

Eric Bogle

"Wee Dark Engine Room"

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WEE DARK ENGINE ROOM

(G) C G7 C G / G C F G7 C / C G7 C F C G C G / C F C F C

In that wee dark engine room,
Where the chill seeps through your soul,
How we huddled round that wee pot stove
That burned oily rags and coal.

C F C G7 G /

How the winter blizzards blow, and the whaling fleet's
at rest,

Tucked in Leigh harbor's sheltered bay, safely
anchored ten abreast.

The whalers at their stations, as from shed to shed
they go,

Carry little bags of coal with them, and a little iron
stove.

CHORUS

The fireman Paddy worked with me on the engine stiff
and cold.

A stranger to the truth was he - there's not a lie he
hasn't told.

And he boasted of his gold mine, and of all the hearts
he'd won,

And his bonny sense of humor shone just like a ray of
sun.

CHORUS

Then one day we saw the sun and factory ships' return.
Meet your old friends, sing a song; hope the season
won't be long,

Then homeward bound when it's over; we'll leave this
icy hold,

But I always will remember that little iron stove.

CHORUS

Words and music by Eric Bogle

Recorded by Ed Trickett on "The Ways of Man," FSI-68
copyright 1978.

"Many songs are sung about whaling and whalers.

Almost all describe

a voyage, or the catch of the whale, or some of the
men and their

needs. This song, written by Eric Bogle, describes the
bone-
chilling existence of the men who stayed with the ships
when they
were laid up for the winter, doing routine maintenance
and engine
overhaul in the clammy, unheated holds of the engine
rooms." -ET
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