

Eric Bogle

"QUEENSLAND WHALERS"

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"Queensland Whalers"
-Eric Bogle

I've sailed the North Atlantic with ice flows in the breeze
I've sailed the Dutch East Indies o'er the calm blue
sunny seas
When I think of missing seamen me heart returns again
To a season spent in Moretan Bay with Queensland
Whaling Men.

Yo-ho you Queensland Whalers, you've cut the sugar
cane
You've driven herds of cattle o'er the dry and dusty
plain
You've dug the ore at Isa, laid countless miles of rail
And now you've come to Moreton Bay to catch a
Humpback Whale

To men who've chased the brumbies, caught bullocks
by the tail
It really is no problem to catch a humpback whale
You steer your iron sea-horse, poke your gun through
the rigging struts
And when she runs through the coral scrub, you belt
her in the guts

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You've driven herds of cattle o'er the dry and dusty
plain
You've dug the ore at Isa, laid countless miles of rail
And now you've come to Moreton Bay to catch a
Humpback Whale

Now men up in the crows nest, so whaling legends go
When they spy a humpback whale they yell out "Thar
She Blows!"
But here in sunny Queensland you'll often hear them
shout
"There goes a bloody beauty mate, so get yer finger
out!"

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cane
You've driven herds of cattle o'er the dry and dusty
plain
You've dug the ore at Isa, laid countless miles of rail
And now you've come to Moreton Bay to catch a
Humpback Whale

From Moreton to Caloundra, bronze whaler sharks
abound
They wait like dingoes in the scrub for a wounded
beast that's down
But but for all their bloody savagery, well they just can't
compare
With the big bite that the tax man takes when he gets
hold of your share!

Yo-ho you Queensland Whalers, you've cut the sugar
cane
You've driven herds of cattle o'er the dry and dusty
plain
You've dug the ore at Isa, laid countless miles of rail
And now you've come to Moreton Bay to catch a
Humpback Whale

And when the season's over, we'll head for Brisbane
Town
And in the nearest boozier our sorrows we will drown
With beer and firey whiskey and when we've had
enough
We'll steer a steady zig zag course and never give a
stuff!

Yo-ho you Queensland Whalers, you've cut the sugar
cane
You've driven herds of cattle o'er the dry and dusty
plain
You've dug the ore at Isa, laid countless miles of rail
And now you've come to Moreton Bay to catch a
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