

Connemara Stone Company "Wings Of A Gull"

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Oh if I had the wings of a gull, me boys,
I would spread them and fly home.
I would leave old Greenland's icy ground,
For the right whale here is none.

Oh the weather's rough and the winds do blow,
And there's little comfort here.
And I'd sooner be snug in an Edinburgh pub
A-drinking of strong beer.

Oh, a man must be mad or he's wanting money bad
To adventure catching whales,
For he may be drowned when the fish he turns around
Or his head smashed in by the tail.

Oh the work seems grand to a young green hand
And his heart is high when he goes,
But in a very short burst he would sooner hear a curse
Than the cry of "There she blows!"

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