

Greenland Whale Fisheries

Peter, Paul & Mary

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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