Peter, Paul & Mary "Greenland Whale Fisheries"

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When the whale get strike and the line runs out And the whale makes a flounder with its tail And the boat capsized and I lost my darlin' man No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys No more, no more Greenland for you

Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty three
On June the thirteenth day
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys
For Greenland sailed away

The lookout on the cross tree stood
With a 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
She blows at every span

Well we struck and whale and the line played out But she gave a flounder with her tail

And the boat capsized and four men were drowned And we never caught that whale We never caught that whale

Oh, to lose that whale, my captain cried It grieves my heart full sore But to lose four of my gallant men It grieves me ten times more, brave boys It grieves me ten times more

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place It's a land that's never green Where there's ice and snow and the whale fishes blow And daylight's seldom seen, brave boys And daylight's seldom seen

When the whale gets strike and the line runs out And the whale makes a flounder with its tail And the boat capsized and I lost my darlin' man No more, no more Greenland for you, brave boys

No more, no more Greenland for you

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