your gibsheets 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 whalefish
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 whalefishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen