

## The Pogues

### "Greenland Whale Fisheries"

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(Traditional) In eighteen hundred and forty-six  
On March the eighteenth day  
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast  
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys  
And for Greenland sailed away  
The lookout in the crosstrees stood  
With spyglass in his hand  
There's a whale, there's a whale  
And a whalefish he cried  
And she blows at every span, brave boys  
She blows at every span  
The captain stood on the quarter deck  
The ice was in his eye  
Overhaul, overhaul!  
Let your gibsheets fall  
And you'll put your boats to sea, brave boys  
And you'll put your boats to sea  
Our harpoon struck and the line played out  
With a single flourish of his tail  
He capsized the boat and we lost five men  
And we did not catch the whale, brave boys  
And we did not catch the whale  
The losing of those five jolly men  
It grieved the captain sore  
But the losing of that fine whalefish  
Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys  
Now it grieved him ten times more  
Now Greenland is a barren land  
A land that bares no green  
Where there's ice and snow,  
and the whalefishes blow  
And the daylight's seldom seen,  
brave boys  
And the daylight's seldom seen

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