

Caroline Lavelle, Home Of The Whale

Oh my love he works upon the sea
On the waves that blow wild and free
He splices the ropes and he sets the sail
While southwards he roams to the home of the whale
And he ne'er thinks of me far behind
Or the torments that rage in my mind
He is mine for only part of the year
Then I'm left all alone with only my tears
All ye ladies that smell of wild rose
Think you for your perfume of where a man goes
Think you of the wives and the babies that yearn
For the man ne'er returns sleeping without a stone
Oh my love he works upon the sea
On the waves that blow wild and free
He splices the ropes and he sets the sail
While southwards he roams to the home of the whale