

Pogues, Greenland Whale Fisheries

(The Pogues' Version)

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
And of 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.

Oh 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.

(Greenland Fisheries)

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

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

The captain stood on the quarter deck,
And a fine little man was he;
Overhaul, overhaul! Let your davit tackles fall,
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys
And launch your boats for sea.

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard,
And the whale was full in view.
Resolved was each seaman bold
To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys
To steer where the whalefish blew.

We stuck the whale the line paid out,
But she gave a flourish with her tail,
The boat capsized and four men were drowned,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.

To lose the whale, our captain said,
It grieves my heart full sore,
But oh! to lose (those) four gallant men
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys
It grieves me ten times more.

The winter star doth now appear,
So, boys we'll anchor weight;
It's time to leave this cold country
And homeward bear away, brave boys
And homeward bear away.

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