

Traditional whaling song (around 1870)

There once was a ship that put to sea      For forty days or even more (ooh)  
And the name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea      The line went slack then tight once more  
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down      All boats were lost, there were only four  
Blow, me bully boys, blow (huh)      and still that whale did go

*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.

*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*