

## The Decemberists

# "The Mariner's Revenge Song"

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We are two mariners  
Our ship's sole survivors  
In this belly of a whale  
It's ribs, our ceiling beams  
It's guts, our carpeting  
I guess we have some time to kill

You may not remember me  
I was a child of three  
And you, a lad of eighteen  
But I remember you  
And I will relate to you  
How our histories interweave  
At the time you were  
A rake and a roustabout  
Spending all your money  
On the whores and hounds  
(Oh, oh)

You had a charming air  
All cheap and debonair  
My widowed mother found so sweet  
And so she took you in  
Her sheets still warm with him  
Now filled with filth and foul disease  
As time wore on you proved  
A debt-ridden drunken mess  
Leaving my mother  
A poor consumptive wretch  
(Oh, oh)

And then you disappeared  
Your gambling arrears  
The only thing you left behind  
And then the magistrate  
Reclaimed our small estate  
And my poor mother lost her mind  
Then, one day in spring  
My dear sweet mother died  
But, before she did  
I took her hand as she, dying, cried:  
(Oh, oh)

"Find him, find him  
Tie him to a pole and break  
His fingers to splinters  
Drag him to a hole until he  
Wakes up naked  
Clawing at the ceiling  
Of his grave"

It took me fifteen years  
To swallow all my tears  
Among the urchins in the street  
Until a pory  
Took pity and hired me  
To keep their vestry nice and neat  
But, never once in the employ  
Of these holy men  
Did I ever once turn my mind  
From the thought of revenge  
(Oh, oh)

One night I overheard  
The prior exchanging words  
With a penitent whaler from the sea  
The captain of his ship  
Who matched you toe to tip  
Was known for a wonton cruelty  
The following day  
I shipped to sea  
With a privateer  
And in the whistle  
Of the wind  
I could almost hear  
(Oh, oh)

"Find him, find him  
Tie him to a pole and break  
His fingers to splinters  
Drag him to a hole until he  
Wakes up naked  
Clawing at the ceiling  
Of his grave"

There is one thing I must say to you  
As you sail across the sea  
Always your mother will watch over you  
As you avenge this wicked deed"

And then, that fateful night  
We had you in our sight  
After twenty months at sea

Your starboard flank abeam  
I was getting my muskets clean  
When came this rumbling from beneath  
The ocean shook  
The sky went black  
And the captain quailed  
And before us grew  
The angry jaws  
Of a giant whale

(Oh...)

Don't know how I survived  
The crew all was chewed alive  
I must have slipped between his teeth  
But, oh, what providence  
What divine intelligence  
That you should survive  
As well as me  
It gives my heart great joy  
To see your eyes fill with fear  
So lean in close  
And I will whisper  
The last words you'll hear  
(Oh, oh)

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