

Ryan's Fancy "Greenland Whale Fisheries"

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In eighteen hundred forty one, on June the thirteenth
day

A whaling ship, her anchor she weighed
And for Greenland she set sail, brave boys
And for Greenland she set sail

The lookout on the cross tree stood
With spyglass in his hand
There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale fish,
he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
And she blows at every span

The captain he stood on the quarter deck
And delight was in his eyes
Overhaul, overhaul, let your jib sheet fall
And we'll launch your boats to sea, brave boys
And we'll launch your boats to sea

Now the boats were lowered and the men aboard,
And the whale was full in view
Resolved, resolved were these whaler men bold
Hard to steer where the whale fish blew, brave boys
Hard to steer where the whale fish blew

We struck that whale and the line gave out
For she gave blunder with her tail
And the boat capsized and four men drowned
And we never caught that whale, brave boys
And we never caught that whale

To lose that whale, our captain he cried
It grieves me poor mind sore
But to lose four men of my gallant crew
Aye it grieves me ten times more, brave boys
Aye it grieves me ten times more

Up anchor now, the captain he cried
For the winter star do appear
And it's time we will leave from this cold country
And for England we will steer, brave boys
And for England we will steer

Greenland is a barren land
A land that knows no green
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whale
fishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen

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