

Traditional whaling song (around 1870)

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
Blow, me bully boys, blow (huh)

REFRAIN:

Soon may the Wellerman come
to bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (huh)

REFRAIN

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down below (huh)

REFRAIN

No line was cut, no whale was freed
An' the captain's mind was not on greed
But he belonged to the Whaleman's creed
She took that ship in tow (huh)

REFRAIN

Remember how we used to slaughter the most majestic beings on earth.

For forty days or even more (ooh)
The line went slack then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
and still that whale did go

REFRAIN

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone
The Wellerman makes his regular call
to encourage the captain, crew and all

REFRAIN

REFRAIN