

Peter, Paul & Mary, Greenland Whale Fisheries

When the whale get strike and the line runs out
And the whale makes a flunder with its tail
And the boat capsized and I lost my darlin' man
No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys
No more, no more Greenland for you

Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three,
on June the thirteenth day
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,
And for Greenland sailed away.

The lookout on the crosstree stood
With a spyglass in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish, he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
She blows at every span!

Well we struck that whale and the line played out
But she gave a flunder with her tail
And the boat capsized and four men were drowned
And we never caught that whale,
We never caught that whale.

Oh, to lose that whale, my captain cried,
It grieves my heart full sore
But to lose four of my gallant men
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
It grieves me ten times more!

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place
It's a land that's never green
Where there's ice and snow and the whalefishes blow
And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And daylight's seldom seen

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