

# Song of the Sea

AKA "Greenland Whales Fisheries"

D A D

old whaling song

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A D A D													
way, brave boys				And for		Green- land bore				a - way.			
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The lookout in the crosstrees stood  
 With his 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.  
 And 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 in full view;  
 Resolv-ed was each seaman bold  
 To steer where the whale-fish blew, brave boys  
 To steer where the whale-fish blew.

We struck that 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.