

Whitby Whaler

*Farewell love my canny lass
Farewell Whitby Town
We're away to the seas in our tall ships
To hunt the whale fish down*

Farewell love our ship is rigged, we're ready to be sailing
So go inside and shut the door, the tide is quickly making
Our Captain William Scoresby stands on the quarter deck
And he tells the mate to make for sea, and all his tackle check.

Our fiddler plays as we make for the sea, to get the ship full rigged
While the first mate walks the long foredeck and calls us worse than pigs
Its check your boats and davits too, so this day aint your last
And harpooneer when the big fish blows, your shooting must be fast

And when the purple blood does spout don't let your stomach turn
But get the whale alongside its blubber we will burn
And we'll trice its mighty jawbones too the foremast head
Ad we'll set the ship for Whitby town for homeward we must head

So, get the kids to bed love, when they wake I'll be gone
For me don't fear don't shed no tear while I'm away from home
Just keep a watch from West Cliff to see when we come past
A tall ship through the misty morn with jawbones on the mast

Richard Grainger

1972

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