

## **Richard Shindell "Humpback Whale"**

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Fifty six I sailed aboard  
A ship called Byron One  
She's carried trawler men on deck  
And a harpoon whaling gun

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

A tractor for a whale winch  
And the ship's an all fair mile  
Twin diesels turn the screws around  
She'll whale in a fine old style

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

Keep a sharp look-out my lads  
The whale he's on the run  
And we'll drive him into Byron Bay  
And we'll shoot him with our gun

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

The harpoon and the line fly through  
Very deep into the whale  
She split the timbers of the ship  
With a flurry of her tail

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

The rugging struts are snapped in two  
We reel beneath the blow

The gunner fires a killer shot  
And that humpback's sent below

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

Make the tail fast to the bows  
We got no more time for bed  
For four and twenty hours each day  
We kept that factory fed

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

The friends and men upon the land  
Some had been Jackaroos  
They skin the blubber from the whales  
Like they were skinning kangaroos

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

A hundred whales and then fifty more  
Through the factory we did send  
And then the orders came - knock off me lads  
Your season's at an end

Oh you trawlermen, come on  
Forget your snapper and your prawn  
For it's out of Ballina we'll sail  
Fishing for the humpback whale

Back in to Ballina we steered  
Tied up and stowed the gear  
All hands headed for the pub  
And we filled ourselves with beer

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